THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

LITERATURE,

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS,

AND

Amusements of the Age.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

VOLUME 84.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1823.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

BY SHERWOOD, JONES, & CO.

PATERNOSTER-ROW,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1823.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY F. WARR, RED LION PASSAGE, HOLBORN.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

JULY, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF

AUGUST.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.,
Colonel of the Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and a distinguished Patron of British Art.

CONTENTS.

Original Essays.

PAGE

MEMOIR OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART. 3
Love and Reason 4
British Antiquities.—No. III. 6
A Dramatic Fragment 7
Epistles of Mary Queen of Scots. By Mrs. Opie 9
Sketches of Society, &c. in London and Paris 13
False or True; an original Tale, by Mrs. Opie (concluded) 20
Twa words to the Scotch-fowk in London 34
What an Escape 36
Sketches of Popular Preachers, Rev. William Harness, A.M. 45
The Rev. Edward Irving, Preacher at the Caledonian Chapel 47

Fine Arts.

Exhibition of the British Institution 49
Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours 51
Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts 54

London Review.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Considerations on Hayti, by Chanlatte 58
Memoirs of James Fauvel, by Droz and Picard.—Works of Plato translated into French 60
Thoughts, Maxims, &c. by Count Segur.—Annals of the Mussulmans, by Rampoldi 61
Shakspeare, translated into Italian, by Michele Leoni.—On the Satirical Drama of the Greeks, by G. Pinzger 62

PAGE

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Memoirs of the History of France, dictated by Napoleon to Count de Montholon 63
Journal of a Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, by Marianne Colston 69

Science and Literature.

FOREIGN:—America — South America — Hayti — Russia — Prussia — Sweden — Denmark—Germany—Greece—Portugal — Netherlands — Italy — Switzerland — France 73

ENGLISH:—Works in the Press—recent publications, &c 78

POLITICAL DIGEST 81

The Drama.

Italian Opera 85
Drury-Lane Theatre 86
Covent-Garden Theatre 87
Haymarket Theatre 88
English Opera House 89

List of Patents 90

MONTHLY MEMORANDA 91

Births, Marriages, and Deaths 91
Commercial Report 92
List of Bankrupts and Dividends 93
Meteorological Table 96
Price of Canal Shares, &c. 96

LONDON:

Published for the Proprietors,

BY LUPTON RELFE, 13, CORNHILL,

And Sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

As this is the commencement of our Eighty-fourth Volume, and the Second of a new Series, our readers, perhaps, will pardon us for feeling some degree of pride and satisfaction while we entreat them to pass judgment on our labours. If a long literary existence have claims to public favour our work may make very large pretensions; and it shall be our highest ambition to extend its duration by the infusion of fresh spirit into every department. It has generally been the custom to affix the Frontispiece of every Volume to the first Number: this has in many instances been attended with the inconvenience of publishing Engravings before the Artist has been able to do the subjects adequate justice. To prevent this, we defer giving the Frontispiece of the present Volume until it is in its most perfect state, and we are sure that our subscribers will approve our discretion when they receive the admirable work of the Highest Art which we have in preparation. It is THE LORENZO DE MEDICI of Michael Angelo, a specimen of Sculpture which has never been equalled, either by the ancients or moderns, and which has as yet never been engraved. Every artist will give us credit for the taste and good fortune which have procured an exquisite engraving of this admirable statue for the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

WE are obliged to "a Constant Reader," for his note; we confess our ignorance of the fact he mentions relative to the "State Dunces."

The following Contributions we are obliged to decline.

Poems by W. L.—The History of the Hat—Paul Jones, the pirate—Verses on reading Mr. Bowring's Poems—Two Poems, by Maria Anne—Twilight, by R. E. I. I.—Ode to Spring, by T. T.—British Liberty, by Onissimus, deficient in euphony—The Poems sent by M. V.

The following are under consideration.

A Word of London—St. Stephen's Walbrook, &c.—Observations on Hamlet, by Goethe—The Three Sisters, from the German—St. Kevin's Bed—A Fairie Tale—Morning, by R. E. I. I.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

JULY 1823.

LIVERPOOL PUBLIC LIBRARY 1859

MEMOIR

OF

SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.

Colonel of the King's Regiment of Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and one of the most distinguished Patrons of British Art.

(With a Portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and engraved by J. Thomson.)

As we have during the last two years presented our readers with many portraits of distinguished Artists, who in painting and sculpture render their country illustrious; we now, with considerable pride and gratification, present them with a portrait of one of those zealous patrons of the Fine Arts, without whose fostering care and liberal encouragement the arts themselves would become extinct. In commerce, manufactures and agriculture, there needs no Mæcenas; the wants of mankind and a liberal spirit of enterprize are always sufficient to call forth their powers, and to provide for their success. The same may be said of literature; the mass of mankind are now so enlightened, that food for the mind is as necessary to their happiness as food for the body is conducive to their health: hence it is that literary men require no patrons, the only patronage they seek for is in an enlightened and free public. But this is not the case with the Fine Arts, they are of later and more tender growth, and stand in need of careful cultivation and the warmest sunshine of patronage. The public taste, although refining and encreasing, is at present far from being able to reward our best artists without the aid of liberal individuals, who are gifted with good taste, large fortunes, and enlightened minds. Such individuals we can boast of in England; and among the most eminent we hesitate not to name the subject of our present memoir, and we are happy in being able to give his portrait, which will be the more acceptable to our readers as it is a specimen of the talents of one of the most celebrated portrait painters of this or any other country, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The patronage which Sir John Leicester has bestowed exclusively on native genius is well known; and his gallery of pictures by British artists, which he gratuitously and patriotically opens to the public every Spring, evinces his liberality, his exquisite taste, and his love for the Fine Arts. We have been extremely anxious to produce a full and accurate sketch of the life of Sir John Leicester, and we are promised an interesting and faithful memoir from the able pen of a gentleman, on whose fidelity every reliance may be placed. It has proved a great disappointment to us that we have not as yet received this memoir, and that we are obliged to defer it until next month, although we have reason to think it will arrive before our present number is published. This delay will, however, be attended with one great advantage; it will enable us to do more justice to this memoir, than is usual with our biographical sketches in general.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LOVE AND REASON.*

THE year had just attain'd its prime,
  Beaming in summer's beauteous weather,
When in this bright and pleasant time,
  Young Love and Reason came together.

They met one morning in a grove,
  That meeting sure was out of season,
For what could Reason want with Love?
  Or what had Love to do with Reason?

For she was gravity itself,
  And quite averse to little cupid;
And he, the arch tormenting elf,
  Would jeer the maid and call her stupid.

The morn was fresh, and both agreed
  Along the vale to take a ramble;
Love, sporting on, soon took the lead,
  Indulging many an airy gambol.

While Reason with a step sedate,
  A cold and calculating eye,
Preserv'd her slow and steady gait,
  And gaz'd upon the changing sky.

And as she mark'd the clouds which flew
  Across the sun and dimm'd it soon,
By these, and other signs she knew,
  That there would be a stormy noon.

"Cupid," she cried, "thou urchin wild,
  "Behold yon dark and threat'ning sky;
"Cease, cease thy gambols, thoughtless child,
  "And let us to some shelter hie."

"Right, Goody," cried the laughing boy,
  "I think, indeed, we'll have a show'r,
"And as my bow I'll soon employ,
  "The rain might spoil its plastic power.

"So, Dame Decorum, come away,
  "Yon Shady grove I think will screen us;
"How dark and chilly grows the day,
  "Pray let us share your cloak between us."

* Mr. Moore has written a very beautiful allegory called "Love and Reason," which, like every thing that flows from his pen, displays peculiar elegance, and "sparkles with poetic fire;" he seems, however, to have departed from his creed, as "the bard of Venus," in causing Love to be subdued by Reason. The following little poem, in which the conclusion will be found to be reversed, was written in the spirit of imitation; but, without the slightest intention of provoking a comparison: for, "who could bend a bow with Ulysses?"

Then Reason drew her cloak aside,
  While Love its shelter soon accepted;
And thus, as to the grove they hied,
  Fast fell the rain they both expected.

And hoarse the thunder roll'd above,
  The vivid lightning flash'd before them;
And when at last they reach'd the grove,
  Still louder peal'd the tempest o'er them.

"Oh Dame! the shiv'ring boy then cries,
  "I find a sudden chillness steal
"Through all my veins, it runs! it flies!
  "Your mantle has an icy feel."

"Lie still, lie still, thou restless boy;"
  Reason replies, "nor dare complain;
"Thou source of many a guilty joy,
  "Of hopeless pangs and bitter pain.

"Which are all sport to thee, thou elf,
  "Destroying where thy arrows fly;
"By all unconquer'd, save myself,
  "But I will vanquish thee or die!"

She said; and closer to her breast,
  Her icy breast, the boy she clasp'd;
And as the maiden closer press'd,
  In agony the urchin grasp'd.

But now the thunder ceas'd to roll,
  The lightning ceas'd to flash; the rain
Gave way unto the sun's control,
  And all was warm and bright again.

And nature wore a lovelier green,
  The doves renew'd their am'rous vows;
Ten thousand sparkling drops were seen
  To hang upon the neighb'ring boughs.

The boy soon felt the change, he flung
  Aside the robe of Reason, then
From her cold arms elastic sprung,
  And Cupid was himself again.

The maiden now the young god view'd,
  (Array'd in all his native might)
And sigh'd, and feeling half subdu'd,
  She turn'd her from the dazzling sight.

But vainly still with all her art,
  To shun his burning eye she strove;
Its fire dissolv'd her icy heart,
  She died upon the breast of Love.

G. L. A.

BRITISH ANTIQUITIES

No. III.

AFTER Rome had become the mistress of the world by her extensive conquests, the most successful means she could use to unite the heterogeneous members of her empire was facility of intercouse between herself and them. Hence the numerous military roads, diverging from the seat of empire to its various dependencies. The celebrated Via Appia led to the southern, and the Via Flaminia to the northern parts In Germany, France, and Spain, Roman military roads are numerous. Great Britain is intersected by them. The four principal Roman ways which are most conspicuous in this country are Watling-Street, Ickniield-Street, Ermin-Street, and the Foss-way. To these might be added a number of collateral roads, but inferior in form and of less extent. Of the latter description is one which is omitted on all our antiquarian maps. It diverges from the eastern branch of the Ermyn-Street, to the west of Market Weighton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and connects with another Roman road, running from Flamborough Head to York. It may be traced through the Parishes of Pocklington, Millington, Huggate, Wetwang, &c. to the above mentioned road, near Great Driffield.

The origin of this road seems dubious, as it is differently made from the Roman roads; though there is little doubt of its having been used by the Romans. The occasional occurrence of a Tumulus, of detached pieces of Roman armour, and of a number of human bones, and complete skeletons in confused order, having been found in a field at Wetwang, are inductive proofs of the Romans having used it for military purposes. There is a probability of its having been made by the Parisii or Brigantes, the original inhabitants of the eastern parts of Yorkshire, as a channel of communication between the low lands on each side of the Wolds. This conjecture is supported by its being formed like the other ancient British roads. Instead of being raised with stones and cemented like the Roman roads, it has been excavated. The soil has been thrown up on each side, and the chalk rock has served as a pavement. Another person and myself dug a few feet through the mould, which has gradually fallen in and covered the road, but the chalk rock soon impeded our progress. The Roman roads usually run in direct lines, but this follows the winding eminences of the dales. This position would serve the double purpose of a road and a trench, to act upon the defensive against an invading enemy, especially from the lower parts. That it has been used for military purposes is further evident from triple trenches having been made on the plains, through which it has run between the dales What has been advanced is corroborated by the opinion of Brewer, in his Introduction to the Beauties of England and Wales. "It may certainly be inferred, without an unwarrantable freedom of conjecture, that the early Britons so familiarly acquainted with the use of chariots, and engaged in commercial pursuits, which rendered necessary a correspondence between the interior parts of the country and the coast, could not be destitute of roads so carefully amended as to assume a permanent character. That such, indeed, existed, and were in many instances adopted by the Romans, is uniformly admitted by those antiquaries, who unite the labours of local investigation with the erudite researches of the etymologist." This is further confirmed by the opinion of the Rev. T. Leman, in the History of Hertfordshire. "These British roads are so totally distinct from the Roman causeways, which succeeded them, that it is surprising so many persons should confound these works of the rude inhabitants of the island, with those, perhaps, of the most enlightened military nation that ever appeared in the world; for the British roads were merely driftways, running through the woods, or wind-

ing on the sides of the hills, and made only for their petty commerce of cattle and slaves. Unlike the military labours of their successors, they were hardly ever drawn in straight lines; were not regularly attended by tumuli or barrows, were never raised, and had a peculiar feature, the reason of which is not known, of being divided during their course into several branches, running parallel with the bearing of the original road."

T. R

Huggate, April 25, 1823

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.—(*Star Light.*)

VICENTIO—ISIDORA.

Vic.—'Twas an enchanting dream!—An ivory throne,
Inlaid with gold and gems of every hue,
Rose, as by magic, from the verdant earth,
Where all was beautiful; upon it sat
My own sweet Isidora, over whose brow
A myrtle wreath was twin'd, and on her head
She wore a radiant coronet of flowers,—
Her right hand softly grasp'd a silver wand,
Bedeck'd with rosy garlands; round her form
A grib of azure clung, and her fine feet
Were bound in silken sandals.—near her stood
A smiling spirit, whom I deem'd a seraph,
With blooming cheeks, bright eyes, and golden hair.
Three fairy forms approach'd, of whom the first
Flew on swift pinions to the beauteous Queen,
And proffer'd her a small transparent shell
With purest dew-drops fill'd: the spirit dash'd
It down indignantly, and told the sylph
That one bright tear from Isidora's eyes
Was worth them all. The second next drew near
To her upon the throne, and gaily took
A violet, newly gather'd, from its breast
To place in her's: the frowning seraph then
Snatch'd it away, and ask'd the trembling elf
How she could look on Isidora's eyes,
Yet dare to give her violets. The third,
Exulting, then approach'd the Queen's high throne,
And at her feet display'd a half-blown rose,
Which the attendant spirit stoop'd to take;
She held the flower beside her mistress' face,
And smil'd to see how the spright stood abash'd
Whilst gazing upon each; the lovely hues
Of the sweet rose seem'd languid when compar'd
With the bright glow on Isidora's cheek.
The fairies fled: anon, the seraph took
A dark-brown lock from Isidora's hair,
The which I stole from her extended hand,
Press'd to my lips and plac'd within my bosom.
The spirit then commanded me to kneel,
And worship the Divinity who sat,
Array'd in beauty, on her glittering throne;
In silent adoration I bent down—
When, lo! the vision ceas'd, and I awoke
To worship thee, indeed, my Isidora!

Isid.—Dear Vicentio! thou'rt eloquent forsooth,
And I did play the Queen right nobly, Love?
Vic.—Most nobly! and look'd so fair, that indeed
You seem'd the being of another world.
Were the seven daughters of the Theban Queen
But half so beautiful as thou, dear Love!
Well might she deem herself Latona's rival,
And turn to stone when the pale jealous moon
Destroy'd them all for envy of their beauty.
Isid—'Twas not in envy, but in justice, Love!
Were she now gliding on her glorious way,
Instead of slumb'ring in old ocean's bed,
You would not dare arraign her thus, methinks.
But what dost gaze at, my Vicentio?
Vic. Look!
Among the glowing orbs that throng so fast
In the deep hyaline, see you not one
Small twinkling star that looks on us awhile,
Then vanishes again, as tho' it left
The bright empyrean of its native sky
To tell rejoicing angels how we love,
And bid them quit the mansions of their bliss
To witness our's, my Sweet!
Isid. It hath indeed
A pleasing errand then! 'Tis a sweet night!
The skies are full of stars, which vainly strive,
With the faint splendour of their little lamps,
To emulate the glory of their Queen,
Who sleeps with her belov'd Endymion.*
How soon abash'd would thousands hide their heads
Before her radiant beauty, were she now
To glide in splendid majesty along
Thro' their wide host.
Vic. Oh! they are glorious all,
And bright and beautiful; earth too is fair,
And all on earth most lovely—loveliest thou,
My smiling Isidora! How the breeze
Doth whisper in thy locks, and gaily sports
Over the loose white robe that circles thee,
As tho' 'twere proud to revel there.
Isid. See now
How swiftly it sweeps on from flower to flower,
Throwing the lily's fragrance on the rose,
Whose sweets it steals, and bears them blithely on
To the blue bosom of the violet,
Making them drink each other's perfumes—then,
Commingling all their odours, hies along
To mix them with the air. But let us hence,
And from the summit of yon lofty rock
Mark pale Diana rising from the wave
To claim Dominion o'er the skies once more.
Vic.—And, when she hath arisen, we'll sit us down
On the green sward to hear the bird of night *
Pour forth her soul in melancholy strain. *(Exeunt.)*

H. AD

* "Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be disturb'd."
SHAKSPEARE.

EPISTLES BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Epistle from MARY *to her* UNCLES.—*February*, 1567.

No. IX.

YES—I must write to vent indignant rage,
And by complaint my sense of wrongs assuage!
Hear what new injuries now my anger fire!
Bothwell, the loyal subject of my sire;
Bothwell, my mother's and her orphan's friend,
Prompt to obey, and faithful to defend,
This pitying soother, counsellor and guide,
My throne's support, my court's accomplish'd pride,
Some traitor subjects, in rebellion bold,
Forth to disgrace as Darnley's murderer hold!*
What! he to whom I told each secret thought,
Who knew by love inspir'd that couch I sought,
Where hapless Darnley, worn by secret grief,
From Mary's pardoning pity sought relief.
Could he, seduc'd by bribes and rebel's art,
Dare pierce his Sovereign's thro' her Darnley's heart,
Betray her confidence, her pangs disdain,
And prove a life of loyal favours vain?
Hence, impious charge! which can't my soul deceive
Lies which e'en those who speak them disbelieve;
Though justice they for Darnley's death demand,
And at the awful bar bid Bothwell stand!†
Yes—he before that awful bar shall go!
But meet the bloody charge with dauntless brow,
Confront those rebels' hate, with loyal heart,
Despise their cunning, and defeat their art.

* Every one's imagination was at work to guess who had contrived and executed this execrable deed—the suspicion fell with almost a general consent on Bothwell.

"Two days after the murder a proclamation was issued by the Queen, offering a considerable reward to any person who should discover those who had been guilty of such a horrid and detestable crime."—*Robertson*, p. 400.

"We *now* know for *certain* that it was Murray's faction who murdered the King, and that Morton, Bothwell, and Maitland, were the eminent characters who were attainted by parliament for the deed, though many inferior persons, indeed, and some of them innocent, were tried and punished for the same crime."—*Chalmers*, p. 204.

† "—— and it was resolved to bring Bothwell immediately to trial. But, instead of confining him to any prison, Mary admitted him into all her councils, and allowed a person, universally reputed a murderer of her husband, to enjoy all the security, the dignity, and the power of a favourite.—*Robertson*, p. 401.

I cannot see how Mary could do otherwise. It was impossible, that, justly prejudiced in favour of Bothwell as she was by his devoted loyalty and respectful attachment, she should for a moment believe that he was even privy to the murder of Darnley; and, if convinced of his innocence, it was her duty to act on that conviction, and uphold him to the extent of her power. Besides, such daring was that of innocence—conscious guilt would have been more wary. I subjoin the following simple, unaffected letter, written by Henry Kyllygrew to Cecil, from Edinburgh, who carried to Mary, Elizabeth's letter of condolence; and this letter is important, as it shews that *Bothwell* was countenanced by *Murray*, *&c.* as well by the Queen, though accused of the King's death:—

But hark! quick steps approach! Oh! words most dear!
What welcome news my faithful Maries bear!*
The trial's o'er—and innocence prevails!
While Mary's heart its proud acquittal hails.
My noblest subjects met to try the cause,
And o'er the charge in anxious conference pause;
But found each conscious, dark accuser fled!
Thence a new brightness beams round Bothwell's head:
Nor will the cowards who attack'd his fame,
By aught of valourous deed redeem their shame;
Bothwell in vain now dares them to the field,
With truth his armour, innocence his shield.
Trembling they shrink before the high appeal,
And all the terror guilt can teach them feel.
Then now shall Bothwell in this welcome hour
Receive new honours from his Sovereign's power;
And when I go, in conscious injury bold,
The assembled council of my realm to hold,

SIR,—Although I trust to be shortly with you, yet have I thought good to write somewhat in the mean time. I had no audience before this day (8th March, 1566-7), which was after I had dined with my Lord of Murray, who was accompanied with my Lord Chancellor (Huntley), the Earl of Argyle, my Lord *Bothwell*, and the Laird of Livingstone (Secretary Maitland.) I found the Queen's Majesty in a dark chamber, so I could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful, and did accept my Sovereign's letters and message in a very thankful manner, as I trust will appear by her answer, which I hope to receive in two days, and I think will tend to satisfy the Queen's Majesty as much as this present can permit, not only for the Treaties of Ireland, but also the Treaty of Leith. Touching news, I can write no more than is written by others. I find *great suspicions*, and *no proof*, nor appearance of apprehension. Yet, although I am made believe, I shall, or I depart hence, receive some information. My Lord of Lennox hath sent to request the Queen, that such persons as were named in the bill (placard) should be taken. Answer is made him, that if he or any will stand to the accusation of any of them, it shall be done; but not by the virtue of the bill or his request. I look to hear what will come from him to that point. His lordship is among his friends beside Glasgow, where he thinketh himself safe enough, as a man of his told me. I see no troubles at present, nor the appearance thereof, but a general misliking amongst the Commons, and some others, which the detestable murder of their King, a shame as they suppose to the whole nation. The preachers say, and pray openly to God, that it will please him both to reveal and revenge it, exhorting all men to prayers and repentance.

Your most bounden to obey,
H. KYLLYGREW.—*Chalmers*, p. 209.

If it was wrong in the Queen to receive Bothwell at the period mentioned in the above letter, surely it was equally so in the first nobles of the land; and Mary could not but be confirmed in her opinion of Bothwell's innocence by their conduct on this occasion.

* "Mary of Guise (Mary's mother) had pursued with her daughter the plan she had seen successfully pursued in the Royal Family of France, of establishing in the Court a little school, of which all the members should be equally associated as sister pupils. For this purpose she selected four girls, nearly of her daughter's age, each bearing the name of Mary, of whom the first was Mary Beaton, a neice of the Cardinal; the second, Mary Fleming, the daughter of Lord Fleming; the third was Mary Livingston, whose father was one of the curators of the Queen's person; the fourth was Mary Seaton, whose father, Lord Seaton, was faithfully devoted to the Royal Family."—*Miss Benger's Life of Mary*, p. 55.

These ladies were long the faithful companions of their unfortunate mistress.

Bothwell shall bear the symbol of command,
And Scotland's sceptre fill his faithful hand.*
But Oh! what agony to mix with those
Whose hearts against me base suspicions close,
Or who by falsehood's darker power delight
My fame, my hope, my happiness to blight;
Though I their meaning still disdain to see,
Nor own scorn's daring finger points at me.
Ah! could ambition's restless sons but know
What thorns are twin'd around a Sovereign's brow,
How would they shun the desolating scene,
Where struts that splendid wretch, a King or Queen!
Yet once with joy I bore that envied name,
'Twas when a child I first to Gallia came,
For, well you know, so Henry's power ordain'd,
My presence everywhere the slave unchain'd! †
Then my young heart with virtuous triumph burn'd,
Since wheresoe'er my royal footsteps turn'd,
Lo! at my sight, the dungeons op'd to day,
Not fading flowers, but blessings mark'd my way.
And pining captives, at my word releas'd,
With lauding lips my regal train increas'd,
From wretches sav'd from death my welcome came,
For want's pale victims learnt to hail my name;
And, while their shouts arose in loud excess,
I bless'd the rank that gave the means to bless,
Nor thought my lips would e'er deplore the day
That to my hand should give unbounded sway;
But pleas'd the learning you enjoin'd I shared,
And my young mind for power supreme prepared.
Yet even then 'twas mine with boding heart,
Back from the world's vain joys awhile to start,
And leave that cloister with unwilling feet, ‡
Where pure religion held her shelter'd seat.
Brief! but blest hours! when, in that sacred dome,
With holy sisters Mary found a home;

* "Bothwell on that occasion carried the sceptre before the Queen, a circumstance this which has given occasion to calumnious remark, as if the sceptre might not have been placed in his hand by Secretary Maitland, as a cause of censure."—*Chalmers*, p. 214.

I am sorry to differ with Mr. Chalmers, but I must beg leave to observe, that I think it quite consistent with Mary's generous indignation, and usually spirited conduct when her feelings were wounded and her dignity offended, to give the extremest possible proof of her resentment of a wrong offered to any one she loved, and of her conviction that the object so beloved had been grossly injured. I, therefore, believe that she *chose* to give the sceptre to the hand of Bothwell.

† "She found herself, by Henry's orders, invested with the sacred prerogatives of Sovereignty. To whatever place she came, after her arrival at Brest, the prison gates were opened to all criminals, save those convicted of heresy and treason; and for her sake the most miserable outcasts were restored to life, to hope, to liberty."—*See Miss Benger*, p. 122.

‡ "Mary was placed with her Maries in a convent, dedicated, says Conæus to the Virgin, in which were usually placed girls of royal and illustrious descent." "She was there subjected to strict rules of discipline, and regularly accustomed to join the nuns in their devotional exercises and ascetic humiliations; and so readily did she comply with whatever was required by her spiritual directors, that they began to cherish ambitious hopes of the royal pupil, and to boast that she had a religious vocation."—"The nuns officiously proclaimed their convic-

When my young voice I learnt in choirs to raise,
With timid zeal breath'd forth my Maker's praise,
From saints and martyrs my examples sought,
Practis'd whate'er severe ascetics taught;
And mortal Sovereigns view'd as empty things,
While bow'd to earth before the KING of kings!
Oh! that I now could seek those walls once more;
Again, lov'd France! behold thy matchless shore!
Not to that throne whence I by death was hurl'd—
Not to the pleasures of the passing world
Would I return. I for that cloister pine,
Where once to watch, to weep, to pray was mine!
Where more I wish'd, though yet untried the scene,
To die a martyr than to live a Queen.
But fate impell'd me from the convent's walls
To scenes of turmoil and to regal halls;
Bade me as Scotland's Queen to ruin run,
And here be Queen and martyr both in one.
Visions of danger, and of death away!
Nor swell the terrors of the present day!
But though destructive storms may round me blow,
I'll ne'er to seek inglorious shelter go,
Nor court, whatever ills may o'er me come,
The selfish safety of the cloister'd dome.
For my child's sake I'll every danger dare,
The royal robes, though lin'd with scorpions, wear;
Still grasp the sceptre though its touch impart
Torpedo thrills of anguish through my heart;
And, be that heart by man's injustice riven,
I'll clasp the CROSS and trust protecting HEAVEN.

tion, that the little Mary Stuart would be a Saint upon earth."—"The King, not liking the suggestion, demanded that his daughter-in-law should be transferred to apartments in the palace."

"According to Conæus the execution of this mandate drew from Mary more tears than she had shed on leaving Scotland."—*See Miss Benger's Life of Mary*, pp. 181, 182.

LINES TO ——

Oh! there is a thought that will sting us to madness!
A pang that once felt can be never forgot;
A grief that surpasses all others in sadness,
Alas! I have felt it, ah! would I had not.
Oh! yes, 'tis to find that our life's dream is past,
No sunshine of bliss to illumine the shore;
Dark, dark is the path, and with sorrow o'ercast;
And Hope, the sweet cherub, can flatter no more.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

From Sir Charles Darnley, *Bart. to the* Marquis de Vermont.

LETTER XXI.

Paris.

My Dear Marquis,

Though in the expectation which I had formed of the supposed prevalence of general gaiety in private society I have been much disappointed, I find myself indemnified by the cheerful appearance of the streets of Paris.

The festivities of your church are again kept as *fêtes*, and the very name of a *fête* seems quite sufficient to rouse the native vivacity of the French into all its wonted exuberance. The first occasion on which I witnessed one of these scenes of national hilarity was on the arrival of the *Jour de l'An*, or, as we call it, New Year's Day. In England, children, tradesmen's boys, watchmen, postmen, and milkmen, under the name of Christmas-box (a name derived from the box, which, in ancient times, was carried round at this season to collect the contributions of the affluent for the relief of the poor,) exact from us an annual oblation; so in France, I am told, persons of every description make a practice to begin the year with making presents to all those to whom they are attached by the ties of blood, or by those of friendship; while such marks of good-will are often extended to the commonest acquaintance.

I arrived here not long before the 1st of January, and, on the morning of that day, a gentle tap at the door of the room in which I was dressing drew my attention, and when I desired the person who knocked to walk in, I was surprised by an unexpected visit from the young and pretty daughter of my landlord, who was elegantly dressed on the occasion, and carried in her hand a nosegay formed of such few flowers as could be collected at that season; of which, *avec toute la grace françoise*, she requested my acceptance as her *etrenne*, or New Year's Gift. When I went into the streets I found all the shops in this great city, and more particularly those in the *Palais Royal*, decked out in a rich variety of showy merchandize, while crowds were thronging into them in order to supply themselves with the presents expected by their respective friends, for this is an indispensable duty; and, if nothing better can be afforded, a plate of oranges, or a box of *bons-bons*, testifies the good wishes of those whose circumstances are such as to prevent their making a more costly offering. The milliners on this occasion displayed all the whims and novelties of the prevailing fashions, and their counters were covered with laces and silks, as well as with gold and silver tissues, tastefully arranged and recommended to the attention of their visitors. The jewellers, goldsmiths, and watchmakers, exhibited every possible specimen of expensive trinket and ingenious machinery. In the glass-shops were seen the most beautiful proofs of the perfection to which the manufactory has lately been brought in France; and in one of these *depôts* I observed, among other curiosities, a flight of stairs, every part of which was made of that brittle material. The pastry-cooks, who apparently had more custom than any of their neighbours, offered an ample choice of cakes in every possible shape, and a still greater abundance of sugar-plums, containing printed mottos, devices, and appropriate verses. The purchasers and spectators formed, *themselves*, no trifling addition to this lively scene; and, while the whole town appeared to be pouring out its population in all directions, the *Palais Royal* continued, from the dawn of day till a late hour at night, to be so thronged with persons of both sexes, and of all ages, conditions, and nations of the earth, that it was a task of extreme difficulty to make one's way through the motley multitude there assembled. Some came to make *bonâ fide* purchases, some were seeking adventures, some

were watching for an opportunity of picking the pockets of their richer neighbours, some were viewing with an envious eye those tempting baubles which they could not afford to purchase, and all were busily employed. In the evening, the *ci-devant Theatre des Varietés*, now converted into a coffee-house and splendidly lighted, was thrown open to the public; while a theatrical exhibition was presented on the stage, for the amusement of the constantly increasing crowds, who came thither to finish their day. They were seated in different parts of the room, taking tea, coffee, ices, lemonade, and punch; and formed the most picturesque groups imaginable.

A different kind of ceremony was observed on the 21st of the same month (January,) when in expiation of the murder of Louis XVI. (of which this day is the anniversary) a solemn mass was performed for the repose of his soul, and other religious rites, at the Cathedral Church of St. Denys. The members of the Royal Family all attended on the occasion, and I saw them go by in great state, filling two carriages, each drawn by six horses, and escorted by a detachment of cavalry. They were followed by several private equipages, all with four horses, and attended by servants in court liveries. I cannot think that your government displays its accustomed prudence in thus re-calling to the mind of the people, that the death of Louis XVI. still rankles in the mind of his surviving relatives. The Parisians even on such an occasion could not restrain their propensity to indulge in *badinage*, and it was said, in allusion to this ceremony, "*Autrefois on jouoit les EAUX à St. Cloud, à présent on joue les OS à St. Denys.*"

On *Mardi-gras* (or, as we call it, Shrove Tuesday,) that holiday was kept in a livelier manner. All Paris was in motion at an early hour; the streets and public walks, and particularly the *Boulevards*, were crowded with pedestrians, equestrians, and persons in equipages of every sort and kind, from the smart English barouche to the old country cabriolet. Masks were permitted by the police to be worn on this day, and many of the mob availed themselves of the privilege by assuming various characters. Among harlequins, columbines, mountebanks, lawyers, sailors, &c. &c. a fellow, dressed as an English *aid-de-camp*, made his appearance, riding on the neck of a half-starved horse, and wearing a blue great coat, with a red sash, and a low cocked hat and feather, over which he held an umbrella suspended: he was followed by another mask also on horseback, who personated an English groom. I am grieved to say, that nothing seemed to please the crowds so much as these caricatures of the British; and this is not the first time that I have had occasion to remark, with regret, how greedily your countrymen seize every opportunity of attempting to throw ridicule on the family of *John Bull;* it must be confessed, that in the immense numbers of idle wanderers from our shores, not a few afford ample materials for the pencil of your caricaturists. So prodigious were the multitudes which this sight had attracted, that all the vigilance of the police proved insufficient to prevent the occurrence of serious accidents; and I saw an unfortunate boy (who had been either trampled on by the crowd or run over by a carriage,) conveyed senseless on a hurdle to the hospital. Finding that, on a moderate calculation, half the inhabitants of Paris had come abroad to view the show, I imagined that what they came to see must be splendid indeed; and my expectations were increased by hearing on all sides, "*avez vous vu le beuf gras?*" while he who could answer the question in the affirmative, seemed to become a person of no little importance, and to be considered as an object of envy. Much therefore was I disappointed, when, after waiting for some hours in the *Place Vendome*, I saw the procession pass through that fine square. It began with a party of *gens d'armes* on horseback, (for I find nothing can be done here without the presence of the military,) and they were followed by a band of musicians, clad in fantastic dresses, who, as they marched along, played the popular air of "*Vive Henri IV.*" Then came a corps of ancient warriors, wearing coats of mail, and helmets

of classical form. A man on horseback next presented himself, carrying in his arms a boy, accoutred as Cupid appears on the stage of the Opera-house, and, lastly, the long expected *beuf gras* or fatted Ox; his horns were gilt, and he was led by four men, each of whom wore the costume of a Hercules, and carried in his hand a colossal club. On the back of the Ox, and reclining on a velvet cushion, sat a young child, and a second detachment of soldiers completed the cavalcade. I cannot even conjecture what this ceremony is meant to represent; though I suppose it is of heathen origin. And, if so, it is not the least curious part of the business that it should be revived in the 19th century, and on one of the festivals of the Catholic Church.

However absurd it may appear in the judgment of a phlegmatic Englishman, that an exhibition so paltry as the one which I have just described, should bring together so large a proportion of the citizens of this great city, I must confess, that if it is wise to lose no opportunity, however tifling, of making ourselves innocently happy, and if the merry faces which I met in such vast numbers on this occasion did not deceive me with false appearances, the Parisians are rather to be envied than censured for being so easily amused. Indeed, one of the best traits in your national character is the facility with which you find agreeable pursuits, and the good sense you display in welcoming pleasure wherever it presents itself, no matter how humble may be the attire which it assumes. Not only on such periods of peculiar festivity as those of which I have been speaking, but on Sundays, and indeed on the evenings of every day in the week, when the weather bears a smiling appearance, I meet persons of all ages, and often in family parties, hastening to the *Boulevards*, the *Thuilleries*, or the *Champs Elysés*, and throwing off all recollection of their cares and professional labours, in the interchange of friendly conversation, and the enjoyment of harmless mirth.

At the gardens of *Tivoli*, *Frescati*, and *St. Cloud*, I witness similar scenes; and though I acknowledge that I have sometimes laughed at seeing grave gentlemen and full-grown ladies mounted on rocking-horses, or on those *round-a-bouts*, which are here not exclusively confined to the diversion of boyhood, but shared by persons of all ages, perhaps my ridicule was ill-timed; for the people of this country are rather to be envied than censured for retaining, even to old age, a passion for hobby-horses; and if we, who presume to look down with an eye of contempt on such amusements, instead of blaming those who indulge in them would condescend to do the same, we should act a wiser part: for certainly it is better to spend a fine evening under the canopy of heaven, staring at a *beuf gras*, or whirling round on a swing, than, like our higher ranks, to waste those cheerful hours in a heated dining-room; or, as the inferior classes of Englishmen are too fond of doing, in drunkenness and gross revelry, amidst the fumes of punch and tobacco, at a public-house. Adieu,

C. Darnley.

LETTER XXII.

From the Marquis de Vermont *to* Sir Charles Darnley, *Bart.*

London.

My Dear Darnley,

Praise and censure are so mixed together in your last letter, that it is not quite evident whether the "merry faces" which are said to abound in our Parisian streets on days of festival, please or offend you most. It has been observed, that whenever an expression is addressed to a Frenchman of equivocal meaning, and it is doubtful whether a compliment or a censure is meant to be conveyed, he always puts on it the most agreeable interpretation; I shall do so on this occasion, and conclude that you really think us wise in being amused

with trifles. Indeed, so large a proportion of human happiness depends on the enjoyment of "cheap pleasures," that those who retain a taste for them, (particularly amidst the corruptions and dissipations of a great city) are rather to be envied, than laughed at, or condemned. Viewing the question as one in political economy, there can be no doubt that the observance of frequent holy-days is extremely injurious to the industry, and therefore to the wealth and independance of the community; on that account I lament that our government has revived so many of those *fêtes*, which the revolution had abolished; but there is a trait in the French character which renders the idleness, which such gay moments occasion, less injurious to my countrymen than to your's; I mean the extreme sobriety of all classes, generally accompanied by a natural cheerfulness of disposition, and early acquired habits of the strictest economy.

When a *Bourgeois* of Paris gives his family and himself a holy-day he only loses the time so devoted to relaxation, while he often redeems its value by greater exertion on the preceding, or following, days. A loaf of bread, a bunch of grapes, a little cold meat, (the relics of a former meal) and a bottle of 10 sous wine, packed up in a light basket, and carried by *la fille* (his only female servant, who accompanies and shares the pleasures of her employer) affords a delicious repast, after their morning's walk, to the merry little party, seated under the shade of an ancient oak in the *Bois de Boulogne*, or in the *Parc of St. Cloud*. And if the master of the family can afford to take his companions in the evening to one of those merry *salons* or public rooms, over the entrance to which appear those words, so tempting to a Frenchman's eye, "*Ici on danse*," and where for a few pence they may enjoy for several hours this innocent and favourite amusement, he makes himself and those around him as happy as if he had spent ten *louis* in an expensive entertainment; and returning home by moonlight, well pleased with his day's excursion, he resumes his labours on the following morning with unimpaired health and redoubled spirits. How differently do your good citizens of London conduct themselves on similar occasions? Here the ideas of amusement and expense are inseparable; and it never occurs to an Englishman, whatever his situation in life may be, that he can give himself the slightest gratification without a considerable drain on the contents of his purse.

I lately overheard a mechanic conversing in barbarous English with a brother of the same trade, and I noted down the following words: "*I spends as much on a Sunday as I gets on all the days of the week besides.*" Now this speech seems to express very accurately, if not very elegantly, the feelings and habits, not only of the poorer class of people, to which this man belonged, but of many of a higher order. I am assured that journeymen tailors, journeymen shoemakers, and all other persons of similar description, who receive the price of their weekly exertions on a saturday night, seldom return home to their wives and families till they have wasted a considerable portion of what they had just received at some neighbouring pot-house: the expense of the Sunday dinner, and concomitant punch or porter, makes another heavy deduction from their little stock; and when the following day appears (which is technically called *St. Monday*) they are too innervated, by the excesses committed in the interval, to return to work. Four and twenty hours more are devoted to idleness and barbarous excess; and while scarcely any of them begin their professional labours till Tuesday, not a few postpone their accustomed tasks till the week is far advanced. If holy-days are less frequent in London than at Paris, and if, at such times, your streets assume a less cheerful appearance than our's, I must beg leave to remind you that *Exhibitions*, and exhibitions of no very rational kind, have their attractions even in England. Your Lord Mayor's-show, with the barges and their flags on the river, and the gilt coaches in the street; the man in armour and the rest of the absurdities of that annual ceremony collect no less a crowd

in this capital than does the *beuf gras* at Paris; and I think you will confess that, to the eye of reason, the one pageant is just as interesting as the other.

The religious rites of Christmas are performed with becoming respect; but the custom of giving on that day a plentiful dinner of roasted beef, plum pudding, and mince pies, accompanied by copious libations of punch, ale, porter, and port wine, is not less generally or less strictly observed.

The *Jour de l'An* at Paris does not bring more people into our shops, of all descriptions, than the morning of Twelfth-day attracts into those of your London pastry-cooks; and so numerous are they, and so ample is the provision of frosted cakes, covered with ornamental figures, that I really believe more money is wasted in the purchase of such indigestible articles, than we spend in procuring those elegant *etrennes*, or new year's gifts, which friends exchange in France, and which often consist of jewellery, china, or lace. Allow me also to remark, that British curiosity on these occasions is fully equal to our's, and that the crowds of idle gazers at the windows of your confectioners, on Twelfth-day, are not less numerous than those which you observed in the *Palais Royal* on the 1st of January.

Easter Monday is another festival on which the lower ranks of this great city delight to make holy-day; and on which, not satisfied with abstaining from work, they indulge in the most wanton excesses. Besides the indecent scenes exhibited by both sexes in tumbling down Greenwich-hill, and the awkward and often dangerous zeal of your citizens in joining the jovial chase on that occasion, when a stag is turned out for their amusement, the public houses of London, and the numerous inns of its environs, are thronged with riotous parties, drinking spirits and smoking tobacco; when, after spending the morning in this manner, they adjourn to one of the theatres in the evening, where, instead of listening to the play, they amuse themselves by interrupting the performance with loud vociferations, by pelting the actors with orange-peel, or by insulting the more respectable part of the audience.

May-day,* which I shall next mention, receives honours of a peculiar kind in England, and again affords an apology for idleness and dissipation. There is such a charm in the appearance of Spring and in the ideas connected with it, that I was not surprised at remarking that on this occasion your countrymen threw off much of the gravity which they commonly mix up with their pleasures. The chimney-sweepers, decked out with pieces of gilt paper, with faded flowers and other fineries of some lady's cast apparel, playing a barbarous tune with their brushes and shovels, and dancing round a portable May-pole, presented indeed a most grotesque appearance in the centre of a civilized capital. Nor did I witness without a considerable degree of interest that singular kind of charitable hospitality, which a lady of great wealth, and distinguished literary talent, first instituted, and which her son continues to observe: I mean the dinner, *al fresco*, given on the occasion, in a garden attached to one of the most splendid mansions in the British metropolis, to the younger members of that *sooty community*, who are thus allowed to enjoy, once a year, the luxuries of the great.

The smart and self-satisfied appearance of your stage-coachmen pleased me much when, in entering London, they displayed on their own bosoms, and on the heads of their horses, those numerous nosegays, which the belles of the rustic inns, at which they are in the habit of stopping, make it a practice to

* May day seems always to have been a day dedicated to gaiety in England. Miss Benger, in her late very interesting Life of Ann Boleyn, tells us, that on May-day it was King Henry the Eighth's pride to rise with the lark, and with a train of Courtiers, splendidly attired in white and silver, to hasten to the woods, from whence he bore home the fragrant bough in triumph.

present to them on that day. If the morning of Spring was only welcomed in this manner by its proper emblem of beautiful flowers, one should scarcely complain of the idleness which it occasions; but May-day, like every other festival in England, is celebrated not only in the open air, and with innocent pastimes, but also (and much oftener) in public houses, amidst smoke, drunkenness, and noisy riot.

The fairs in the neighbourhood of London, particularly that of St. Bartholomew, (which is kept in Smithfield, and consequently in the centre of the commercial part of this great city,) are not only the occasion of lost labour; but likewise of every possible excess, of every vice, and frequently of bloodshed.

But in addition to the holy-days indiscriminately observed by all the natives of Great Britain, I find that the Scotch have their St. Andrew's; the Welsh their St. David's; the Irish their St. Patrick's day; and that every good patriot thinks it necessary on the return of his national festival, not only to put a thistle, a leak, or a shamrock, in his hat, but also to get drunk in honour of his patron saint. But, besides these appointed periods, I perceive that your people, in spite of all their industry, greedily seize on every opportunity of giving themselves a holy-day. On the day kept in honour of the King's Birth-day loyalty requires that they should cease from labour, and spend some hours at the public house, either in drinking long life to his Majesty, or d——n to his ministers, according to their respective politics.—Apropos, on the last anniversary I know not which I most admired, the brilliant display of elegant carriages, which conveyed the great and rich to the Court of their Sovereign, or the equally splendid string of mail-coaches, drawn by the finest horses in the world, which in the evening paraded St. James's-street.

When the King meets his parliament, when the anniversary of a battle gained, or a proclamation for a fast in humiliation of your sins, offers an excuse, your labouring classes throw aside their work, and making their appearance in the street, in the Park, or at the public house, (to repeat the phrase of my friend the mechanic) "spend twice as much as they get all the week beside." But when no public solemnity occurs, a bull-bait, or a boxing match is quite sufficient to draw half the population of London to one of those barbarous sights; and whenever an Englishman goes abroad he never thinks of returning till the day is spent and his money exhausted. It grieves me to add that, though bull-baiting and boxing are both forbidden by your laws, means are found of evading them, and that such unchristian sports are not only attended and enjoyed by the lower orders of your people, but often sanctioned by the presence of peers and other persons of importance. I am aware that a distinguished statesman, now dead, who was fond of exercising his great talents in the defence of paradoxes, used to contend that the continuance of pugilism was necessary to the maintenance of your national courage; but all that his ingenuity could prove was, that it is better that two angry Britons should vent their fury in an exchange of blows, than that they should, like the fiery natives of a more southernly climate, seek revenge in the cowardly practice of assassination. But surely this negative kind of defence, if allowed at all, cannot justify the custom of encouraging, by pecuniary rewards, professional combatants to try their comparative strength in pitched battles, which often end in the loss of life; a custom no less derogatory to the honour of the 19th century, than contrary to the clear precepts of that religion which we all profess.

Let it be remembered also, that it was only in the decline and fall of Rome, that her tyrants taught a servile people to take delight in the effusion of human blood, by exhibiting frequently before them the horrid feats of hireling gladiators.

Your races in general, and particularly those of Epsom and Egham, in consequence of their vicinity to the capital, are in their effects very injurious to your morals. I shall not go the length of saying that there is a want of humanity in teaching the generous horse to exhaust his vigour in overstrained competi-

tion, for it seems the nature of that noble animal to feel the love of fame and to struggle for victory; but this diversion, like every other in England, is attended with ruinous expenses. While your noblemen and gentry spend vast sums in rearing and training these beautiful but delicate creatures, and are sometimes tempted to risk the full value of a large estate, which has descended to them from a long line of ancestry, on the hazardous achievements of a favourite colt, others, who are not rich enough to keep horses themselves, are still fond of being present on these occasions as spectators; and after cheating, or being cheated on the ground, spend the rest of the day at some of the neighbouring inns in jovial parties, or in gaming at the *E O.* tables. In short, I think the English are just as fond of holydays as the French; but while they pay more dearly for them, they enjoy them less. A similar remark is applicable to all the convivial habits of the two countries: with us society is so essential a part of our happiness, that it requires no adventitious charm. We seek it for itself, and are led to the pursuit by no secondary consideration. You accuse us of vanity, yet, in your manner of receiving company, you shew that that passion has a much greater influence on you than on us. Indeed, according to the usages of England, it seems that a man has but one alternative; to live in solitude, or to squander immense sums in giving sumptuous banquets. — Need I tell you how differently we feel and act in these respects. Not only in our *chateaux* and provincial towns, but also in the capital, the proudest noble is not ashamed to see his relations and intimate friends at his *ordinary and frugal* meal; and could you come unseen into the dining-rooms of our finest hotels you would find many a cheerful party assembled round the social board, though perhaps the only dishes it contains are the usual soup and *bouilli*, a roast fowl, or a plate of cutlets. Now contrast this fare with the nominal *family* dinner of a man of small fortune in England, to which he invites those with whom he lives on terms of the closest intimacy. Though he knows they are all acquainted with his circumstances, and are aware how ill he can afford the expense, he loads his table with every costly rarity, while, in doing so, he exposes himself to very serious difficulties, and is perhaps obliged, a few days afterwards, to ask a temporary loan of one of those very guests, in receiving whom so extravagantly he wasted a larger sum than that which he is now compelled to borrow. Nor is this fault confined to their higher classes;— your tradesmen are scarcely less prodigal than your nobility and gentry. Even your mechanics are occasionally forgetful of the golden rules of economy and moderation. Scarcely a shopkeeper is to be found in London who, on a Sunday, does not either give a handsome dinner at home, partake of a similar one at a friend's house, or take a country excursion, conveying his wife or his mistress in a gig, for the driving of which one or two horses are regularly kept; while some persons of no higher station think themselves rich enough to change this humble vehicle for a barouche and four.— Such follies certainly contribute to those frequent bankruptcies which your Gazette announces, but their existence shews how difficult it is for an Englishman to separate his ideas of pleasure from those of expense. But, lest I should tire you, I will now take my leave. I think I have shewn pretty clearly, that if the Parisians spend too much time in the observance of public festivals, they share that weakness with their graver neighbours; who, not content with wasting their hours in this manner, are equally lavish of their health and money.

De Vermont.

FALSE OR TRUE; OR, THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

(Continued from page 516.)

WHEN Ellen returned to the drawing-room she found a large party of newly arrived guests assembled, and as the gentlemen left the table soon it was not long before the necessary arrangements for music, which was to be the first entertainment of the evening, took place, and Charles was told by Mrs. Ainslie, that his musical powers would be put in requisition, till his quadrille dancing was equally wanted. "I am glad," whispered Charles to Ellen, "that this music begins so early, as I must go away to other parties soon." — "Indeed!" said Ellen, forcing a smile, "you are quite a fashionable man, I see!"—"I flatter myself I am," he replied, with a self sufficient look; and, as he turned away to promise Mrs. Ainslie that he would sing after the pianoforte lesson was over, he did not hear the deep sigh of poor Ellen. Charles sung a duet with a young lady whom he had met at other places, and he sung so pleasantly that he was pressed to sing a song. He consented on condition that Ellen would accompany him. She would fain have refused from mere timidity, but the wish to oblige him, and enable him to shine, conquered her repugnance, and she sat down to the instrument; but Charles was any thing but encouraging to her. "I declare," he said, "you don't play near so well as you did at R." Sometimes she played too loud, then too soft, sometimes too slow, sometimes too fast; however, she was at last piqued into indifference to his censure, and Mandeville's ill-humour vanished in the gratifying "bravo's" and "charming," which attended his own success, and showed no consciousness in the hearers of Ellen's failures. At length the song ended, and Ellen gladly rose; but, while every one else murmured and applauded Charles, the lip which his petulance had paled uttered no word of praise, and the mortified and indignant girl retired to her seat in silence.

In a few minutes Charles was entreated to sing again, and he asked Ellen to accompany him again. "No—I will not," was her cold and firm reply. "Why not, Ellen?" "Because I know I cannot please you, therefore I will not give fruitless pain to myself." In vain he urged her, Ellen was resolute; and Charles, on a lady's saying that she had heard Mr. Mandeville sing sweetly without music, ceased to importune her, and sung unaccompanied. When he had ended his song, which was loudly applauded, preparations were made for dancing quadrilles, and Ellen hoped that Charles would come eagerly forward to request her to dance with him; but he staid so long in the next room that when he did approach her for that purpose she was already engaged; and, to her still greater mortification, he neither looked nor expressed regret, nor did he engage her for the next dances. As Ellen was not in the same set with Charles she could not have the satisfaction of seeing him dance, though she had the mortification of observing that he had selected for his partner the finest and most fashionable looking girl in the room. The quadrille was succeeded by a Spanish dance, in both of which Charles's dancing was thought equal to his singing. At the end of the last dance, when he had quitted his partner, Charles approached Ellen, and she hoped he was going to ask her to dance with him; but he told her he was very sorry, but really he could stay no longer. "Oh! very well," said Ellen, trying to speak and look cheerfully. Mrs. Ainslie now joined them, saying, "I suppose you are come to lead this dear girl to the dance now, Mr. Mandeville."—Upon my word I should have been most happy, but unfortunately"—"She is engaged, I suppose."—"No, but I am; that is, I must go, though most reluctantly. My presence is imperiously demanded at two parties this evening, near Grosvenor-square, and I fear I shall be waited for, as

I have to sing one or two trios at one place, and to dance a new quadrille at another."—"But it is very early for any party in Grosvenor-square, and surely the delight of dancing with Ellen is temptation enough even to excuse your being vainly expected for a few minutes. The heart has its claims as well as other things, Mr. Mandeville."—"Oh, yes; Oh, dear, yes," said Mandeville, looking very silly, "but—"—"I beg," cried Ellen, proudly, "that you will let my cousin please himself; I resign all right to keep him here."—"Nay, but Ellen, you are unjust; I am sure I wish to stay. Well, (looking at his watch) there is time for one *quadrille*. Will you do me the honour," offering his arm. Ellen looked at Mrs. Ainslie, who made her a sign to accept it, and he led her to the set. But he gave himself the air of dancing with languid indifference, and sometimes only walked through the figure. "You did not dance thus with your last partner," said Ellen, indignantly. "No—but I am sparing myself now for my next party; besides, what a fine dancer, and what a fine fashionable girl that partner was! but not so pretty as you, Ellen," he added, seeing her change colour, and look as if she had a mind to sit down. These words uttered in a faultering tone, assisted Ellen to recover herself, and she resolved that he should not, if she could help it, again perceive the mortification which he inflicted.

When the quadrille was over Charles declared he was unable to stay a moment longer, and for the next dance of the set he must resign her to some one else. "By all means," said Ellen, coldly, while her heart beat almost audibly with internal emotion, and a feeling almost approaching to misery. At this moment, and just as Charles was hastening away, meaning to take French leave, as it is called, that he might not be detained again, Mr. Ainslie came up, and said that Lady Jane F—— and her daughters were just arrived; and as they were very desirous of hearing Mr. Mandeville sing, and were excellent judges of music, he hoped he would do them the favour of singing before the dancing was resumed. Ellen listened with almost breathless anxiety for his answer, and felt sick at heart when he replied, "Certainly, Sir, I was going, but I will stay and sing to your noble guests." He was then presented to her and her daughters. Mrs. Ainslie said in a whisper to Ellen, "I thought Mr. Mandeville said that he could not stay a moment longer!"—"He even told me so, but"—"I see—I understand, she replied; "he can stay for *vanity*, but not for *affection*." Alas! that is only too true, thought Ellen; and she seated herself where Charles could not see her, lest he should ask her to accompany him. But he did not; a ballad without music was requested, and Charles complied.

Lady Jane and her fair daughters were delighted; Charles was applauded to the skies;—another song was requested, was granted, equally extolled, and a third earnestly solicited; but now Mandeville's vanity made him desire to show off in something more difficult, and he looked round for Ellen that she might accompany him; but at this moment her good genius, in the shape of Mrs. Ainslie, stept forward to her rescue; for that lady declared that she could not allow any further trespass on Mr. Mandeville's time and indulgence, for she knew he was eager to take flight to the upper regions, where he was anxiously expected; therefore he could not afford to give more time to the lower ones, and must instantly set off for the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square. "I really am willing to stay," stammered out Mandeville, provoked, yet ashamed; for he felt that though Mrs. Ainslie's words were flattering her tone was *sarcastic*; but she interrupted him with, "Not a word; the more willing you are to indulge us the more incumbent it is on us not to abuse that good nature; and I am sure Lady Jane is too generous to desire a pleasure purchased by disappointment to others."—"Certainly I would on no account detain Mr. Mandeville, but I hope to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing him in Grosvenor-place." Charles bowed, blushed, murmured out, "You do me great honour—happy to wait on you,"—and, having once met the sarcastic look of Mrs.

Ainslie, was glad to escape out of the room, without daring to raise his conscious eyes to Ellen, who now, spite of herself, came forward in hopes of receiving a kind farewell, for Ellen knew they should not meet the next day, as Charles was to dine in the country, and was not to return till late. But he was gone in a moment, without one adieu, either looked or spoken! However, he was no longer there to excite or disappoint her expectations in any way, and Ellen felt relieved, though saddened; but the attentions of a very agreeable partner, who talked to her of Sir Henry Claremont and his virtues, and delicately hinted that he had obtained an invitation to the party that evening, merely to be presented to her, as Sir Henry wished him to have the honour of knowing Miss Mortimer, diverted her thoughts from the unworthy engrosser of them, and the rest of the evening passed away pleasantly to her; but, when she retired to bed, she repeated to herself Mrs. Ainslie's forcible words: "yes, yes; he can stay for vanity, but not for affection."

The next day, when Ellen rose, she said to herself, "well, I cannot hope to see him to-day!" and was surprized at finding that a degree of repose stole over her feelings at the idea; for as it was no longer a pleasure *only* to expect him, but anxiety, and the dread of mortification now mingled with that pleasure, she was conscious that her harrassed mind was soothed by the certainty that for some hours, at least, she should be able to feel entirely alive to the enjoyments of the passing day, should really observe the objects and sights presented to her eyes, and be able to profit by the opportunities afforded her of seeing London. "Good girl," said Mrs. Ainslie, when she returned to dine and dress for the Theatre, "I am quite satisfied with you to-day, Ellen; and I really believe you will turn out to be the sensible girl I always thought you." Ellen, as Charles was not present, was wholly absorbed in the illusion of the scene at Covent-garden, and as much charmed as Mrs. Ainslie wished her to be with all she saw and heard; till, just before the farce began, a gentleman who had joined their party said to Mrs. Ainslie, "I expected to see Mandeville here, for he told me he should come hither if he returned in any tolerable time from the country, and did not go to Lady D's."—"Depend on it, if he does return, he will go to Lady D's." replied Mrs. Ainslie, in a tone which Ellen well understood. However, this conversation had awakened in her a faint hope of seeing him; and, instead of attending any longer to what was passing on the stage, she was looking round every time her own box door opened, or looking into the boxes opposite, or near her, to discover the object which even yet was, as usual, dearer to her than any other in creation; but not as usual did her judgment go along with her partiality; she felt that her heart and her head were now at variance; and that Charles Mandeville of London was very inferior to the Charles Mandeville of R—. But vainly did Ellen look for Charles, he came not, and the curtain dropt.

"I conclude Mandeville did not return from the country in time," said his friend. "On the contrary, I conclude that he did, and is now singing and dining at Lady D's," replied Mrs. Ainslie; while pensive, and disappointed, and silent, Ellen walked to the carriage. Mrs. Ainslie followed her into her room that night, and, seeing her melancholy countenance, kindly took her hand, and told her that she knew very well what was passing in her mind; and that she hoped she would see the necessity, which pride and delicacy equally imposed on her, to cease to feel so tenderly towards a man who evidently had no longer any tender attachment for her. "But is it possible that he can so soon, and for ever, have ceased to love me?" cried Ellen, melting into tears: "why, if you had heard how he reproached my uncle for his cruelty in not allowing us to engage ourselves to each other. Surely, surely, he does not know his own heart; and he loves me still, spite of appearances!"—"Ellen, dear child of my dearest friend, listen to me with calmness," said Mrs. Ainslie; "believe me, that real and faithful love is a restless feeling that cannot be satisfied without proving its existence by

constant attentions to the object of that love. The true lover prefers the society of the woman he loves to every other engagement; and to him no amusement is welcome which is unshared by her, unless she is far distant, and that he wishes to beguile part of the tediousness of absence by it.—There, Ellen, I have given you a little sketch of what a true lover is; and I leave you to compare your lover with it, and see if it resembles him. I beg leave to add, that I advise you also to compare Sir Henry Claremont's assiduity with your cousin's, and with the sketch."—"Oh! but Sir Henry has never been exposed to the temptations of a London life since he knew me."—"True, therefore the condition on which you accept Sir Henry's addresses, and I trust you will one day accept them, shall be, that he goes and lives six months in London to try his constancy, because you shall tell him, to speak *elegantly*, my dear, that a burnt child dreads the fire."—"No, no; I shall never love or accept any man now," cried Ellen, her tears redoubling. "Not *now*."—"Oh! but I mean—"—"I *know* what you mean; but do not believe, my sweet girl, that I laugh at you, or that I do not enter deeply into your present feelings; I only think that they ought not to last, as the object is unworthy of *them;* I should not say so if Sir Henry Claremont were the object, and by some strange inconsistancy of conduct were to behave to you as Mandeville does, for then I should be tempted to say, aye, you may well weep, for you have lost a treasure. What I wish on this occasion is, that you should feel your own worth, justly appreciate the value of your own tenderness, and learn to despise the heartless boy who can thus prefer town pleasures and women of fashion to you and your invaluable love. There is a speech for you, Ellen! I did not think I had been so eloquent; but, the Arabian song says, 'who can live with the rose without imbibing some of its sweetness;' so the wife of Ainslie must catch some of his eloquence; and thus, having ingeniously contrived to compliment both myself and my husband at once, I will bid you good night, and join my prayers to your's, Ellen, for your being assisted through your present trial, and that you may live long and happy!"

But poor Ellen was not yet willing to resign for ever the illusions of love so long dear to her heart; however, she slept at last; and, on waking, the image of Mandeville was sometimes replaced by that of Sir Henry Claremont: that of the latter was soon rendered more vivid to her mind's eye by the entrance of her maid with a large hamper, and a flail basket. The former contained the finest pines and mellons that she had ever seen, and the latter the most beautiful, and rare hot-house flowers; but they were accompanied by no letter or note, and the direction was in a hand unknown. Ellen, however, could not doubt but that they came from Sir Henry, whose hothouses and pinery were the admiration of his neighbourhood. "See!" said she, with a sparkling eye and a glowing cheek, when Mrs. Ainslie entered her apartment. "And whence came they, Ellen?" "From R—, I believe." "And who sends them?"—"There is no letter, so I only suspect the donor, and he is Sir Henry, I dare say."—"So dare I. Well, this is a lover if, as the man says in the play, *Le vrai amphytrion est celui où l'on dine, le vrai amant est celui qui donne des ananas et des fleurs.* Oh! sweet Sir Henry! I dare say he devined that I was going to have a bag-wig and feathered party to dinner to-day, and wished to be very elegant at as little expense as possible, and therefore, to bribe me to espouse his interest, he sent these gifts; for I suppose, Ellen, you do not mean to keep all the fruit to yourself, and wear all the flowers, appearing one day as Pomona and Flora the next." "Oh, no; you are welcome to them all: but—one of the flowers I mean to wear in my bosom, and another in my hair."—"Bravely resolved, and if by any at present unforeseen chance Mandeville should come, as I own I have not *invited* him, I beg you will tell him that you wear them for the sake of Sir Henry Claremont." The only part of this last sentence to which Ellen

attended was the assurance Mrs. Ainslie gave that she had not invited Mandeville, for till then she had hoped he was to be one of the invited guests. However, she could not help owning to herself that it was not necessary *as things were* for Mrs. Ainslie to invite Mandeville every day, as it was evident that all his engagements were formed, and would be pursued, without any reference to her.

The end of the morning, as usual, was spent in sight-seeing; and on their return home they drove to the same painter's as before, for Mrs. Ainslie to indulge herself in looking at Sir Henry Claremont's picture, the dear man to whom she owed the elegant additions to her deserts and her flower vases; and she saw by Ellen's countenance, when she now beheld the picture, that the original had gained ground in her favour.

The dinner went off well, but the evening would have been passed by Ellen in a state of vain expectation of *him who came not* had not an acquaintance of Mandeville joined the party, who informed Ellen that Charles had found the day he passed in the country so agreeable, that he had been induced to stay longer, and that he had left him there singing, dancing, and acting to the delight of every one. Ellen changed colour, sighed, was glad her cousin was so well amused, when, after a great struggle with herself, she conversed, laughed, and seemed as cheerful as usual; but she could not help saying, when she retired to rest. "This was a voluntary absence of a whole day—this was an engagement formed since my arrival! Why! why did I come to London? Yet, no—thankless girl! if I had not come I might have been deceived still!"

The next day Mandeville called, and wanted to walk out with Ellen alone as he had done before, but Mrs. Ainslie would not allow it; she said that her young friend was to be with her *so short a time* that she could not bear to give her up *a whole morning*, he must, therefore accompany them if they walked. Mandeville, though he felt the reproof, coolly said, her going would encrease his pleasure and his pride; and he should be the envy of every one whom he met. "*Plus gallant, que tendre!*" murmured Mrs. Ainslie between her teeth, and Mandeville had feeling enough to blush. "But I think," added she, "we had better go in the carriage, and order it two hours sooner than usual." Accordingly they did so; and Charles, equally attentive to both ladies, endeavoured to be most agreeable; but it was only by shewing himself attached to Ellen that he could really succeed in pleasing either lady. He, however, obtained an invitation to dinner, which, with many blushes and regrets, he declared his inability to accept, as he was engaged to dine and go to the play with some friends whom he had met in the country; and the next day he was going, he said, to —— races, and thence on a tour to Windsor and Reading. But he was very sorry, indeed, to lose so much of his cousin Ellen's society, but it was her own fault—why not let him know she was coming. "Yesterday, however," said Mrs. Ainslie, "you knew she was here, and *yet* you staid a day longer in the country than you intended."—"True; my host and hostess were so pressing, and so charming."—"We think Ellen charming."—"So do I, I am sure," he replied; "and I hear she makes quite a sensation wherever she goes."—"She does; but I patronize the suit of only one of her adorers."—"May I ask his name."—"No—he is not here, but mourning her absence at R—."—"Indeed!" said Mandeville, blushing, for he knew of Sir Henry's addresses. "Yes, and if you had dined with us you would have seen some of his votive gifts, 'flowers to the fair,' adorning her hair today."—"If I had, I should have stolen or trodden them underfoot." "No—that you should not," said Ellen, hastily; "I prize them too much to have allowed it."—"This looks serious," replied Mandeville with a mixed expression of conceit and mortification on his countenance, but the former prevailed; and, wishing them good morning, he left them at Albany, assuring them he would call as soon as ever he returned.

"Ellen, forgive me," said Mrs. Ainslie; but, surely it is *bad taste*

to love this man." Ellen blushed, looked down, and was *silent;* and Charles Mandeville was to be absent from London a week while she was there, preferring races to her company. Alas! what then were the protestations of man's love worth; to think that he loved her still, spite of appearances, was now impossible; and she resolved to try to repay indifference with indifference. A week's absence was a good preparation for the execution of this wise resolve; but Mrs. Ainslie thought there was still a better way of weakening Charles's power over her.

"Love," says the eloquent author of Ada Reis, "though strong in itself, receives great accession of strength from perceiving the admiration paid to others by its object;" and Mrs. Ainslie hoped, that if she could contrived to let her see Mandeville eclipsed in those very things which gave him such importance in her eyes; if she could hear his singing excelled, his pretensions to high fashion and fashionable acquaintance proved less real than they now appeared to her, and could be made to seem at all degraded or ridiculous in her sight, her end would be accomplished. But to effect this was difficult; as though Ellen already thought Charles grown conceited and affected, especially concerning his singing, he still appeared to her the height of elegance, and "the desired of all beholders."

The ensuing week passed more rapidly than Ellen expected or wished, as she found herself obliged to quit London at the end of the next week, since Mrs. Ainslie was forced to hasten into the North, on account of the increased illness of her sister; at the end of the week Mandeville called, and told Ellen that he had procured his friend Lady D.'s Opera Box for Mrs. Ainlie and herself, for the next Tuesday; this was delightful news to Ellen, who had not yet been at the Opera.—"We are really much obliged by this attention," said Mrs. Ainslie, "I conclude you will dine with us on Tuesday, and use one of the tickets yourself?"—"Impossible! I dine with some friends of mine at the —— Coffee-house that day; a dinner I am to give in consequence of my election into the Alfred, which will, I expect, take place the day before, as though success is difficult I am told that I am sure of getting in; but I shall certainly come to the Opera during the course of the evening. I have promised Lady B. to look in on her in her box, and I shall also make a point of coming to your's."—"You are only too good," replied Mrs. Ainslie, with a sarcastic smile; "but, seriously, I am glad to have so well situated a box as Lady D.'s is for Ellen to see the Opera, and Tuesday is the only night that she will be able to go thither."—"The only night?"—"Yes; she will leave me, and I London, on the following Friday." "I am quite concerned to hear it; my dear Ellen, may I speak a few words to you alone?"

Ellen fluttered, curious, anxious, paused for a minute, and then led the way into the next room.—"Ellen," said Mandeville, "I know you like to oblige me, and I have a favour to ask of you; I am invited to Lady Charlotte D.'s musical party on Monday, and I want to sing that song which I have altered so as to make it suit my voice, and which you accompany so well; but I dare not trust any body but you to accompany me, I therefore told Lady Charlotte that I had a cousin in London whom I wished to bring with me to her party, if she would allow me, and she said yes, but she hoped you would excuse her calling on you; I said I was sure you would not stand on ceremony, therefore there is her card, and here an invitation?"—Ellen at first was speechless at the utter selfishness of this project, and the indelicate coolness with which Mandeville seemed to make a convenience of her at the expense of herself, respect and proper pride, and desired to take her with him to a London assembly as his accompanier. When she recovered herself she coldly and proudly said, that though always ready to oblige him, she must consult Mrs. Ainlie before she could reply to such a proposal; then, before Charles could prevent an appeal to which he instantly foresaw the certain answer, she threw open the folding door, and, with

faultering voice, disclosed to Mrs. Ainslie what Mandeville required of her.

"Amazing!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainslie, after a pause, during which she fixed her fine eyes on Charles with an expression of indignant contempt: "I have seen selfishness before, but never, I think, to so unblushing an amount as now."—"Selfishness, Madam! surely there is nothing selfish in wishing to procure my cousin Ellen a pleasant evening's entertainment; and you, I know, do not visit Lady Charlotte D."—"Nor shall Miss Mortimer, Sir, if I can help it. No guest of mine shall go to the house of a Lady who does not choose to trouble herself to pay the customary due of respect by calling on her, or at least by leaving a card at the house where she is; and I wonder, Mr. Mandeville, that you could bear so to compromise the dignity of your cousin. Then to want to drag the dear girl about with you merely for the purpose of your own vanity, but never to desire it at the prompting of affection!"—"How do you know, Madam, that what I now desire is not from the prompting of affection?"—"Because it is inconsistent with your former conduct since Miss Mortimer's arrival in this town; however, let Ellen judge for herself. If she wishes to go to Lady Charlotte's I can send her thither with a friend of mine; what say you, Ellen?"—"That I see the affair in the same light as yourself, and have not the slightest wish to go to Lady Charlotte D.'s. I must also add that I am hurt beyond measure to see that my cousin Charles has never wished for my company at any party before, and that now he wishes for me merely to make me the means of gratifying his vanity."—"You are too severe, and unjust, and ungrateful, Miss Mortimer."—"Indeed! would that I were so," replied Ellen, bursting into tears; "would you could make me think myself so; for then I should be spared the bitterest of all pangs to me—the pain of blaming you."

Mrs. Ainslie did not like the tenderness of this last part of Ellen's reply; but, on the whole, she was satisfied with the just view which she took of Mandeville's motives, and had little doubt of Ellen's being cured in time; as selfishness, in the beloved object, is of all qualities the most likely to break the tie that holds the heart in bondage. Ellen's tears, if they did not otherwise affect Charles, induced him to express his regret for having wounded her feelings. especially when it had been his sole intention to gratify them; but he hoped, he said, that she would excuse the unceremonious invitation to the party, for the sake of the Opera Box. "Artfully put Mr. Mandeville.—Yes, yes, we will try to remember nothing but the obligation you have conferred on us. Will you dine with us on Sunday, we dine out to-day?"—"I go out of town on Sunday to dinner; but on Monday I should be happy to have the honour to wait on you."—"So be it;" and Mandeville bowed and departed.

He was no sooner gone than Ellen threw herself on Mrs. Ainslie's neck and gave way to an agony of grief, which drew sympathizing tears from her affectionate friend. "Oh! trying, but blessed visit to London, Ellen," said Mrs. Ainslie; "It has brought you to know the false from the true; but come, now your full heart has relieved itself, tell me, if you can, for what qualities you loved Charles Mandeville?"—"He is my cousin, you know."—"Yes, that is a reason why you should love him, certainly; but not why you should be in love with him."—"And then"—"Well, and then?"—"I thought he loved me."—"That is, was in love with you."—"Yes."—"Well, now for the reasons?"—"And then, you know, he is very handsome."—"Yes, but not so handsome as Sir Henry Claremont, in my eyes?"—"And then he sang and danced well, and seemed very good natured."—"And I suppose you read together, and conversed together?"—"We read novels together, but our conversation was chiefly about, about"—"What?"—"Love, and each other."—"Aye, I suppose so; an admirable compendium of the substance, and sense of a boy's and girl's attachment; but I conclude you never thought Charles a man of

reading and reflection, or of active virtues like Sir Henry Claremont?" —"I never thought *about* it," said Ellen, blushing. "Then now my dear it is time that you should think about it, and seriously too; compare Mandeville with his rival, and let me soon hear that the poor Baronet is sent by you to undergo his six months' probation in London."—Ellen smiled, and looked as if the idea was not so impossible to be realized as she thought it when Mrs. Ainslie last mentioned the subject; and by the time the carriage came round she had dried up her tears, and anticipated the drive, though Charles was not to be with them, with considerable pleasure. They called to take up a friend of Mrs. Ainslie in their way to the Park, and as the Lady wished to see pictures they went to the painter's gallery, nothing loth, and saw Sir Henry's picture again. "What a countenance! what a fine man!" said their companion; and Ellen saw, not without pleasure, that a group of ladies and gentlemen were admiring this picture, and that two or three declared they had the happiness and the honour of knowing the admired original. "Oh! what a happy woman you might be if you chose," said Mrs. Ainslie, in a whisper; "and I think you might spare the poor man the six months' probation as he is seven and twenty, and men know their own minds though boys do not."

As Charles had engaged to dine at Mrs. Ainslie's on the Monday, that Lady had enabled herself to put in execution part of her scheme for curing Ellen of her love. Mrs. Ainslie was acquainted with a young man of good family and independent fortune, whose first passion and first pursuit in life unfortunately was musick; as his health was delicate he was ordered to Italy, and during a residence in that country of some years duration his very fine voice was improved to the utmost, as was his general skill in music; and he returned to England the best possible amateur performer. He had within the last year become intimately acquainted with a singing master and his sister, born of Italian parents in England; and with these young persons, who sang admirably, he passed so much of his time that it was supposed the pleasing manners, and vocal powers, of Olivia Pedruglio would win so much on his affections that he would make her his wife. In the mean while not the slightest stain attached to the Lady's character from the intimacy; and when Mr. De Mornay was invited out to dinner, it was customary to invite M. Pedruglio and his sister also. But it was no easy matter to prevail on Mr. De Mornay to pay visits; he preferred receiving friends in an evening at his house, where musick of various kinds was the usual amusement; but, as he greatly respected and admired Mrs. Ainslie, he promised to wait on her, and so did the Pedruglios, as soon as she told him that she had a very *particular* reason for wishing him, and his friends, to dine with her on the Monday. When Charles Mandeville arrived Mrs. Ainslie took him on one side, and said, "I am going to tell you what will delight you, Mr. De. Mornay, that first of gentleman singers, and his Italian friends the Pedruglios dine here to-day, and they will sing in the evening." Charles bowed, and said he was enchanted; but the discerning Mrs. Ainslie saw very clearly that he was excessively mortified, and had rather hear himself sing than the finest singers in the world. However, though mortified, he was not entirely dismayed, and was frequently lost in thought during dinner, saying to himself, "what can I sing, for Ellen is so cross or timid that I know she will refuse to accompany me; really I think I will sing without musick, for every one likes ballads." When two or three persons were assembled in the evening besides the dinner party, M. De Mornay, as soon as he was requested to do so, took his seat at the Piano-forte with the prompt compliance of a gentleman, and the skill of a professor. The first song he sang convinced Mandeville that he could not presume to compete with a singer like that, and Ellen's eyes swam in tears whilst the most touching *voice* she had ever heard sung a sweet *cantabile* air, the words of which (for she knew enough of Italian to understand them) applied in many respects to her own

disappointed hopes. "Is it not exquisite?" said Charles, wishing to be contradicted. "Oh, I could listen to him all night!" cried the enthusiastic girl. "Indeed! an hour or two would content me," said the mortified Mandeville. The friends next sang a *trio*; in short, duet succeeded to duet, song to song from each of the three, when Mrs. Ainslie in a whisper desired De Mornay to ask Mr. Mandeville to sing. But he, alarmed at the evident superiority of the man who asked him, and mortified at the praises bestowed on him and his friends, refused with awkward bashfulnes, not modesty, not real timidity, but its counterpart, which is self-love, afraid of not shining, fearful of not excelling; and it was not till after repeated pressing that he could be prevailed on to sing. Then what should he sing was the difficulty. "Would Ellen accompany him?"—"No; she knew she could not satisfy him." "How very unkind?"—"Not at all; you would scold me, and I should not know a note that I played; and indeed you sing best without musick; besides, you will then come into no competition with these great performers."—"So, then, you think me very inferior to them?"—"Who is *not*," said Ellen. "There, even Ellen is gone over to them. Heigho! I wish I had not come, or had gone away after dinner," thought Charles. However, he sang, but oh! the obvious difference between the singing of a frightened, husky, ill-assured amateur, and that which the company had lately heard. The friends kindly encouraged him, but, spite of his vanity, Charles felt that he had completely failed, and Ellen was quite surprized to think that Charles could sing so ill; she, however, good naturedly assured the audience that her cousin was terrified out of his accustomed powers. Miss Pedruglio now asked Charles if he would take a part in an Italian quartetto. He said, he believed he could, as he had once sung it before; but, as he could not sing by note, he made such blunders that the performance could not go on, and the friends were earnestly conjured by a gentleman, whose love of musick conquered his politeness, *not to lose time*, but to sing themselves together in their usual way.

Unfortunately two ladies of consequence came in at this moment, who had heard Charles sing; and, knowing nothing of music, declared that they were vulgar enough to dote on a ballad, and they hoped Mr. Mandeville would indulge them. Again, therefore, Charles sang, and hoped to recover his lost fame; but in vain; his voice was hoarse; and even his newly-come admirers said they saw he was very hoarse, and had a bad cold, and it was very kind in him to sing at all. "Pray, Sir, can you sing ballads," said one of these ladies to De Mornay; "but, I suppose English singing is beneath you."—"By no means, I will sing an English song directly."—"But not unaccompanied."—"Oh! yes." Then, turning from the instrument, he sang a simple, touching melody in a plain unornamented stile, which went directly to the heart. The words he sang were as follows:—

I had a hope which now is o'er,
  It was the hope to live for thee!
But since I'm doom'd to hope no more,
  I only bid thee pity me.

Yet had I been the favour'd one
  Allowed to live for love and thee,
I might, perhaps, have been undone,
  This world had then been *all* to me.

But now I bid its scenes farewell,
  A better world my aim shall be!
And I may hope one day to dwell
  In that eternal world with thee!

There, dearest, I again may love,
  And thou with smiles my love may'st see,
For 'twill be shar'd with saints above,
  And worthy them, and worthy thee.

Even Charles's passionate admirers were enchanted, and he had the mortification of hearing the same praises bestowed on De Mornay which they had before lavished on him; and even Ellen, who had given sympathizing tears to the first two verses, and hung entranced and enamoured on the recollection of De Mornay's tones, was so *absorbed* in admiration that she forgot to feel for Charles's discomforture. Not very long after, Mr. Ainslie saw Mandeville hastening out of the folding doors. "I hope you are not going yet?" said he, "Oh! yes, I am; I was charmed into staying too long," he replied. "I have an engagement in St. James's-square, I ought to have been there an hour ago."—"What is that?" said Mrs. Ainslie, on whose arm Ellen leaned. "Oh! only that Mandeville is gone to *St. James's-square.*"—"Indeed! these grand *squares* are sure to take him from our humble *circle* in Serjeant's Inn."—"Is Charles gone?" said Ellen, "and without my seeing him go, what could I be thinking of?"—"Of Mr. De Mornay, my dear; and I dare say Charles was thinking of him too when he went away."—"Poor Charles," said Ellen, "I really felt for him." And so she did, she pitied him; but she soon found that this pity was of a degrading nature; it was a pity that lowered the object of it,—it was a sort of pity which a man could not with any safety excite in the woman who loved him. Certain it is that Ellen's musical taste had never been so highly gratified as it was that evening; and she went to bed wondering how she could ever have so much admired Charles Mandeville's singing. "Now, Ellen," said Mrs. Ainslie to her on the Tuesday morning, "you shall see that rare, but to me always pleasing object, a true gentleman, and a real man of fashion. Colonel Delborough is to dine with us, and accompany us to the opera; but though he is a single man, and has a foible for pretty girls, I insist on your not preferring him to Sir Henry; for here is another basket of fruit and flowers arrived, and some carp to boot. Tell me, Ellen, has Sir Henry ever seen you eat ravenously that he thus feeds you?"—"Oh, no; I dare say he sends them, because he knows that I shall have pleasure in presenting them to you."—"Well, I am glad to see that you do his motives justice,—that is a good sign."

The Hon. Hugh Delborough was a man who at forty retained a considerable share of the beauty of early life, and all its pretensions; but his vanity, however great, never wounded the vanity of others; he was generally courteous; so much so that he was reckoned a complete pattern of a fine gentleman, and a high bred man. He was sometimes, indeed, cold and proud, and severe in his manner to those whom he thought coxcombs and pretenders to the rank and consequence which they had not; therefore, as his acquaintance was known to be never granted but to those who were worthy to associate with a man like him, the privilege of being known to Colonel Delborough was eagerly courted, and deemed a sort of passport into the best and most select circles in the fashionable world. Colonel Delborough, with many virtues, had some weaknesses, one of the chief of which was a tendency to fall in love with every young and pretty face that appeared in the world in which he moved, attended with a full persuasion, that he himself was irresistible. But his preferences never amounted to passions; never urged him to take the desperate step of marrying. Love was to him little better than the gentle intoxication produced by champaign; exhiliarating, not disordering; and he changed his favourites nearly as often as he did his gloves, always taking care to do so before his assiduities were become so dangerous as to induce the ladies' father or brother to ask him what his intentions were. He was, therefore, a very harmless flirt; and while even the youngest girl of fashion was proud and desirous of his attentions, the eldest and most experienced woman of the world was never alarmed, lest these passionless and bounded attentions should injure the peace of her child or *protegée*, consequently he was welcome everywhere; and as he united rank to fashion, being an Earl's younger son, he was more courted, and more invited than any man in London

society. Mrs. Ainslie was desirous of obtaining him as her beau to the opera, not only because he knew every one personally who was worth knowing, but because she wished, by shewing Ellen, in him, what a real man of fashion was, to give her a model with which to compare Charles Mandeville. She was, therefore, much disappointed when Mandeville said he could not dine with her that day, but she expected he would come to her box during the evening, and this expectation was rendered certainty by the receipt of a note from Charles to Ellen, in which he told her that he would make a point of coming to their box as early as he possibly could; that, as he knew almost every person of rank and fashion at the opera, he might point out to her all the persons worth seeing. "Yes," said the pleased Ellen, "Charles knows every one, I dare say."—"I have no doubt," replied Mrs. Ainslie, "but that Colonel Delborough knows them better, especially as he himself is one of the very set to whom Mr. Mandeville alludes."

Colonel Delborough was captivated with Ellen as soon as he beheld her; and, as usual, on hearing she was of a good family he said to himself, now, if I were inclined to marry, here is an opportunity. As Colonel Delborough was a man of real fashion he was not afraid of being thought unfashionable by going to the opera to hear the overture, and as he loved music he had no objection to the early hour at which Mrs. Ainslie ordered the carriage. He and his fair companions, therefore, had the satisfaction of hearing a fine overture of Mozart performed in a manner worthy of it. I shall not attempt to describe Ellen's raptures at the singing and scenery, but she was not so pleased with the dancing, for she was not always sure that she ought to look at it, and she was not sorry when the first ballet ended.

By this time Ellen was almost fascinated with the grace, the attentions, and the conversation of the Colonel. He could not fail to know every person of rank and distinction in the house, and had many pleasant anecdotes to relate of them whom he pointed out. Mrs. Ainslie had given the fourth ticket to her husband, in case his professional engagements allowed him to use it, therefore the Colonel had no rival, and was enjoying the privilege of being sole beau to a very fine woman and a beautiful girl, when an acquaintance of Mandeville entered the box to pay his compliments to the ladies, and Colonel Delborough heard him say something concerning Mandeville, whom he only knew by sight, and who was particularly disagreeable to him. When the young man was gone he turned round and exclaimed, "Mandeville! Do you know Mr. Mandeville, that consummate coxcomb, that would-be somebody? My dear Mrs. Ainslie how came you to know that man? He is so entirely out of your way."—"I agree with you," she said, "but my acquaintance with him was unavoidable." Here she looked at Ellen, who sat in ill suppressed agitation to hear her cousin, and once most dear Charles, so spoken of, but Mrs. Ainslie motioned to her not to betray their relationship, and the Colonel went on. "The boy expected to get into the Alfred, but I am happy to say he has been disappointed."—"Is he not elected, Sir?" said Ellen eagerly. "Oh! no, he is not the sort of person for us. I have reason to know all about him. The name is a high name, but I find his father was only what is called a wholesale dealer at Bristol, a man who kept a general warehouse, and died very rich. I enquired, because the young man thought proper to pay marked attention to one of my neices, Lady Julia L—, and the silly girl encouraged him, but I soon put a stop to her folly, by enquiring into the youth's pretentions, and pride conquered love." Scarcely had he ended his philippic against Mandeville when he himself made his appearance, and just as poor Ellen, seeing how much the Colonel disliked him, was wishing that he might not come. Mrs. Ainslie could not present him to her friend after what had passed, and, on his first entrance, Charles was too full of his disappointment at the Alfred to attend to aught besides, and he talked of nothing else, though he saw that the conversation did not interest

Mrs. Ainslie. At length, however, he remembered that he came to do the honours of the opera to Ellen, and he pointed out this Countess, that Duchess, such a beauty, and such a distinguished character; and so far he was right, but Ellen had been told all this before. "And *there*," said Mandeville, "that is the Dowager Duchess of ——."—"Are you sure of that, Sir," said the Colonel, coldly. "Do you know the lady?"—"I have met her in company, Sir,"—"Indeed! but still you are mistaken, at least I hope so, for she died two days ago." Mandeville could only say she was very like her. "Not at all, Sir; that lady is fair as alabaster, and the Duchess was dark as ebony." Nothing daunted, Mandeville then pointed out other persons of rank. "Is he right now," said Mrs. Ainslie.—"Perhaps so, but they are Lords and Ladies, of whom I know nothing," he proudly replied. Mandeville felt piqued, and observed, "that they were well worth knowing for all that."—"Humph!" said the Colonel, shrugging up his shoulders and looking on the stage. Mandeville now named Lords and Ladies to the right and left out of bravado, and then the Colonel coldly said, sometimes, "It is not she, or it is not he." Mandeville, little suspecting who this contradicting gentleman was, disputed the point and insisted on it that he was right. At last he pointed out a lady just come into the opposite box as Lady Harriet H. The Colonel said it was not?—Mandeville persisted and declared he knew her perfectly. "Do you mean that you are acquainted with her, Sir?"—"No, Sir; but I have seen her; I met her a few evenings ago coming into Lady D.'s as I went out." "You must therefore know her well, no doubt, Sir?"—"I do know her well, Sir." "But not quite so well as I do, Sir; for Lady Harriet H. is my own neice, Sir." Mandeville was excessively confused, and stammered out an apology, while Mrs. Ainslie could not help laughing, exchanging as she did so certain meaning looks with the Colonel, while Ellen pitied Charles with a sense of the ridiculous connected with him, which it was painful, but salutary to her to feel. Mrs. Ainslie now, lest Charles should expose himself again, whispered to him; "Do you not know this gentleman is the Hon. Colonel Delborough?"—Again Charles was confounded; he had long been ambitious to have the honour of that gentleman's acquaintance, and now he had the opportunity as it seemed, for he was in the same box with him, he had not only not been presented to him, but he saw that there was no intention of presenting him, and also that the Colonel beheld him with proud contempt. Ellen, too, he found was cold and absent in her replies, and Mrs. Ainslie not disposed to talk. He therefore rose and took his leave, telling Ellen that he hoped to see her again before she quitted London. "To be sure," said Mrs. Ainslie, this is only Tuesday, and Ellen does not go till Friday. "You know," she added in a whisper, "as I cannot see her to the mail myself, and Ainslie dines out that day, *you must*." "Must! oh dear! no, really, I am very sorry; but I dine out on Friday, and really—indeed, I—it is most probable I *dine* when the mail sets out; and if Ellen will go by such vulgar conveyances she must take the consequences, I really *cannot* go with her."—"Ellen does not go by the mail," said Mrs. Ainslie, "and I said what I did *only* to try you, and your regard for your cousin." This put the finishing stroke to Mandeville's discomfiture, and he quitted the box, shutting it after him with great violence. "I never saw such ill breeding and impertinence," said the Colonel, colouring violently; "and to call you Ellen too, that young man deserves to ——."—"He is my first cousin, Sir," said Ellen, calmly, but firmly.—The Colonel was shocked, confounded, and silenced. "Miss Mortimer," said he at length "there is no apology too humble which I am not willing to make to you for what I have uttered; had I known, as indeed I ought to have been informed, that Mr. Mandeville was your relation, I would not only have been silent when I could not commend, but I would even have endeavoured to like him for your sake. Why did you not tell me who he was?"—"It was my place to do that, Colonel," said Mrs. Ainslie; "but I had my reasons for not doing it; and I am sure my young friend will

forgive you your unintentional offence."—"Yes, certainly, Sir;" cried Ellen; "but what you said of poor Charles gave me great pain. I own that he was positive and contradicting, but then one ought to make allowances for him. He was full of irritation from his disappointment concerning the Alfred, and when one is uneasy and mortified one is so apt to be disagreeable and tenacious, and—and."—"And what, Ellen?"—"Why, there was something very provoking both in Colonel Delborough's manner and your's too, my dear friend."—"Granted, granted; and I like you for your candid and spirited defence of your relation, so does the Colonel, I dare say."—"Oh! I adore her for it; and, indeed, charming Miss Mortimer, I should not care how often I was so attacked if I could be sure to be so defended. Now tell me how I can expiate my offence? To appease and please you I will call to-morrow, and leave my card for Mr. Mandeville; will that do?"—"Generously and delicately felt, and like you, Colonel; but I trust Ellen will not exact such an *amende* from you." "By no means; I am too proud for poor Charles, to do it. Let him be thought deserving the honour of being known to Colonel Delborough before he has it; but I will not impose my cousin as an acquaintance on any man."—"Proudly and honourably felt, Miss Mortimer, and I sincerely hope that before long I shall not only know, but like Mr. Mandeville; at least, no endeavour on my part shall be wanting to enable me to do so, and I must own that I saw him and heard him this evening with prejudiced eyes."—"See Ellen," said Mrs. Ainslie, soon after; "Mandeville did not go home to take poison, however mortified he might be; for there he is yonder, the life of the set in one of the pit boxes, and laughing with all his power." It was so; and Ellen, being assured that Charles did not remember or feel as much for his late painful embarrassment as she did, forgot it also, and enjoyed as much of the last ballet as she dared to look at, and enjoyed also the buz of admiration which her new and beautiful face excited in the crush-room, while the gallant Colonel enjoyed it still more, and was in raptures when every now and then some man of ton or rank whispered in his ear, "Oh, Delborough, you are always a happy fellow." When Mrs. Ainslie thought over all that had passed she was startled on recollection, as she had been at the time, with the manner in which Ellen had defended Charles; but at length she reflected that it was her relation whom she defended; she considered that if she had seemed less hurt her tranquility must have been *assumed*, which would have been a very suspicious circumstance; and that had she been *violently agitated* by still struggling, conscious love, she would have been unable to speak at all, or only in broken faltering tones; whereas, on the contrary, she was voluble, and judicious in Charles's defence, evidently proving, therefore, that she defended him from a sense of justice, and a feeling of relationship alone. It is well, thought Mrs. Ainslie, and I see that this faithless boy's reign is over.

He certainly thought so himself; he therefore wished to dismiss, rather than wait to be dismissed; he chose to assure Ellen that he loved her no longer, rather than receive from her a previous assurance that her attachment to him was at an end, and he wrote to her as follows:

"DEAR ELLEN—I meant to see you once more; but, as I find that I am no favourite with Mrs. Ainslie, and indeed she was not far from being downright rude when I last saw her, even though she was in the box which *I* procured for her, I do not mean to call at the house again; therefore take this method of wishing you health and happiness. I am going abroad, and it will be many years probably before we meet again. both of us by that time will probably have changed our situations, but I shall always be,

"My dear Ellen's
"Affectionate friend and Cousin,
"CHARLES MANDEVILLE."

When Ellen received this letter, she could not help weeping bitterly over it; not that she was sorry, or even mortified that Mandeville's attachment to her was at an end, but she wept for the loss of those pleasing illusions which had so long given interest to her existence. She

wept for the loss of the love, not the lover; and she felt a blank in her heart which seemed to remain there a sad and dreary void, till the day before her departure arrived; then the idea of home, and the welcome which awaited her there from many an affectionate heart, diffused a glow of cheering and impatient tenderness to her own.

To part with Mrs. Ainslie was now the only thing that clouded over her brow, for that lady had twined herself round her affections, by entering with tender sympathy, and almost with intuitive penetration, into all her fears, her sorrows, her triumphs, and her escapes.

But, that pang over, she was cheerful, and willing to try and make her companions so; when she found herself seated in a travelling chariot, by the side of a lady and gentleman, friends of Mrs. Ainslie, who were going through the village of R——, in their way to a more distant country.

The travellers slept on the road, and at so short a distance from London that it was nearly evening the next day before Ellen saw each well remembered object, and beheld the lodge at Sir Henry Claremont's Park-gate. Perhaps, thought she, he will be there, watching for me; he will be there, waiting for my arrival. But he was not there, and Ellen felt disappointed; perhaps he was at her uncle's, he was not there either; and in the midst of the affectionate greetings of her family Ellen felt sad, because she was not welcomed by one friend more, and he had professed so much, and had been so markedly attentive in sending her presents to London; was he, too, inconstant? Was she doomed to find all men false? If not, where was Sir Henry Claremont; she dared not enquire, because, as she said to herself, she did not like to shew she was mortified; but perhaps it was because she did not feel it easy to name him. But when she had been home near an hour her uncle said, "Ungrateful girl! Why, Ellen, you have never yet enquired for Sir Henry Claremont!"—"Oh, dear, no; I hope he is well."—"No, certainly not, or you would have seen him long ere this. He has been so ill that he has kept his bed."—"Indeed! but I earnestly hope he is better."—"Yes."—"Then I am satisfied;" and Ellen was really ashamed to feel that she was glad to find necessity, not choice, kept him away, even though that necessity was caused by indisposition. But a few minutes after, pale, thin, and wrapt up as in the depth of winter, Sir Henry Claremont himself appeared. "I would have come," said he, "Miss Mortimer, when I heard you were arrived, in spite of nurses and physicians, for I was sure the sight of you would do me more good than all of them; but I am very weak, and I need not tell you I am very ill-looking."—Ellen was affected, nay, overpowered; for she could not help contrasting this welcome, this eagerness to see her, with that of Charles Mandeville; and, while overwhelming sensations of affectionate gratitude and painful recollections throbbed tumultuously in her soul, she hurried out of the room, having almost returned Sir Henry's pressure of her hand as she passed him. But she soon came back, and eagerly, anxiously entreated Sir Henry not to risk a life so precious, by staying out any longer in the night air.—"If you say my life is precious, I will go directly," said he; "and if you will add, pray come again soon"—"I will say any thing rather than detain you now, you look so pale; and yet very like your picture."—"My picture! have you seen my picture?"—"Yes, frequently; for Mrs. Ainslie fell in love with it."—"Mrs. Ainslie fell in love with it; O kind Mrs. Ainslie; but could not she make her love catching? But you are impatient for my departure, so good night. Oh! I am so happy to see you again returned, I feel well already."

I have little more to relate; in six months after Ellen's return she was the happy wife of Sir Henry Claremont; and, as Mrs. Ainslie wrote to her in her letter of congratulation, she felt that she had indeed cause to bless her Journey to London, as it had taught her to distinguish the FALSE from the TRUE.

TWA WORDS TO THE SCOTCH-FOWK IN LONDON.

My darling country-fowks, how's a',
How chirt ye on through life ava,
In this tremendous clauchan;
I meet ye whiles as grave as priests,
At ither times at social feasts
Blyth clattering and laughin'.
On brigs, in squares, in mony a street,
As I do tramp alang,
Your hardy visages I meet,
Aye, meet ye thick and thrang,
A wan'ering, a dawnering,
A curious tribe are we;
Aye travelling, unravelling,
The hale o' yirth and sea.

But let us ramble whar we will,
Auld Scotlan' we maun mind her still,
Our canty couthie mither.
Upon her heathery mountains wild
She wishes weel to ilka child,
And hopes we'll gree wi' ither;
Sae bena swear to wag the han',
Or yet to draw the purse;
Wha winna's an unfeeling man,
And weel deserves a curse.
Yet guide still, your pride still,
Wi' independent grace;
Ne'er cringe no, nor whinge no,
Wi' slave insipid face.

Ye maistly a' do brawly ken
The nature o' the native glen,
Whar humble virtue dwells;
Sae let us ay stick by our creed,
Scorn an unmanly vicious deed,
And ne'er misken oursells.
Let flashy blades gae skyting by,
And silky hizzies braw;
Let gilded coaches rattling fly,
Move calmly on for a';
Nor fret then, to get then,
A "sax in hand" to ca';
To whang up, and bang up,
Amang the gentry a'.

Ye're easy kend, ye silly rakes,
Wha do detest the lan' o' cakes,
The lan' whar ye were born.
Poor surface souls that can but skim,
And screw their gabs and chatter prim,
Your littleness we scorn;
Gae way and mimick Johnnie Bull,
Or ony else ye please;
Your rattling reasons in your skull
Sound gye like bladder'd pease—
Nae mense there, nae sense there,
True gomeralls ye are a';
Sae dash on, and flash on,
And try to rise, to fa'.

That roasted beef and porter brown,
We'll no deny gae sweetly down,
And gude cheer for the bag is;
Perhaps e'en mair sae than our brose,
Or bristl'd shanks, we may suppose,
And even our glorious haggis;
But what o' that? the mind's the thing,
Sae manly, wild, and strong;
This is the charm which makes us cling
By ither all along.
The feeling revealing
What words can never tell;
Sae cheering, endearing,
What joys can this excel.

We see the bonny broomy knowes,
We hear the burnie as it rows,
While owre the linns it splashes;
Through gloomy woods, where Wallace ran,
Owre highlan' hills, wi' yelling clan,
The raised fancy flashes.
The sangs we heard whan we were wee,
Can ony ane forget;
We think we're on our mither's knee,
A listening them yet,
Hauf sleeping, hauf weeping,
Our cradle days awa',
Ne'er minding, yet finding
They're no forgot ava'.

Sae let us aften ither meet
In social unison sae sweet,
(To laugh at this, a pity)
Imagination then will feed
In glorious pastures yout the Tweed,
Far frae this meikle city;
Then let us talk in gude braid Scotch,
And crack awa by turns;
Aft gieing to our glee a hotch,
By singing sangs o' Burns,
Sae moving, sae loving,
Sae glorious every way;
Pathetic, extatic,
Beyond what I can say.

And we've a bardie o' our ain,
Ane wha maks nature unco fain,
A bardie, faith nae sham.
His muse is fu' o' hamely pith,
Bred on the charming banks o' Nith,
'Tis Allan Cunninham.
Oh! Allan kens our bosoms weel,
And a' that lingers there!
His feelings tell him how we feel,
He's wi' us everywhere,
By green sea, and green tree,
And warlocks in the weed;
Lane boweries, and floweries,
On howms that bloom and bud.

Far dearer objects than St. Paul's,
The slightest trifle aft upcalls
A score o' happy dreams;
That glen we lived in when boys,
And danc'd amid sweet rural joys,
The dearest place ay seems.
Nae Drury-lane is ought to this,
Wi' a' its scenes sae bright;
Even gay Vauxhall a naething is,
Wi' a' its sights by night,
Its glancing and dancing,
Its singing a' sae fine;
Its dandies and grandees,
The hizzies and the wine.

What tribes do swarm in Lon'on here,
Frae every nation, everywhere,
But English are the best.
An Englishman not cockneyfied,
No match has he on earth beside,
We next do stand the test.
The flashy frank, and gilded Don,
Shrink a' afore John Bull;
Also the oil swigging Von,
Wi' creechy heavy skull.
Nae whud this, nor sud this,
Ere anger us ava;
Yet still tho', we will tho',
Stand by our creed and law.

Ay, we shall stand, nor will we flinch,
Tho' fate should rive us inch by inch,
And fling us in the Thames.
Whoe'er would wish to tramp us low,
That moment we become a foe,
To play nae silly games.
Our freeborn blood will then go boil,
The manly spirits rise;
The glory of our native soil
What Scotchman will despise?
We'll stand a', sae grand a',
And if we're forced to fa';
We'll en' then, like men then,
Wi' honour ane and a'.

LOVEANENDIE.

WHAT AN ESCAPE.

THOSE, who have travelled through and observed the romantic scenery of North Wales, are aware that there is not a more delightful spot in the whole principality, than the little town of Dolgelly. Although the capital of the county of Merionethshire, it contains only a few houses, which are of rude and inelegant construction, and present to the eye an appearance very different from the gaiety and beauty of the small towns in England. The inhabitants have little intercourse with strangers; and hence their manners, which have remained for ages unaltered, are simple and uniform; such as commonly exist among a

people who live by the exertion of their hands, and have not been taught by education to derive advantage through the means of deception. No great road passing through, nor any extensive trade or manufactory being established in it, the town is relieved, in a great measure, from the innovations and corruptions that will accompany an extensive intercourse. A few artists and visitors, who travel for the purpose of observation, and are more intent in surveying the beauty of nature, than in disseminating their opinions and principles, make occasional excursions through that part of the country during the summer, and are regarded by the inhabitants more as objects of curiosity and respect, than as beings whom they may venture to address and imitate.

The situation of the town itself is exceedingly romantic. The mountain Cader-Idris rises gradually from its streets, and ascends nearly three thousand feet into the air. During the winter, dense and changeable clouds roll constantly over its summit, and pour their collected waters on the head and sides of the mountain; which, descending in impetuous torrents, force down in an hundred different directions the masses of stone and earth which happen to be opposed to their violence: while the small rivers which diverge from the foot of the mountain, being swelled by the vast influx of waters, hasten towards the ocean, and like dutiful children return into the bosom of their parent the bounties which his munificence has bestowed. When the awfulness of winter is succeeded by the agreeable beauty of summer, the blue summit of Cader-Idris is seen rising in majestic dignity towards heaven. The birds return to build their annual nests in the holes and crevices of its cliffs. The sheep reascend to browse on its eminences, and parties of inquisitive tourists, mounted on their hired ponies, are seen following their guides through the obscure paths which conduct them to the summit.

The ascent of high mountains, while it exalts and improves the mind of man, is apt to lower in his estimation the importance and dignity of his own species. A view from such an immense height reduces to insignificance the objects which surround its base. Towns, villages, castles, churches, things which fill the mind with ideas of dignity as long as they are surveyed from an area which is level with or beneath their foundations, lose all their grandeur when beheld from the pinnacle of a mountain. They resemble in apparent size the toys which are made to amuse children, and the mighty framer of these objects is himself reduced to the indistinct littleness of an insect, which, may with difficulty be observed running from hole to hole among the different trifles which his ingenuity and labour have erected.

As Cader-Idris rises on one side of the town of Dolgelly, so a small river flows on the other; which, taking its course through a vale, disembogues itself into the sea at a small bathing-place called Barmouth, distant about twelve miles from Dolgelly. On the road, which leads from the latter to the former place, many beautiful and extensive views are obtained; views abounding in novel and majestic objects which fill the mind with admiration and pleasure; extensive meadows; bold projecting rocks; slopes covered with heaths of various hues; grazing herds of cattle; expanded estuaries; cataracts, which impetuously descend from heights, and, having assumed a more moderate course, become useful to mankind by turning the wheel of some mill, which, by its romantic situation, delights the eye of the traveller; and above all the towering grandeur of Cader-Idris, which terminates and embellishes every view.

This romantic spot, seldom resorted to as a permanent residence by any, except those to whom necessity has enjoined the hard condition of living ever in the same situation, was selected as a retreat by a lady, whose circumstances rendered a total seclusion from society and a cheap residence matters of the first and most important consideration. — About a month previous to her removal to Dolgelly, a person had been detached thither to select a house for her residence, and to lay in such articles of furniture as were necessary to render it habitable. As soon as these arrangements

were completed she repaired to Dolgelly in a post-chaise, accompanied by an old servant and two female children.

The slightest alteration in a small town creates a cause for investigation and inquiry; for when the amusements are few, and the population scanty, people have much leisure and opportunity to enquire into the affairs of their neighbours, and much facility in ascertaining the slightest changes which take place.

Curiosity is an ancient female, the daughter of Idleness and Ignorance, and is perpetually wandering over the earth in search of the mushroom Novelty, which springs up in great abundance in those spots which are most cultivated by mankind. This, as soon as she finds, she plucks; and having plucked, throws it to her companion Gossip, to retail out to her followers and acquaintance, and immediately sets out in pursuit of fresh specimens of the same vegetable. Uneasiness and Hatred follow close at their heels, with intent to put out the eyes of the one, and cut out the tongue of the other. Sometimes they overtake and punish; but Curiosity and Gossip generally contrive to hide themselves among the multitude, and by dodging from one to another elude the search of their pursuers.

The lady we have mentioned above, was not one, whose conduct, manners, or personal appearance, were of that nature from which the inquiries of her neighbours would soon turn away, as if satiated and content. She was young and beautiful; lofty and commanding in her manners; familiar, and even playful in her conduct towards her children and servants, but reserved and distant in her behaviour to those of the town who happened to be for a short time in her company. No one knew from whence or wherefore she came to Dolgelly. She appeared to have no friends, and yet to be indifferent about making new acquaintances. Her circumstances were thought to be confined, yet she resisted every opportunity of being obliged to others. She lived secluded and separated from the world, yet was her temper cheerful and satisfied; and her voice was often heard in still evenings singing her children to sleep with airs that seemed breathed from a bosom of easy and playful respiration. Those who are acquainted with mankind, are aware, that obscurity and peculiarity are great sources from which attention is derived. What we distinctly see, we seldom admire; mysteriousness has the same effect upon character, as the obscurity of night has upon the objects of nature. They are rendered more imposing and awful by being deprived of their distinct outline. Hence it arose, that the new resident at Dolgelly was sought after in proportion as she endeavoured to avoid the acquaintance of her neighbours, and her affairs were investigated in exact ratio to her inclination to conceal them. The young were charmed with the dignity of her manners, and the loftiness and beauty of her figure. The old were struck with the intelligence that beamed from features which bespoke a mind of elegance and refinement. Some persons sought to become acquainted with her, by professing great admiration of herself; and some by admiration of her children. A few old ladies of the town pretended to consider her as a dangerous visitant, and wished she were safe out of it before her manners should corrupt the purity of the other inhabitants: while the junior part of the female sex regarded her as a pattern of refinement, elegance, and virtue, which did honour to the town. The old clergyman declared himself convinced that his flock would derive considerable danger from her presence, and intimated that she came like Helen or Cleopatra, to captivate and destroy: while his son could find no character in history so well suited to represent her as Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who when requested to display her jewels, pointed to her two children as the richest and most valuable ornaments she possessed. Some old gossips asserted that she had visited Dolgelly in the view to find a husband; some, that she came to get rid of one: a few declared that she had never been married; while others asserted, that she had been thrice married and had driven her first husband to the gallows, had supplied the second with a pistol,

and the third with a razor. Thus the lady, of whom we are speaking, had very innocently created much agitation in this little town, in spite of her disinclination to interfere, even in the slightest manner, with the inhabitants or their affairs: and although she might have resided in London for years, without attaining to more admiration than to have been thought a fine and accomplished woman, yet the town of Dolgelly was almost in a state of fermentation in consequence of her presence, which threatened much dirt-throwing and cap-pulling. Such are the effects of ignorance and simplicity. Sensible and well-informed people seldom exceed the bounds of approbation. Enthusiastic admiration, the start of astonishment, and the restless curiosity after persons and things, are for the most part confined to the young hearts and feeble intellects.

Time generally rectifies our opinions concerning people, and dispels those clouds of prejudice and suspicion which often overhang the commencement of a first acquaintance. The lady, whose name was Mrs. Dawson, became in a few months an object of less attention, and the people of Dolgelly began gradually to consider her as a kind of everyday woman, who little deserved the interest and curiosity which she had once excited. It was generally unstood that she was a worthy good-hearted creature, who had certain peculiarities of disposition, which approached to insanity; or had been the victim of some misfortune, and had retired to Dolgelly to avoid those irritations which people encounter in too frequent an intercourse with the world. Being left at leisure to pursue her own inclinations, she lived almost entirely secluded from acquaintances, devoting herself to that occupation which seemed to be the most agreeable to her feelings "the education of her two children." These young creatures were at that age, when every moment is of importance, as far as regards the formation of character and the improvement of intellect. The eldest, called Emma, had attained to her twelfth year; the youngest, who bore the name of Catherine, was just eleven months younger. In their characters there was still a greater difference. Emma was a grave, tender, docile, and studious child. Catherine was somewhat careless, volatile, lofty, and irregular. Their capacities were both naturally good, but Catherine sometimes gave her sister the superiority over her, by neglecting to study: while the reflecting and serious disposition of the elder often assumed an appearance of restraint and thoughtfulness, from which the manners of the younger were entirely free. The one was tall and delicate, like a lily which throws up a slender and brittle stem, and supports a flower, which turns its fair and snowy face towards the ground, as if the light of the sun were too powerful for its nature to encounter. The other had a ripeness in her lips, a spirit in her eye, a gracefulness of motion, and a playfulness of air which caught the attention of every beholder. Emma resembled a river at its source, pure, placid, gentle. Catherine, a river in its course, more impetuous, lively, and hasty. The one was formed to please by degrees; the other by instant effect.

Whatever difference there might be in the character and person of these children, there was none in their duty towards their parent, and their affection for each other. Having been always under her eye, and having received no instruction except from her, they could conceive nothing more amiable that her appearance, nothing more estimable than her character. A kiss from her, accompanied by a word of approbation, was considered by them as the highest reward to which they could aspire. A frown or reproach were severities which they dreaded above all things. The moment of their greatest happiness was that, when they were allowed to sit, each on her stool, at the feet of their mother, and hear her read or relate some affecting story. They would then both place their little hands upon her knees, if she happened to be sitting, and looking wistfully in her countenance listen with attention to the subject. Occasional interruptions would be made by the children or the parent. They inquired: she explained and admo-

nished. Every thing relating to the world was to them a source of curiosity. They longed to enjoy its pleasures, to encounter and surmount its difficulties, to shew themselves superior to its vices and admirers of its virtues. When their parent spoke in its dispraise, and repeatedly warned them against its snares and wickedness, they were at a loss to comprehend upon what principles, and from what circumstances she had formed so severe an opinion of human nature. The world, the little world, which surrounded them, appeared like those meadows over which they sometimes played, an even surface covered with flowers, which the feet traversed without danger, and the hand plucked without injury.

In this manner Mrs. Dawson and her little family continued to reside at Dolgelly for some years, until her children, grown up to womanhood, presented to the eyes and minds of beholders two examples of what a bountiful and elegant nature can effect without the aid of art. They were not indebted to the dancing-master for attitude, nor to the corset-maker for figure. The hair-dresser had not taught their tresses to curl elegantly on the forehead, or fall gracefully on the shoulders. The artificial flower-maker could prepare no roses that surpassed the tints which blushed in their cheeks; no lilies which could vie in whiteness with their bosoms. Society had not taught them to start without astonishment; laugh without being pleased; lament without anguish; and weep without shedding tears. The same nature which had made them beautiful, and given them grace and elegance, had taught their feelings to respond to the impressions which affected them. So great was their reputation for beauty and virtue, that most people, who visited Dolgelly during the summer months, attempted to procure opportunities of introduction to them; and Mrs. Dawson, because her children were grown up, and of a marriageable state, did not think it right to abstain so entirely from company, as she was accustomed to do on her first arrival at Dolgelly. There are still many stories extant in that neighbourhood, all tending to shew the almost absolute dominion which these young creatures had acquired by their beauty and conduct over the imaginations of people. Influenced by these causes, and a very minute description of the young ladies, which had been given to them by some friends who had visited Dolgelly, two young men of fortune and respectability, made an excursion into North Wales, for the purpose of seeing them. Having procured a letter of introduction from a banker at Shrewsbury, who was an acquaintance of Mrs. Dawson, they paid her a visit, and received from her, in consequence of the sanction of that gentleman, and perhaps some hints from him as to their eligibility for husbands, a considerable share of attention. That affection which report engenders soon becomes a violent passion when the object surpasses the description. They went to admire and they remained to love. A few interviews convinced them, that these children of simple and unaffected nature far surpassed in loveliness the boasted beauties of society. The courtship of natural and sincere characters is never long. That coy and tedious reluctance, which strives to increase the lover's passion by delay and mystery, and his subjugation by long trials of constancy, are the artificial contrivances of a tyrannical and selfish disposition, generally inculcated to young females by mothers, who have made love a trade rather than a passion. We shall not enter minutely into the particulars of the attachments of these young people; nor endeavour to amuse our readers, by relating the many artless and impassioned vows which were given and received. Let it suffice to say, that their loves were unalloyed, and not debased by the admixture of any selfish and interested feeling, that ordinary and almost general material with which our affections are alloyed, and to such an extent, that love like the coin in circulation is almost everywhere adulterated by some impure ingredients, which, although they do not interrupt its reception and progress, essentially detract from its intrinsic merit. Their's was the pure gold of the heart. Mrs. Dawson, before she gave her consent to their marriages,

insisted on seeing the parents of these young men, who, although possessing considerable experience and knowledge, had acted, she thought, on this occasion with some romantic precipitation. These young men, therefore, returned to England for the purpose of declaring their attachment, and requesting the consent of their parents. This was soon obtained; and in six weeks afterwards they arrived at Dolgelly, accompanied by two middle aged ladies, their mothers.

We shall now give a short account of these young men and their mothers. Edward Garvè and Charles Sherwood, the admirers of Catherine and Emma Dawson, were the sons of two intimate friends, whose acquaintance of each other had been formed in consequence of an unfortunate circumstance, but continued after that event from reciprocal feelings and esteem. The following is is the circumstance to which we allude:—

A young man, called St. Albert, remarkable for the beauty of his person, wit, and manners, had wasted a considerable fortune in the gay circles of Paris. In proportion as his finances became involved his principles, as a matter in course, became less punctual; until, having been detected in some dishonourable practices, he was discarded by his friends, and obliged to fly that city. He retired to a distance from the capital, and commenced another career as an adventurer and swindler at Lyons. His manners and agreeable qualities soon procured him friends; and, having those fascinating arts which interest and captivate the human heart, he lived for a short time admired and courted by a considerable circle of respectable people. A young widow named Garvè, of much personal beauty, possessing a moderate fortune, and the mother of one child, fell in love with him; and being imposed on by his plausible language and insinuating address, delivered her person and fortune into his hands: in short they were married. No sooner did St. Albert possess the lady and her fortune than he slighted the one and dissipated the other: and having reduced her to misery, abandoned her, while in a state of pregnancy, to the open reproaches of her friends, and to the silent rebukes of her own heart, and set out to commit farther depredations on the people of some other place. The next theatre of his villainies was Bourdeaux, in which city he exercised the same arts which he had practised elsewhere; and, having been successful at play, set up his carriage, gave sumptuous dinners, and ultimately gained the affections and the hand of the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of that place. The fortune which the parent gave to his daughter was fortunately secured to herself, with the reversion to her children; and this prudent provision obtained for her a little better treatment than he had shewn to the other. St. Albert, conscious that his marriage with Madame Garvè could not be long concealed, was anxious to remove to some other quarter, where he might avoid her investigation. He resolves to remove to England; but, not daring to propose to his wife a continued residence out of her own country, he suggested a short trip to England for the purpose of seeing it. In their route towards England they arrived at Paris, when Madame St. Albert, if we may so call her, was suddenly taken ill, and delivered of a seven months' child. In the mean time his first wife, Madame Garvè, whose affection for her husband was not to be subdued by ill-treatment or absence, being recovered from her lying-in, ascertained his conduct at Bourdeaux, and travelled to that place in pursuit of him. She appeared in the presence of the merchant, and divulged the cause of her visit. The astonishment of the family was great; their desire of revenge ardent. Two sons of the merchant accompanied Madame Garvè to Paris, and having traced St. Albert to his reidence seized upon his person, and committed him to prison. Madame Garvè, in pursuing her husband, had no other view but to recover him; and when she found that his conduct would subject him to trial and punishment, she transmitted him all the money she could collect, together with a letter, containing promises of forgiveness, if

he would escape from prison, and retire to some obscure place where she might rejoin him. Part of the money which he received was made use of by St. Albert to bribe the jailor. He effected his escape; but he was no sooner at liberty than disregarding the affection of his wife, and, perhaps, dreading the resentment of the Bourdeaux family, he hastened down to the coast, and embarked on board a vessel that sailed immediately to America. This circumstance was soon ascertained and reported to his enemies by the police of Paris. The two sons of the merchant prepared to return home, accompanied by their sister and her child. Pitying the condition and misfortunes of Madame Garvè they generously offered her an asylum in their house; and that lady having formed an intimate acquaintance with their sister, forgot the rivalship which might have existed between them, if any hope could have remained of possessing her husband, and accompanied them to Bourdeaux. We have stated that Madame Garvè, as well as the lady whom we have called St. Albert, had each a child in her marriage with St. Albert. These children, when their mothers resided at Bourdeaux, were brought up together in that city, until they attained their fourth year; at which period both of them, together with the nurse, who had taken them out for an evening-walk, disappeared, and no exertion on the part of the parents or their friends could ascertain whither they were conveyed. The Bourdeaux lady, about ten months after the departure of St. Albert, married a Mr. Sherwood, an English merchant, to whom she bore the young man who was suitor to Emma Dawson. The suitor of Catherine Dawson was the son of Madame Garvè by her first marriage. Mr. Sherwood did not long survive his marriage. His widow, at his death, came to England, accompanied by Madame Garvè, for the purpose of laying claim to a considerable property which he had left her. Their residence in England proving agreeable, they settled in that country. Such are the outlines of the history of Madame Garvè and Mrs. Sherwood.

The young suitors, accompanied by their mothers, no sooner returned to Dolgelly than preparations were made for the weddings, which it was intended to celebrate with as much gaiety of disposition and felicity of mind, though not with so much pomp, as the weddings of wealthier people. It is the custom in England for young people on the day of their marriage to abandon their friends, and drive about to inns and watering places in pursuit of amusement. How ridiculous! Amusements are necessary only when the heart is languid and unoccupied; as food is necessary to the stomach when that organ is empty. The passion of love has this advantage above all others, that it is satisfied with its object, and can derive all its happiness from it. Not so ambition, avarice, and other passions of the mind. They ever require some addition to the object attained, and place their felicity in the admiration of the world.

Mrs. Dawson being aware how little is necessary, beyond themselves, to make lovers happy, and convinced that the first months of marriage are of the utmost importance in giving a character to the future prospects of young people, resolved to have her daughters under her own eye, that she might have an opportunity of checking any aberration from the exact equilibrium of reciprocal affection and deference, so necessary in the adjustment of marriage life. She therefore proposed that the first three weeks after the marriage should be passed at Dolgelly, and that after that time a tour should be made by the whole party into Cumberland. This proposal was readily assented to.

On the morning of the marriage the sun rose with great splendour. The sky, clear and unclouded as the minds of the lovers, resounded with the melody of birds, and was scented with the fragrance of flowers. A mild and genial atmosphere covered the face of nature. The trees stood unruffled and serene, and were reflected in the water as perfectly as if they were seen in a mirror. The animals seemed to feel impressed by the character of the morning, and stood or reclined in a manner that denoted a listless and mild languor.

The young men were dressed early, and repaired to the cottage of Mrs. Dawson, that they might be the first to greet their lovely brides. They had not been long in the breakfast-room before the young creatures entered, holding each other by the hand. All rose at their approach. It was the homage paid by virtue to beauty and innocence. A modest blush overspread their cheeks. The congratulations of their friends seemed to oppress, and the assiduities and attention of their lovers to overwhelm them with confusion. They scarcely ventured to look stedfastly in their faces, lest some proof of the excessive power of their feelings should escape: yet, whatever agitation was visible in their faces, their hearts, it was clear, were filled with feelings which were oppressive only through the excess and immensity of the pleasure which pervaded them. As soon as breakfast was over the whole party descended to the town, and proceeded to the church. They were accompanied by the blessings of the old and the admiration of the young. While the ceremony was performing, a crowd of men and women assembled round the porch of the church, and were disputing about the beauty of the brides; each allotting the superiority to her, whose outline best corresponded with his own idea of perfection.

As soon as the party returned from church, and were assembled at Mrs. Dawson's cottage, that lady addressing herself to her daughters, said, "My dear children, I have in my possession some jewels that you have never seen, and which I have reserved to this moment as a present to you." When she had uttered these words she left the room for a few minutes, and returned bearing in her hand a small casket, which she deposited on the table; the whole party then assembled round her, and, the casket being opened, a shriek of astonishment was uttered at the same instant by Madame Garvè and Mrs. Sherwood. The former lady, who stood next to Mrs. Dawson, grasped her directly by the arm, and exclaimed, "Tell me! tell me instantly, Madame, from whom you received these jewels?"—"I received them," replied Mrs. Dawson, with great coolness, "from my husband."—"And your husband's name," said Madame Garvè was —— "St. Albert," added Mrs. Dawson. "Gracious Heaven!" said Madame Garvè, and have you too been the unfortunate victim of that man? A fearful anticipation oppresses me, while I ask the question. You will, however, excuse the liberty I take, and candidly inform me whether these two beautiful and innocent creatures are your own children?"—"They are not," replied Mrs. Dawson; "they are the children of St. Albert, and (as he himself informed me,) by different mothers:—but look to Mrs. Sherwood, for she faints."—"And are not we your daughters," said the young ladies to Mrs. Dawson?—"Be composed! be calm, my dear children," said she; "all will be explained to your satisfaction."—"Never! vociferated Madame Garvè," while she stood wringing her hands in a state of agitation; "they are the most unfortunate of human beings: they have married their own brothers!" At these words every mouth was hushed with astonishment, and a fearful anxiety overwhelmed all their feelings. "What!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, "are Catherine and Emma the daughters of Mrs. Sherwood and yourself?"—"They are," replied Madame Garvè, "and the union, which promised so much happiness to all, threatens all with misery."

While this conversation was going on the young men had ran to the assistance of Mrs. Sherwood, and Catherine and Emma had retired into a corner of the room, where they hung on each other's neck and sobbed bitterly. Mrs. Dawson was the only person in the company who seemed to possess enough of presence of mind to observe steadily the circumstances before them, and extricate the party from the labyrinth in which they were involved. Addressing herself to Madame Garvè, she said, "It is by no means conclusive that these young men have married their sisters. You are yet ignorant which of the young ladies is your own daughter: upon this circumstance the whole danger depends. If your son has married the daughter of Mrs. Sherwood, he has married a wife in no way related to him: for I conclude, that these young men bear

the names of their father, and are not the sons of St. Albert. Are there no means by which you can discover which of my dear children, for I must still call them so, is your daughter." Madame Garvè, whose faculties seemed to have been quite lost in the apprehension of the misery which appeared to hang over the party, immediately recovered herself, and informed Mrs. Dawson that her child, when she had the small-pox, retained a scar on the right shoulder, which scar she thought could never be eradicated. Mrs. Dawson, who had often observed that scar on the shoulder of Emma, immediately clasped her hands in joy, and exclaimed, "We are safe." She then ran towards her, and seizing her somewhat hastily by the hand drew her towards Madame Garvè, and tearing off part of her dress exposed a lovely shoulder on which the scar was very visible. The spirits of the party began now to recover. The newly married pairs rushed into each other's arms, and Mrs. Dawson said to Madame Garvè, "Was not your daughter's christian name Amelia: for the name of Emma, which she now bears, was, as St. Albert informs me, adopted for the purpose of concealment?"—"She was," replied Madame Garvè. "No farther evidence can be necessary," said Mrs. Dawson; and, turning towards the young people, she observed to them, "Kneel! my children, and return thanks to that Being who has conducted you in safety through the intricacies of a complicated destiny: by His means you have been prevented from committing an error, which would have involved your lives in future misery. You are now secure from anxiety; and the storm which seemed to be gathering over your heads has departed before the gale of a prosperous fortune."

The three elderly ladies now left the junior part of the company, and, retiring into a private room, quietly talked over the singular events which had taken place. Madame Garvè and Mrs. Sherwood related to Mrs. Dawson the circumstances respecting St. Albert, which have already been detailed to the reader; and the latter lady, at the conclusion of this narrative, gave the following account of her own conduct and misfortunes:—"I became acquainted with St. Albert about twelve years ago, at the house of an intimate friend. His person and his manners soon engaged my heart. My own inclinations, as well as the advice of my friends, induced me to marry him; and, after a courtship of some months, I delivered to him my person, my heart, and my fortune. Soon after my marriage I was made aware of the imprudence of my choice. His irregular and profligate habits, his expenses and habits of gaming, had nearly exhausted our finances, and broken my heart; when, being engaged in some dishonourable transaction at a gaming-table, he received a challenge from a person whom he had wronged. They fought—St. Albert fell.

"He was instantly conveyed home, when he languished for some days, and then expired. Previous to his dissolution he communicated to me the existence of these children, and delivered into my hands the jewels which have led to this discovery. He likewise communicated to me some details respecting his early life: but he mentioned not to me the names of the two ladies who were the mothers of these children, nor gave me any clue which might lead to the discovery. He extorted from me a promise that I would protect and support these children; a promise which I have rigidly adhered to, not less from a sense of propriety, than a sincere love which I have ever entertained for them. Disgusted with the world, and having only a small income, I determined to remove to this place. As soon, therefore, as I had buried St. Albert, discovered these young creatures, and taken them to myself, I repaired hither, where I have since resided."

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

(Continued from page 425.)

THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS, A.M.

Mr. HARNESS is alternate morning preacher at Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street. A clergyman may be considered in two points of view, as an orator, and as a christian preacher; it is the union of these characters which constitutes the highest excellence of a religious instructor; the effect of both is weakened if they are divided. The clergyman, who confines his attention principally to the study of eloquence, will amuse more than he will instruct, while the most profound attainments in biblical knowledge, if unaccompanied by the graces of oratory, will be regarded with languid interest, compared with the influence they command when combined with those graces, which shed a halo of brightness around the majestic form even of truth herself. I shall examine Mr. Harness with reference to both these characters; and first as to his qualifications as an orator. His voice is clear, pleasing in its tones, and well modulated; it is powerful, though its compass is not of the greatest possible extent. His enunciation is distinct, and if in the pulpit when strongly excited by his subject, it is occasionally too rapid, its general character is deliberate without being slow, animated without being hurried. His action is frequently graceful, but is too redundant; his habits of leaning forward, and of carrying his sermon from one side to the other, as if he was apprehensive it would fall, are decidedly bad; these are, however, but trifling errors, and may be easily corrected. Mr. Harness has taste and industry sufficient to commit nearly the whole of his sermons to memory, which considerably contributes to the freedom and grace of his deportment, while no one who listens to his periods can ever imagine them to be the production of extemporaneous composition, for his language is exquisitely beautiful, correct in its construction, harmonious in its arrangement: in variety limited only by itself, it resembles a finely finished piece of mosaic work, which, perfect as a whole, would be injured by the removal of its minutest part. His similes are appropriate, original, and illustrative. When Mr. Harness considers a subject he does not indolently dismiss it with a superficial investigation, but, converging every ray of his intellect to one focus, he generally terminates by investing it with the charms of interest and novelty. This gentleman never weakens a cause by advancing irrelevant arguments to support it, but brings forward a consecutive chain of propositions, which tending irrefragably to establish the truth of what he is enforcing, he moulds the souls of many into one. He depicts the intricacies of human character with a firm and masterly hand, developes the secret springs of action, and detects the subtle windings of the heart, when it endeavours by subterfuge and evasion to palliate the evil that deforms it; he exposes the fallaciousness of the pleas set forth by passion in its defence, and compels it to recognize the incongruities of the reasonings by which it attempts to justify its excesses. The arrangement of Mr. Harness's sermons is simple and perspicuous; there is no vagueness or confusion, either in his ideas, or in the manner in which they are connected, but he sometimes concludes a sermon abruptly, which leaves on the minds of his hearers the impression that the subject is not finished, and consequently that a more gradual would likewise have been a more satisfactory termination. He generally places a subject in the most novel, and frequently in the most just and striking point of view, and never attenuates an idea till his auditors begin to think that its continuity will never be broken; neither does he destroy perspicuity and graceful-

ness by laboured condensation. His irony is keen, pointed, and well-directed; he employs it to the legitimate purposes of denouncing error, and castigating vice. The tone of his mind is bold, spirited, and buoyant; he never appears apprehensive of not arriving at the truth, but fearlessly brings forward the most plausible arguments of his adversaries, that he may expose and refute them. The powers of his intellect are fertile and inventive; there is no tautology in his ideas, and he possesses a more than usual portion of originality. It is, I should think, nearly impossible to listen to him without being convinced by his reasoning, without feeling the most fortified prejudices, and intrenched opinions, gradually giving way beneath the resistless battery directed against them. The excellencies of Mr. Harness as an orator impart, of course, additional weight and efficacy to his admonitions as a Christian preacher; for as the flower which grows to maturity beneath the fervid beams of the sun is much more beautiful than one of the same class, which, colourless and sickly, arrives at maturity without the influence of light, so does Christianity, though really and essentially the same, assume a yet brighter form when encircled with the rays of human genius, or the mild but steady light of human learning.

Mr. Harness's mind is not darkened by bigotry, or contracted by party feeling; he examines with candour, and decides with caution, and does not suffer the warmth of zeal to destroy the gentleness of charity. Those among his sermons, which have for their object the defence of Christianity against the attacks of his adversaries, are powerful appeals in favour of the faith which he advocates. Mr. Harness does not compromise his duty as a Christian preacher by any subserviency to the probable predilections of his hearers: though his discoures are principally addressed to fashionable congregations, this circumstance does not deter him from expatiating upon fashionable levities and vices in terms of reproof and censure. He enforces the observance of the different moral duties with an earnestness commensurate with their importance; he vividly describes the pernicious consequences which result from their violation, and the advantages attendant upon the pursuance of an opposite line of conduct. In some of his discussions upon these subjects he refers very little to Christianity, which renders them of course much less influential in their effects. Another defect which pervades the general tenour of Mr. Harness's sermons is, that they are not addressed sufficiently to the heart; he frequently appeals to the fears by representing the different considerations which should operate as deterrents from vice, but however essential this may be, yet, unless a sincere and ardent attachment is created for religion, the conduct will be very little influenced; for, though the judgment may unreservedly assent to the truth of the propositions presented to it, still, if the inclinations are adverse to their reception, no permanent practical effect will be produced.

On the whole the high talent which distinguishes Mr. Harness's mind, and the varied attainments with which his industry has enriched it, frequently render its productions beautiful monuments of excellence; the bitterness of his irony, and the awfulness and force of his denunciations, awaken the conscience which slumbers over forgotten crimes. His delineation of the hidden springs which actuate human resolves, is a mirror in which each individual may view the different features which form his own character. As the teacher of morality he inculcates purity of thought and motion, and the various duties incumbent on man to perform; at the same time he defines their limits with an accuracy and precision calculated to prevent misapprehension or mistake. As the preacher of Christianity he endeavours to defend it from the attacks of misrepresentation, and calumny, and to depict its unfailing tendency to controul and subdue the evil dispositions which deform the soul, and to create and cherish those feelings which constitute the perfection of its nature.

CRITICUS.

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING,

PREACHER AT THE CALEDONIAN CHAPEL, CROSS-STREET, HATTON-GARDEN.

"HAVE you heard Mr. Irving?" is a question in the circles of fashion, which has now quite supplanted that formerly trite one, "Were you at the Opera last night?" While the name of the reverend preacher has become as familiar to the ears of the fair and the great, as that of *Vestris* or *Mercandotti*.* A little plain unornamented Chapel, the scene of his eloquent exertions, presents on a Sunday morning as crowded and as brilliant an audience as ever was attracted to our London Theatre by the performance of Garrick, or, in later days, by that of Mrs. Siddons. Long before the appointed time, pedestrians of all descriptions, and in vast numbers, flock towards Hatton-Garden from every part of this over-grown metropolis, while, from its Western extremity, strings of carriages (not a few of which display the proudest coronets of the United Kingdom) are seen advancing in an unusual direction, and at an unusual hour; and stopping, perhaps for the first time, at a Presbyterian Meeting-House.

So great, indeed, have been for some weeks past the multitudes assembled on these occasions, that latterly, in order to guard against accidents, it has been found prudent to close the doors, and to open them only to such as produce a written order; in spite of which precaution the crush is still tremendous, and even standing room is not obtained without considerable exertion.

If a particle of vanity be mingled with the higher and better qualities of his mind and heart, how gratifying must it be to Mr. Irving to witness the great personal sacrifices which are cheerfully made, in order to enjoy the pleasure of hearing him. How mighty is the power of genius! Possessed of that talisman a young Scotch Dissenting Minister, just arrived from his native mountains, is enabled to raise from the couch of indolence the most luxurious inhabitants of this wealthy capital, and to make them listen in mute attention, and with enthusiastic rapture, "While truths divine come mended from his tongue." Nor is this his only triumph. Not only the young and the gay, the idle, and the dissipated, whom the charms of novelty might, for once, draw to a place of worship, appear among his auditors, but in that number we have found lawyers, magistrates, wits, statesmen, and philosophers; all sects and all parties, as well as both sexes and all classes, seem to unite in bearing testimony to his merits; and among other distinguished personages, who have already heard and praised Mr. Irving, we shall content ourselves with naming the Duke of Sussex, Sir Archibald Macdonald, and Lord Erskine, Mr. Canning and Mr.

* We hear that the learned divine has become such an object of importance, that the acquaintance of the humble pastor is anxiously sought for by the most illustrious luminaries in the regions of *haut-ton*. We are even told (though surely the information must be erroneous) that as Miss Edgeworth has represented a distinguished leader of London festivities making sacrifices both of money and principle, in order to rival in the race of vanity a fair competitor, and to produce first at HER table an Aloe in full blossom, so two noble purveyors of attractive novelties are at this moment straining every nerve, and exhausting all the arts of female blandishment, each trying to out-bid the other, and to persuade Mr. Irving to grace the *Soiré* of the favoured one with his presence.

Such talents as his bloom as rarely as does the plant which we have just named, but to the former the atmosphere of fashion seems less suited even than to the latter. We, therefore, fear that both ladies will be disappointed.

In favour of accepting similar invitations, the authority of his great countryman, Sir Walter Scott, may, it is true, be cited; but we suspect that the stern Presbyterian minister will prove inexorable, and adopting, with slight alteration and unusual sincerity, the well-known declaration of his brethren of another connection, he will answer "*Nolo leonizari*."

Brougham, Lord Liverpool and Lord Lansdown, Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Stowell. In short, every body at all remarkable for rank, talent, or erudition.

Purposing to give in a future number a more detailed and critical account of this celebrated preacher, we shall at present only offer a few hasty sketches, which may, perhaps, prove not unacceptable to such of our readers as have not yet been fortunate enough to have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

Mr. Irving cannot be more, and, we should think, is rather less than thirty years of age; about six feet high his figure is colossal, and his whole appearance rather singular than prepossessing. His features are not handsome, and his thick black hair is worn unpowdered. He keeps his eyes closed while repeating the prayer with which he begins the service, and that prayer, delivered in a dull and monotonous manner, is little calculated to satisfy the expectations of that part of his congregation which has been accustomed to the elegant language, and rich variety of the Liturgy of the Church of England. When, however, he begins to preach, it is impossible not to feel the effect of impassioned eloquence. He by degrees challenges attention, pleases, charms, astonishes; and, though his sermon is seldom of less duration than an hour and a quarter, nobody perceives or complains of its unusual length. His thoughts are strong and original, and the language in which they are conveyed is beautifully figurative, while the exuberance of a brilliant imagination is kept within proper bounds by the united powers of sound sense and good taste. He cannot be called an extemporary preacher, as a written paper is before him; but he refers to it so seldom that his discourse has all the effect without the irregularities of *impromptu* speaking.

His doctrines, drawn entirely from the Holy Scriptures, are free from sectarian violence, while it is doing him but an act justice to add, that, unawed by the presence of the great, he lashes with merited severity the vices and follies of the higher ranks.

Among his many merits we could perceive but *one* fault; we mean a disposition to exert his mighty talents, in defending a paradox. So, at least, it appeared to us, when he took for the subject of one of his sermons the difficulty of *intellectual men* "inheriting the Kingdom of Heaven." In the course of his argument he told us that a person might be born a poet, a lawyer, a physician, or a philosopher, but that no one can become a religious man without long and deep application to the pages of holy writ. In elucidating this doctrine he mentioned Homer, and, after eulogising that great and ancient bard in language of peculiar beauty, shewed how impossible it was for imperfect man, unaided by Revelation, to form a due conception of the Majesty of God, by reminding us that even the father of poetry, in spite of all his genius, had allowed the foibles and defects of poor human nature to disfigure the divinities with which he had peopled his imaginary heaven.

With respect to that part of Mr. Irving's discourse which to us appeared paradoxical, we must beg leave to remark, with due deference to his superior judgment, that, as a competent knowledge of the Scriptures forms an essential part of all good education, at least in England, we do not see why the scholar or the man of letters should be less religious than his more ignorant brethren; and we recollect with pride and pleasure, that, in contradiction to this supposition, Locke, Newton, and Milton, were all splendid examples of the union of poetry with talent and learning. Nor can we think it more imperative on intellectual persons to abandon their favourite pursuits, in order to devote their time exclusively to the study of the Scriptures, than it is on the countryman to leave his plough, or the mechanic to lay aside his art, or on the merchant to forego his trade. But we will not pursue the subject, as it is possible that we may have mistaken the eloquent preacher, while lost in admiration we listened to a discourse which, in metaphorical splendour, reminded us of the finest efforts of Edmund Burke.*

* This article to be resumed by the author of "Sketches of Popular Preachers."

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

In our last number we mentioned the opening of the Gallery of the British Institution, with an assemblage of pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a selection from the Italian, Spanish, French, and Dutch schools; and we expressed our intention of noticing, in our number for the present month, some of the most beautiful of these works of art. We proceed to redeem our pledge; and the only hesitation, which we feel in doing so, arises from the difficulty of choice amidst so much excellence. In imitation of the Governors of the Institution, we shall begin with our illustrious countryman.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

No. 5. *The Captive;* the property of the Rev. William Long.—A rich and glowing head; at once firm and transparent. The tones of the flesh are equal to those of the best colourists that ever lived. The title, however, is quite inappropriate. But

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

No. 7. *The Piping Boy;* the property of Geo. Phillips, Esq. M.P. — Great breadth, character, and beauty. The handling has all the facility of the crayon.

No. 14. *Miss Bowles;* the property of C. O. Bowles, Esq.—Nothing can exceed the animation of this beautiful child; who is hugging a pet-dog in her arms. She is absolutely alive. We were pleased to observe the admiration which this charming picture excited in a living artist of great genius, who happened to be at our elbow when we were contemplating it. We mean Mr. Wilkie.

No. 15. *The Countess of Euston, Countess of Waldegrave, and Lady Horatio Seymour, daughters of James, Earl of Waldegrave;* the property of the Earl of Waldegrave.—There is not in the whole room a more striking illustration than this picture affords of the justice of the following passage in the Preface to the Catalogue: "Taste and fashion seldom go hand-in-hand, but they never were more at variance than when Sir Joshua was in the full exercise of his powers: female dress was never more unfavourable to the painter's art than at that period; and yet female beauty was never represented with more fascinating charms than by his pencil. The truth is, that he was one of the greatest masters of grace and elegance that ever lived."

No. 17. *The late Duke of Orleans;* the property of His Majesty.—Although we cannot concur with the Hon. Secretary of the Admiralty, who, in the conversation which recently took place in the House of Commons, on the presentation of a petition from Mr. Haydon, praying for the encouragement of Historical Painting, said that Portrait Painting was true Historical Painting; we are willing to admit that the best Portrait Painters, and Sir Joshua Reynolds *par preference*, have communicated a powerful historical character to many of their portraits. This fine whole-length is a confirmation of the truth of the remark.

No. 20. *The Fortune Teller;* the property of the Duchess of Dorset.—As charity covers a multitude of sins, so does genius frequently hide a multitude of defects. Notwithstanding the manifest inaccuracy of the drawing, in more than one respect, this is a very fascinating picture. The sly glance of the gypsy, the earnest attention of the lover, and the unbounded mirth of the delighted girl, whose hopes that she may marry "a dark haired man,

with a mole on his right cheek," are receiving "confirmation strong as proof from holy writ," are all inimitable.

No. 24. *Puck, from Midsummer Night's Dream;* the property of SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.—Was there ever a more whimsical little "figure of fun?" Who that saw it would not question it in the words of the fairy:

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers; laughing at their harm;
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?"

No. 26. *Miss Gwatkin;* the property of E. LOVEL GWATKIN, Esq.—Simple and beautiful in composition; masterly and fascinating in execution.

No. 32. *Girl Sketching;* the property of HENRY ROGERS, Esq.—Another proof of Sir Joshua's sensibility to female grace. Memory is one of the genuine painter's chief qualities. Sir Joshua Reynolds must not only have strongly felt, but distinctly remembered this transient elegance of position; or he could not so successfully have rendered it permanent on his canvas.

No. 33. *The Duke of Hamilton;* the property of WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq.—It is not always that nobility of title and nobility of expression coincide. They do so completely in this youthful but elevated head.

No. 39. *Laughing Girl;* the property of the EARL of LONSDALE.—Art, ancient or modern, may be challenged to shew any thing superior to this head in the technical management of the colouring materials. It has a honied richness and meltingness which produce on the eye the same delicious sensation that ripe Roslin strawberries and cream produce on the palate.

No. 46. *The Strawberry Girl;* the property of SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.—Here are *real*, not *figurative* strawberries. They form, however, a very unimportant part of the picture; the charm of which lies in the delightfully *naïve* expression of the countenance and attitude.

No. 47. *The Sleeping Girl;* the property of SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.—Really Mr. Rogers has had the combined good taste and good fortune to make himself the possessor of some of this great master's finest works. Let the exclusive admirers of ancient art have the goodness to instance any picture, with their most favourite name affixed to it (although perhaps by the dealer) which transcends this exquisite production, in force of effect, and depth and lusciousness of tone.

No. 48. *Count Ugolino and his Family in prison;* the property of the DUCHESS of DORSET.—We know that it is the fashion with some persons to call Sir Joshua's Ugolino a failure; but why, we are at a loss to conceive. To us it has always appeared that nothing more appalling was ever produced on canvas than the total abstraction of the unhappy old man, and his utter insensibility to the caresses and cries of his terrified and famishing children. The *chiaro-scuro* is also very powerful and well managed.

No. 50. *Lesbia lamenting the death of her favourite Bird;* the property of Mrs. GWYN.—The sweetness, elegance, and delicacy of this charming picture are incapable of being surpassed. Every portrait painter ought to study it with the deepest attention. Carrying grace to its utmost extent, it stops short of that most hateful of all qualities—affectation.

No. 53. *The Infant Academy;* the property of VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, M.P.—Sir Joshua Reynolds, like all men of amiable feelings, was very fond of children; and was never more happy than when watching the youthful character and action, through all their rapid and amusing changes. The knowledge which he thus acquired, he converted to

great professional use, of which the present picture furnishes an admirable specimen. The assumed primness of the urchin who is sitting for a portrait, and the half-suppressed mirth of the little rogue of an artist are delightfully entertaining. The disposition of colour is extremely rich and harmonious. What a pity that parts of this invaluable picture are so sadly cracked! Surely something might be done to hide the defect. In a side-light it is very manifest, and very injurious.

No. 55. *The Countess of Bute;* the property of the MARQUESS of BUTE.—The total absence of any appearance of intention in placing the figure in this fine whole-length portrait, which has all the firmness and truth of nature herself, is singularly pleasing. A friend of our's objects to the umbrella, as vulgar. But he ought to recollect that, at the time this picture was painted, umbrellas had been but recently introduced into this country; and that the use of them was confined to the superior classes of society. Had Sir Joshua lived in the present day, he would perhaps have substituted a parasol; although even that little safe-guard of a lily-complexion has lost much of the gentility of its character.

While we are in this room, we may mention that the Governors of the British Institution, having recently purchased at Mr. Watson Taylor's sale, the magnificent picture of *The Vision of St. Jerome*, by PARMEGIANO, for which they gave the liberal price of 3,050 guineas, took the bold resolution of placing it in the midst of Sir Joshua's works. Their confidence that our distinguished countryman would not suffer in the comparison has proved to be well-founded. His pictures stand their ground admirably; and, indeed, many of them much resemble in tone this *chef d'œuvre* of the great Italian master.

We will reserve our remarks on the performances of the old schools, which fill the two other apartments of the Gallery, for our next number.

GALLERY OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

The annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which we noticed in our last two numbers, having closed, the Society determined on opening their Room for a few weeks, with a selection of drawings by British artists, chiefly in the possession of a number of distinguished and opulent individuals, by whom they were lent for the purpose with a promptitude, which, as the Preface to the Catalogue observes, "was highly gratifying to the artists, as evincing a warm interest in the advancement of their pursuit."

In making this selection, the Society have not confined themselves to works executed by their own members, but, with a very liberal feeling, and in order, as they themselves say, "to afford a fair and diversified view of the art which they cultivate," they have introduced the performances of several artists, who have never been connected with their institution. Principally and substantially, however, the present Exhibition consists of a *corps d'elite* from the works, which have been annually submitted to the public during the first seventeen Exhibitions of the Society. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that they form a delightfully interesting assemblage. There is not one of the whole 213 on the merits of which we could not expatiate with great pleasure; but, as usual, we must satisfy ourselves with a few remarks on the most prominent and beautiful.

No. 2. *Village of Clapperagate.* R. HAVELL.—The property of J. Vine, Esq. Among our eminent landscape draughtsmen, Mr. Havell is distinguished by the depth and solidity of his drawings. No artist better understands the true principles of massing. All that he does is upon a broad and general scale; and yet, without entering into any details with his pencil, his drawings when viewed at a little distance seem to possess all the minute varieties of nature. This drawing is a fine specimen of his power.

No. 3. *Tomb of Louis Robsart,*

Standard-bearer to Henry V., Westminster Abbey. F. NASH. — The property of the Earl of Tankerville. A rich and mellow drawing. The management of the light is peculiarly happy. These venerable monuments are excellent subjects for the painter. What a scandalous thing it is that, constructed as they have been at the public expense, and to do honour to public men, the public are nevertheless excluded from seeing them, except upon the payment of a gross and unwarrantable exaction! Really, the press ought to make a vigorous and simultaneous effort to shame down this abuse, disgraceful in every respect, and in none more than in the unfavourable impression which it makes upon foreigners of English cupidity.

No. 7. *Rivaux Abbey, Yorkshire.* W. WESTALL, A.R.A. — The property of J. Broderip, Esq. Clear and broad. The perspective is remarkably good.

No. 8. *Evening.*—G. BARRET.—The property of J. Allnutt, Esq. Small but delicious. The sky is uncommonly beautiful.

No. 11. *A North Country Fair.* L. CLENNEL.—The property of J. G. Lambton, Esq. M.P. Full of character; from the Highlander in the foreground, with his arm round the waist of a blushing lass, for whom he is about to purchase a ring offered to him by a female pedlar, through the jolly drinking groupe at the booth, to the tumblers, quacks, and merry-andrews in the distance. The hilarity and good-humour of the scene are just sufficiently contrasted by the pugilistic encounter of two urchins in a corner, and the fierce regard with which a couple of terriers eye each other in the foreground. Perhaps the general hue of the colouring approximates rather too closely to foxiness.

No. 15. *Distant View of Goodrich Castle.* COPLEY FIELDING.—The property of the Artist. This is a very sunny and splendid drawing, and ought not to remain "the property of the Artist." Mr. Fielding always composes his trees in the nearer part of his picture with great skill, opposing light and feathery to deep and substantial foliage in a manner that gives to both additional value.

No. 16. *A Thunder Storm.* J. VARLEY.—The property of T. Griffith, Esq. There is much magnificence and variety in the composition of this drawing, and it has a very classical air.

No. 18. *Coast Scene.* T. GIRTIN.—The property of W. Leader, Esq. M.P. An extensive bird's-eye view, possessing all the truth and freshness by which this great artist's pencil was distinguised. The diversity of effect communicated to the several head-lands as they approach the eye, is singularly pleasing.

No. 19. *Windsor Castle from Cranbourne Lodge.* J. GLOVER.—The property of T. Griffith, Esq. When we say that this is one of Mr. Glover's most beautiful drawings, we need add nothing in its praise. It is at once tender and forcible, glowing and chaste; and exhibits all the better peculiarities of Mr. Glover's style.

No. 22. *Shepherd—Evening.* J. CRISTALL.—The property of J. Elliott, Esq. With very simple materials, Mr. Cristall has here produced a highly interesting little drawing. While we contemplate it we are almost afraid that the swain, who is so attentively regarding the vast ocean spread out before him, will be tempted in the words of one of Dibdin's old songs :—

"To leave his poor plough, and go ploughing the deep."

No. 26. *Evening.* G. BARRET.—The property of J. Vine, Esq. A rich Italian view. The distinction of the three lights, that of declining day, that of the rising moon, and that of the illuminated villa is well preserved. It is impossible not to envy the party in the gondola, who are so luxuriously enjoying the freshness of the evening air, and the "concord of sweet sounds."

No. 30. *An Indiaman.* S. PROUT.—The property of J. Allnutt, Esq. We have already (in a former Number of our Magazine) noticed the admirable aptitude of Mr. Prout's style for subjects of this description. If Michael Angelo had painted an Indiaman, he could not have imparted to it more grandeur.

No. 31. *Near Lincoln.* P. DEWINT.—The property of —— Call,

Esq. The secession of Mr. Dewint from the Society some years ago was a severe loss to the Society, to the public, and, if we may be permitted to say so, to Mr. Dewint himself; for, unquestionably, the opportunity, which the Exhibitions of the Society afforded for the display of Mr. Dewint's talents, was evidently advantageous to him in his profession. We well recollect the warm and deserved admiration, which this fine drawing excited when it was originally exhibited. It represents merely a pond, a mill, and a distant field or two; but over these simple objects the genius of the artist has shed fascinating beauty.

No. 32. *View of Bath from Spring Gardens.* T. Hearne.—The property of E. H. Locker, Esq. F.R.S. Judiciously introduced to shew the contrast between the old and the modern school of landscape-painting in water-colours. Hearne was an able artist; but the neat precision of his drawings, outlined with the pen and shaded with thin and monotonous washes of Indian ink, makes them look very meagre in the presence of the full, deep, richly coloured and broadly-executed works of the present day.

No. 34. *Twilight.* G. F. Robson.—The property of the Right Hon. R. Peel, M.P. Strikingly expressive of the solemnity of the hour which it is intended to represent. The unbroken gradation of the sky, from the deep blue of the summit of the ethereal vault to the remains of solar splendour in the horizon, is managed with insurpassable skill and dexterity.

No. 35. *Coast of Sussex; pushing off a Boat to a Vessel in Distress.* J. Cristall.—The property of the Duke of Argyle. One of the finest drawings of the English school. It seems to have lost somewhat of the vividness of its original colour (for we fancy that it must be about fifteen years since it was produced and exhibited at the rooms of the Society, then in Old Bond-street) but that is a trifle compared with the higher qualities of art, of which, while it exists, it can never be divested. But its highest merit is, that it is an admirable representation of the courage and humanity of British sailors. In the face of an enormous surge, which threatens instantly to overwhelm them, half a dozen gallant fellows are undauntedly endeavouring to make their way to the aid of a vessel in the offing, that is firing signals of distress. On the beach, watching their progress, are two of their brave companions, in whose lineaments, however rude and hardy, the expression of anxious feeling is strikingly manifest. The details and the general effect of this magnificent drawing are equally deserving of commendation.

No. 38. *Bethgellart Bridge.* J. Varley.—The property of J. Allnutt, Esq. A very pleasing drawing; and with greater gaiety and variety of colour than usually proceeds from Mr. Varley's palette.

No. 49. *The Spoiled Dinner.* J. Holmes.—The property of the Marquis of Hertford. A well-conceived and well-executed exhibition of what, although not a very pleasing, is, we fear, a very common occurrence in married life,—a "family jar." An under-done joint has excited the anger of the husband (a man apparently of the rank of a decent mechanic) who, pointing to the evidence of its rawness with his knife, regards his wife with a look of stern reproof. The latter seems to be sulkily meditating an excuse. Their child, a girl about ten years of age, dismayed at the countenance of her male parent, has sidled away from him, and, regardless of the balance of the table, has approached closely to her mother, as if for protection. A female servant, who has just entered with a foaming pot of porter, looks askance at the meat, with an evident consciousness that the fault is, in some degree, attributable to her. Nothing can be more distinctly told than the story; and all the accessories of the picture are well painted, and greatly contribute to the general effect.

(To be continued in our next.)

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Portraits of celebrated Authors — Professor C. Muller, of Weimar, a celebrated German engraver, is finishing a very striking likeness of *Jean Paul-Frederic Richter*. His collection already contains the portraits of the most illustrious *literati* of Germany. *Göethe*, *Wieland*, *Schiller*, *Herder*, *Klopstock*, *Lessing*, *Winckelmann*, *Kotzebue*, *Hufeland*, are engraved with a great fidelity of resemblance. This collection is sold for forty-eight francs in Paris. M. Muller has also finished engravings to illustrate the tragedies of Schiller, the appearance of which the lovers of the Fine Arts on the Continent are eagerly expecting.

The School of Painting at Chambery, established on the 1st of May, 1822, by the Municipal Council under the authority of the Minister of the Interior, was opened on the 25th of last November, in one of the halls of the Hotel-de-Ville. The management of this establishment is confided to Professor Moreau. The pupils pay a small annual sum, but some are admitted gratuitously. There will be an annual exhibition of the works of the pupils, and at the closing of the exhibition, prices will be exhibited.

The Society of Emulation at Liege have opened a subscription to defray the expenses of a monument to be erected to the memory of the celebrated Gretry: it will contain his heart, at present deposited in the Hermitage of Montmorency, near Paris, where Gretry passed the last years of his life, and where Rousseau composed his celebrated work, *La Nouvelle Heloise*. The smallest contributions are received, and the names of the subscribers will be printed.

The inauguration of the statue, erected to the memory of Bayard, took place on the 9th of June at Grenoble. All the civil and military authorities, a great number of persons of all descriptions, and elegantly dressed ladies, assisted at the ceremony. Two appropriate discourses were delivered by the prefect and the mayor. Public diversions, a supper and ball given by the prefect to which more than 600 persons were invited, fire-works, and a distribution of money to the poor, followed the ceremony of the inauguration. M. Raggi, the Parisian sculptor, who executed the statue, received 8,000 francs for it from the General Council of the department of Isere.

Mr. Martin, the celebrated painter of *Belshazzar's Feast, &c.* has commenced his engraving, on steel, of that work. The outline and perspective will be executed by himself, and it will be finished in mezzotinto by Mr. Lupton, so as to appear next spring. Mr. Martin has commenced his grand picture of *Sardanapalus; or, the Fall of Nineveh*. It will be 16 feet by 11 feet 8 inches, and will be finished next spring twelvemonths.

An engraving by Mr. J. G. Walker has recently been published from a painting by T. Stothard, Esq. R.A. representing the Annual Oration on St. Matthew's Day, in the Great Hall at Christ's Hospital. We are never more gratified than when we see the arts employed on subjects of national interest; and seconding the objects of the patriot and the moralist. Of the Foundation, which this engraving in part illustrates, it is a matter of surprise that no similar memorial has heretofore appeared. It has been reserved for Mr. Walker (himself, we understand, educated in Christ's Hospital) to shew at once his gratitude and his talents by this testimony of recognition and regard. The skill with which his burin has followed the pencil of Mr. Stothard, not only in the execution of the portraits, but in the reflected light of the interior, does him great credit; and we hope that both the local interest and the public tendency of the work will insure its success.

We understand that it is intended by the committee of the Liverpool Royal Institution to exhibit a selection of paintings—the works of the old masters, formed from the differ-

ent private collections in Liverpool and the neighbourhood. We are glad to hear that the corporation of this spirited town, have lately voted 1,000*l.* for the purpose of purchasing mathematical and other instruments for the institution, and 150*l.* annually for general purposes.

The Pictures of the Ex-Queen of Naples. — Mad. Murat, after the execution of her husband, rescued fifteen Italian pictures of the very highest class, from the spoils of Austria. Thirteen of them have been lately sold by Mr. Christie, by public auction, and brought nearly 4,000*l.*

The Academy of Florence have unanimously elected Mr. T. L. Donaldson, our countryman, a member, on account of an interesting composition submitted to them through the Duke's chief architect, the Signor Poccianti. This is the fourth Italian Academy of which he is a member. The design he exhibited was for a Temple to Victory, agreeably to the usages of the ancients.

In our number for May, page 449, is a misprint which we are anxious to correct; in alluding to the collection of portraits of celebrated Russian Generals, the artist's name is spelled *Dow* instead of *Dawe*. This collection is executed by the command of the Emperor of Russia, and will be engraved by English artists, under the direction of Mr. Dawe, and will be published in one volume folio, or each portrait may be had separate. Price of the entire collection on fine paper 1,000 roubles, common impressions 600. Price of each portrait 25 roubles on India paper, common impressions 15. Subscriptions are received by Colnaghi, in Cockspur-street.

British Museum.—The plans for the new structure are completed, and Mr. Smirke, the architect, is ready to commence building, the moment the Chancellor of the Exchequer has obtained the requisite grant from the House of Commons. It is proposed to raise three sides first, some feet beyond the area of the present building; the contents of the Museum will then be transferred to their new home; the old walls will be pulled down, and the fourth side of the new structure will stand on the ground which was before occupied by the fourth side of the former one. By this plan the expense of the new erection will be lightened to the public, by coming upon them gradually, and in addition to this the treasures of art and science will not be closed against visitors for an hour.

Mr. Beazely, the architect, who renovated with so much taste the interior of Drury-lane Theatre, is we understand, engaged by Mr. Chambers, to restore in like manner the Opera-House, when the present season shall have terminated.

At the sale of the antique and modern sculpture of the late Mr. Nollekins, most of the noble persons in the kingdom, who are collectors and patrons of the arts, were present each day, and manifested unusual ardour in their competition for the rare and valuable articles.

In the late sale of Mr. Haydon's pictures the *Raising of Lazarus*, with its massive frame, sold by auction for 350*l.*, and *Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem* for 220*l.*

At the recent sale of Mr. Davison's collection of pictures, the Earl of Liverpool purchased *The Death of Chatham* for one thousand guineas; and Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, of Pall-mall, purchased Wilkie's picture of *King Alfred* in the Neatherd's cottage, receiving the rebuke of his hostess for allowing her cakes to be burnt, at five hundred guineas. We understand it is their intention to have this *chef d'œuvre*, which includes a striking portrait of the artist himself, engraved as soon as possible in a style, and on a scale worthy of the subject and the painter.

Sale of the pictures of the celebrated Garrick.—Most of the *domestic* pictures were painted by the express order of Mr. Garrick, and under his immediate superintendence and direction. The retired habits of Mrs. Garrick, during the latter period of her life, owing to extreme old age, and the natural infirmities consequent on a protracted existence, had occasioned many of these *rare gems* to be forgotten, except by a few amateurs, artists, and actors, who could obtain permision to view the interior of "Garrick's villa" at

Hampton, and his residence on the Adelphi Terrace. It is always of use to know in whose possession pictures and gems remain, in which persons of taste feel a deep interest. These relics were sold by Mr. Christie, at his rooms in Pall-mall, for nearly 4000*l.*

Mr. Muss has sold to Sir William Knighton, Bart. the enamel of *Duncan Gray*, after Wilkie; also the *Head of Northcote*, after Jackson. We are happy to hear that this distinguished artist has the honour of being at present fully employed by his Majesty. He is executing an enamel of the King's portrait after the celebrated picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

E. H. Bailey, Esq. R.A. has received a compliment of 150*l.*, accompanied by a very handsome letter, from the directors of the British Institution, in testimony of their great approbation of his statue of *Eve*, exhibited in their Gallery, in Pall-mall, last season. This is the first reward ever given by the directors of that excellent institution for a statue.

David Wilkie, Esq. R.A. is to have the appointment of Historical Painter to his Majesty for Scotland, vacant by the death of Sir Henry Raeburn.

Painted Agate—In the University of Upsal there is a very beautiful armoury made of ebony and cypress wood, ornamented with precious stones, which was offered to Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, by the city of Augsburg. It contains, among other curiosities, a large agate, two palms long and one and half wide. On one of the faces is painted the *Last Judgment;* and on the other the *Passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea.* The figures, in good colours, are in the style of the German painters who succeeded Albert Durer. The artist has so well managed the tints of the stone, that they represent with much effect the clouds, and the walls formed by the waters through which the Israelites passed, as well as the waves which swallowed up Pharoah and his army. The artist's name was John King.

The Members of the Artists' Fund, established in 1810, have commenced a plan for publishing prints in aid of that institution. The body of members is so numerous, that they rely on their own individual exertions for the sale of whatever they may publish, by which means they save for their fund the enormous per centage, amounting to fifty per cent., which has been allowed from necessity to dealers in works of that kind. Mr. John Pye first conceived and promulgated the idea of adopting this project. At a general meeting of the members of the fund, held at Freemasons' Tavern, on the 23rd ult., he disclosed, in an address, the advantages to be derived from its adoption. The following extract will shew the ground of their strength. "Our professional strength, employed in the selection of subjects to be engraved, and in directing the execution of the plates, would, we may presume, give to the public a sure guarantee of the superiority of the works we might publish. Our numerical strength, (already 120) continually increasing, ever actuated by the objects for which we are united, and with connections flowing into all channels of taste and patronage, could not fail to procure subscribers to such works, while the appropriation of our gains to the purpose of our union would justify the most earnest appeal that could be made to the public, and materially assist our claim to its protection. The amount of these qualities of power, taken collectively, would, I apprehend, ensure to us a greater and more extensive degree of consideration than has yet been aspired to by any body, that has ever been united in this country for the purposes of pecuniary gain, and of benefiting the Fine Arts by engraved publications."—A considerable sum has been guaranteed by the members, and a committee of the following gentlemen have been appointed to carry the object into effect:—JOHN SAMUEL AGAR, Stafford Place, Pimlico; GEORGE CLINT, R.A., 83, Gower-street, Bedford-square; ABRAHAM COOPER, R.A., 13, New Millman-street, Foundling; WILLIAM COOKE, 9, Soho-square; GEORGE COOKE, 4, Loddiges-place, Hackney; WILLIAM DANIELL, R.A., 9, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square; DENNIS DIGHTON, 8, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square; WILLIAM FINDEN, 13, Judd-place

East, New Road; JAMES GREEN, 27½, Argyll-street; WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A., 14, Moscow Cottages, Bayswater; CHARLES MUSS, 53, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square; JOHN PYE, 42, Cirencester-place, Fitzroy-square; RAMSAY RICHARD REINAGLE, R.A., 54, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; WILLIAM DANIEL, R.A., Treasurer; WILLIAM FINDEN, Hon. Secretary.—The committee have selected the picture of the Wolf and Lamb, painted by W. Mulready, R.A. to be engraved for the first plate, and have engaged Mr. John Henry Robinson to engrave it; and all subscriptions for the impressions from the plate will be received by the above gentleman.

Mr. Watson Taylor's Gallery of Pictures. — These pictures, about 130 in number, were, with a few exceptions, of the highest character. They were sold by Christie, at his Room in Pall-mall. It is many years since we remember a sale attended by so distinguished a class of the nobility of the land, as well as artists, amateurs, and collectors in art. The crowd each day was so great that Mr. Christie was obliged to station a person, near the door of the auction room, to repeat the biddings from the noblemen and gentlemen on the stairs and further end of the room, which their extreme distance rendered it impossible for the auctioneer to collect. The two days' sale produced 25,000*l.*; and although there was a loss of 950*l.* upon the *Vision of St. Jerome*, by Parmegiano, still, upon the whole, Mr. Taylor must have gained many thousand pounds by the sale.

Chapeau de Paille.—An engraving from this picture, which is a portrait of Mademoiselle Lundens, one of Rubens's mistresses, is published. We understand that this engraving is not taken from the celebrated picture exhibited in Bond-street, but from the *original sketch*, by Rubens. We anxiously wait for an engraving taken from the picture itself, which we hear is nearly ready for publication.

Cupar.—It is not generally known that a juvenile painting, by our celebrated countryman, Wilkie, is in possession of a gentleman of this place, who purchased it for ten guineas. It is, perhaps, the very first essay of this great master. The brief history of the production is this:—Wilkie, during his pastime from school-hours, was ever exercising his creative genius in the rudiments of that art, in which he was destined to hold so unrivalled a place; and from the chalking out of any thing, however trivial, that struck his fancy, he at last took for his subject a boy leading a "*Grey Horse to Water.*" This is the painting now alluded to. The grey horse was originally sported as a sign-board to a tavern at Holekettle-bridge, latterly as such in Cupar, and finally came into the possession of its present owner. It is considered by those who have seen it a wonderful performance, the artist being at the time only *nine* years of age.

Globes and Maps in Relief.—As mere drawings give a very inadequate idea of the configuration of a country, the Germans have lately fallen upon an excellent mode of supplying this desideratum. They have constructed globes and maps in relief of *papier-maché*, in which they attempt to exhibit the natural appearance of the earth. Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, has just imported a few.

At the sale of the goods of King Charles I., the largest sums were produced by the tapestry and arras hangings. At Hampton Court ten pieces of arras hangings of ABRAHAM, containing 826, at 10*l.* per yard, 8,260*l.* Ten pieces of JULIUS CÆSAR, 717 ells, at 7*l.* 5,019*l.* TITIAN's pictures seem to have been generally valued at 100*l.* *Venus dressed by the Graces*, by GUIDO, reached to 200*l.* The Cartoons of Raphael, notwithstanding their subject was so congenial to the popular feelings, and only appraised at 300*l.*, could find no purchaser.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Considérations sur Haïti, &c. Different Considerations on Hayti. By Francis Des-rivieres-Chanlatte. 1 vol. 8vo. Port-au-Prince, 1822.

THE author of this work gives a cursory description of the events which have happened at Hayti from the 1st of January 1804, the period when the nation asserted its independence; and then, advancing to the consideration of recent facts, he describes the base motives which certain proprietors of slaves, formerly of the Spanish party, had for opposing the union of the Republic. —"They wished for a revolution, but merely for their own advantage: the slaves alone were to remain in servitude; and these *adorers of liberty* would always have oppressed them, even whilst they freed themselves from the Spanish yoke."—Making use, by turns, of reason and ridicule, M. Chanlatte exposes to contempt those Frenchmen who served both parties, followed each standard, and flattered all the different powers of the day; but he particularly ridicules that tribe of spies who, for eighteen years, were sent under every form to exercise their infamous trade at Hayti.

"The Haytians," says our author, "have too long suffered from the effects of cunning and duplicity, and have acquired too much experience not to discover the means taken to deceive them. Our enemies have employed every imaginable artifice to divide us, not being able to vanquish us by force of arms; but they could not succeed.

"Their secret emissaries—their secret instructions—their secret measures, have never been secrets to us: the thread of these intrigues has always been discovered.

"We will mention the underhand dealings practised upon us. The persons charged with the execution of these plots appeared in Hayti under the mask of frankness and mildness, and they even feigned sentiments of philanthropy they were far from feeling.

"Persons, appearing to be discontented with the present government of France, have come here as the declared friends of Napoleon, in the firm belief of being well received by the Haytians, and possessing their confidence; but they little knew the character of the inhabitants of this island. They have been so often the prey of artifice, that they are become the most suspicious people in the world in every thing relative to liberty. Amongst the soldiers and labourers, there were some who seemed to approve of all that was said to them of the *good old time*, when the poor Africans were whipped and sold; but they knew what it all tended to. On leaving the preacher, they told their comrades every thing that had been done to gain them, and make them conspire against their country and their own happiness. They have so much at heart the preservation of their liberty, that there is not a single labourer who has not two or three guns and ammunition, carefully hid, in case of foreign invasion.

"It was not a very dexterous manner of laying a snare, to vociferate against a king whose subjects they were, and to speak well of a man who was a mortal enemy to liberty.

"Our subject naturally leads us to address a few words to those shameless beings, who, though detected, on their arrival in the island, with attempting to sow division amongst the citizens, had nevertheless the effrontery not to hide the

means they took to attain their end. These are so worthy of contempt, that we will not sully our pages with their names: they ought to have perceived that the Haytians were too elevated in sentiment, and had too high an idea of patriotism, not to give them up to the law. Why was it necessary to spend so much money in entertaining spies and emissaries in a free country, where every thing is openly done; which is free to men of all nations, without inquiring whence they came, and for what purpose; in a country differing from all others, and dissimilar in politics; whose citizens know they can only be happy and free under their own government, and in their own territory, and who have only in view their independence, which assures their liberty? For if it is maturely reflected on; if they sound ever so artificially, if indirect and hidden measures are taken, it must finally come to the same question. Then the most complicated and best conceived plan must split against the rock of their unshaken resolution—to live free and independent, or bury themselves in the wreck of their country.

"Amongst the number of spies, general opinion placed a bishop and some ecclesiastics, who were sent here unasked for. The constitution of Hayti granted the president the power of soliciting his holiness the pope for a bishop, who should be able to raise to the priesthood those young Haytians whose vocation led them to embrace the ecclesiastical state; but the power was not granted to send *indirectly* a bishop *in partibus* to St. Domingo, as a missionary to preach the gospel. At all events, we shall always respect the venerable priests, who take upon themselves the charge of our souls and consciences in the different parishes of the island. We are obliged to it, as the pope will have us catholic and apostolic, and not Roman. Can we be considered, after this, as dissenting?

"Religion and liberty, together, soon expel ignorance. Whilst, in France, detestable pamphlets daily multiplied falsehoods and libels against Hayti, which was described as a nation of barbarians and savages, these savages and barbarians, who have four or five very well written journals, are multiplying schools, establishing lyceums, &c. This general tendency to accelerate the progress of knowledge is powerfully seconded by the enlightened zeal of the President Boyer.

"The people of Hayti are principally agriculturalists and warriors: it is the characteristic trait which particularly distinguishes them. Every citizen, when the country is in danger, becomes dependent on the state; and the soldier, when not on duty, quits his gun and takes up the spade. Cultivation increases in the south, west, and north, and in the east it gains more and more strength.

"The measures adopted by government for tilling the lands are the same throughout the whole Republic. Grants of land have already been made in the east, and the people of this part of the country devote themselves ardently to labour. As they become proprietors, they are still more anxious to defend their own estates. The revenue increases progressively, and it is to be hoped that the east will soon be on the same footing as the rest of the island. The coffee-trees, which did not flourish, are removed, and others planted. The sugar establishments are great resources, as well as all Equinoxial productions. The tobacco of Puerto-Plata, which is reckoned of superior quality, may become a lucrative and considerable branch of trade, as well as dyewood and timber. The President of Hayti has attended to every object likely to increase the prosperity of the nation. But it is by time, and the good disposition of the inhabitants only, that such happy changes can be consolidated.

"The commerce with foreign countries is considerable, and will become more so, as commodities yearly increase and establishments become active. If there are not yet many large commercial houses in the Haytian ports, that is no reason that the number should not become greater; which cannot fail to take place, as the whole island is at peace, and no dissensions can, for the future, interrupt commercial

speculations. The citizens have all the coast trade, and government has taken measures to preserve it to them.

"The army is on a respectable footing, and the ranks are increasing: it is regularly paid and clothed, and government takes great pains to maintain it. In every town those citizens, who are not employed in civil functions, incorporate themselves in the national guard. The arsenals are well furnished with every article of war; the towns increase; the roads are repaired and kept up; bridges are erected in every necessary place; manufactories are improved; and we daily perceive fresh progress made in every branch of national prosperity.

"Our manners are so changed for the better, that it would be difficult to recognize the same people in the first years of independence and at the present time. There is only one point in which they do not change—their proud and warlike character, and perseverance in noble resolutions! If the colonies deny this fact, let them apply to the French merchants who trade with Hayti; and their testimony will furnish proofs, from which may be predicted, that Hayti, already called the 'Queen of the Antilles,' will become, and that at no very distant period, the centre of civilization, knowledge, and liberty."

Memoires de Jacques Fauvel, &c. *Memoirs of James Fauvel.* Published by M. M. J. Droz, and L. B. Picard. 4 vols. 12mo. Price 16*s*.

This remarkable production, the first of the united talent and imagination of two writers of great ability, is particularly adapted to check and restrain those young authors, who, elated by an ephemeral success obtained by singularity, wander from the right path of literature. The authors, as some judicious critics have observed, wished to put into action and develope one great philosophical sentiment: they wished to describe a man brought up, during his youth, in "*ensouciance*," stimulated by firmness and perseverance in his maturity, and by resignation in his old age.

The reader will find, in the '*Memoires of Jacques Fauvel*,' that comic vein and talent of observation, which so eminently distinguish M. Picard, happily blended with the mild yet elevated philosophy which distinguishes the productions of M. Droz. In reading this work, we could not help regretting that M. Picard has so long underrated his talents, by confining himself to the direction of young authors in their dramatic career: his many skilfully drawn characters authorize us to suppose him capable of producing more of those dramatic productions, which have brought so much money to the theatres where they have been performed.

'*Jacques Fauvel*' will enjoy a privilege that the personages in a comedy or tragedy can not now possess in France: it will cause intolerance to be detested, that enemy to the happiness of the people, and the glory of kings.

Œuvres complètes de Platon. The Works of Plato, translated from the Greek into French, with Notes and an Introduction on the Philosophy of Plato. By V. Cousin, Vol. I. 10*s*. Paris.

Until the appearance of this work the French did not possess a complete translation of Plato. Dacier, P. Grove, and Maucroix, have translated some dialogues; but, since that time, critics, particularly the German, have made such alterations in Plato's text, that the translations anterior to the last twenty years are now found very defective: besides, these partial labours embrace only a part of Plato's works; and the untranslated dialogues are precisely the most important and profound. The Parmenides, the Sophist, the Timeus, the Phœdra, these ancient and venerable sources of the highest ideas of beauty, love, existence, unity, and universal harmony, were yet unknown to the French reader. M. Cousin, who is a professor of the Greek language, has undertaken to present the French with the entire works of this philo-

sopher. The first volume, which is now published, contains four dialogues. The Euthyphron, the Apology of Socrates, the Critic, and the Phedon. Each of these dialogues is accompanied by critical and philological notes, and preceded by a clear and perspicuous analysis of Plato's doctrine. The argument of the Phedon especially contains, in a style worthy of Plato, the sublime opinions of ancient philosophy on the nature of the soul, and its immortality.

The beauty of the edition, and the typographical skill with which it is executed, makes it equal to the finest works that ever issued from the press of Firmin Didot. This work will be in nine volumes, ornamented with a fine portrait of Plato, a map of Attica, and a plan of Athens. The volume, containing the Introduction upon Plato's Philosophy, will be last published. A volume will be published every three months; the price of each on Annonay paper will be 10*s.*, on large vellum paper, of which there will be only twenty-five copies, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Pensèes, Maximes, Reflexions, &c.
Thoughts, Maxims. and Reflections. By Count Ségur, extracted from his works. 18mo. Paris, 1823.

It was a happy thought to collect together all the maxims and reflections M. de Ségur has dispersed through his works. We think they will be as much relished by the public in this form, as they were scattered about in the large collection already well-known. Extracted from a great work where they are united to the narrative of events, they cannot be distinguished by that epigrammatic point which seems to be necessary to this species of writing. There is something peculiarly frank, and we may even say generous in this grave simplicity of style. The author addresses himself to the reason rather than to wit, and seeks to instruct by the wisdom of his lessons rather than amuse by the malignity of his censure. Most of these thoughts are the result of the labours of the historian and statesman. M. Ségur has had before him great examples, and his reflections on liberty, equality, and despotism, government and factions, shew, that he has derived from them important lessons. His remarks are at once general maxims, and counsels for men of the present time.

But we fear these counsels will be as much neglected as praised; and party spirit, while it acknowledges that the author well performs his office of moralist, will forget to follow his example. M. Ségur seems to foresee, and is resigned to this sort of success. It is to be regretted that the editors seem to have forgotten, that the historian of nations is also a describer of women, for reflections of this nature are nowhere to be found in this collection. The greater part of their readers would have seen these with much pleasure, but in spite of this defect, in spite of some thoughts not very new, and often similar in thought or expression, this little book will afford all classes of readers much amusement, though they may not profit by the instruction it affords.

Annali Musulmani, &c.
Annals of the Mussulmans. By G. B. Rampoldi, 2 vols. 8vo. Milan, 1822.

This volume is a history of the progress of Islamism, and the empire of the Arabs, an account of the doctrine of Mahomet, and a narrative of the election of a successor to this prophet.

The author remarks the ability of this legislator, who, while sustaining the rights of his nation, combined them with the dogmas of his religious system; he exalts his moral and political character. In fact, Mahomet made use of the revelations of his most respectable predecessors; he abolished idolatry; he perfected public morality; he recommended charity, brotherly love, concord, social virtues, and particularly the care of widows and orphans. If he rendered his subjects credulous, he also made them more united, stronger, and more independent. Abul Bekr was elected kalif or heir

of the prophet. It was he who arranged the chapters of the Koran, distributed and spread them amongst his army, and M. Rampoldi gives us a very curious summary of them. Some parts are taken from the code of Justinian, some from the Bible and Talmud, with a mixture of many opinions of Arius, Nestorius, and Sabellius. Moses, Jesus, and St. John, the Baptist, are distinguished by Mahomet as the most eminent prophets.

The Koran is thought by the Arabs to be the perfection of style. Mahomet is particularly eloquent when he speaks of God, Hell, or Paradise. He was so impressed by the excellence of his own work that he had no doubt of its being dictated by God himself.

We cannot follow the author through the details of his work, but he appears to us to have consulted the most approved authors, as may be seen by the notes at the end of his work.

Tragedie, &c.

Shakspeare's Tragedies, translated into Italian. By Michele Leoni, 12 vols. 8vo. Verona.

Sig. Leoni is constantly enriching his country with the finest foreign productions, either in prose or verse. Besides many others, he has translated the "Traveller," by Goldsmith; Otway's "Venice Preserved;" "The School for Scandal," and the "Rivals," by R. B. Sheridan; and Hume's History of England.

But of all this author's translations from English works, that of Shakspeare's tragedies does him the most honour. He has published it in twelve volumes, each of which contains a tragedy, preceded by the critique of M. Schlegel, taken from his "Course of Dramatic Literature."

King Lear and Richard II. are translated into prose, all the others are in verse. In translating this poet, who is always original in thought and expression, the translator could not always preserve the same equality of style and colouring. But though Sig. Leoni could not avoid this irregularity, he tries to soften it down by the correctness of his style and the beauty of his versification. Many parts are very happily translated; the verse is sometimes imitated, and then harmony is added to the thought.

However faithful the translation may be, it is still a translation, and we must admire the flexibility of a language, which without losing its own peculiar character can convey the most original conceptions of the foreign as well as the ancient languages. We could give several proofs of this, particularly in the tragedies of Othello, Macbeth, Cæsar, Hamlet, &c. if we could allow ourselves the space to do so.

De dramatis Græcorum satirici origine disputatio.

Dissertation on the Origin of the Satirical Drama of the Greeks. By Gustavus Pinzger, 8vo. 1822.

The author commences by defending the authority of Herodotus against the attacks of the celebrated Schneider, and other philologists; who maintain that this historian is mistaken in attributing to the inhabitants of Sicyon tragic choruses anterior to Thespis. He supports it by a passage from Themistius, and thinks, with Suidas, that Epigenes of Sicyon is the real inventor of tragedy; of that ancient lyrical tragedy, similar to the dithyramba. M. Pinzger connects the fable of Arion with the origin of tragedy in Peloponesus. Thespis followed after and gave a dramatic form to these lyrical songs. The author maintains with great skill that the tragedy of Thespis was serious, and did not admit of satirical chorusses; on the contrary, that it approached the dithyramba. According to him the satirical drama rose from the popular rejoicings at the feasts of Bacchus; he thinks Pratinas of Phliuntes was the author of it, and he dates its origin in the 70th Olympiad. Lastly, he gives some fragments of the *Tetralogies* of Pratinas, and a critical examination of them. There is an appendix to this work, in which M. Pinzger disputes the authenticity of the four books, "De vita Constantini," attributed to Eusebius.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Memoirs of the History of France, during the Reign of Napoleon. Dictated by the Emperor, at Saint Helena, to the Count de Montholon. 8vo. pp. 377. London, 1823.

We have felt it an imperative, but at the same time a pleasurable duty, to lay before our readers a full account of the various volumes, that have successively appeared within the last nine years, upon the subjects connected with the late Emperor of France; convinced that these volumes contained not only a fund of instruction and amusement to readers of every class, but that they formed the depositions from which posterity would draw all their materials for the history of our age. The volume which is now before us may be said to contain less of mere amusement for superficial readers, and less to gratify a crude curiosity, than any of its precursors from Saint Helena; but it is a volume of great use for intellectual study, and it throws a light upon many points of interest connected with the most important occurrences of the late eventful period; and upon points which have not only given rise to much controversy, but upon which the truth most probably would never have been ascertained by our descendants, if Napoleon himself, or somebody intimately connected with him, had not elucidated the subjects, and given us data for reflection. Independent of its historical importance, we point out the volume as an object of intellectual study to the man of profound thought, for it contains a model of that sound ratiocination, devoid of all art or scholastic form, which distinguishes the mind of Napoleon; and which, perhaps, it might hardly be extravagant to say, amounts to pure intellection, at least as near to pure intellection as the finite nature of humanity will admit of.

The work contains the late Emperor's strictures upon, and refutations of, several of the various publications relating to his reign and to himself, which have emanated mediately or immediately from persons in authority in different countries; and which have, therefore, been deemed worthy of his special attention. And here we must observe upon Napoleon's style of controversy. He takes up solely the *points* of his adversaries' statements, disregarding their works as a whole; and, in refutation of these points, he crouds a number of dates and indisputable facts, or appeals to the simple unerring principles of our intellectual nature, and to the general sentiments and impressions which are alike common to man in all countries; and this matter he states in the most forcible style, without any form or arrangement derived from study or art, but with the words falling in that natural order which a strong conception and a consciousness of power would give them. There are, therefore, few epithets, for his weapons are facts of the strongest description, and his words so accurately and precisely convey those facts, that all epithets would be supererogatory, and have the effect of offending the reader, by anticipating his associations and sentiments: there are also no antitheses, nor long, involved, and obscure passages, but every thing evinces that the Emperor dictated from a rapid sequence of strong and luminous conceptions, and from an intuitive comprehension of his subject. We scarcely need observe, that such a mode of reasoning is to contingent subjects, what demonstration is to abstract science.

The first 28 pages contain Napoleon's strictures upon the Baron Jomini's "Treatise upon grand Military operations," a work which has had an astonishing reputation with military men upon the continent, and the merits and nature of which we recollect to have been displayed to our own countrymen by an elaborate critique and able analysis in the Edinburgh Review of about ten years ago. The Emperor begins his strictures by confirming the already acquired reputation of the work: he begins by saying, that "This work is one of the most important of all that have

been published relative to these subjects;" and proceeds to add a vast deal of valuable matter, which he observes, "may assist the author in his future editions, and will be interesting to military men." The Emperor gives us a numerical statement of the force of the French and Austrians at the battles of Montenotte, Lodi, Castiglioni, Bassano, Arcole, Rivoli, in his memorable campaign of 1796, and proceeds to similar details relative to his passing the Tagliamento, and his forcing his passage into the Tyrol, in his celebrated German campaign of 1797, and which indeed was nothing more than his pre-calculated consequence of his successful operations in the Italian campaign of the preceding year. The general disposition of the contending forces, the views of the different officers, with the Emperor's elucidations of many nice points of military controversy, are given in a masterly style; but they relate so exclusively to the military profession, that, however valuable they may be to commanding officers or to continental statesmen, they are of little or no interest to the general reader, except perhaps as specimens of reasoning, and as reminiscenses of the events which once filled the gazettes of all Europe, and were the subject of hope or fear, and of deep and anxious speculation, to every gentleman of an age to contemplate the extraordinary and important features of that eventful crisis, when thrones and dynasties were subverted, and kingdoms destroyed and remodelled, as if by the rod of a magician.

Immediately succeeding to this chapter, we have 80 pages upon the celebrated work entitled "Precis des Evenemens Militairés, ou Essais Historiques sur les Campagnes de 1799, à 1814," and the chapter is of much more general interest than the preceding, as it contains the Emperor's views and observations upon the Pitt system, upon the continental policy of that memorable period, and upon the campaigns of General Moreau, with several exceedingly important and luminous remarks upon the French and English expeditions to Egypt.

Napoleon speaks of Mr. Pitt's antiquated policy, and of his want of capacity to adapt his system to the altered state of Europe. By this work, the "Precis des Evenemens," it appears that Mr. Pitt's views being insular, his great object was to prevent the French from acquiring possession of Belgium, and of the maritime forces and positions of Holland; upon this subject it is observed, that Mr. Pitt's object was evidently unattainable after Austria had been compelled to cede all Belgium to France, by the peace of Campo-Formio; after the great success of Austria in Italy, during Napoleon's absence in Egypt, had failed to rescue Belgium from France; and, finally, after Napoleon's great successes, on his elevation to the Consulship in 1800, had reduced the power and influence of Austria to a comparative nullity. The Emperor then proceeds to argue that it was unjust, absurd, and impolitic in the English minister to refuse the overtures for peace made to Great Britain in 1800. He shews how advantageous to England a peace at that period would have been, and that the peace he offered would have prevented the subsequent overthrow of the power of the Pope, and of the Kings of Sardinia and of Naples, with that of the Duke of Tuscany; and the Emperor shews satisfactorily that peace would have been personally injurious to himself, war being the only means of his acquiring personal supremacy: in short, Napoleon proves that his wearing a diadem, and his trampling upon the thrones of Europe, were entirely the consequence of Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt's rejection of the offers of peace made in 1800. Upon this latter point we conceive there can be no rational dispute; but with respect to the general ground and policy of Mr. Pitt's rejecting the peace, we must observe, that the Emperor argues the case as if it were a point to be determined by intellect, forgetting how much of prejudice and passion was prevalent at that period in all the old cabinets of Europe. With respect to the English minister refusing to negociate with the Consul on the grounds of his government not being legitimate and acknowledged, Napoleon observes, "The republic had been acknow-

ledged by all Europe; England recognized it in 1796, by empowering Lord Malmesbury to treat with the directory, this plenipotentiary had successively attended at Paris and at Lisle, he had negociated with Charles Lacroix, Letourneur, and Marel, &c." The facts are certainly conclusive on the subject. But says Napoleon, in page 65, "In January and February 1800, France solicited peace; Lord Grenville replied only by a torrent of invective, he desired that the Princes of that race of Kings should ascend the throne of France; and now (a few months after) Lord Grenville was soliciting as a favour to be admitted to treat with the Republic." This alludes to the period when M. Otto was in London, into whose negociation the present volume briefly enters.

The Emperor then proceeds to shew that Moreau's campaign on the Rhine, in 1796, was replete with procrastination and military errors; in his campaign in Italy in 1799, he gives Moreau great credit for bravery and talent as the commander of a division under Scherer, but shews that when he was raised to the chief command by the recall of Scherer, his errors ensured the success of General Suwarrow, the ruin of the French forces under Serrurier and Macdonald, and the loss of all Italy to France. The Emperor appears to us to conclude his observations by a very able summary of Moreau's character, he says, "Moreau had no system, either in politics or war; he was an excellent soldier, personally brave, and capable of manœuvring a small army on the field of battle effectually, but absolutely ignorant of the higher branches of tactics. Had he engaged in any intrigues to bring about an 18 Brumaire, he would have miscarried, he would only have effected the ruin of himself and his adherents." To this we may add, that Moreau's appearing as the commander of a foreign force, against his country, must for ever ruin his fame in history. Our Admiral Blake abjured the government of Cromwell; but fought for England, observing, that "it is our duty to fight for our country, into whose ever hands the government may fall."

We have afterwards some observations upon Moreau's German campaign of 1800, the substance of which has appeared in the work of General Gourgaud.

We refer our readers to page 67, for some valuable and interesting remarks relative to Egypt.

Kleber was the *protegé* of Napoleon, and esteemed by him only inferior to Dessaix. He was assassinated by a fanatic for having ordered a priest to be bastinadoed, and the army fell to the command of Menou, by whose excess of bad management alone Sir Ralph Abercrombie was enabled to dispossess the French of Egypt. With all our zeal for the success of our arms, we can not but regret the issue of this contest, as it deprived the French of the means of establishing a European system of moral and social government in Egypt, from which its benefits might have radiated throughout all Asia and Africa; reclaiming to justice, to social regularity, and to science, those countless hoards of semi-barbarians that now commit every excess of cruelty and violence upon each other; rendering the finest portion of the earth worse than a desert. How contemptible is the politician, to the philosopher! How contemptible is the patriot to the philanthropist! The Emperor proves that "the army of Egypt might have perpetuated itself in that country, without receiving any assistance from France; provisions, clothing, all that is necessary to an enemy, abounded in Egypt; there were military stores and amunition enough for several campaigns; besides, Champy and Conté had established powder mills, the army had sufficient officers, &c. to organise a force of 80,000 men, it could obtain as many recruits as might be desired, especially amongst the young Copts and Greeks, Syrians, and Negroes of Daifur and Sennaar; many recruits (Copts) had received the decoration of the legion of honour." The Emperor then proceeds to shew, that with ordinary good management, neither England,

Turkey, nor Russia, could have dispossessed the French of the country; and that the French vessels traversed the Mediterranean almost with impunity, conveying necessary supplies to Egypt; he says, "the expedition to Egypt was completely successful. Napoleon landed at Alexandria on July 1, 1798; on Aug. 1, he was master of Cairo and of all Lower Egypt; on Jan. 1, 1799, he had conquered the whole of Egypt; on July 1, 1799, he had destroyed the Turkish army of Syria, and taken its train of 42 field-pieces, and 150 ammunition waggons; in the month of August, he destroyed the select troops of the army of the Port, and at Aboukir took its train of 32 pieces." The *Veni vidi vici* of Cæsar was tardiness itself compared to this. But Napoleon left his conquests in the hands of those who were but little able to preserve them. Kleber had a sort of Nostalgia, or as the French called it, *le malalie du pays*, and, so ardent was his desire to return to France, that he signed the convention of El-Arisch with the Grand Vizier, but Colonel Latour Maubourg arriving on March 1, 1800, before Cairo had been surrendered, defeated the Grand Vizier, and reconquered Egypt. "In March 1801," says Napoleon, "the English landed an army of 18,000 men, without horses for the artillery or cavalry, this army must have been destroyed; but Kleber had been assassinated. and, by an overwhelming fatality, this brave army had been consigned to the command of a man, who, although competent enough for many other purposes, was detestable as a military commander." In six months the French, to the number of 24,000 men, were landed on the coast of Provence by their victors; and, we may add, to devastate Europe, instead of being left to civilize Africa and Asia. The Emperor tells us, that "the army of Egypt, on its arrival in Malta, in 1798, was 32,000 strong, it received there a reinforment of 2,000 men, but left a garrison of 4,000, and arrived at Alexandria 30,000 strong. It received 3,000 men from the wreck of the squadron of Aboukir, which increased it to 33,000 men, 24,000 returned to France, 1,000 had previously gone home wounded or blind, but a like number had arrived in La Justice, &c. The loss was therefore 9,000 men, of whom 4,000 died in 1798 and 1799, and 5,000 in 1800 and 1801, in the hospitals and in the field of battle." Napoleon makes the total English force to amount to 34,000 men, with 25,000 Turks; but adds, that "as they came into action only at intervals of several months, victory must have infallibly declared for the French, if Dessaix or Kleber had been at the head of the army, or indeed, any general but Menou."

It is curious to compare the astonishing rapidity of Napoleon's conquest of Egypt, with the spiritless and imbecile manners of Saint Louis in similar circumstances. St. Louis landed at Damietta on June 6, 1250, and entered the town on the same day, where he loitered until 6th of December; on that day he began his march up the right bank of the Nile, and arrived on 17th opposite Mansourah, where he loitered away two months more. On Feb. 1251, he passed the Nile and fought a battle, and was eventually defeated, and became an object of contempt and ridicule, although he was canonized by the Pope. Napoleon observes, that "if St. Louis, on the 8 June 1250, had manœurved as the French manœurved in 1798, he would have arrived at Mansourah on June 12, at Cairo on June 26, and he would have conquered Lower Egypt within a month after his arrival." Following this account, we have a very admirable reply or refutation by Napoleon to a letter, which Kleber wrote to the Directory to induce them to abandon the plan of colonizing Egypt. Considering how actively the guillotine was plied at that period, we are still astonished that any commanding officer should have ventured to send home a dispatch and returns so replete with falsehoods and absurdities. However, Kleber was not doomed to gratify his longing for his native land; he fell by the hand of a vul-

gar assassin, whose blow thus, in all human probability, altered the fate of mankind throughout Asia and Africa for ages. The contemptible description of the Turkish military may be gathered from the fact, that in one battle the French lost 100 men, whilst the Grand Vizier lost 15,000.

Succeeding to this interesting chapter upon Egypt, we have 75 pages upon the concordat of 1801, the abduction of the Pope, upon state prisons, and upon several other subjects, all of which is so highly important that we regret that the limits of our magazine will not allow us to enter upon the topics at any length. Respecting the indivisibility of the church Napoleon tells us, that the Pope had "consented to the suppression of "sixty diocessis which were almost "as old as Christianity, and con-"summated the sale of the property "of the clergy to the amount of "400 millions, (francs) without any "indemnity." In short, it appears that a vast number of the principles of the Pope and of the Vatican were any thing and every thing as interest suited. We must do Napoleon the justice to say, that his treatment of the captive Pope was munificent and generous in the extreme, and forms a bright reverse of the treatment himself experienced when in the power of his enemies. In these pages the Emperor satisfactorily relieves himself from much of the obloquy that has been cast upon him for his conduct throughout his disputes with the successor of St. Peter; and we have but to read pages 191 and 192, to see how equitable and merciful were his regulations upon imprisonment, when compared to those of the legitimate governments.

The next chapter is upon the Revolution of Saint Domingo, and of the expedition of the French to that island after the peace of Amiens. We are here told that the General of division, Toussaint Louverture, had treated the French republican authorities with great disrespect, and had intrigued with the English. In consequence of this, Toussaint was "abridged of half his train;" he was confined to the command of the blacks in the northern division of the island, whilst the southern division, consisting of men of colour, was confided to General Rigaud, the most ferocious hatred existing between the two classes of people. "A horrible civil war soon "broke out between these two par-"ties; the Directory seemed to look "on this contest *with pleasure*, "thinking the *rights* of the mother "country secured by its duration. "This war was raging at its utmost "height in the beginning of 1800." So much for humanity. But we are told, that "the first question 'which Napoleon had to consider, 'on coming to the head of affairs, 'was, whether it would be for the '*interest of the mother country to* '*foment and encourage this civil* "*war*, or to put an end to it." Napoleon certainly decides upon the latter alternative; but whether this decision was in deference to humanity, he himself answers, for he tells us, that he decided to put an end to their civil war, because a fallacious policy, calculated to keep up intestine war, was unworthy of the greatness and generosity of the nation; and that, if this civil war continued, the inhabitants would lose all industrious habits, and the colony be deprived of what little remained of its ancient prosperity. So completely is man a mere tool in the views of your politicians. Again, we are told, that "the triumph of "the blacks would have been signa-"lized by a total massacre and de-"struction of the men of colour:" what follows? any shrinking of the heart at the thoughts of such a scene?—no;—the *sequitar* is, "an "irreparable loss (of sugar and "taxes) to the mother country." Napoleon, however, disarmed the mulattoes, and appointed Toussaint commander in chief of Saint Domingo, who acknowledged the supremacy of the mother country, and "made his monthly report to the ministers of Marine;" but happy are we to say, that he did much more than "make his monthly report to the ministers of Marine," for he tranquillized the island, and in 1800 and 1801, commerce and industry resumed their reign.

But it was evident that Toussaint intended to throw off the yoke of France on the first favourable opportunity; and Napoleon, there-

fore, debated, whether he should allow Toussaint his supreme command of the island, upon the black farmers paying a rent to the former creole proprietors, and upon the island trading exclusively with France; or whether he should reconquer the island and restore the old frightful system of creole proprietorship of land slaves. The first project had been adopted, when news arrived that Toussaint had himself declared a constitution for the island, without condescending even to consult the mother country. From this moment Napoleon resolved to conquer St. Domingo. Now, we must be allowed to observe, that in these proceedings Toussaint had acted only upon those principles of free action, by which the French themselves had been governed in their revolutionary struggle; and we are at a loss to conceive, upon what principle the conduct of Toussaint could "create a sentiment of disgust in Napoleon," who had in Europe broken all the trammels of ancient proprietorship similar to those of the mother country, which Toussaint was now so justifiably resisting. Napoleon tells us, that "Toussaint had resolved to perish or to obtain an independence." Surely such a resolve ought to have inspired the first Consul of a republic with any sentiment than that of disgust. However the expedition against St. Domingo sailed under Le Clerc, whom the Emperor describes to have been "an officer of the first merit, equally skilful in the labours of the cabinet and in the manœuvers of the field of battle;" and it is known that, in less than three months, he subdued every opposition of the blacks, except the unconquerable spirit to be free, and the consequent determination to rise on their oppressors on the first opportunity. He disarmed the blacks, except 6,000 men commanded by equal numbers of black, white, and mulatto officers; and he endeavoured to conciliate the negroes by abolishing slavery and establishing equitable laws relative to labour. But Le Clerc violated Napoleon's principal instructions; he conceived an antipathy against the mulattos, he put his whole trust in the black officers, and although he had spirit enough to arrest, and to transport to France, Toussaint, whom he had detected in forming plans of insurrection. At length the yellow fever swept off Le Clerc and the greater part of his forces, and the black chiefs, taking advantage of the authority he had left in their hands, succeeded in overcoming the feeble remnant of his army. And very fortunate to humanity has been this result, for, instead of the island being under the wretched system of creole government designed for it, the blacks have by their better adaptation to the climate been able to make improvements, which far outstrip any thing that we have effected in the neighbouring colonies.

The next chapter relates to the election of Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden. It appears that this honour was destined for the Viceroy, but he refused to change his religion, and the choice fell upon Bernadotte. The public opinion, that Bernadotte's elevation had been contrary to the wishes of the Emperor, appears to be completely erroneous, for the Emperor states that his election was negociated with Count de Wrede, the Swedish Ambassador, and that he (Napoleon) bestowed a sum of money upon Bernadotte to enable him to make his *debut* in Sweden with *eclât*. Napoleon's opinion of Bernadotte's military talents is very humble, and it appears that he had often overlooked his indiscretions on account of his wife, who had been an object of the Emperor's early admiration.

The work concludes with the Emperor's observations upon the whole materiel and composition of an army, upon artillery, orders of battle, offensive and defensive war, and upon many of his greatest battles, with a comparison of his march over the Alps in 1800 with that of Hannibal in 218 A. C. Napoleon, amongst other faults which he finds with our military system, justly reprobates our recruiting solely for money, the cruelty of our discipline, and the sale of officers' commissions. We conceive his observations upon military details ought to be read by every professional person. He disapproves of the use of defensive armour, and gives reasons for preferring the bivouac to tents: of the

cossacks he says, "every thing about these troops are despicable, except the cossack himself, who is a man of fine person, powerful, adroit, subtle, a good horseman, and indefatigable;" of the mamlukes he says, "two Mamalukes kept "three Frenchmen at bay, but 100 French did not fear 100 Mamalukes, "300 were more than a match for "an equal number, and 1,000 would "beat 1,500, so powerful is the in-"fluence of tactics, order and evo-"lutions." He tells us that "the "howitzer is a very *useful* piece for "setting a village on fire;" the villagers, we imagine, would have a very different idea of utility in such a case. Napoleon attributes the loss of the battles of Trebbia and Cannæ to the Romans having had three lines of battle, and to Hannibal having had but one. Modern Generals, it appears, have much more arduous duties to perform than those of Greece and Rome had, and their fields of battle are more extensive, and their evolutions more complex, than those of the ancients.

We must confess that we have derived great satisfaction from the perusal of this volume; and, if it contains less of conversational discussion upon general subjects of curiosity than the other volumes from St. Helena, it makes ample amends by its more important matter upon subjects of history and

Journal of a Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, during the years 1819, 1820, *and* 1821, *illustrated by fifty Lithographic Prints.* By Marianne Colston, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 736. London, 1823.

Unless travels are devoted to points of history, to statistical inquiries, or to science or art, we would much rather that they should be written by ladies than by gentlemen. The fairer sex have a lighter buoyancy of spirits, they see every thing through a gayer medium, and their pencil sketches what they see with such a felicitous lightness, that the reader fancies the scene to be present; and, when he awakes to reality, it is only to wish that he had been the *compagnon de voyage* of the fair traveller, or that he might be able to follow the same track, and to see the same objects through the same medium, and to experience the same gladsome sensations.

These observations have been elicited from us by a perusal of Mrs. Colston's two volumes of travels, in which we have an immense variety of descriptions of all the important and interesting objects in the extensive line of her journey, so that the work is not only amusing, but it is of a nature to be highly useful to those, who, for pleasure or for business, may be destined to travel the same road. It is the practice, we believe, of most travellers, to make notes of whatever they may see on their travels; and after their return to compose their volumes from such data, assisted, perhaps, by the works of preceding travellers, and by other books of research. Hence most travels fail to interest the feelings; they bear the impress of facts, but except on great occasions, such, for instance, as the sight of the Alps, or the entrance into a great city, the relation of such facts are unaccompanied by any kindred sensations, and the volumes, therefore, fail to interest, and have an effect very little superior to that which we might experience on the perusal of an enlarged and copious gazetteer. It appears, however, that Mrs. Colston has written her various descriptions on the spot, and whilst the sensations which the objects excited were vivid in her mind, and hence her volumes acquire an interest, a sort of individuality which carries the reader through them with increased satisfaction, and impresses their contents on his mind with much accuracy and permanency.

Mrs. Colston left England at the worst season of the year for travelling, but at the very best for escaping the rudeness of our English character, and for exchanging the endless fog, the rain and snow of our latitude, for the mild temperature and blue skies of Southern climes. She left Southampton on the 2nd of November, 1819, and travelled to Paris *viâ* Havre de Grace and Rouen. From Paris she proceeds, through Fontainbleau, to Dijon, and over the Jura Mountains to

Geneva, and over Mount Cenis to Turin, Modena, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Padua, Venice, Verona, Mantua, Milan, Geneva, Lausanne, Berne and the other principal cities of Switzerland; from which country she returns to France, and travels through Marseilles, Toulon, Avignon, Montpellier, Bourdeaux, again south to Bayonne, thence to Paris by way of Orleans. It is obvious that a rout so very extensive, and including so many cities and objects of importance to every class of readers, cannot fail to make Mrs. Colston's Travels of general interest.

Descriptive Travels from France to Italy, and from Italy to Switzerland, and thence to France, are to be found in various volumes, but we know not that any one work of travels, published since the peace, combines the advantage of containing a full and detailed description of these three separate routs. Our fair traveller seems to have been stimulated by what many might be inclined to call female curiosity, but what our gallantry would designate by the better name of a thirst for knowledge. She appears to have been indefatigable in her researches, and she has given us descriptions of every object in her route which was worthy of the smallest notice, so that her volumes will be a great acquisition to future tourists, as well as a fund of information and of amusement to stay-at-home travellers. There is one species of information which these volumes, as well as every other Tour that has fallen within our knowledge, totally neglects. We mean the value of money at different places, information on which point would be extremely useful to the vast numbers who are obliged to resort to the continent, from motives that would induce them to direct their course to where moderate comforts could be acquired at the most moderate cost. From the very general neglect of this species of information observable in travels, we imagine that travellers must be a more wealthy class of individuals than critics, and mere literary gentlemen; but for our parts, dignified and important as we hold our functions, we cannot but acknowledge the necessity of attending to the "*res angusta domi*," and there is such a pleasure, or, perhaps, such a malevolence, in a community of misery, that we would fain flatter ourselves that the necessity of a similar attention to such low cares exists in other classes than our own, and that information of the expense of living in the different cities of the continent would be far from decreasing the value of any work of travels, whether in pompous quarto or in more humble eights.

We fully acknowledge the great utility as well as amusement that must be derived from Mrs. Colston's works, but a critic, like a schoolmaster, never conceives his dignity well maintained, unless he exhibits his acumen in detecting errors, and in reproving faults. We must, therefore, suggest that some passages of these volumes exhibit a masculine coarseness, and that they are not altogether free from vulgarisms, or always in a tone consistent with the elegance of feminine manners in the higher circles. We must observe also, that we disapprove of Mrs. Colston's propensity to contrast different religions. Living in Florence, she tells us, that the religion of the people (those who were courteous and kind to her included) "appears to Protestants more adapted to children than to persons of maturer age. I cannot help contrasting the dignifying, ennobling influence of our faith, with the puerilities of theirs." Now it is hardly candid or equitable in any comparison to balance the "*dignifying* and *ennobling*" parts of any thing against the "*puerilities*" of another; but we object to this throwing of stones against our neighbours, especially when we have no safeguard against the *lex talionis*, and no unerring standard to ascertain whether our own house be built on a rock or on a sand bank. It is surely both mischievous and contrary to the mild spirit of Christianity to be marshalling creeds in hostile array, or to be putting them at all in contact, and at a time when infidelity is making such rapid advances amongst those educated classes, which must eventually influence the rest of the community; it would be

prudent to arrest the torrent by uniting all denominations of Christians in one social and family compact, the maxim of which might be as to dogmas of faith, that "his can't be wrong whose life is in the right." Mrs. Colston is sadly disposed to a contrary tone of feeling, and we find her in page 68, vol. I., comparing the church service of the Catholics to a country dance, and in numerous other places sneering at them, ridiculing them, or at least speaking of them with disrespect. Our traveller is not always very clear in her ideas on subjects of art. For instance, speaking of the church of the Hospital des Invalides at Paris, she tells us that the architecture is "*grand* and *rich* in the highest degree," and a few lines after talks of the "*simple* grandeur" of the building. Now simplicity and grandeur, or grandeur and richness, in architecture are consistent, but we can form no idea of a building at once grand, *simple* and *rich*. But the lady tells us that this building is "grand and rich in the highest degree *notwithstanding* the mixture of orders contained in it, the first tier of columns being doric, the second corinthian, and the third composite." Now this multiplication of columns is a mere copy from the Romans, being a constituent of grandeur; the word "notwithstanding" in the above sentence, is to us unintelligible, and, moreover, the triple tier of columns and gilded roof of the building she is speaking of are in a most rich and florid style, and cannot form what she afterwards calls "the simple grandeur" of the building. We have a very fair description of Havre-de-Grace and of Rouen, but her descriptions of some of the cities in the North of Italy are not sufficiently detailed. Florence she describes fully, and her chapters on Rome and its vicinity will be found instructive and amusing, and we can pass the same praise on her pages, descriptive of Venice and Milan. With her descriptions of Switzerland we are satisfied, as far as they represent the towns and the appearance of the country, with the mode of travelling; but we feel rather vexed, occasionally, that she hurries on her journey with so much precipitancy that she has no opportunity of giving us any representation of the manners, habits, and customs of the different ranks of Swiss society, of the condition of the poorer classes, of their sentiments and opinions, and of the degree of information circulated amongst them by their rulers. But Mrs. Colston could not pass through Yverdun without mentioning M. Pestalozzi and his academy; and she gives a pretty intelligible account of the outline of M. Pestalozzi's great principles of communicating knowledge, and makes some comparison between his plan and that of M. Fellenberg; but she unfortunately terminates her pages on the subject, by expressing the vulgar apprehension that society may be injured by the diffusion of knowledge amongst the lower orders of mankind. It would be hardly fair in us to reprove a lady for an erroneous opinion on a subject so far removed from the range of female studies, but we must suggest to Mrs. Colston, that, without her entering into systems and theories, if she had only reflected a little upon history, or on the passing scene of life, she must have come to the conclusion, that knowledge and not ignorance is the bond of civil society, and that, in all barbarous or semi-barbarous states, revolutions and civil commotions of every description are of frequent occurrence, whilst in states where knowledge is extensively diffused amongst the people the order of society is seldom disturbed, or, if disturbed, it is soon restored, and the disturbance is unaccompanied by any excess of atrocity. The lower people of America were better informed than the lower orders of society in Europe; and, in their revolution against Great Britain, they preserved the general principles of property and of civil subordination to the newly constituted authorities. In France the revolution was most sanguinary, because the people had been purposely kept in a state of brutal ignorance by the priesthood. It seems to us little less than impiety to assert that God has made his creatures, so that society can be secure only by sacrificing one-half of mankind at the shrine of ignorance. A

century ago, statesmen would have thought the degree of knowledge, now possessed by the middle and lower orders, incompatible with the subordination of society; and yet we find society to be now more free from turbulence and danger than it was then. The knowledge that Mrs. Colston would now keep from persons below her would, a century ago, on the same principle, have been kept from the rank to which it is her lot to belong. Messrs. Pestalozzi, Bell, and Lancaster, are great benefactors of their fellow-creatures, and every intelligent and truly pious person must be anxious to extend the blessings of knowledge and education to the poor, with a view of moralizing them, and rescuing them from the animal vices which are the offspring of ignorance. We apprehend that our fair traveller on some subjects is not in the habit of thinking for herself, but takes her notions at second-hand from those who have gone before her in the journey of life; she is, therefore, a proof of the great benefit likely to accrue from M. Pestalozzi's system, the object of which is to teach the mind to think originally and profoundly, and not to make it merely a receptacle of *data* without the habit, and almost without the power of reflection.

Having stated our objections to what we think erroneous in these volumes, it is but justice that we should bear testimony to their merits, and allow Mrs. Colston her full meed of praise, for her diligence and judgment in collecting such a vast fund of information as the reader will find in her journal. The plan of her work renders it almost impossible to present any thing new upon many of its divisions; for instance, what can possibly be said upon the buildings of Rome, or upon the amusements of Paris that is not to be found in preceding travels? but the great utility of these volumes is that the reader may be confident to find, collected under every such name, all that can be useful for him to know on the subjects. Persons going to Paris, for instance, might save themselves the trouble of wading through the numerous descriptions given by travellers of that capital, as they would find the substance of all they could wish to learn, or that could be necessary to guide their search after amusement or knowledge in that city, collected within as small a compass in the present volumes as is consistent with accuracy. Some of the poetic effusions in these volumes are far from indifferent, but Mrs. Colston uses the word sonnet in the sense of a small poem, although custom has attached it solely to the poem of fourteen lines; but even her sonnets of fourteen lines are not legitimate in their versification. In the legitimate sonnet, the fifth line ought to rhyme with the first and fourth, and the sixth line ought to answer to the second and third; this arrangement of the first eight lines of the sonnet Mrs. Colston entirely neglects, and her division is into three quatrains, and a termination by a couplet, an arrangement monotonous, and in every respect inferior to the established distribution of the fourteen lines of the sonnet. The work is accompanied by a separate folio of fifty lithographic prints, of which the subjects comprise some remarkable fine views, and are in general well chosen and as well executed. We are great advocates for the intellectual employment of ladies, and we have great pleasure in assuring Mrs. Colston, that her Journal bears the stamp of higher merit than several of the Tours and Travels that have been given to the public by the other sex, since the continent was thrown open to English travellers.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AMERICA.

There is a plant in the Tenessy State, which, it is said, renders the flesh and milk of cows poisonous. All who drink of this milk soon feel the usual effects of poison, vomiting, fever, confused vision, &c. and die in six or seven days. Dogs and cats that eat of the flesh of those cows become very ill. The same also grows in the Ohio State, and produces the same effects.

The following novel and singular ferry-boat has been established at Troy, on the Hudson river, 166 miles from its mouth, the river being 900 feet broad. A boat is entirely covered by a platform or floor, on which is placed a massive horizontal wheel, occupying the whole breadth of the boat. This wheel, by a peculiar contrivance, is turned by the hoofs of two horses, and it communicates its action by means of teeth to two vertical wheels attached to the sides of the vessel, in a manner similar to those of a steam-boat.

It appears by the report made to the Director of Education, by Mr. Gideon Hawley, Superintendant of the Secondary Schools of the province of New York, that, in 1819, the forty-seven committees, managing 555 districts, had under their care 5,763 primary schools, on which the State of New York, out of the fund voted for public instruction, has bestowed 117,151 dollars, for the year 1819. These 5,763 schools educate 271,877 children. The total number of children from five to fifteen years of age in the 555 districts being 302,703.

There are at New York fifty churches of different sects, all living in a perfect state of harmony; of these churches seven are Catholics, five Reformed Churches, one German Reformed Calvinist, one German Lutheran, seven Presbyterians, one Reformed Presbyterian, three Associated Reformed Presbyterian, two Seceders, six Baptists, one Gallic Welch, one Ebenezer, seven Methodist, one Moravian, one of Universalists, one of St. Peter's, one Cathedral of St. Patrick, one ancient and one modern Assembly of Friends, one Synagogue, and one of African Baptists; in all fifty.

Some workmen at Lockport, near Niagara, have found in a small cavity of a rock, a toad, which, on being exposed to the air, gave signs of life although it died in a few minutes. The cavity was barely large enough to hold the body, and was at its nearest point at least six inches from the surface.

SOUTH AMERICA.

M. Gomez, assisted by some Chinese gardeners, cultivates the tea-plant in Brazil with great success.

The last gazettes from *Columbia* afford evidence, that the Republic is active in improving its laws and institutions, and the government appears zealous in promoting the education of the people. There are two Lancasterian Schools in the capital, which supply tutors for the provincial schools as they are successively established. The scholars are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of geography and of short-hand, with the rights and duties of citizenship. The last meetings have afforded proofs of the great improvements made in these seminaries, which are supported by the revenue of the suppressed monasteries. The zeal of the government in diffusing knowledge amongst the lower orders has been caught by many individuals; and society is making a rapid progress since the establishment of general liberty. According to an official report in 1822, in the preceding nine months, there had been sailing under the Republican flag, two corvettes, six brigs, twelve galcots, and two cutters; and these had increased in the succeeding months. The amelioration of the blacks has been equally an object of public solicitude. A Mr. Camilo Manrique has lately liberated nine of his slaves, and a Mr. Fernandez Soto treats all his slaves as free labourers, giving them regular wages. Such men as these deserve to be celebrated, and a society must rapidly advance where its elements are composed of such enlightened individuals.

At Rio de Janeiro the press is now free, and there are actually twelve gazettes already published.

Joseph Bonaparte has founded in the United States a city called *La Ville de Joseph*. There are already 3,000 inhabitants, mostly French.

ASIA.

Several of the merchants and storekeepers, of Calcutta, have, since 1820, lighted their premises by hydrogen gas.

In the sitting of 22nd April, 1822, the Asiatic Society of Calcutta received an application to print a grammar of the Pali language, an ancient dialect used in the Country of Boudha, and which is now known at Ceylon, and in India, beyond the Ganges, as the Latin is in Europe. Lieut. Low transmitted an Essay upon the Thai or Siamese language, containing several valuable affinities between that language and the Manderine language of China. In the sitting of the 29th August was read, an Essay of Major Harriot upon the Zingari or Gipseys, accompanied by a vocabulary, in which the language of that people is compared with the Hindi, the Persian, and the Sanscrit. This Essay contains several curious details relative to the tribes of these people scattered over Asia; the author is of opinion that they did not appear in Europe until about the year 1400.

Ceylon.—Extract of a letter dated the 25th August, 1822. "Mr. Rask, the celebrated Danish traveller, whose arrival in this country has been announced, having in his last voyage been shipwrecked upon thesouth side of this Island, repaired to Colombo, and employed the time, that he saw he should be obliged to pass there, in printing in Danish a short Dissertation upon the reading of Cingalese and Pati, a Dissertation that could be printed no where but at Colombo, it being the only city in which can be found the characters of the two languages. This work at the same time is to afford a specimen of the Indo-Latin orthography, which Mr. Rask has invented for the companion of the Indian languages, with those of Europe, and which has given such general satisfaction at Ceylon, that new types have already been founded, (Roman letters accented) and it is purposed to introduce in the schools this new method of writing, which is much more simple than that of the Cingalese language.

HAITI.

The latest newspapers (the Telegraph and the Propagator) arrived from Haiti contain the public speeches pronounced by the civil and military authorities, in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of their liberties. These discourses are well composed, and chiefly dwell upon recommending a union amongst the citizens, and the practice of the moral virtues, and of sentiments of gratitude towards the Deity. The ceremony was closed by singing the *Te deum*. At the CapeTown, Lancasterian Schools are forming, and there is a school of anatomy and surgery under the care of a Mr. Andrew Stewart. At Port-au-Prince there is an academy for teaching every branch of medicine, jurisprudence, and of literature, with astronomy, &c. This establishment is under the direction of Dr. Fournier Pescay, a learned physician, well known in France as one of the contributors to the Dictionary of the medical sciences.

RUSSIA.

M. Martinof, the able translator of several ancient and modern works, has just issued a prospectus of a prose translation of the following works:—The Illiad, the first canto to be accompanied by a literal translation; the tragedies of Sophocles; and the hymns of Callimachus, with philological remarks on the Fables of Æsop. M. Martinof is the first who has attempted to transfuse the beauties of the Greek classics into the Russian language, and his undertaking, even in this point of view, merits encouragement.

PRUSSIA.

According to the Literary Gazette of Jena, the current coin of Prussia is debased by one-quarter of alloy, whilst the standards of England, Portugal, and Italy admit of only one-twelfth of alloy; and the silver coin of France has only one-tenth. By official documents it appears, that in Prussia, since 1764, there have been coined seventy millions of crowns, and the total coinage in that period has been equal in value to 134 millions of crowns. A general system or equalization of coins for all Germany has been recommended, and it is calculated that the total circulation is 900 millions of florins; the whole might be recoined in three years, at an expense of seven and a half millions of Florins. By the means of the invention of Ulihorn, an ingenious peasant of Oldenburgh, the mint at Dusseldorf daily coins 24,000 drams of silver. Ulihorn invented his machine supposing that the principle must have been known in England; his invention has been adopted in the low countries.

Professor Wadreck died at Berlin on the 2d of March. He conceived the first design of his charitable institution during a severe winter, where he had found seventeen families in a miserable barn, and several others living in stables. Not being able to relieve the whole of them he took charge of the children, and in the first instance brought them up in private houses. Soon after

private contributions, and eventually the patronage of the King and Princes, enabled him to found a considerable establishment, and to extend his cares to 400 children.

SWEDEN.

Amongst the many evident proofs of a progressive improvement in the public institutions derived from the Prince whom Sweden has elected to her throne, we may cite the three following regulations. 1. That the people shall vote not by tribes but individually. 2. That the Universities shall be represented in the Diet by professors, who shall sit with the ecclesiastical order. 3. That the sittings of all the courts of law shall be public. M. de Landblad, Consul General, has just undertaken to publish a Swedish Plutarch, to contain the biography of the most eminent characters of Sweden.

DENMARK.

M. Thorvalsden, the celebrated sculptor and rival of Canova, during his recent stay at Copenhagen, had heard of an old friend, the father of seven young children, who had just been deprived of his liberty by distresses, which were far from the result of any disgraceful conduct on his part. M. Thorvalsden, not being possessed at that moment of any money, immediately made his friend a present of one of his finest works, being a marble group of a mother and her two children. The work is now in the hands of M. Stub, a merchant at Livournia, to be sold by order of the present proprietor. This unfortunate man is named Gunnerus, and is of the family of the celebrated Bishop of Drontheim, the author of several esteemed works upon Natural History, and President of the Academy of Sciences at Drontheim. We are glad to record this singular and noble act of an artist, of whose great professional merits we have often spoken in our Magazine.

GERMANY.

Hamburgh.—There is a useful institution in this city, which examines into the condition of women hiring themselves out as wet nurses. At the examinations in October, November, and December last, 118 nurses were examined; of these, some were rejected until generous living might restore the injuries they had sustained from labour and poverty; others were declared incapable *pro tempore* from disorders, and twenty were rejected for want of milk, or on account of diseases incompatable with the office of a nurse.

Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.—The proprietors of the practical and theoretical school of agriculture have just acquired a large farm, and they therefore now possess three estates worked by themselves; and, although contigious to each other, they differ much with respect to soil, aspect, and climate. Every modern improvement is practised, and the best machinery is used in this establishment, and the proprietors have erected a distillery from potatoes, with a brewhouse and works for making vinegar. The board of a pupil is 1000 francs, or 41*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* sterling per annum.

A patriotic old Hungarian, possessed of 100,000 florins, in 1806, offered a premium of 150 florins for the best essay upon the following question.—"How can an aged Hungarian, whose children are dead, and who has no near relations employ his money in the most useful manner to his country and his countrymen." There were sixty-seven essays sent to him from Germany and Hungary; the views of which were widely different. That of a priest of Earlsruhe perhaps was the best, he recommended that every year the interest of the capital should be given to the Hungarian, who in the preceding year had been adjudged the most deserving by the University, or by some other learned body.

There are now published annually, in Hungary, two poetical collections, the *Aurora* and the *Hebe;* the object of which is to disseminate the works of the poets. The latter work has already existed three years, and it frequently contains pretty engravings and pieces of musical composition.

Minden.—The bones of the celebrated Wittikind, a Saxon warrior who, for thirty years, defended the independence of Germany against Charlemagne, have since 1673 been preserved at Herford. They have been just conveyed to Enger, near Minden, and are now kept in the church.

M. Escher, of Basle, has computed that the quantity of water annually discharged into the Rhine near Basle, is 1,046,763,676 cubic toises, each containing 1000 cubic feet.

GREECE.

The learned ecclesiastic Theoclitus Pharmacides, who has long been resident at Vienna as Archimandrite of the Greek church, and who has conducted in that capital a Literary Journal, called the Greek Mercury, has just been nominated the President of the Council, which has been established at Euboea. This island has been organised by the Greek government, and made a separate province, under the management of a local government.

Greece is divided into four governments, each having a Council and a President. These governments united form a central government, subordinate to the supreme authority. The central government is composed of deputies from the four provincial governments, which have no legislative authority, but are divided into departments and sections, having particular magistrates. The central government is divided into a legislative and an executive body. These central bodies remove according to the exigencies of circumstances, and have not as yet any fixed seat of residence.

Greece is divided into Northern and Southern Greece, Peleponnesus and the Islands. Northern Greece comprehends Etolia, Acaruania, and the towns and districts of Misilongi, Anatolia, Opocoro, Gramati, and Suli.—Southern Greece contains Athens, Thebes, Livadia, and Negropont except its castle. The islands contain all those in the Archipelago, except Rhodes, Cyprus, Chios, Cos, Mitylene and Lemnos. The President of the central government is Prince Maurocordato.

PORTUGAL.

Public Instruction—Societies, &c.—This kingdom contains 873 elementary schools; there is taught in 266 of these schools the Latin language; in 21 Greek and rhetoric; in 27 philosophy and ethics. The University and preparatory college of Coimbra contain always from 12 to 1600 students, and the total number of scholars in these 873 schools, is about 30,000. There are besides several special establishments, such as the Commercial and Marine Academy at Porto, which in 1820 contained 315 students and that of Lisbon, which in 1821 contained an equal number. This last city has also the Royal College of Nobility; the Academy for the Arabian language; the School of Drawing and Civil Architecture; the Royal Academy of Sculpture and that of Engraving; the Institute of Music, and several others of minor importance. There is also the military school of mutual instruction, (Lancasterian) admitting the children of the citizens, and which contained in 1818 2518 scholars; the number of which has since increased. The Royal Academy of sciences at Lisbon publishes annually its proceedings, and which are not destitute of interest. Other societies have recently been established, and amongst others the Literary Patriotic Society, and the Society of Encouragement. The medium number of books published in Portugal from 1805 to 1819, was 94, but such have been the happy effects of the constitution, that, independent of newspapers, the publications have already been increased threefold.

NETHERLANDS.

Brussels.—M. Simon has begun a collection of 100 medals, containing the portraits of the illustrious characters of the low countries. He has already executed the King, the Queen, and the Princes, Rembrandt, Gretry, Rubens, Boerhave, André Vesal, Quintin Matsys, Lens, Vandyck; the Admirals Tromp and Heyn, Breugel, Balthazar Moretus, Lucas of Leyden, Ooeck, Erasmus, and the last Duke of Arenberg. The medals are executed in the most finished style, but unfortunately the inscriptions are extremely negligent, confounding the Latin and French languages, and one of them contains even a solecism.

The dean of the Flemish school of painting, Andrew Corneille Lens, died at Brussels on 30th March, 1822, in his 82nd year. He painted portraits and history, and his work entitled "The Costumes of the People of Antiquity, proved by their Monuments," evinces his research. He was a corresponding Member of the Institutes of France and Holland.

ITALY.

Poisonous qualities of the Berries of Melia-anzedarach.—The fruit of this elegant tree is noxious to some animals, whilst others eat it without injury, and even with delight. Its injurious effects upon man has long been known. M. Acerbi of Milan has proved its effects upon four cows. These animals, it is true, had eaten considerably, nearly five pounds. Three of them were quickly recovered, whilst the fourth required prompt and reiterated measures of relief.

The Obituary of Naples gives the following instances of Longevity during the year 1821. Seventeen persons above 100 years, amongst whom are V. Genarelli, 117 years; G. Finamora, 107; Elena Finizia, 114; Maddalene Maiona, 110; Anna Mariotti, 107; Giovanna Sterlitz, 106; and Nicolletta Delicato, 105.

Le Chevalier Rosa has sown with much success, some dry Chinese rice, at *Brescia* which he had received from Vienna. Of six grains, four produced fifty-eight ears, containing 2680 grains. An experiment in 1821 produced the same result.

In the high road, near Corneto, has been discovered a sepulchral vault, cut in the rock, and containing a dead body in a coffin, cut likewise in the rock,

and by the side of which were a casque, two very long spears, a sword, and two metal shields, decorated with bas-reliefs, well executed, but defaced. There were also several elegant brazen and earthenware vases, some of which were floridly ornamented. It has been supposed that this was the tomb of some warrior of the ancient city of Tarquinia, a city that has now ceased to exist for more than twenty-five centuries. These objects of antiquity have been carefully placed under the protection of the magistracy of Corneto.

The celebrated sculptor, Liborio Londini, has made an imitation in Palombo marble of Trajan's Column, with its 2,000 figures, its bridges, its edifices, and machines. This work which is only six palms high, has attracted the attention of connoisseurs.

There has been discovered in the vineyard of Ruffini, near the Via Nomentana, a Columbarium, in good preservation, with fine paintings and 200 inscriptions. A short time before, there had been discovered near the church of Saint Agnes a similar monument, which contained a number of bones half burnt, with thirty-seven inscriptions relative to the family of the Emperor Claudius Tiberius.

SWITZERLAND.

Committees in favour of the Greeks are established in every part of Switzerland, where an enthusiasm for the cause is at the highest. The following pamphlets have been published, the profits being destined to aid the Greek cause. "A liberal Appeal to the Inhabitants of Appenzel, beyond Rhoden, to come to the Succour of the Greeks," by M. Frei, 8vo. 16 pages. "Reasons which ought to Influence the Swiss more than any other people, to wish for a noble Freedom for the Greeks," by the Pastor Muller. Zurich, 8vo, 28 pages. "An Appeal in favour of carrying succours to the Greeks," an eloquent discourse, published at Arau, by the Pastor Schuler.

FRANCE.

Upper Pyrennees.—M. E. H. Tholland, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Tarbes, has published a small tract or essay, entitled "Means of Protection against Thunder and Hail, with Observations on Bearded Rye," &c. This physician maintains, that cords, of flax-straw, placed at a certain heighth above fields and vineyards, attract the electric fluid and prevent the formation of hail. In 1822, of eighteen parishes or communes which had every year been deluged with hail, only three were slightly injured by hail storms, and these were in the neighbourhood of grounds to which the cords of flax-straw had not been applied, and whilst moreover, twenty adjoining communes, which had not taken this precaution, lost the greatest part of the produce by the hail. M. Beltrami, a physician of Milan, intends to repeat the experiment.

Two years ago, Mr. John Dortie, one of the directors of the experimental farm of the Gironde, published a very interesting pamphlet upon the possibility of growing cotton in the Southern departments of France. The pamphlet made a considerable sensation, and the Prefect of the Lot-et-Garonne applied to the Minister of the Interior for a grant to purchase seed, and the money was distributed to several landed proprietors in the arrondisment of Nerac. The results of the experiments have been satisfactory, and some of the cotton produced has been very remarkable for the fineness and length of the fibres.

M. Georget, the eminent painter upon Porcelaine, died at Paris on the 26th of March last, aged about 60. Having studied in the school of M. David, he gave himself up to minature painting, discontinuing which, he and his wife entered at the Feydeau. He then quitted this theatre, and resumed miniature painting, but the celebrated artist Madame Jaquotot, having introduced him at Sevres, he continued there to his death. He had great freedom of execution and felicity of colouring, and he has left two works that will preserve his name from oblivion. Charles V. and Francis I. visiting the tombs at St. Denis, from the painting of M. Gros; and the dropsical woman of Gerard Dow. This last work is the most distinguished.

Subscription in favour of the Greeks.—The misfortunes of the Greeks have long excited the attention of every friend of religion, humanity, and freedom; but since the late events which have secured the emancipation of the Morea, the most unfortunate of the Greeks are those who, inhabiting the extremities of Greece, are exposed to be re-conquered by the Turks, and are liable to their utmost vengeance. There are many that have with the utmost difficulty escaped from the massacres of Scio and Asia-Minor, and are now exposed to want and misery in the towns, upon the coast of the Adriatic, on the western coast of Italy, and at Marseilles. Those who have taken refuge in France, might return to the asylum which the success of the Greeks

in the Morea would afford them, if they had the means of making the voyage and of supplying themselves with the necessaries of life. The Society of Christian Morals, desirous of affording these wretched persons the means of returning to their country, have appealed to their members and to all who feel an interest in the cause, and assure the public that subscriptions will be duly applied to this object; they have formed in Paris a committee of their own members, and of several respectable Greeks residing in the capital. M. André, the banker, has undertaken to receive the subscriptions, and to remit them to Marseilles and other points, and to secure, by means of his correspondents, their equitable and judicious distribution to the distressed Greeks. The members of the Committee are the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, President of the Society of Christian Morals, the Duke de Broglie, the Count de Lasteyrie, Count Alexander de Laborde, the Baron Delessert, Charles de Remusat, Alphonsus Mahul, A. Coray, M. Schinas, A. Vogoridi, M. Contzofski, Demetrius Photelas, M. André, banker, No. 9, *Rue Cadet*. Subscriptions are received at the above address, or at the Office of the Society, by M. Cassin, No. 12, *Rue Paranne*.

In the *Pays de Vaud*, there has been discovered two Mosaic pavements, one representing the head of Ceres.

The pastor Uelzerfort, at Hattingen, has presented to the Museum of Bonn, the head of an idol in black stone, found a few years ago on the banks of the Roer. The head is supposed to have been that of *Crodo;* it has an opening in the crown.

The French Press.—It is said that the English resident in Paris and other parts of France are to have a new English paper started for their accommodation. There is already an English Journal in Paris, which is well circulated, and the proprietors of which are reaping a good profit. It appears, therefore, that there is a fair opening for a second enterprise of this nature. A list of the French Newspapers published, with the amount of the number of copies printed, will shew that, notwithstanding the low price of Newspapers (a paper being sold for 2*d*. English) there is by no means the same extent of intellectual anxiety here as in England. The *Moniteur*, 3 to 4,000; *Debats*, 11,000; *Journal de Paris*, 8,000; *Courier Français*, 5,000; *Quotidienne*, 3,500; *Drapeau Blanc*, 3,500; *Journal du Commerce*, 4,000; *Gazette de France*, 2,200; *Pilote* and *Etoile* together, about 4,000; *Oriflamme*, 500; *Constitutionnel*, 17 to 18,000. These are all daily papers; no weekly news paper, or three day newspaper, is published in Paris.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE are in England ninety-seven canals, and five in Scotland and Ireland, exclusive of those not exceeding five miles in length. The total length of these canals is 2682½ miles; or 2471 in England, 149¾ in Scotland, and 69½ in Ireland. The expense of these has been thirty millions, and many of them have encreased in value from fifteen to twenty times their original cost. In these canals there are forty-eight tunnels, of which forty measure thirty-two miles. The first canal, which was cut in 1755, was the project of the Duke of Bridgewater and the celebrated engineer Brindle, who completed it in 1759, and thus solved the contest relative to the utility of canals.

The Glasgow frigate (on board of which the late Governor-General came to Europe) has brought to England, as presents from the Nabob of Oude to his Majesty, several articles of considerable value, being estimated at upwards of 200,000*l*. Among them are a sword set in diamonds, a belt, and sword knot; the latter composed of diamonds and other precious jewels of the most costly description, and suspended to it is an emerald of great value, it being considered the largest extant, and nearly the size of an egg. A bird of Paradise *alive*, has also been brought to England in this ship. A bull and cow, of a small white breed, which the Hindoos worship, have also arrived as a present to the Princesses.

It appears that the number of steam engines at the present in action in this country may be reckoned at 10,000; and one with another each may be estimated to be equal in power to 20 horses; that each horse will do the work of six men, and that consequently the acting powers of our steam engines are equal in effect to 200,000 horses, or 1,200,000 men.

In the Press, the Third Edition of Sir Astley Cooper's work on Dislocations and Fractures of the Joints. An

Appendix will contain a Refutation of almost every statement made in a late critical publication, on a subject treated of in the former editions of the above work.

A series of French Classics, in 18mo, is now in the course of publication, edited by M. Ventouillac, and handsomely printed in the original, with elegant engravings and vignettes by eminent artists: they are also accompanied with notes and the lives of the authors. Elizabeth, by Mad. Cottin, is already published, and is a very favourable specimen of typographical accuracy, and general execution.

A Society of South American gentlemen have, we understand, undertaken to publish every three months in London a work chiefly relating to their own country, called the *Biblioteca Americana*, and intended to diffuse knowledge respecting a Continent so little known in England, and also to excite a taste for reading among their own countrymen.

A singular work has just appeared, entitled "Sketches in Bedlam; or, Characteristic Traits of Insanity as displayed in the Cases of 140 Patients of both Sexes now or recently confined in New Bethlem." Drawn up from the incidents supplied by such an Institution, it can hardly fail to be useful, as it will make its merits more generally known, and remove prejudices in the minds of the uninformed on the subject. To the inquisitive mind, a faithful exhibition of the various modifications of mania (and "the correctness of the respective statements, we are told, is entitled to the most implicit belief") presents an interesting field of study.

Mr. Williams has in contemplation to publish, as soon as subscriptions for indemnity can be obtained, designs from a complete series of antique Friezes, commonly known as the Phigalian Marbles, comprehending the celebrated contest between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and the battle of the Greeks and Amazons; which formerly ornamented the cella of the Temple of Apollo Epicurius, at Phigalia, in Arcadia, Greece: taken from these marbles, now deposited in the British Museum; consisting of 23 tablets, the designs for which are made by various young artists of rising eminence of the British school; and are to be engraved in exact imitation of the original drawings, in the lithographic manner, by Mr. F. O. Finch.—The Temple was an object of universal admiration in the most splendid age of Grecian perfection, (that of Pericles,) for its architectural, as well as sculptural magnificence: these designs in the original are peculiarly spirited and diversified, and proclaim the very high degree of sculptural perfection then obtained among the first artists of that justly celebrated people.—The subject of each plate is intended to be illustrated on a separate leaf, facing the plate, by readings collected from the classic authors of antiquity, historians and poets, who have written upon the subjects, and from which the original artist is presumed to have obtained the idea for his design.

A gentleman, well know in the literary world, is at present occupied in preparing a History of Modern Italy. This work, offering a compressed version of M. de Sismondi's invaluable *Histoire des Republiques Italiennes*, and completed from Muratori and other original authorities, is nearly ready for publication in 8vo.

Early in August, will be published, Adratus, a Tragedy, with Amiabel or the Cornish Lover, a Metrical Tale, founded on fact, and other poems. By R. C. Dallas, Esq.

Preparing for the press, and shortly will be published, a New Way to Pay Old Debts. By John Scott, Esq. Dedicated to the gentlemen of Bartholomew-lane, and that neighbourhood. Edited by competent persons.

The Seventh Edition of Mr. Fairman's Account of the Public Funds, with considerable Additions, is in the press. The work has been completely re-modelled; the accounts of the different stocks revised, corrected, and brought down to the present time; and a variety of interesting and valuable information added, the whole calculated to furnish a complete Manuel of the Finances of Great Britain.

In a few days will be published, a volume, which has hitherto been confined to private circulation, by Mr. Alaric A. Watts, entitled, Poetical Sketches with Stanzas for music and other Poems.

In the press, a new and handsome edition of the works of the Rev. John Hurrions, viz. Sermons on Christ Crucified and Glorified, and on the Holy Spirit. Now first collected with a Life of the Author, in 3 vols. 12mo.

Also a New Edition of the Lime Street Lecture Sermon, beautifully printed in 1 vol. 8vo.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

CLASSICS.

Part I. of a new and beautiful edition, from the Glasgow University Press, of Damm's Greek Lexicon to Homer and Pindar, to be completed in eight monthly parts. 4to. 10s. 6d. and 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ELECTRICITY.

Description of an Electrical Telegraph, and of some other Electrical Apparatus: with eight Plates, engraved by Lowry. By Francis Ronalds, 8vo. 6s. boards.

FINE ARTS.

The Italian School of Design (containing 84 Plates); being a Series of Fac-similes of Original Drawings, by the most eminent Painters and Sculptors of Italy; with Biographical Notices of the Artists, and Observations on their Works. By Wm. Young Ottley, Esq. Complete in one volume, super royal folio, 12l. 12s.; in colombier folio, 18l. 18s., and proofs, 24 guineas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New Edition of the Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth. Among which are interspersed other Solemnities, Public Entertainments, and remarkable Events, during the Reign of that illustrious Princess. Collected from Original Manuscrips, scarce Pamphlets, Corporation Records, Parochial Registers, &c. &c. Illustrated with Historical Notes. By John Nichols, F.S.A. Lond. Edinb. and Perth, 3 vols. 4to. 9l. 9s. The Work is embellished with 41 Plates; and the Impression limited to 250 Copies.—The Progresses of King James are in the Press.

The Berwick New and Improved General Gazette, or Compendious Geographical Dictionary; containing a Description of the various Countries, Kingdoms, States, Cities, Towns, &c. &c. of the known World, brought down to the present time, accompanied with 26 elegant Maps, from the latest authorities, in 3 handsome volumes, 8vo. 2l. 2s., or in 16 Parts, 2s. 6d. each.

The Youthful Travellers; or, Letters chiefly descriptive of scenes visited by some young people during a Summer Excursion. Designed as examples of the epistolary style for Children, 18mo. half-bound, with Plates, 2s. 6d.

A New Edition of Nelson's History and Antiquities of Islington, in 4to. and 8vo. with Additional Matter, and 23 Copper Plate engravings.

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POLITICAL DIGEST.

The proceedings in both Houses of Parliament since our last number went to press are worthy of notice, rather for the free complexion of the debates than for any positive legislative enactments which those debates have led to. In the House of Lords, the most important subject that has been discussed was that of placing the Catholics of England upon an equality with those of Ireland. Lord King observed, that "the Church Establishment of Ireland insulted the people by its ascendency, and impoverished them by its extortion." In Ireland, his Lordship declared, that there was a proud and haughty aristocracy of religion, who would govern, not by the principles of peace, but by the sword; it was a profanation to give it the name of a church, it would profane that sacred and venerable name, by applying it to a pursuit, which in Ireland was a mere trade, a trade in which the idlest apprentice made the greatest fortune, and by the most scandalous and oppressive means. The venerable Bishop of Norwich, in an enlightened speech, supported the principle of concession to the Catholics, and the bill was further defended by the Marquis of Lansdown, by Lord Holland and others, and opposed by the Lord Chancellor, by Lord Redesdale, and by the Bishop of St. David's. Lord Liverpool did not oppose the bill, but voted for its postponement, and finally the house divided 73 to 80, the bill being lost by the small majority of 7.

Lord Grosvenor and other noblemen animadverted in very strong language upon the indecision of character, and the procrastination and delay in the conduct of the Lord Chancellor, who defended his proceedings at some length, but the arrears of Appeal Causes before the House of Lords from Scotland have accumulated to such an alarming degree, that the ministers have passed a bill, forming a Committee of Lords to decide such appeals. This Committee is to sit five days in the week, the attendance of the Lords is to be compulsory, under a penalty of 50*l.* and the Crown is to nominate a chairman or president of the Committee, other than the Lord Chancellor, such president, if a commoner, to have no vote, but solely to possess the privilege of giving his opinion.

The House of Lords have [illegible] unanimous vote, continued the Irish pension of the late Lord St. Vincent to his nephew and successor.

In the House of Commons, the subjects discussed have been by far more numerous and important. Lord Nugent brought before the House a bill for the relief of the Catholics of England. He proposed first, granting the Elective Franchise to Catholics. Second, allowing them to hold Commissions of the Peace; and thirdly, to repeal the test act *in toto*. Mr. Peel opposed these two last propositions, and they were finally abandoned by Lord Nugent, a bill being passed for granting the Elective Franchise to all Catholics in England.

The government having proposed the renewal of the Irish Insurrection Act, Sir Henry Parnell said, that the world would be astonished whenever it was made acquainted with the real state of Ireland, and the real administration of government in that country for the last thirty years. At present, the dispatches of the Lord Lieutenant evinced, that, out of the thirty-two counties there were twenty-two in what was called a state of disturbance, and which meant a state more demoralized than that of many barbarous hordes of savages. From 1796 to 1822, the Insurrection Act had been the only remedy applied to this evil, and the Insurrection Act had been in force for sixteen years; in that period, and from 1792 to 1822, the oppressive act, called the Arms Act, had been in force no less than twenty-six years. In forty-six years; twenty counties in Ireland had doubled their population, and the people born within that period had witnessed nothing but oppression, and had been bred to resist that oppression by violence, and to expect from government only the vindictive measures of Insurrection Acts and Arms bills, so that at this moment, the whole population of those counties have the most rooted abhorrence of their government. He concluded by moving for a Committee of twenty-one members to inquire into the extent and objects of the late disturbance in Ireland. Mr. Goulburn objected to the Committee because it would hold out hopes to Ireland which it would be impossible to gratify at this late period of the Session, and the proposal of a Committee was therefore lost, the division being 88 to 39. On the succeeding night

to this debate Mr. Hume moved for the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on the ground that such office was a mere focus of party passions and intrigues; the business of government being entirely performed by the Irish Secretary. He was supported by Mr. Ricardo, Sir Henry Parnell, Mr. Abercromby, and other members of high character, and opposed by Sir John Newport and by the government.

Mr Brougham presented a petition to the House from the Catholics of Ireland, complaining of the unequal administration of the laws in that country. Mr. Brougham instanced many cases of the perversion of the laws, which proved a system of perverting justice to the purposes of party, and referred to an observation of Lord Redesdale, "that there existed in that ill-fated country (Ireland) two sorts of law, one for the rich and another for the poor." Mr. Goulburn opposed the motion, on the grounds that the reception of the petition would be tantamount to the government's confessing the charges which the petitioners brought against the executive government in Ireland.

The House of Commons passed a bill, establishing the equitable principle of choosing juries in Scotland by ballot, but we regret to say, that the bill was lost in the House of Lords.

On the 1st of July Mr. Hume presented a petition to the House, signed by 2,047 persons, amongst whom 98 were ministers; the petitioners testified their thorough belief in Christianity, but reprobated the supporting of Christianity by persecution, or by penal laws of any sort, but argued upon the propriety of leaving all religious subjects open to the most free discussion. This petition was so ably drawn up, its language so elegant, and its reasoning so conclusive, that it excited an extraordinary sensation in the House. Mr. Hume supported the petition with much ability. He argued that the whole principle and spirit of Christianity were directly hostile to that system of persecution and of legal penalties for freedom of discussion to which the followers of Christianity always had resorted, and were still so willing to resort, with a view of maintaining what they conceived to be religious truth. He referred to Tillotson, Taylor, Lowth, Warburton, Lardner, Chillingworth, Watson, Locke, Newton, and other great divines and philosophers, who had given their decided reprobation of limiting the range of religious discussion, and of persecution on account of impugning the truth of Christianity. Mr. Ricardo followed on the same side, and gave a speech of great power of reasoning, in which he displayed great depth of knowledge, with the most luminous views of social and political justice. Mr. Peel made a short speech in opposition to the receiving of the petition, and Mr. Wilberforce argued for supporting revelation by the arm of the civil power; and at length Mr. Hume withdrew his resolutions, declining to press the House to a division, because the Session was too far advanced to allow of his bringing in any bill upon the subject.

Dr. Phillimore brought in a bill, relieving Catholics from the necessity of solemnizing their marriages by Protestant clergy.

A new bill was brought into the House, for regulating the administration of justice in New South Wales. One of its principal features was the entrusting of the governor of the province with the arbitrary power of selecting jurymen. Sir James Mackintosh opposed this clause with great zeal. He stated the colony to be in a most flourishing condition, that there were 7,556 persons who had either received the pardon of government, or who had expiated their offences by undergoing the sentence of the law. These 7,556 persons had 5,859 children, and possessed 29,000 acres of cultivated, and 212,000 acres of uncultivated land, with 3,600 houses, and a capital in trade of 150,000*l.* sterling. Sir James reprobated the exposing even these people, much more the numerous free settlers of the colony, to such an arbitrary law, as that of the governor's packing juries at his individual discretion; and the Secretary of State consented to modify the bill, applying its principles only to those in the colony, who were still under the sentence of the law.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 3rd of July, entered upon the financial state of the country. He stated that he had at the beginning of the Session announced that he should require 16,000,000*l.*, but that his estimate had been exceeded by about 300,000*l.*, and other unexpected expenses would increase the sum to 16,970,000*l.* There had been an increase in the receipt of Customs during the year of 139,000*l.*, but a decrease in the Excise of 896,000*l*, part of which had been occasioned by the repeal of Excise Duties. The revenue of the year fell short of that of

last year by 153,000, but that even with this deficit, the revenue of the present year would exceed the expenditure by 409,000*l.* The total of taxes reduced within the last two years was 6,935,000

His Majesty prorogued the House by Commission on the 19th (July) The speech delivered by the Commissioners is not of a nature to invite much of comment, or of animadversion. The King expresses his confidence that the provisions made during the session for the internal government of Ireland, will tend to remove some of the evils that have so long afflicted that part of the kingdom. The only provisions that have been made for this object are the oft repeated Insurrection Act, and the Tithe commutation Bill we trust that this last measure may tend to remove some of the evils alluded to in the speech. but with respect to the other measure, the Insurrection Act, it has been so often tried with no other effect than that of temporarily suppressing, but really increasing the spirit which it is meant to subdue that we must confess that we apprehend much of severity and suffering from its being carried into effect, but no permanent good whatever.

Considering the active spirit of intelligence which now pervades almost every class of the community, we must confess we are of opinion, that the last Session of Parliament has hardly been in tone with the liberality of the age, nor has it effected any change in any branch of our polity, commensurate with the knowledge now possessed by the country at large, relative to the principles of national institutions in general, or relative to the condition of the institutions of this country in particular. Our criminal code has been acknowledged by administration to be faulty in the extreme, and even a pledge had been given that during the late session a committee should have been granted to inquire into the subject; and yet the session has passed without any such result. With respect to our commercial policy, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade, with several other members of the cabinet, are decidedly disciples of the school of the economists; and yet nothing more has been even attempted, than a few partial and insignificant measures to liberate insulated branches of trade from restrictions. With respect to Ireland, the session commenced with great expectations of government's pursuing some decided measures in favour of that unhappy country; but, as we have before observed, the recurrence to the never failing resort of the Insurrection Act has, if we except the Tithe commutation Bill, been the only attention which ministers have paid to Ireland, although that island is now in a more disorganized state than she has been in since the rebellion of 1798. Our Court of Chancery is known to be in a state which amounts to an absolute denial of justice, except to the affluent, and even to the affluent is justice denied except at a ruinous expense, and with a procrastination equally disastrous; and yet the attempt, which has been made to institute an inquiry into that court, has been resisted on the part of government, and a similar resistance has been made to an attempt to establish a fair and equitable mode of empannelling juries If, from our domestic affairs, we cast our view to foreign politics, we must observe that the Sovereigns of Europe have commenced a war which we have denounced as iniquitous in its principle, impolitic in its object, and impracticable in its execution we have with great zeal and sincerity exerted ourselves to the utmost to prevent this war, and yet it has been commenced and persevered in, in spite of all our efforts, a lamentable proof of our possessing but little weight even in those courts the sovereigns of which owe their power to the profuse sacrifice of British blood and British treasure. The last Parliament may, therefore, be said to have effected nothing of positive good for the country; but we must not forget that the sound moral principles, the luminous views of honourable foreign policy, and the enlarged sentiments of freedom that have distinguished many of the speeches of the members, must have wrought a powerful, though not in all instances an immediately perceptible effect, even upon the most degenerate of our countrymen. It is the diffusion of such speeches throughout the kingdom, that gradually improves the moral sense of the country, and enables the people to reform their old institutions, and to establish the utmost possible degree of freedom, without the danger of anarchy and licentiousness. It is in this point of view that the speeches of a Ricardo, of a Mackintosh, or of a Russell, are invaluable to their country; and he who estimates their speeches merely by their effect upon motions before the House, can be but a superficial thinker, and very little acquainted with the nature of

FOREIGN.

The attention of Europe is so earnestly directed to the affairs of Spain, that all other objects of foreign policy appear to sink into insignificance. In our number for the last month, we noticed the occupation of the Spanish capital by the Duke d'Angouleme, and we expressed our anxiety to learn the moral effect which this occupation of the capital by the enemy would have upon the sentiments and passions of the Spanish people. If this event have not, like the capture of Madrid by Napoleon in 1808, roused the people to the enthusiasm of patriotic resistance, it is a consolation to reflect that it has not depressed their spirits by fear, or induced them even to think of bowing the neck to a despotism imposed by a foreign force. The Regency of Spanish nobles, established in Madrid by the Duke d'Angouleme, have formally received Ambassadors from the courts of Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburgh; they have been indefatigable in appealing to the early prejudices and ignorant predilections of the people, they have used the powerful engines of the press and of the priesthood to aid their purpose, and, finally, they have been enabled to buy over nobles and generals with French gold; and yet, although supported by the victorious army of the Duke d'Angouleme, that Regency has roused no popular feeling in their favour. We do not hear of the army of the Faith being increased in numbers, we hear of no royal regiments raised to fight the battles of Ferdinand, we do not hear of the defection of any of the patriotic corps, nor are we told of any districts or cities evincing any public feeling in favour of the "absolute King." On the other hand we regret to say, that the Constitutional government appear to have shewn but little energy in their administration of affairs, although, considering the justice of their principles, and the power of intellect they have evinced in supporting those principles, it is but fair to argue that their want of practical energy must have arisen from their destitution of pecuniary supplies, and from the distressing circumstances in which they have been placed. The French have been allowed to traverse, unmolested, from Madrid to Cadiz, passing without opposition through mountainous tracks, where a small force could have checked their progress, if not have compelled their surrender. They have occupied Seville, overrun all Andalusia, and have now blockaded Cadiz by sea and land. Such is the lamentable summary of the news of the last month, and, having recorded it, it only remains for us to descant upon the causes of these disasters, and to speculate upon their probable result. The rapid advance of the French from Madrid in the direction of Cadiz, and their audacity in attempting with so small a force this operation, which Napoleon had found it difficult to execute with five times the Duke d'Angouleme's strength, rendered it evident that there must have been a secret understanding between the Duke d'Angouleme and the Spanish officers. Morillo had the command of the patriotic forces in Gallicia, a province of the utmost consequence from the mountainous face of the country, from its position upon the flanks of the Duke d'Angouleme's army, and from its lying in the direction traversed by the French convoys and detachments. This officer had commanded the Royalist army in Columbia, where he had carried on the war against the patriots with unrelenting cruelty, and almost upon the principles of extermination. In this command he had shewn himself as impervious to the sacred flame of liberty, as he was to all feelings of justice and mercy. On his return to old Spain, he again distinguished himself by his degenerate adherence to the corruption and slavish principles of the old regime; and, in one instance, was nearly falling a sacrifice to popular indignation. But he swore fealty to the new Constitution, and, accepting the military command of Gallicia, took the usual oaths of office. In this command, however, he lost many fine opportunities of cutting off French detachments, and of intercepting supplies; and, on one occasion, of capturing a large sum of money that was on its way to Seville. These facts were known to the Constitutional government, and Quiroga, and others of Morillo's officers, repeatedly pointed out his suspicious conduct; and yet he was continued in his command, until at length he openly espoused the side of the invaders of his country. Surely the Bourbon government professing to found all their claims to sovereignty, and to guide all their conduct, upon the sanction of religion, ought not to achieve success by bribing men to betray their country and to violate their oaths. But

Morillo's treachery has enabled the French to advance to Cadiz; otherwise it argues nothing as to the result of the struggle, for no great revolution ever took place without producing numerous instances of such treason. The Pisistratidæ at Athens had their partisans; Brutus found his son a traitor to his country in favour of Tarquin; America had her Arnold, France had her Pichegru, her Dumourier, her Georges, and her Moreau; and England in both her revolutions of 1645 and 1668, had traitors to the cause of freedom. We must not, therefore, be surprized if Spain is often betrayed during the contest, nor must we argue from such treason that her cause is hopeless.

The French are now in a critical situation. In Catalonia, the balance of the war is against them. In Valencia they are still weaker, and their arms have not as yet penetrated into Mercia or Granada They possess no one fortified town between the Pyrenees and the straits of Gibraltar; and their blockading force at Cadiz is 110 leagues from Madrid, and 220 leagues from France, with mountainous provinces in their rear, and a population entirely hostile to them They are attempting moreover to blockade Cadiz by land, with one-fifth of the force that Napoleon found inadequate to that object; and they are endeavouring to blockade it by sea, with less than one tenth of the naval force which the late Earl St. Vincent and the most able of our officers have always found requisite for the purpose. The smallest reverse, or even a delay of expected success, will, therefore, be of most disastrous consequences; and if the Spaniards persevere and evince their ordinary spirit and patriotism, the French will infallibly be ruined, and we shall witness a proof, that "God giveth not the battle to the strong, but to the righteous."

The Turks are preparing for renewed efforts against the Greeks; but we trust that we have no reason to fear the issue of the contest. The Greek representatives, to the number of more than 60, have assembled in Congress, and their legislative and executive government are sufficiently well organized to give consistency and unity to their measures of defence.

The Sovereigns of the Congress at Verona have evinced their determination to persevere in their system of suppressing every symptom of liberty, even in countries, in the affairs of which they can have no possible right to interfere. They have peremptorily ordered the suppression of a free newspaper in the independent kingdom of Wirtemberg, and they have as peremptorily directed the Swiss to refuse an asylum to any refugees of other countries, as well as to suppress certain of their free publications If these potentates can thus interfere, and dictate in the internal concerns of one independent state; they can upon the same principle interfere in the concerns of all, and thus ability to resist, and not political justice, will be the only guide of their conduct. This system of aggression, like that of Napoleon's, may at length be carried to the point of rousing the people of all Europe to resistance; and it appears to us to be likely to be soon carried to that extent that will reduce Great Britain to the alternative of war, or of absolute dishonour and loss of political character and influence.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE, ITALIAN OPERA.

MADAME Ronzi de Begnis produced, for her benefit, a new Comic Opera by Rossini, under the title of *Matilde di Shabran e Corradino, ossia Il Trionfo della Beltà. (Matilde di Shabran and Corradino, or the Triumph of Beauty.)*

Matilde di Shabran..Mad. de Begnis.
Corradino Cuor di Ferro (the Iron-hearted).....Signor Garcia.
Isodoro, a Wandering Poet.....Sig. de Begnis.
Edourdo, Son of Raimondo.....Madame Vestris.
Raimondo Lopez....Signor Reina.
Aliprando, Physician and Confidant of Corradino..Signora Placci.
Ginardo, Gaoler....Signor Porto.
Contessa d'Arco....Sig. Carradori.
Egoldo, a Countryman.....Signor Righi.
Roderigo, Head of a Band of Soldiers..Sig. di Giovanni.

Corradino, a warlike Prince, has a strong aversion to the female sex. *Matilda* is determined to conquer his prejudices, and soften his iron heart. By her personal charms, aided by courage and perseverance, she succeeds, and the haughty soldier falls at her feet. But afterwards his suspicions of her sincerity and fidelity are excited, and he orders her, in a very unceremonious manner, to be drowned, directing *Isidoro* to be her executioner; he, however, secretes *Matilda*, at the same time telling *Corradino* that she is sacrificed to his vengeance. The latter soon discovers her innocence, and thereupon becoming frantic with renewed love and bitter remorse determines to partake her watery grave. Just as he is about to throw himself from a bridge into the stream she appears, when, instead of plunging into the water, he leaps into her arms, and the affair ends, or is supposed to end, as these things always should terminate. The period and the scene of action are neither of them mentioned or indicated.—The writing of the opera, by Sig. Giacomo Ferretti, is above the ordinary run of such productions, and the story, though sufficiently flimsy, is interesting, and amusingly told. The music is like that of all Rossini's preceding operas—it is plentifully pillaged from himself and others, and is more of an ingenious *cento* than an original production. But, although it wants originality, it is very spirited, and cleverly adapted to the business of the opera. The concerted pieces are the most finished, and extremely effective. We have seen few operas so well performed in every respect. Mad. de Begnis, by her acting, to say nothing of her skill and her delightful voice, keeps up a lively interest throughout; all the other parts are efficiently sustained. Mad. Vestris, in *Edoardo*, acted and sang delightfully: a plaintive air in the first act, *Ah, perche, perche, la morte*, was her happiest effort. Signor di Begnis' broad farce is a very perfect specimen of the *buffo* style of acting. The opera was well received throughout, and having been considerably and judiciously curtailed, promises to be popular. We are glad to be able to add, that Mad. de Begnis's benefit must have been very productive. The pit and gallery were remarkably full, and not more than five or six of the boxes were unoccupied at the end of the first act—a flattering but just tribute to the merits of the excellent performer, to whom the receipts of the evening were appropriated.

Nothing else worth remarking upon has taken place at this elegant place of amusement since our last publication; but we cannot close our short account this month, without adverting to the prevalent report, that Mr. Ebers will resign the management after the present season. Should this take place, we hope the management will not fall into the sole controul of a Committee; we are of opinion, that no establishment whatever, which is to depend for its support on pecuniary encouragement, can ever flourish unless under the immediate direction of a single individual to whom the profit or loss of the concern is of paramount importance. We would rather see it again under the management of Mr. Ebers, or some other competent individual, and that he would, imitating the spirited and liberal conduct of Mr Elliston, engage the best performers and beautify the interior: he would then be certain of that encouragement and remuneration, which must always be the reward of great and judicious exertions in a country so full of opulence and refined taste as England. We fear that Mr. Ebers has been too much cramped in his exertions, this season, by circumstances over which he had not sufficient controul. In poor or despotic countries it may be proper to make the Italian Opera a government or aristocratical concern; in a free country endued with good taste and blessed with opulence, these speculations should always be more or less under the controul of one individual, whose good sense would teach him that his own interest and that of the Proprietors and the public are *one* and *indivisible*; this conviction would secure success.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

This elegant and highly improved theatre closed a most successful season on the 30th ult.; and we never had a more gratifying task to perform, than that of recording the manly and liberal address spoken on that occasion by Mr. Terry, on behalf of the lessee, Mr. Elliston; whose talents as a manager, great and splendid as the last season has proved them to be, are fully equalled by the liberality of sentiment and just feeling exhibited in the following address. We sincerely hope, that he may meet in Covent-garden theatre a rival

fully equal to his powers, and that the race for popular favour may be so well contested, that, when we have again the opportunity of reviewing their renewed exertions, we may be compelled to withhold the palm of victory from both, deciding the race to be, in the language of sportsmen, a dead heat. The following, which must ever remain an honourable testimony to Mr Elliston, is a copy of the address we allude to —

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"Although the manager availed himself of the opportunity on his own night to offer a general acknowledgment of the kindness and liberality with which he has this season been supported, he deemed it necessary that a more official farewell should be given to the public upon the closing evening of a season so eminently successful.

"For this reason, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been deputed to repeat, in the most respectful and the most earnest manner, the high sense of gratitude which he entertains for the patronage he has experienced, and to reassure you that his vigilance shall not sleep, nor his labours relax to make the ensuing season equally, if not more deserving of your favour.

"Convinced as he is, and as he then took the liberty of expressing himself, that the actor's art is never so truly advanced as by the combination of various talents, and that the brightest genius that adorns the stage shines only the brighter when reflecting the lights of surrounding excellence, he is determined that every thing like talent he can possibly assemble together, neither pains nor expense shall be spared to collect. Wherever established merit can be found and obtained, it shall be sought and secured; and every possible encouragement shall be given to ripen all such as give the slightest promise of future excellence.

"He also bids me assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that, with a fair, and open, and honourable rivalry, the splendid and liberal exertion of the sister theatre shall be only regarded by him as perpetual stimulants to do more and more to deserve and win your favour; for, where a race for the meed of public approbation is to be run, he feels that nothing is more cheering, more animating, and gratifying, than to have, (as he has) a generous competitor to run against.

"These are the sentiments by which he is impressed, and by which he pledges himself to shape his conduct to the public; and I have now nothing more to add, Ladies and Gentlemen, than the sincere and heartfelt gratitude of all the performers for your kindness, and humbly and respectfully to offer you my own, and, till the first of October, to bid you all farewell."

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

On the 30th ult., being the last night of performance for the season, the following address was delivered by Mr. Fawcett, and we have great pleasure in presenting it to our readers, as it gives a clear and unequivocal pledge of the great improvements to be effected in the interior of the house during the recess; we most sincerely wish that these improvements will prove as beneficial to the proprietors as they are likely to be attractive to the public; in fact, the one proposition implies the other.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"This being the last night of the season, I appear to pay that tribute of respect which custom has made to me a pleasing duty.

"The proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, return their thanks to the public, I will not say for a most prosperous season, but for one very far from disastrous, considering the difficulties with which they have had to contend These difficulties have arisen from circumstances, not under their controul, the proprietors trust that their patrons will allow them full credit for the exertions which they have made to overcome them.

"The recess will be employed in procuring novelties for the ensuing season, as well as embellishing the interior of the theatre, and making such alterations as shall be thought conducive to the general comfort and accomdation of the public.

"To the thanks of the proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, the performers beg to add their's, and with the superaddition of the grateful acknowledgements of your humble servant, until the first of October, we most respectfully bid you farewell."

The present season has certainly proved an arduous contest for the proprietors of this theatre, and we are happy to

find by the above address that, although they may have left the field with some loss, they are not dispirited, and are determined to make adequate preparation for the next campaign. We hope they will not forget the old adage, *fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Let them not only embellish the interior, and provide new materiel, but concentrate all the talent they can procure, and call it into action as much as possible. Let no petty jealousies among performers be allowed to obstruct the general prosperity; and we hope that Mr. Charles Kemble will not suffer his urbanity of manners and desire of conciliation, (which he may be anxious to exercise as a proprietor,) to neutralize the exertion of his more important duties as a manager, which can never be properly fulfilled if he suffers his authority to be relaxed and his theatrical throne divided.—The STARS of this theatre are now running their eccentric courses in various directions, with the exception of Mr. C Kemble, who alone is enjoying that for which all good men labour, the *otium cum dignitate.* Mr. Macready has been playing at Birmingham; (his native place, we believe.) Miss M Tree is delightfully warbling, in the Emerald Isle, to the fair daughters of Erin. Miss Paton and Miss Chester are gathering fresh laurels at the Hay-market; and that only living favourite of Melpomene, Miss F H. Kelly, has been playing with great success at Liverpool, and is now on her way to Scotland on a theatrical tour: *à-propos* of this lady; a contemporary critic says, that "she has the misfortune to be troubled with a number of officious friends, who insinuate that her great talents are kept back from envy; that the managers have treated her shamefully; and that those who have done every thing for her in the way of tuition, have deserted and decried her powers." We have no hesitation in saying, that we believe this statement to be substantially, if not literally correct. Her great talents have been kept back; the managers have not treated her well; and the tutor, who appears to be the god of this critic's idolatry, did desert her on a very trying occasion. If we are called upon to prove these assertions, we will do it most fully, for we never advance any thing without having sufficient proof; in the interim it will be sufficient perhaps to hint at a few circumstances. "That her great talents have been kept back," is sufficiently proved by her never being allowed to act any character but *Juliet* previous to her benefit, although it is well known she constantly requested it. The desertion of those who tutored her is proved by the insult cast upon her when she went to the rehearsal of *Julian;* those, who tutored her, should on that occasion have protected her, for they were in possession of despotic power, and made use of it, (as despots too often do,) to disgrace a favourite and place an unworthy rival in her place. We will leave this subject for the present; if we read any more aspersions on Miss Kelly's friends, we will introduce our readers into a gallery of *theatrical curiosities;* one of which, by way of *bon boucke*, we will treat our readers with to shew what officious friends the tutors of Miss Kelly have; surely her friends cannot be either so officious or so stupidly fulsome? The following passage is extracted from a late Birmingham publication, whether it was inserted with or without authority we leave to those who are learned in the knowledge of internal evidence to determine.

"*Virginius* conducts his child to the forum Here again the actor (Macready) surpasses himself; *Kemble as Coriolanus, Kean as Richard; the grandeur of the one and the passion of the other are blended to form one perfect whole; to establish one* PURE SPECIMEN OF THE TRAGIC ART! After this, let us not hear of officious friends. Have our readers heard of the dedication prefixed to *Julian*, of which, it is reported, the reputed author is heartily ashamed?"

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

We have visited this delightful little Theatre several times during the past month, and the prophecy we made in our last number we find completely verified. We foretold that this Theatre would prove a very attractive place of amusement this season. The house is nightly crammed every night, and the proprietor is greatly indebted to Mr. Kenny's new comedy, or rather comic opera, for brilliant and numerous audiences. Mr. Kenny's new comedy is called *Sweethearts and Wives*, and fully maintains the high reputation of that gentleman; for although it is not remarkable for original character, it abounds in variety and interest, and the *denouement* is happily developed.

The play is in three acts, and the following is a list of the characters and a sketch of the plot:—

Admiral Franklyn..Mr. Terry
Charles .....Mr. Vining
Sandford .....Mr. Davis
Billy Lackaday ...Mr. Liston
Curtis .....Mr. Williams
Eugenia .....Miss Chester
Laura .....Madame Vestris
Mrs. Bell .....Mrs. C. Jones
Susan.....Miss Love.

Admiral Franklyn has determined on marrying his son *Charles* to his niece *Laura;* the latter, however, on his travels, has become enamoured of *Eugenia*, the daughter of *Mr. Melbourne*, an early friend of the *Admiral*, but with whom, in the impetuosity of his youth, he had quarrelled. *Laura*, on her part, has also proved unfaithful, and yielded her heart to the addresses of *Sandford*. *Charles* with his wife lands at Southampton; the *Admiral*, who is an invalid, is lodging there at an hotel, during the completion of a villa which he is building. There *Eugenia* is introduced as a chambermaid, and as the landlady's niece, and in this character steals on the *Admiral's* affections. He is still resolute, however, for marrying the two cousins, who on their part are in the greatest fear of making each other miserable. A scene of explanation ensues between them, which ends to their mutual satisfaction, and they part in such tokens of joy at discovering their mutual release, as to leave an equivocal impression on the minds of *Sandford* and *Eugenia*, and set them in a ferment of jealousy. The meeting of *Charles* and his wife is at length detected by the *Admiral*, who insists on *Mrs. Bell* sending away her niece, and securing the repose of his family. A critical scene follows between *Eugenia* and the *Admiral*, during which his feelings are strongly wrought upon. A disclosure of the truth is then made—the truants are forgiven—and all parties mutually reconciled. There is a comic Episode, depicting the loves and sorrows of *Billy Lack-a-day*, a sentimental waiter and a young Foundling, who is perplexed between his two sweet-hearts, and discovers a father he has been long yearning to find in an old servant of *Sandford*.

The performers in general acquit themselves with great credit, and receive deserved applause, but of all the personages included in this sketch, the most ludicrous is *Billy Lack-a-day*, whose utterance of plaintive sentiments in cockney English keeps up the laugh whenever he appears. Liston's power of countenance is well known, and perhaps it never was more successfully exerted. Terry, in the old *Admiral*, is truly excellent also; and though not equal in comic power to Liston, he sustains his character with great ability. Vining, in the character of *Charles*, supports his rising reputation, and we think he will prove a great acquisition to the London Theatres in genteel comedy. Madame Vestris, we were happy to see in a character suited to her sex, and our distant readers will be, perhaps, surprised to hear that she now appears in *petticoats;* this is almost a novelty. This charming actress, who, for acting and singing conjoined, has no competitor, except at the Italian opera, has been too often degraded by being obliged to act in male attire, as disgusting to true taste as it is derogatory to her high talents. In *Sweethearts and Wives* she appears in a female character, and displays her elegance in dress, her personal attractions, her vocal powers, and her arch vivacious acting, so as to *make new conquests and confirm the old.* Although we have not room to mention all the performers in this play, (for they all supported their characters with success) we cannot omit to mention Miss Chester, for we have praised her repeatedly, and feel a conscientious pleasure in finding that she confirms our approbation by repeatedly deserving it. We know not which to admire most, her acting or her person, our heart inclines to the one and our head to the other; fascinating and beautiful as her person is, her acting is, if possible, more attractive; for she is certainly the most charming actress of the day in sprightly and vivacious comedy. The musick is very creditable to the united talents of Messrs. Whitaker, Nathan, T. Cooke, and Perry. All the lovers of genteel comedy, of excellent acting, and of good musick would do well to pay their earliest *devoirs* to *Sweethearts and Wives.*

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This theatre, after having been considerably beautified and improved, opened for the summer season on the 2nd inst. Gas lamps round the boxes have been substituted for elegant cut-glass chandeliers; the columns have

been re-gilt in burnished gold; the seats, both in the pit and boxes, have been cushioned; the upper and lower circles have been covered with a rich scroll ornament in burnished gold, and the first circle of boxes is hung with a rich green velvet and gold drapery, forming a canopy over the dress boxes: perhaps the drapery over the dress circle is too formal, and is the least elegant of the numerous improvements. A new ionic portico is constructing for the front in the Strand; and the saloon is fitted up in a very unique manner with trellis work of wood resembling a labyrinth. We are pleased to see that these alterations are much approved by the public.

As it is impossible for us to allot sufficient space to contain an account of all that has passed at this theatre since its opening, we must confine our attention to some of the most prominent features, particularly the new performers whom the taste and liberality of the proprietors have introduced to a London audience.

Miss Louisa Dance has made her *debut* on these boards, in the character of *Susanna*, in the *Marriage of Figaro*. This young lady possesses no inconsiderable powers of voice and science, and a grace of deportment and intelligence of manner which might recommend inferior capabilities to favourable notice. The compass of her voice is not surprising, but it has been well cultivated, and its tones are uniformly mellow and pleasing. Miss Amelia Kelly, who has been performing at the Southampton theatre, appeared for the first time in London in the character of *Virginia*, in the musical piece of *Paul and Virginia*. Miss A. Kelly's person is prepossessing, and her manner graceful and unassuming. Her voice, though not powerful, is not deficient in sweetness.

Mr. W. Chapman, from the Brighton theatre, is a great acquisition to this company. We saw his performance of *Crack*, in the *Turnpike Gate*, with very great pleasure. He possesses considerable comic powers both as an actor and a singer, and though his imitation of that great comic model, Munden, is sufficiently obvious, it is executed with a spirit which must rescue it from the charge of servility. He sang *The Mail Coach* with great humour. Mr. Rayner is also a new performer at this theatre, and evinces very great talents. This gentleman, who played for some nights at Drury-lane during the last season, acquitted himself in a very creditable manner, and evinced talent which, if properly cultivated, is likely to prove an acquisition to the theatre. He is evidently in possession of a rich fund of comic humour, and, if he trusts to the power of his own genius, will undoubtedly do well in the profession he has chosen.—We are happy to see Mr. Wallack again before a London audience; and are glad to find that he has wholly recovered from the accident he met with in America.—We think him without comparison the best melo-dramatic actor on the stage; he is therefore highly attractive at this theatre.

But now we come to our most pleasing duty, and *though last not least*, we mean the inimitable Miss Kelly. This admirable actress has been so long well known that we need only say, that she is returned to us in undiminished excellence. Whenever she acts, she is the life and soul of the evening, and we could pity the head and heart of any one, who could ever tire of her performances, though they were repeated every evening.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Edward Ollerenshaw, of Manchester, Hat-manufacturer; for a method of dressing and furnishing hats, by means of certain machinery and implements to be used and applied thereto. Dated May 27, 1823.

Thomas Peel, of Manchester, Esq.; for a rotary engine, for the purpose of communicating motion by means of steam or other gaseous media. Dated May 27, 1823.

Stephen Wilson, of Streatham, Surrey, Esq.; for certain improvements in machinery for weaving and winding, communicated to him by certain foreigners residing abroad. Dated May 31, 1823.

John Mills, of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex, and Silver-street, London, and Harman William Fairman, of Silver-street, London, merchants; for certain improvements in rendering leather, linen, flax, sail-cloth, and certain other articles water-proof. Communicated to them by a certain foreigner residing abroad. Dated May 31, 1823.

Richard Badnall, of Leek, Staffordshire, Silk-manufacturer; for certain improvements in dyeing. Dated June 3, 1823.

Thomas Atterwood, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Banker; for certain improvements in the making certain of cylinders for the printing of cotton, calicos, and other articles. Communicated to him by a person residing abroad. Dated June 3, 1823.

Thomas Mills, of Dudbridge, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, Cloth-dresser; for certain improvements on machines for shearing or cropping woollen cloths. Communicated to him by certain foreigners residing abroad. Dated June 3, 1823.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

Lady Gore Ouseley, in Bruton-street
Lady of Major-General Sir Herbert Taylor
Lady Montreson, at Torry-hill, Kent
Countess Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire
Lady of Sir James Montgomery, M.P. Edinburgh
Lady F. Leveson Gower, of twins, in Albemarle street
Lady of Lieutenant-Col. Bourchier, in Wimpole street
Lady of Captain Cunliffe Owen, at Lausane
Lady of W. Filder, esq. Deputy Commissary to the Forces
Lady of Sir S. Stuart, bart. at Farnham Dorset.

DAUGHTERS.

Lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir T. Noel Hill, in Cumberland-street
Lady of Thomas Parcs, jun. esq. M.P. at Hackney
Lady of the Hon. Edward Cust, M.P.
Lady of Lieutenant-Col. Monier Williams, at Brighton
Lady of Lieutenant Adwell Taylor, of the 38th Foot
Lady of Captain Charles Rowley, of the 58th Foot
Lady of W. W. Beecher, esq. M.P. at Ballygiblin
Lady Harriet Hoste, at Hamble House, Hants
Lady of Sir Thomas Farquhar, at Rochampton
Lady of Major George Gun Munro, at Poyntzfield-house, North Britain
Lady of the Rev. Thomas Gerrard Andrews
Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Forsteen, of 12th Regiment
Lady Mary Stanley, at Geneva.

MARRIAGES.

Booth, Captain, of the 15th King's Hussars, to
Webb, Miss Elizabeth M. of Ham Common
Burton, Captain James Ryder, son of the late Bishop of Killala, to
Roche, Hon. Mrs. sister to the present Lord Dunsany
Bailey, J. A. esq. of the 69th Foot, to
Sanford, Miss Anne, of Nutfield
Conder, Joseph, esq. of the Pipe Office, Somerset-place, to
Panton, Miss Emily, daughter, of J. P. Panton, of the same Office
Chilton, George, esq. of the Inner Temple, to
Poore, Miss, eldest sister of Sir Edward Poore, bart.
Collins, Charles, esq. of St. John's College, Cambridge, to
Creaghe, Miss Anna Matilda, cousin to the Earl of Rosse
Delacour, Charles, esq. of Burton Crescent, to
Nicholas, Miss Caroline Cecilia, daughter of Dr. Nicholas, of Ealing
Fitzgerald, J. D. esq. Deputy Assistant Commissary General to the Forces, to
Fuller, Miss Mary Ann, daughter of the late R. Fuller, esq of York-street
Graham, Lieut. Joseph, of the Bengal Establishment, to
Higgin, Miss Sarah, of London-field
Hill, George Gosset, esq. of Gower-street, to
Anderson, Miss Isabella, of Gladswood
Holroyd, Thomas, esq. fourth son of Mr. Justice Holroyd, to
Morgan, Miss Sarah, of Gower-street
Jarrett, John, esq. of Marelands, Hants, to
Waller, Miss A. E. daughter of Sir Wathan Waller
Kennedy, Captain W. Assistant Military Auditor General at Calcutta, to
Blair, Miss C. second daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Blair
Lindsay, Capt. G. T. of the 78th foot, to
Bull, Miss H. A. daughter of Lieut.-Col. Bull, of the Horse Artillery
Lempriere, Rev. Dr. Rector of Meath and Newton Petrock, to
Collingwood, Miss Anne, cousin to Lord Collingwood
Lascelles, Hon. W. H. second son of the Earl of Harewood, to
Thynne, Lady Louisa, daughter of the Marq. of Bath
Macdonald, Alexander W. R. nephew of Lord Macdonald, to
Bayard, Miss daughter, of the late Col. Bayard
Montgomerie, Thomas Molyneux, esq. of Garboldisham, Norfolk, to
Roberts, Miss Marianne, late of Lower Grosvenor-street
Michel, Rev. R. Bracken, fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, to
Campbell, Miss H. H of Bedford-square
Morrison, Captain J. H. of the Royal Navy, to
Smith, Miss Louisa Adams, of Upper Berkeley-street
Mackinnon, Colonel, at St. George's, Hanover-square, to
Dent, Miss A. J. eldest daughter of John Dent, esq. M P.
Nisbet, Josiah, esq. of the Madras Civil Service, to
Marjoribanks, Miss R. second daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks, bart.
Prince, John, esq. of Cheltenham, to
Millington, Miss Mary Ann, of Guilford-street
Pedder, John Lewis esq. of the Middle Temple, to
Everitt, Miss, only daughter of the late Col. Everitt
Parlby, Major Brook Bridges, of the Madras Army, to
Plumb, Miss Maria, at Speldhurst, Kent
Price, Robert, esq. M.P. for the county of Hereford, to
Price, Miss M. A. E. daughter of the late Prebendary of Durham
Ritchie, Thomas, esq. Member for the county of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, to
Best, Miss Elizabeth, second daughter of the late G. Best, of Perthshore
Richards, Goddard Hewitson, esq. of Grange, Wexford, to
Moore, Miss D. A. neice to Lord Brandon
Shaw, James, esq. of the Bengal Establishment, at Calcutta, to
Andrews, Miss Marian, late of Richmond
Stock, George Edward, esq. of Poplar, to
Innes, Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Innes
Wood, Col. W. Churston Ferrers, Devonshire, to
Dix, Miss, only daughter of Capt. Dix, of the Navy
Waterhouse, Lieut. G. B. of the Royal Navy, to
Willis, Miss Sarah, of Mecklenburgh-square

DEATHS.

Arbouin, Mrs. Brunswick-square—Austen, Mrs. Mary, Government House, Gosport—Adams, Mrs. East Grinstead—Anderson, Mrs. Mary, Fenchurch-street—Askew, Mrs. Pallinsburn, Northumberland.

Bowen, Admiral, Shrewsbury—Brown, Mrs. Eliza, Hastings, 48—Briscoe, Robert, esq. Laytonstone, 64—Bayley, Mrs. Susanna, Brompton, Middlesex, 26—Blossett, Serjeant, Bengal—Brewer, Charles, Kent-road, 60—Boyce, William, esq. Hammersmith, 60—Barry, Mr. Henry, purser of the London East Indiaman, 25—Bayley, Mrs. Frances Charlotte, Bryanstone square, 21—Boughey, Sir J. F. bart. M.P. for the county of Stafford, 38—Brooke, Henry G. Clifton, 24—Bent, Mr. Paternoster-row, 76—Beatty, Lieut.-Col. J. W. Windsor—Butler, Rev. Weeden, sen. Greenhill, near Harrow, 81—Bernal, Mrs. Ann Elizabeth, Bryanstone-square—Bowen, Admiral George, Shrewsbury—Bell, Mr. Matthew, Greenwich, 85—Bidwell, Shelford, esq. Thetford, 70—Brownlow, Lady Mary, Armagh.

Crosby, Mr. Gosberton—Clary, Mr. Nicholas, Paris—Critchett, Mrs. Sarah, Charlton Kings, Gloucestershire—Cutbush, T. H. esq. Ordnance Office—Carter, Mr. Howard, Union-street, Hill-street, 77.

Day, Stephen, esq. Kensington, 90—Duncer, Mrs. Kentish Town—Dent, William, esq. Hallaton, Leicester, 56—Deey, Nathaniel, esq. Bahia, South America—De Dunstanville, Mrs. Frances Susannah, Twickenham.

Freer, Rev. R. Cumberland-street, Shoreditch, 65—Freeman, Charles, esq. Brook-street, 68—Fisher, Mrs. Mary, Aldersgate-street—Favell, Mr. James, Admiralty Clerk.

Gibson, Charles, esq. Quermore Park, Lancashire, 62—Gordon, William, esq. Devonshire-street, Portland-place—Gilchrist, Octavius Graham, esq. Stamford, Lincolnshire, 45.

Harrison, Rev. John, Preston—Henniker, Mrs. Frances Amelia, Cambridge—Hutchins, Lieut.-Col. of the third Light Dragoons, Romford—Halliday, George, esq. St. James's-street, 31—Horrocks, Mrs. Mary, Tilly-chewan, Dumbartonshire.

Ireland, J. Alexander, esq. Half Moon-street—Jameson, J. esq. Dublin.

Kinnersley, Wm. Shepherd, esq. M.P. at his seat in Staffordshire—Knox, George Macleod, esq. on board the Catherine East Indiaman—Kehr, Mrs. Eugenia, Madras—Kilpin, Dr. Kingsclere, Hants.

Lane, Wm. esq. Ironmonger-lane, 66—Lee, Simon. esq. Lyme-Regis, Dorset—Lubbock, W. esq. Lamas, Norfolk, 77—Lane, Mrs. Barbara, Grange, Leyton—Leslie, Mr. Alexander, Conduit-street, Bond-street—Leigh, Mrs. Elizabeth, Knutsford, Cheshire, 70—Lawrence, Mr. G. E. late of Featherstone-buildings, Holborn—Lewis, Mrs. Marianne, Michael's-place, Brompton, 86—Lind, Sir James, K.C.B. Southampton.

Mowbray, G. T. esq. Yapton-house, Sussex—Mathias, Andrew, esq. New Burlington-str. 56—Macquin, Abbé Ange Denis, Bermondsey-street, Southwark, 67—Moss, James, esq York-street, Gloucester-place—Monson, Hon. George Henry, York, 68—Morris, Mr. Samuel, Acle, Norfolk, 59—Murray, Mrs. Isabella, Versailles, in France—Morgan, Rev. William, D.D. Greenwich—Miller, George James, R. N. Highgate—Murray, Mrs. Elizabeth, Swansea.

Nightengale, Captain G. Havannah—Nassau, Mrs. Maria Emilia, Devonshire street—Nutting, Mrs. Mary Ann, Putney-heath.

Ogle, Mr. Robert, of the firm of Ogle, Duncan and Co. booksellers, London—Owen, Robert, a pauper of the parish of Hen Eglwys, Anglesea, 102—O'Leary, Edmund, esq. M.D. Newport, Isle of Wight, 39.

Parkhurst, John George, esq. Catesby-abbey, Northamptonshire, 63—Plummer, James, Farringdon-within—Purling, Charles Geo. Upper Wimpole-street, 15—Paterson, Thomas, esq. Bamilton.

Rolleston, Samuel, esq. Brighton, 80—Robinson, Mrs. Eleanor, Stockliffe, Bedfordshire—Ramus, Charles, esq. Penzance, 85.

Shephard, John, esq. Brighton, 67—St. Leger, Major-Gen. the Hon. Arthur, Jermyn-street—Salisbury, the Marquis of, at his seat at Theobald's, near Hatfield, Herts.

Townsend, William, esq. Fulham, 82—Turnour, Henry Edward, Somerset square, Portman-square, 11—Theobald, Mr. James, Upper Tooting, 68—Thoresby, Mrs. Queen Anne-st.

Wallace, Mrs. Eliz., Carshalton—Wright, Mrs. Paddington-green, 81—Williams, Mrs. Sophia W. Chapel-street, South Audley-street—Whitehouse, Mr. John, Bedford, 100—Wilkinson, Hugh. esq. Bath, 46—Walton, Mrs. Anne, Tilney-street, 72—Waters, Mrs. Etterbeck, near Brussels.

Yeomans, Rev. R. Whichford, in the county of Warwick, 67.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON.—After the extensive business lately done in our Cotton market, a more limited demand was naturally expected; the request last week, however, was rather considerable, principally for home consumption, and speculators have continued to take, although more sparingly. The sales amount to about 7100 bales, all in bond, viz.—2000 Surats middling to good 5⅝*d.* *a* 7¾*d*; 3500 Bengals fair 6*d.* *a* 6½*d.*; good fair 6¼*d.*; very good DT 6⅞*d.* *a* 7½*d.*; 800 Madras good fair 6¾*d.* *a* 6⅞*d.*; and 7½*d.* for fine; 300 Boweds fair to good fair 9*d.* *a* 9½*d.*; 200 Pernams fair to good fair 12¾*d.* *a* 13*d.*; good 13¼*d.*; 100 Demeraras 12½*d.* *a* 12¾*d.* fair to good fair.

SUGAR.—There was a fair supply of raw sugars on show last week, and considerable business effected; good sugars maintained former prices, but the inferior descriptions went 1*s.* per cwt. lower. Two public sales were brought forward after Tuesday; 150 casks Barbadoes sugar sold about former rates, 57*s.* 6*d.* for low middling, to 68*s.* for fine descriptions; 312 casks Grenada, good strong colourly quality, sold to the grocers 55*s.* *a* 60*s.* 6*d.*

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, JUNE 21, TO SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

R. Consitt and R. Lee, of Kingston-upon-Hull, lately of Sculcoates, merchants.
F. Naish, of Tiverton, Somerset, clothier.
T. Sykes, Bath-Easton, Somersetshire, clothier.
S. Turner, Stock-Exchange, Capel-court, stock-broker.
T. James, Chepstow, grocer.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

J. Rowley, Stourport, Worcestershire, timber-merchant, from July 1 to August 19.
J. Buck, Goldsmith's-row, Hackney-road, carpenter, from July 15 to July 26.
R. Pettit, College-hill, packer, from May 27 to July 15.
B. Milnes, Halifax, grocer, from July 15 to July 26.

BANKRUPTS.

Armand, C. P. and A. Solari, Battersea, vitriol-manufacturers. (Brooking, Lombard-street.
Bristow, J. Bristol, ironmonger. (Clowes, Orme, and Co.
Bunker, T. Deptford, Kent, timber-merchant. (Jones, Brunswick-square.
Butler, J. Whitchurch, Shropshire, innkeeper. (Blackstock and Bunce, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Beaumont, J. Wheathouse, Yorkshire, merchant. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.
Baker, W. Walcot, Somersetshire, carpenter. (Makinson, Middle Temple.
Carter, S. of Stratford, Essex, cheesemonger. (Mr. Argill, Whitechapel-road.
Chadley, R. Jermyn-street, St. James's, upholsterer. (Dent, Castle-street, Holborn.
Crabb, W. Tellisford, Somersetshire, fuller. (Dax, Son, and Meredith, Guildford-street.
Claney, J. York, tailor. (Mr. Walker, New-inn.
Crutchley, H. Warwick, linen-draper. (Hertslet, Northumberland-street, Strand.
Crowther, W. L. Green-st., Grosvenor-square, milliner. (Lester, New-court, Crutched-friars.
Coles, S. Exeter, innkeeper. (Pearson, Pump-court, Temple.
Daniels, A. Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, diamond-merchant. (Isaacs, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields.
Dicas, J. Holywell, Flint, corn-dealer. (Messrs. Clarke, Richards, and Metcalf, Chancery-lane.
Dobson, W. Gateshead, Durham, chymist. (Baker, Nicholas-lane.
Dodds, R. High-street, Southwark, linen-draper. (Lester, New-court, Crutched-friars.
Emsly, W. Pudsey, Yorkshire, clothier. (Lambert, Gray's-inn-square.
East, W. Newbury, coal-merchant. (Aldridge and Smith, Lincoln's-inn.
Forbes, W. Gateshead, Durham, nurseryman. (Robinson and Son, Essex-street.
Glandfield, J. Strand, wine-merchant. (Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-street, Strand.
Gee, S. Cambridge, tinman. (Nelson, Barnard's-inn, Holborn.
Gaisford, R. Bristol, baker. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
Goodson, J. Chiswell street, victualler. (Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn.
Hyams, J. Coventry-street, Hay-market, jeweller. (Spyer, Bartholomew-lane.
Harkness, J. Chapel-place, Long-lane, Southwark, timber-merchant. (Stephens and Wood, St. Thomas Apostle.
Hastings, E. Lower Smith-street, Northampton-square, milkman. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.
Jones, J. Brecon, maltster. (Stevenson and Bicknell, Lincoln's-inn.
Illingworth, J. and Knowles, J. Leeds, merchants. (Battye, Castle-street, Holborn.
James, W. West Bromwich, Staffordshire, coal-master. (Alexander, Cary-street, Chancery-lane.
King, J. Ipswich, ironmonger. (Bromley, Gray's-inn-square.
Kenton, J. Stow-on-the-Wold, Glocestershire, draper. (Pritchard, Earl-street, Blackfriars.
Kaines, H. Manstone, Dorsetshire, cattle-dealer. (Home, Frampton, and Loftus, New-inn.
Kirby, T. of Bethnal-green-road, draper. (Arden, Clifford's-inn.
Lancaster, J. jun., Bethnal-green-road, butcher. (Norton, Old Broad-street.
Lucas, E. Shepherd's-market, milkman. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.
M'Turk, B. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. (Taylor, Clement's-inn.
Mortimer, W. Manchester, joiner. (Adlington and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
Martyn, E. Taunton, druggist. (Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn-square.
M'Allis, J. Liverpool, tailor. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
Moorhouse, J. Nab-in-Eastworth, Yorkshire, clothier. (Battye, Chancery-lane.
Mawe, H. M. Loughborough, Leicestershire, coach-proprietor. (Norton and Williamson, Gray's-inn-square.
Munton, J. Highgate, corn chandler. (Watson and Broughton, Falcon-street, Aldersgate-st.
Nettleton, J. Sloane-square, Chelsea, ironmonger. (Freeman and Heathcote, Coleman-street.
Nicholls, E. John's-mews, Bedford-row, cow-keeper. (Norton, Whitecross-street.
Newlan, J. Bexley-heath, Kent, innkeeper. (Cocker, Nassau-street, Soho.
Noad, J. Beckington, Somersetshire, fuller. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

O'Bryan, C. Holborn-hill, tailor. (Cooke and Hunter, Clement's-inn New Chambers.
Owen, W. Islington, stage-master. (Denton and Barker, Gray's-inn-square.
Purdie, J. Size-lane, merchant. (Kearsey and Spurr, Lothbury.
Pearse, W. C. Braintree, Essex, grocer. (Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street.
Phillips, W. Bristol, linen-draper. (Clabon, Mark-lane.
Phelps, T. sen., Jewin-street, Cripplegate, silversmith. (Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street.
Rawley, J. New-street, Covent-garden, boot and shoemaker. (Bennett, Tokenhouse-yard.
Robinson, T. New Malton, Yorkshire, spirit-merchant. (Stockton, New Malton.
Read, J. and Jacob, J. Love-lane, cloth-workers. (Bennett, Tokenhouse-yard.
Reynolds, T. Westbury, Wiltshire, clothier. (Umney, Chancery-lane.
Roberts, C. Aldermaston, Berkshire, maltster. (Ford, Great Queen-st., Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Stilborn, J. sen., Bishop-Wilton, Yorkshire, butcher. (Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn-sq.
Smith, J. Camomile-street, tailor and draper. (A. Duncan, New-inn, Strand.
Smith, W. T. E. Kenton-street, Brunswick-square, carpenter. (Shirreff, Salisbury-street, Strand.
Sykes, T. Bath-Easton, Somersetshire, clothier. (Nind and Cotterill, Throgmorton-street.
Stevens, R. Goswell-street, saddler. (Hughes, Clifford's-inn.
Stephens, J. Harrington Toxteth-park, Lancashire, joiner. (Blackstock and Bunce, Temple.
Thorpe, M. Worksop, Nottingham, maltster. (Messrs. Hall and Brownley, New Boswell-court.
Tribaudino, C. J. Cleveland-street, Mile-end, silk-dyer. (Webster and Son, Queen-street, Cheapside.
Welchman, H. Long-acre, linen-draper. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street.
Welton, N. Bredfield, Suffolk, horse-dealer. (Pearson and Lawrence, Ipswich.
Wood, T. Lane-end, Staffordshire, currier. (Clowes, Orme, and Wedlake, Temple.
Wilson, T. Carlisle, coach-master. (Birkett, Cloak-lane.
Welcker, M. and J. F. Leicester-square, tailors. (Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street.
Widger, A. Bucksfastleigh, Devonshire, woollen-manufacturer. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.

DIVIDENDS.

Agg, T. Water-lane, printer, July 19.
Agar, M. late of Walbrook, oilman, July 26.
Amos, J. and C. Sutherland, St. Helen's-place, merchants, July 26.
Ambrose, E. King-street, warehouseman, July 26.
Barrow, R. and T. Barrow, Liverpool, flour-merchants, July 29.
Bell, G. Brampton, Cumberland, grocer, July 28.
Barber, M. S. Sandys, and A. White, late of Liverpool, merchants, July 28.
Brennand, T. Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman, July 26.
Boddy, W. Hillingdon, Middlesex, farmer, July 29.
Brotherton, J. and W. Liverpool, tailors, Aug. 1.
Bragge, W. A. Rotherhithe-wall, shipwright, July 29.
Bedford, J. Fen Drayton, Cambridge, dealer, July 29.
Bell, G. Berwick-upon-Tweed, cooper.
Brown, J. late of Fleet-market, grocer.
Brown, J. Holywell, Flint, druggist, Aug. 8.
Blane, T. Walbrook, merchant, Aug. 9.
Bardsley, J. jun. Manchester, cotton-spinner, Aug. 13.
Butlin, T. Baker-street, St. Mary-le-bone, apothecary, Aug. 9.
Brunggenkate, G. A. T. Little Eastcheap, merchant.
Brown, G. Broad-street, St. James's, upholsterer.
Banton, W. Northwich, Cheshire, grocer, Aug. 8.
Browning, J. and R. A. Belvidere-wharf, Surrey, timber-merchants, Aug. 2.
Brown, G. Broad-street, St. James's, upholsterer, July 19.
Bowman, H. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, haberdasher, Aug. 2.
Cattell, W. Cotton-end, near Warwick, corn-dealer, July 26.
Cleghorn, W. late of Ratcliff Highway, cheesemonger, July 26.
Cook, W. Wouldham, Kent, corn-dealer, July 26.
Carlen, T. and Willson, Langbourn Chambers, Fenchurch-street, coal-factors, July 23.
Cosser, W. Millbank-street, Westminster, timber-merchant, July 22.
Carr, T. Chorley, Lancashire, ironmonger, July 21.
Clements, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper, Aug. 18.
Carter, J. jun. Liverpool, merchant, July 22.
Carnes, W. Canal-row, Bermondsey, rope-maker, Aug. 9.
Cumming, A. J. High-street, Southwark, cheesemonger, July 19.
Clarke, D. T. Gerrard-street, Soho, laceman, July 22.
Culverhouse, C. Walcot, Somersetshire, flour-factor, July 16.
Colson, W. Plymouth, grocer.
Childs, W. Whitehall, victualler, Aug. 2.
Clough, Rev. R. late of Bathafarn-park, R. B. Clough, late of Glanywern, D. Mason, late of Astrad-uchaf, and the Rev. J. L. Jones, late of Plas Madoc, Denbighshire, bankers, Aug. 14.
Draper, R. J. Fleet-market, earthernware-man, July 26.
Dipper, F. Worcester, silk-mercer, July 28.
Dickie, W. Little St. Thomas the Apostle, merchant, July 22.
Dickenson, J. Aldersgate-street, leather-seller, July 29.
Dalmaine, G. Chandos-street, Covent-garden, embroiderer, Aug. 9.
Dowley, J. Willow-street, Bankside, corn-merchant, Aug. 12.
Dunn, R. Braunston, Northamptonshire, dealer, July 25.
Dunkin, C. Shad-Thames, Horsleydown, lighterman, Aug. 5.
De Roure, J. P. and J. Hambrook, Angel-street, merchants.
Davies, E. Chancery-lane, victualler, Aug. 2.
Drury, J. Snaith, Yorkshire, coal-merchant, Aug. 11.
Davies, W. Sudbury, haberdasher, Aug. 4.
Edwards, T. Gerrard-street, Soho, woollen-draper, Aug. 9.
Edwards, R. and J. Hales Owen, Worcestershire, ironmongers, Aug. 11.
Elam, T. W. Bradford, Wiltshire, clothier, July 4.
Evans, J., J. Jones, and W. Davies, late of Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, bankers, July 30.
Elliot, J. Farnham, common-brewer, July 23.
Fothergill, W. late of Cannon-street-road, St. George's in the East, ship-owner, July 19.
Forbes, W. and G. Lewis, Liverpool, merchants, July 31.
Flack, R. Shepherd-street, Oxford-street, cabinet-maker, July 15.
Freer, T. Leicester, ironmonger, July 12.
Forster, J. H. and C. Dobson, Norwich, manufacturers, July 26.
Gray, J. Kingston, Surrey, linen-draper, July 26.

Gibson, T. jun. and J. Eaves, Liverpool, ship-bread bakers, July 28.
Garton, J. Myton, Kingston-upon-Hull, lighterman, July 29.
Garland, M., M. Magnus, and B. Benjamin, late of Bunhill-row, merchants, July 29.
Gray, C. Upper Montague-street, St. Mary-le-bone, horse-dealer, July 26.
Gibson, W. and F. Fomm, Trinity-square, corn-factors, July 22.
Gooch, W. Harlow, Essex, wine-merchant, July 19.
Graham, R. Shorter's-court, Throgmorton-str. stock-broker, Aug. 16.
Good, P. P. Clapton, insurance-broker, Aug. 2.
Gregg, T. R and W. Phene, jun. Watling-street, wholesale confectioners, July 12.
Hillary, J. P. Little Tower street, wine-merchant, July 26.
Hillier, W. Winchester, brewer, Aug. 6.
Hamper, H. Cheltenham, hosier, July 25.
Houghton, H. King's Arms-yard, Coleman-str. merchant, July 22.
Haile, M. Cheltenham, hotel-keeper, July 31.
Hayley, T. Long-acre, fringe-manufacturer, Aug. 9.
Haffner, M. Cannon-street, St. George's, carpenter, July 19.
Humphreys, J. King's Arms-yard, Coleman-st. merchant, July 22.
Holman, W. Totnes, Devonshire, ironmonger, July 31.
Hudson, W. late of Havil-street, Camberwell, bricklayer, July 29.
Hartley, S. and W. Hartley, Tadcaster, Yorkshire, common-brewer, Aug. 11.
Holt, M. Stoke, Coventry, watch-maker.
Hardwidge, J. Wellington, Somersetshire, draper, July 23.
Henesey, R. White Cross-street, St. Luke's, timber-merchant, July 26.
Houlbrooke, T. High Holborn, linen-draper, July 29.
Henzell, E. W. late of White Lion-wharf, Upper Thames-street, corn-dealer, July 29.
Hollis, J. Goswell-street-road, stone-mason.
Henderson, J. Tunbridge-place, St. Pancras, merchant, July 15.
Hardy, W. Manchester, drysalter, Aug 5.
Hemming, S. Birmingham, baker, Aug. 6.
Hart, S. G. Harwich, merchant.
Ivatts, J. Basing-lane, wine-merchant, Aug. 9.
Jammison, J. Little Queen-street, coachmaker, July 26.
Jabet, R. Birmingham, bookseller, Aug. 9.
Jones, R. P. Abergavenny, linen-draper, Aug. 14.
Jackson, J. Coventry, ribon-manufacturer, July 22.
Keene, W. C. Mary-le-bone-street, farrier.
Kirkland, J. and J. Badenoch, Coventry, ribon-manufacturers, July 19.
Leech, J. and J. Hinchcliffe, Cateaton-street, wholesale hosiers, July 26.
Lee, J. Noble-street, jeweller, July 22.
Leyburn, G. Bishopsgate-street, provision-merchant, July 26.
Manning, J. Clement's-inn, money-broker, July 26.
Moody, A. Long-lane, Bermondsey, tanner, July 22.
Martindale, J. St. James's-street, Westminster, wine-merchant, July 29.
Mitchell, T. Bow, Middlesex, linen-draper, Aug. 16.
Miller, W. Rye, draper, Aug. 16.
Maxwell, T. Salisbury, linen-draper, Aug. 9.
M'Alpine, W. and A. Young, Charing-cross, and J. Barr and W. Maddocks, Cheapside, calico-printers, July 19.
Newell, R. Hereford, tailor, Aug. 5
Owen, J. Madeley Wood, Salop, dealer in coals, Aug. 12.
Parry, H. and W. Carleton, Monmouthshire, tin-plate-manufacturers, Aug. 18.
Peats, R. Oswestry, Shropshire, wine-merchant, Aug. 9.
Priddy, J. Oxford-st., wine merchant, July 26.
Powell, P. Brighton, silk-mercer, Aug. 9.
Phillips, P. King-street, Bartholomew-close, merchant, July 19.
Pattison, C. St. Neot's, Hunts., ironmonger, July 25.
Paradise, J. Newcastle-street, Strand, jeweller, July 26.
Pickles, J. Keighley, Yorkshire, corn-dealer, Aug. 4.
Penrith, W. Bath, linen-draper, July 30.
Petrie, J. late of Kempton, Middlesex, dealer.
Richardson, F. Cheapside, merchant, Aug. 9.
Rolland, F. St. James's-st., perfumer, July 22.
Ray, J. and J. R. Clare, Suffolk, bankers, Aug. 5.
Rowed, J. Queen-street, Finsbury, timber-merchant, Aug. 2.
Sarvis, A. Sloane-street, Chelsea, upholsterer, July 19.
Shirley, R. Bucklersbury, carpet-manufacturer, Aug. 9.
Stevens, R. Soulbury, Buckinghamshire, dairyman, Aug. 9.
Story, T. Hunworth, Norfolk, miller, Aug. 8.
Smith, J. Liverpool, leather-cutter, Aug. 7.
Smith, W. H. Faversham, Kent, linen-draper, Aug. 5.
Shackle, J. Milk-st., Cheapside, hosier, July 22.
Symes, W. Crewkern, Somersetshire, linen-draper, July 21.
Scott, S., W. Scott, and J. Smith, Ashford, Kent, grocers, Aug. 2.
Slater, A. late of Cuddington, Cheshire, corn-dealer, July 16.
Swan, R. late of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, merchant, July 15.
Smecton, G. St. Martin's-lane, printer.
Shorey, J. Croydon, coal-merchant.
Staff, E. Norwich, brick-maker, Aug. 9.
Seaman, G. Bishopsgate-street, linen-draper, July 26.
Thomson, P. and C. A. Cornhill, wine-merchants, Aug. 2.
Tippetts, E. and E. Gethen, Basinghall-street, factors, July 19.
Tyler, W. Kimbolton, Hunts., currier, July 25.
Vaughan, T. Chorley, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer, July 30.
Underhill, J., J. Thomason, and J. M. Guest, Birmingham, merchants, Aug. 5.
Wight, T. Duke-street, St. James's, tailor, July 26.
Westbrook, J. St. Albans, farmer, July 26.
Woodcock, C. Norwich, coach-maker, July 26.
Warner, R. Huntingdon, ironmonger, July 25.
Wortley, V. Henry-street, Hampstead-road, grocer, July 15.
Worrell, S., A. Pope, and J. Edmonds, Bristol, bankers, Aug. 15.
Winch, B. sen., Hawkhurst, Kent, farmer, July 19.
Warneford, J. York, grocer, Aug. 12.
Wright, R. Hatfield Broad Oaks, Essex, grocer, Aug 9.
Wallis, C. Cheltenham, builder, July 30.
Worhall, J. and J. Thurston, Catherine-street, Strand, upholsterers, Aug. 9.
Woolcock, J. Truro, draper, Aug. 2.
Wilson, R. Birmingham, merchant, Aug. 5.
Webster, R. and W. Bishop-Wearmouth, Durham, merchants, Aug. 5.
Warrington, O. Manchester, linen-draper, Aug. 5
Ward, J. Stratford-upon-Avon, stationer, Aug. 6
Wilkinson, H. Liverpool, merchant, Aug. 6.
Young, P. and B. S. Brockhurst, Wapping, rope-makers, Aug. 2.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.

From JUNE 25, to JULY 28, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.
26	29·59	65	S.W.	Fair	7	29·66	63	S.W.	Fair	18	29·74	54	S.W.	Rain
27	29·28	60	E.	Ditto	8	29·62	60	S.W.	Ditto	19	29 89	57	S.W.	Ditto
28	29 29	64	S.W.	Rain	9	29·85	62	N.W.	Ditto	20	29·75	73	S.W.	Fair
29	29 58	65	S.W.	Ditto	10	30·10	64	S.W.	Ditto	21	29·73	67	S.W.	Rain
30	29·90	60	S.W.	Fair	11	29 69	62	S.W.	Ditto	22	29·78	63	S.W.	Ditto
1	29 86	62	N.E.	Ditto	12	29·65	60	S.W.	Rain	23	29·69	58	S.W.	Ditto
2	29·94	64	S.W.	Ditto	13	29·59	68	S.W.	Ditto	24	29 61	54	W.	Fair
3	29·99	66	N.	Ditto	14	29·68	62	S.W.	Ditto	25	29 64	57	S.W.	Shwy.
4	29·91	57	S.	Rain	15	29·69	63	S.W.	Fair	26	29·58	54	W.	Ditto
5	29 90	60	S.W.	Fair	16	29·57	60	S.W.	Ditto	27	29·94	56	N.W.	Fair
6	29·76	68	S.W.	Ditto	17	29 79	58	N.	Ditto	28	29·82	58	S.W.	Shwy.

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

JULY 18, 1823.

Canals.	*Per Share.* £ s.	*Div. per Ann.* £. s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	125	4 10
Barnesley	195	12
Birmingham (divided) ...	310	12
Bolton and Bury	95	5
Brecknock and Abergav.	80	4
Carlisle.....	—	—
Chesterfield	120	8
Coventry	1100	44
Cromford.....	270	14
Croydon.....	3 3	—
Derby.....	140	6
Dudley.....	59	3
Ellesmere and Chester ...	65	3
Erewash.....	1000	58
Forth and Clyde	480	20
Grand Junction	250	10
Grand Surrey.....	44	—
Grand Union.....	18 10	—
Grand Western.....	4	—
Grantham	145	8
Hereford and Gloucester..	—	—
Lancaster.....	26 10	1
Leeds and Liverpool	375	12
Leicester.....	300	13
Leicester & Northampton	76	4
Loughborough	3500	170
Melton Mowbray.....	215	10
Monmouthshire	170	8 10
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10
Neath.....	290	13
Nottingham.....	200	12
Oxford	745	32
Portsmouth and Arundel	30	—
Regent's.....	41 10	—
Rochdale	84	3
Shrewsbury	170	9 10
Shropshire	125	7
Somerset Coal	125	7
Ditto, Lock Fund	105	5 15
Staffords.& Worcestershire	700	40
Stourbridge	205	10 10
Stratford-on-Avon	20	—
Stroudwater	600	26
Swansea	190	10
Tavistock	—	—
Thames and Medway	22 10	—
Thames and Severn, New	26	—
Trent & Mersey	2000	75
Warwick and Birmingh.	232	10
Warwick and Napton ...	210	8
Worcester & Birmingham	33	1
Docks.		
London	118	4 10
West India	183	10
East India	140	6
Commercial	81	3 10
East Country	28	—

Bridges.	*Per Share.* £. s.	*Div. per Ann.* £. s. d.
Southwark	19	—
Ditto, New	60	7½ pr. ct.
Ditto, Loan	—	5
Vauxhall	26 10	—
Waterloo	5	—
Water-works.		
Chelsea	—	—
East London.....	118	4
Grand Junction.....	63	2 10
Kent	35	1 10
London Bridge	56	2 10
South London	35	—
West Middlesex.....	65 10	2 10
York Buildings	28	1
Insurances.		
Albion	51	2 10
Atlas	6	6
Bath	575	40
Birmingham Fire	340	25
British	50	3
County	43	2 10
Eagle.....	3 3	5
European	20	1
Globe	155	7
Guardian	13	—
Hope	5	6
Imperial Fire.....	—	5
Ditto, Life.....	11 5	9 6
Kent Fire.....	58	—
London Fire	21	1 5
London Ship	19	1
Provident.....	20	1
Rock	2 18	2
Royal Exchange		10
Sun Fire.....	212	8 10
Sun Life.....	33 10	10
Union	40 10	1 8
Gas Lights.		
Gas Light and Coke (Chart Company	75	4
City Gas Light Company.	128	6 6
Ditto, New	73	3 12
South London	138	7 10
Imperial.....	28 10	—
Literary Institutions.		
London	29	—
Russel	10	—
Surrey.....	—	—
Miscellaneous.		
Auction Mart.....	23	1 5
British Copper Company.	50	—
Golden Lane Brewery...	8	—
Ditto.....	5	—
London Com. Sale Rooms	16	1
Carnatic Stock 1st class .	92	4
Ditto, ...2d ditto .	78¾	3

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

[F. Warr, Red Lion Passage, Holborn.]

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AUGUST, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF

SEPTEMBER.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF JOHN JACKSON, ESQ. R. A.,
Member of the Academy of St Luke, Rome, &c.

CONTENTS.

Original Essays.

PAGE.

MEMOIR OF JOHN JACKSON, Esq. R. A [illegible]
Memoir of Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart 100
The Three Sisters; a Tale from the German 105
Lines to her [illegible]
Epistles of Mary Queen of Scots. By Mrs OPIE 110
Sketches of Society, &c. in London and Paris, (concluded) 114
Memoir of Kosciusko, the Polish Patriot 119
The Orphan [illegible]
St Kevin's Bed 130
The Death of a Miser; a Tale 136
Sketches of Popular Preachers—Rev. Basil Wood, A.M. 142
The Songs of De Beranger 145

Fine Arts.

Exhibition at the British Gallery 147
Exhibition at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours 148
Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, new Rooms now building 150
Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts [illegible]

London Intelligence.

Critical Examination [illegible]
'Considerations on [illegible] tion,' &c by J C [illegible]
Tales of a Grandmother [illegible] a Chateau, during a Snow. [illegible] Countess d Hautgeul [illegible]

ENGLISH BOOKS

PAGE

Durazzo; a Tragedy, in five acts 157
Ancient Mysteries Described, especially English Miracle Plays, among the MS S in the British Museum By William [illegible] 161
A Letter to Mistresses of Families, on the Cruelty of employing Children in Sweeping Chimnies. By J.C. Hudson 163
The Life of Ali Bacha, of Jannina, Vizier of Epirus [illegible] 165
The Parent's Latin Grammar; also, an Essay on Latin Verbs; by Dr [illegible] 167
Points of Humour, illustrated by Sixty, from designs by George Cruikshank 167
The Temple of Truth, an allegorical poem 169
An Easy Introduction to Sacred Harp [illegible] 169

Foreign and Miscellaneous.

Foreign — Asia — Africa — Asia — Denmark — Prussia — Poland — Germany — Italy — Switzerland — France 171
Home — Literary Intelligence — Works in the Press 176

The Drama.

Haymarket Theatre 180
English Opera House 180
Covent Garden [illegible] 182
[illegible] 184
[illegible] 186
[illegible] 188
[illegible] 189
[illegible] 191
[illegible] 192
[illegible] 192

LONDON:
Published for the Proprietors,
BY LUPTON RELPH, 31 CORNHILL,
And Sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom
[TWO SHILLINGS.]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts, at Leeds, shall appear in our next number.

Memoir of Archdeacon Wrangham is received.

We thank our "Subscriber," near Kendal, for his suggestions.

I. B. D. will find our opinion of his Poem in our notice of last month.

Verses by W. T. in our next number.

John Jackson R.A.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

AUGUST 1823.

MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN JACKSON, ESQ. R.A.

Member of the Academy of St. Luke, Rome &c.

THIS distinguished Artist was born at Lastingham, a small village in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the 31st of May, 1778. He had from his childhood a predilection for drawing; and by the time he left school, (by the assistance of his master,) had made greater proficiency than the slender means he possessed appeared to warrant.

In 1797, at nineteen years of age, he ventured to offer himself as a painter of portraits in miniature, at York; and during one of his temporary excursions to Whitby had the honour of an introduction to Lord Mulgrave, by whom he was patronized, and recommended to the notice of the Earl of Carlisle. At Castle Howard he had the great advantage of studying a magnificent collection of pictures, in itself an excellent school; where he copied the *Three Marys*, by Annibale Caracci, with considerable success.

In 1804 he came to London, under the patronage of the Earl of [illegible] and in the following year became a student of the Royal Academy.

In [illegible] he was established as a portrait painter, and has every succeeding year furnished some specimen of his abilities for the Exhibition at Somerset House.

In 1815 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; and in the same year accompanied the Duke of [illegible] in a tour through [illegible] and Flanders.

In [illegible] he was elected R. A.

In 1819 Mr. Jackson and Mr. Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, made the tour of Italy by the way of Geneva, Milan, Pavia, Venice, Bologna, Florence, and Rome, where he met with great attention from Canova, who sat to him for his portrait, for Mr. Chantrey.—An engraving of this painting, so celebrated for its spirited and faithful resemblance, embellished the number of our Magazine for the month last.

MEMOIR OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.

By William Carey, Esq. H. M. R. I. I.

(Continued from page 3.)

The gratitude with which society honours those who have been instrumental in advancing the public interests or the character of their country, and which has been, in all ages, spontaneously offered as a debt of justice to the individual, is also productive of benefit to the community. The honour and applause deservedly bestowed upon one inspires many with a generous emulation to follow his commendable example, and to obtain similar distinction by similar merit. The importance of this truth is obvious. Although the Baronet, who is the subject of the present memoir, has long been distinguished for his taste and munificence; and though the periodical publications, in every part of the British empire, have, for many years, borne ample testimony to his public-spirited efforts to promote the encouragement of British genius; the subject is still as eagerly coveted by artists and amateurs as if it had been yet untouched by any writer. This lively curiosity is a laudable tribute to worth; but, in all such cases, it imposes an extreme difficulty on the latest writer. If memoirs of a celebrated character were called for by public desire, a thousand times, he, who last takes up the pen, is bound to adhere to the truth, and can do little more than repeat the same facts, with the laborious task of endeavouring to clothe them in some little variety of language, wherever the circumstances admit of a change. But literary men know that this resource is not in every instance practicable. There are few greater difficulties in writing, than that of being obliged to be *like* and *unlike* the same narrative; that is, to correspond with it in substance without any verbal similarity. Although a painter may labour to give an air of novelty to a portrait, he cannot alter the complexion or the outlines of the features; and, if his performance be like the living original, it must bear a direct resemblance to every portrait of the same individual.

Sir John Fleming Leicester is descended, by the paternal and maternal line, from ancient and honorable families in England and Ireland; one of his ancestors, Sir Nicholas Leycester, knight, was possessed of the estates of Nether Tabley, in Cheshire, in the reign of Edward the first, and was appointed to the important office of Lord Keeper of Chester by that monarch. Sir Peter Leycester, baronet, a descendant of Sir Nicholas, and great great grandfather of the present baronet, in 1642, married Elizabeth a daughter of Gilbert Lord Gerard, of Gerard's Bromley, by Eleanor sole heiress of Thomas Dutton, of Dutton in Staffordshire. He was also related, by marriage, to the family of Lord Byron, in Nottinghamshire; and in Sir Peter Leycester's celebrated work on the Antiquities of England and Ireland, with particular remarks concerning Cheshire, published in 1673, he has given a very lively description of Lady Eleanor Byron, one of Sir John's ancestors. A fine portrait of that lady, painted by Sir Peter Lely, is now among the beauties in the royal palace at Hampton Court, and a duplicate of that picture, by the same master, is in the family collection at Tabley House.

Sir John's father, Sir Peter Byrne, baronet, was a native of the Sister Kingdom, of the very ancient and honourable family of the Byrnes, a distinguished branch of which, the Byrnes of Cabinteely, is at present possessed of large estates near Dunleary in the county of Dublin. Sir Peter Byrne, on his marriage with the sole heiress of the Leicester estates at Tabley, adopted the name of Leicester, by an act of Parliament. That baronet was a lover for the Fine Arts, and patronised Wilson and Barret. There are two landscapes, one a View [illegible] by the former, and one of [illegible] Castle, by the latter, both painted under Sir Peter's [illegible] roof, and now in the gallery; he also [illegible] that splendid

monument of his taste and liberality, the present Tabley House, within view of the venerable family mansion, and about two miles from Knutsford.

Sir John was born at this hereditary seat, and he derives his second christian name from the ancient family of the Flemings, at Rydell, in Westmorland, to whom he is related by the maternal line. During his preparatory course of school education he discovered talents for drawing, and his father procured him, in succession, the instructions of an artist named Marras, of Thomas Vivares, the admirable landscape engraver, and, finally, of Paul Sandby, then considered the first landscape painter in water colours in this country. But the young amateur quitted the manner of these masters to study nature, and formed a light, pleasing style of drawing views with the pen and ink, brushed over with a broad tint of Indian ink and bistre. In due season he was sent to the University, and obtained his degree of Master of Arts, in Trinity College, Cambride.

Sir John had the misfortune, when very young, to lose his father; but when of age, he made the tour of France, Flanders, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain with all the advantages of rank and fortune, to introduce him in the courtly circles, and cultivate his prevailing passion for music and painting. He possessed from nature a good ear, and, by attending the Opera in Italy, he acquired a pure taste for the delicacies of composition; that true sensibility, which never fails to discriminate between the genuine expression of passion and sentiment and the heartless bravura of execution, and empty flourish of sound without feeling. He freely mingled in the fashionable gaieties of high life, but the chef d'œuvres of the pencil and chisel, and the beauties of architecture, drew his diligent attention, and he remained sufficiently long in the chief cities, through which he travelled, to obtain a competent knowledge of their manners and customs.

When Sir John was at Rome, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, now so well known for his liberal opinions, his philanthropy, taste, learning, and antiquarian researches, was there also, indulging in all the classical delights of that capital. A similarity in their taste produced an acquaintance between the two Baronets. Their pursuits led them into the same paths of pleasure and study, and they visited, together, the eminent painters, sculptors, and musical performers; drew in company from the same picturesque ruins and landscapes in that vicinity, and examined all that was worthy of admiration in the eternal city, with the benefit of mutual observation and comparison. After leaving Rome they travelled some time together, and thus cemented a friendship which has subsisted, with unimpaired kindness, to the present hour.

It was then much more customary than it is now for Englishmen of rank to visit the Continent with a belief, that the climate of England disqualified their countrymen from the attainment of excellence in painting and sculpture. This senseless prejudice was rendered more inveterate by travel among foreigners, who were bred up in a low opinion of English genius. On their return home, the Anglo-Italians deemed it necessary to prove their cultivated taste and foreign acquirements by expressing an open contempt for British artists, and their works. Not only men of weak understanding were conspicuous for this unworthy conduct, but gentlemen, in every other view of superior abilities, suffered their minds to be infected with this degrading anti-national spirit: as if the sending a goose from England to Naples, for a few weeks, could change its species, and return it a *nightingale* to London! they imagined that a sea voyage of a few hours, and a post-haste journey of purblind curiosity through Italy, could convert an ignorant man, who had never before given up a hour to the study, into a connoisseur and an arbiter in the arts. With this comfortable opinion that taste and science were to be acquired by a stretch of the legs and hands, many of these enlightened men squandered large sums on the Continent on the purchase of real or modern antiques, pretended master-pieces, gems, medals, genis, pictures,

and mutilated statues. Sir John Leicester presented a noble contrast to these gentlemen. Although his relish for the fine works of the old schools had detained him much longer abroad than he had intended, he returned to England with the unpretending merit of having reserved his fortune for the encouragement of English artists. He more than once re-visited the Continent, renewed his acquaintance with the most celebrated cabinets and galleries of paintings, and enjoyed their beauties with an additional zest; but he invariably returned to England with the same true English spirit,—the same high opinion of his country,—and the same generous hope of seeing its genius for the Fine Arts duly developed and exalted.

After some years spent in acquiring a knowledge of the great world abroad, Sir John devoted himself to public affairs at home, at an eventful era of English history. The Baronet and Lord Clifton were returned to serve in Parliament, as representatives for *Heytesbury*, in *Wiltshire*; and he entered upon his legislative duties untrammeled by the support of any party, without any engagement to the Minister, or to the Opposition. As the friend of the Prince of Wales, he uniformly supported his Royal Highness during the three successive sessions that he sat in the house. The private circle of that illustrious Personage was then in the highest splendour; and the most celebrated votaries of fashion and pleasure, who formed the pride and admiration of the British Court, mingled with the most illustrious statesmen, senators, and other eminent public characters in the select parties of the heir apparent. An invitation to the Palace of Enchantment, as it was termed, was deemed a most enviable distinction, and the sparkling refinements of wit and classical fancy gave additional poignancy to those memorable festivities. The rank and elegant manners of Sir John introduced him to the Prince, and the coincidence of his judgment with that of his Royal Highness, being founded in sincerity, was more highly valued. His taste in music and painting,—his talents for conversation,—his acquirements and knowledge of the gay world on the Continent, rendered him a favourite. The Prince had given employment to the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and other eminent artists, and he occasionally indulged in the purchase of select pictures by the old masters, the additions to which have, in the course of years, formed the rich treasury of paintings now in Carlton Palace. The Baronet also became a member of the Harmonie Society with the Prince, and he was a frequent visitor at *Kempshot*. He shared in the field sports of his Royal Highness, and that illustrious Personage was present when Sir John proved the superior accuracy of his eye and precision of his hand in a trial of skill with the best two shots of the day, Colonel Richardson of the Guards, and the Duke of Richmond.

While the fashionable Gazettes recorded the high style of Sir John's town and country establishments, the Ministerial and Opposition Journals bore testimony to his amenity in St. Stephen's Chapel, and to the public spirit, with which he endeavoured, by his recommendation and patronage, to bring native genius into notice. At this period, after having held the command as Lieutenant Colonel of the Cheshire Militia for thirteen years, he was honoured by a fresh mark of Royal favour, in being appointed Colonel of a Regiment of Provisional Cavalry, raised for home defence against the meditated hostility of the French Republic. His seasonable attention to the comfortable accommodation of the Corps, and his firmness in keeping up the military discipline, won him the attachment of the privates. His brother Officers returned his frankness and suavity with unceasing tokens of esteem and regard. His loyal tender of his services to the King, when the enemy again made preparations to invade our shores, were most graciously accepted; and he set an example of patriotism to others by raising that well-known Regiment, which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales granted him his permission to term the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry, and, afterwards, the Prince Regent's Regi-

ment. Sir John was neither sparing of expense nor exertion on this meritorious occasion; and, with the zealous co-operation of his Officers, he brought the Corps to vie in military discipline with the oldest of the regulars. The tumultuous assemblages in Lancashire called forth a display of its prompt and efficacious interference. Under the command of General Sir John Byng, this fine body was the principal means of suppressing the insurrectional movements of the Blanketeers, which spread so wide an alarm through the country. They surprised all the ringleaders, and escorted them, without bloodshed, to the Castle of Chester. This important service was duly appreciated. The Prince Regent was pleased to convey, in the most gracious manner, his thanks, and the thanks of the Government, to the Colonel, Sir John Fleming Leicester, and to the Officers and Regiment, for their active and efficacious aid in the dispersion of the rioters, and for the speedy restoration of order. The Officers and Privates entertained a high sense of Sir John's long continued efforts for the honor and discipline of the Corps, and for the preservation of local tranquillity. They presented to him, as their Colonel, a superb vase of massy silver, executed after the antique, with an inscription expressive of their affectionate esteem for his devotion to their welfare and the public service. A private plate, etched from this vase, by Mr. George Cuit, an excellent artist then resident in Chester, conveys a spirited transcript of its form and ornaments.

If his hereditary fortune had not robbed the Arts of his versatile talents, Sir John might have acquired celebrity as a musical composer, or as a *Wilson*, or *Gainsborough*, in landscape painting. If he had been necessitated to turn his mind to handicraft invention, he might have obtained reputation and fortune as an Arkwright in mechanics. His musical parties, and box at the King's Opera House, form no small part of his enjoyments. His voice is deficient in compass, but his taste is pure, and his science equal to that of an able professor. There are several landscapes of his painting, in oil colours, hung up in the collection at Tabley House, which shew excellent indications in outline and colouring; but, being rapidly hurried over, they do not contain more than can be tastefully displayed by the first impatient dash-in of a masterly pencil. Even in these desultory flashes of fancy the amateur is struck by the freshness of tint, the picturesque arrangement of lines, and the union of the whole. They exhibit so much fine thought and genuine feeling that many have regretted the life of an amateur so qualified had not been devoted to painting. No eye can more quickly discover what is wrong in a picture, or sooner point out a remedy. Of this, a single instance may be sufficient. Hilton was commissioned by Sir John to paint the picture of the *Mermaid*, and, when that artist sent it home, the writer of this memoir happened to be in Hill-street. Sir John pointed out to him an extravagance in the disposition of the hair, and a want of repose in the light and shadow, which injured the effect of the figures. This writer was sensible of those defects—but in a few hours afterwards he was suprised to see them amended, and, on examination, he found that Sir John had corrected with water-colours, what was offensive to the eye of taste. When Hilton saw the change, he, himself, at once, with his usual modesty and candour, approved of the alterations; took home the picture, and adopted the improvements in oil-colours, which his munificent and tasteful patron had practically demonstrated.

The specimens of his mechanical ingenuity are sufficiently curious to occupy a conspicuous place in a Museum. In a private apartment at Tabley House, fitted up for his operations in this way, there are a variety of tools improved or invented by himself, and a number of his performances in carving and turnery, well worthy of inspection. But his application as an amateur-painter, or self-taught artizan, is liable to frequent interruption. Besides his military command as Colonel of the Royal Cheshire Yeomanry, Sir

John has the honor to fill the office of Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Cheshire, and has, also, generally some plans going forward for the improvement of his estates. Within his domain he is also occupied. The ten or twelve pleasure vessels on the noble lake in his park were built according to his own direction; and his skill in the management of his little fleet, in his aquatic parties with the neighbouring gentry, renders these excursions more delightful. He added considerably to the extent of this lake, and built the insulated tower in it, some years ago. In 1819, or 1820, an accidental fire consumed some apartments in Tabley House, but it was luckily extinguished before it could reach the pictures. The loss amounted to some thousand pounds, and Sir John was his own architect on that occasion. In place of those parts of the house, which had been burned, he built apartments in a light and elegant style from designs drawn by his own pencil.

A London Journal (the Examiner), of the 11th of November, 1810, contains the following record of an important change in Sir John's life, which was attended with great *eclat* in the empire of fashion—"Married, yesterday, in the Palace of Hampton Court, by special license, that distinguished patron of British genius, Sir John Leicester, Bart. to Georgiana Maria, youngest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Cottin, and goddaughter of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; a young lady, whose loveliness and singular accomplishments, at the age of sixteen, are the themes of universal panegyric."—Sir Peter Leycester's description of Lady Eleanor Byron, one of Sir John's ancestors, whose portrait, as already mentioned, is among the beauties at Hampton Court, was applied to the bride. "This Eleanor is a person of such comely presence, handsomeness, sweet disposition, honour, and general repute in the world, that we have not her equal."—Public praise is too frequently exaggerated or lavished without justice; but in this instance, under present notice, commendation fell short of the truth. Sir John, soon after his happy union, employed Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint a whole-length portrait of Lady Leicester; and that artist's charming likeness of her ladyship, in the character of *Hope* attended by angelic genii in the clouds, has been so generally admired in the Hill-street gallery, that the visitors to that temple of taste and public spirit are well acquainted with the beautiful features and lovely sylph-like figure of the original.

It required no ordinary exertion of fortitude in any individual, however high his rank or extensive his influence, to attempt and persevere in the noble design which Sir John had formed in Italy, of endeavouring to remove the senseless prejudices against the genius and works of the British artists. At a period, when a French nobleman or courtier, at Paris, would have considered his robe of honour tarnished and his name disgraced, unless, among his other claims to distinction, he ranked high in the esteem of his countrymen, as a patron of the French painters and sculptors, an Englishman of the same rank, in London, would have considered his character as a connoisseur irretrievably forfeited, by having a landscape or an historical picture by an English painter hung up in his apartments. With a very few exceptions, this humiliating and foolish prejudice, which I have noticed in my remarks on Sir John's travels, continued to prevail among the higher classes. In vain had the King, in 1768, established the Royal Academy, and in vain had Boydell, Macklin, and other commercial speculators, roused by the display of rising genius in the exhibitions of the academicians, furnished employment to the British pencil, and proved that with due encouragement it was capable of refuting those unfounded aspersions, and becoming a means of national glory. The great body of the British nobility and gentry held aloof from the struggles of British art, until the Royal patronage, the efforts of commercial men, 37 annual exhibitions, and the noble example of Sir John Leicester, had decreased the old inveteracy against native genius, and brought the English pencil into a rising degree of public favour.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE SISTERS.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

I RODE homewards from Sir Toby's. Sir Toby was a man of mettle; he felt as little inconvenience from an ordinary debauch as the lion from the exertion of his strength in the chastisement of a mouse. Nature seemed to have endowed him with a *vis inertiæ*, disproportioned to his size (which, by the way, was not of the smallest) to enable him to resist the potent attacks of the jolly god. And, as if some extraordinary excitement were necessary to his well-being, Sir Toby was never better, in every sense of the word, than when the wine was wrestling with his reason, after the manner of the giants of old against the gods, and often with as little success as was wont to attend them.

We had contracted an acquaintance at the coffee-house. He invited me to Altona, where I had been sacrificing so heroically, inspired by the example of the stout-hearted Briton, that I just retained my equipoise sufficiently to keep the saddle, with scarcely sense enough to find my way home without a guide. It was a delightful cool May-morning, and I greedily inhaled the refreshing breeze that blew directly in my face, so grateful to my heated lungs, while my pony trotted briskly along, anticipating the luxury of a restorative sleep till noon, and of dreams as glorious and enlivening as the dawning day around me.

There was a light in my father's counting-house. This surprised me as it was only two o'clock. I entered. My father was seated at his desk; near him stood Captain Classen, his old friend and servant. They both stared to see me, and winked to one another as I thought; I wished them good morning, and was about to retire. "Good morning, Henry," said my father, "I am glad you are here, for I have business with you."—"Classen, we are agreed then; twelve o'clock precisely; I will have every thing in readiness." Classen withdrew. "Adieu, *revoir*, young gentleman," muttered the Captain as he went, and shook me by the hand, with a grin that set my teeth on edge.

"Henry," said my father without laying down his pen, "prepare for a voyage to France to-day."—"To France, dear father, and on what business?"—"I wish you to marry."—"Marry!" I exclaimed half aloud, for I instantly beheld myself in the mirror of my imagination, as a bridegroom decked with myrtle; at my side, an interesting, elegantly dressed young lady, blooming with youth and beauty, and glittering with jewels; who, consigned to my heart, was destined for its inhabitant for the period of my life, and the days flew away like boys at chuck-farthing, disturbed by the approach of a soldier or a parson—my astonishment, however, was not lessened. "Yes, a daughter of Mr. Gerson, a merchant of Bourdeaux."—"What, father, a lady whom I have never seen?"—"It is a good house, and you will have the choice of three sisters."—"But suppose I should not like either of them?"—"No foolery, Henry," said my father, in a tone of earnestness; "there is a time for every thing, and I have allowed enough for that."—"If I were a prince."—"And though you were an emperor, you would be but a thoughtless boy, in need of a guardian, and my son. Here is a letter from Mr. Gerson, saying that he expects you, and this is my answer. At twelve you will embark."—"You will surely allow me to take leave of a few of my friends?"—"It is not necessary. Here are some cards; you have only to write your name upon them."

I took the cards and retired to my chamber. Marry! I muttered to myself, and a little yellow, meagre French woman, whose whole business it is to disfigure, yet more, by art, her sufficiently disgusting person? And why not in Hamburgh, if it is to be at all? The tall, fair Miss Sorgel, or the short, round brunette, Miss Wasserman,

or the rich one-eyed Miss Funk, or the beautiful *naïve* Miss Adler, or the witty, fascinating— My ideas became confused, and sleep bowed down my head. I was just on the point of changing my perpendicular for a horizontal position rather too suddenly, when I luckily awoke, and had sense enough to throw myself upon the bed, where, in the arms of Morpheus, I soon forgot alike the beauties of Hamburgh and Bourdeaux.

"Henry!" sounded in my ears. I sprang up, rubbed my drowsy eye-lids, and stared; my father stood before me. "It is eleven o'clock; your trunk is packed, the wind is fair, and every minute you delay is lost. Haste then to take some refreshment and embark." I looked sheepish and confounded. Upon a chair lay my travelling dress—my father retired, and my servant, George, assisted me to undress and dress again. "Are you to accompany me?" I asked "Yes, Sir."—"I am glad of it," said I, and derived some little consolation from the circumstance; for there was not in existence a greater rogue, nor, at the same time, a more faithful fellow than this same George. My father paid him for reporting my extravagancies, (which he might do without hesitation, for I made no secret of them myself) and I for assisting me to commit them. The prospect of the voyage began now to interest me; and if, for my sins, I was to be tied to a wife, like a poacher to a stag, it was at all events more agreeable to choose her for myself from among three sisters in France, than to have one allotted to me out of the magazine of merchant's daughters here, warranted sound and perfect, like any other article of merchandize.

I dined with a better appetite than my parents and sister, and received their good wishes, tears, and advice, on taking leave, with becoming indifference.

Captain Classen was waiting with painful impatience. He did not take time to welcome me, but the moment I stepped on board he gave the signal, and, amidst the tumultuous hawking of the sailors, the masts sprung up, the pennants fluttered in the breeze, the sails outstretched themselves to the gale, and Hamburgh and the shores of our beloved country by degrees darkened, receded, and vanished from our view.

It was not my first voyage. I had formerly visited England on mercantile business; consequently I felt no inconvenience from my situation, except the *ennui*, which so sudden a transition from a life of gaiety and dissipation to one of the dullest uniformity could not fail to engender. Captain Classen did his utmost to banish this demon, and was earnest and indefatigable in imploring the aid of the soul-stirring bowl to that effect. In fact, Sir Toby and the rest of the jovial companions of my nightly revels were mere milk-sops in comparison with the old, wrinkled, ironheaded, copper-bottomed sea-captain. His capacious mouth resembled the bung-hole of a large moving wine hogshead, and I beheld with fearful astonishment the bottles of French and Spanish wine emptying themselves by dozens into it, till, at length, the power of participating in, as well as of witnessing, the prowess of my valiant friend forsook me, and I was conveyed to my hammock, where I soon slept so soundly that the shock of an earthquake would have failed to rouse me.

I loved wine as a means of heightening the charms of an interesting conversation, and I had never, even when carrying the use of it to excess, entirely lost sight of that object. This last debauch, however, filled me, when I awoke, with the sensation of having received a stunning blow, accompanied by no enlivening or redeeming recollections: the satyr-like countenance of the Captain was still before my eyes, while in the back-ground of the picture I beheld the rows of bottles that had exhausted their contents in his fathomless throat.

I was out of humour with myself, and stedfastly refused Classen's invitation to renew our libations. Finding me immoveable, he accommodated himself, at length, to my taste, and entertained me with a description of Bourdeaux, and with accounts of Mr. Gerson and his daughters. This conversation wea-

ried me, I forced myself to hear nothing, and after awhile retired, peevish and fretful, to my cabin. My trunk struck me. I had not yet opened it, and resolved to do it now, rather for the sake of amusement than from curiosity. My best clothes, my finest linen, letters to several mercantile houses, a casket containing a valuable ring with bracelets to match. I guessed its destination, and pushed it aside, when lo! what should peep out of one corner of the trunk but a crimson purse! I took it up, and my heart danced with delight as I weighed it in my hand. On opening it, the contents proved to be exactly three hundred Louis d'ors.

I had frequently lost as much, and more than this in a single night, and, in fact, only the other evening, I had inconsiderately wagered double the sum with Sir Toby, that I would not stir afoot out of Hamburgh the following day, which was the day we set sail. But litterly, owing, no doubt, to the fault of the circular form of the gold pieces, there was never a Louis in my pocket in the morning that did not, before night, roll into that of another person. The ebb was naturally stronger than the flow, and, in spite of the liberal allowance my father granted me, I was certain of meeting a creditor in every one of the numerous streets of Hamburgh; they were always, however, exceedingly civil, and satisfied with the honour of being told, in answer to their enquiries, that I was well.

It gave me, at this moment, indescribable pleasure to picture to myself the rage and vexation of this unlucky horde of brokers, Jews, wine-merchants, and tavern-keepers, on hearing of my departure; and I would gladly have given a third of my prize to any "wise man of the east," who would shew them, in his magic mirror, my present figure, sitting here in security, counting my Louis d'ors.

But I had too little of the miser in my composition to find satisfaction long in this amusement; on the contray, with an impatience more consistent with the very opposite character, I began to lay schemes for spending my money. An evil spirit tempted me to try my luck at a throw with my good friend, Classen, whom I took to be a warm fellow, but the devil trust the old sinner! I dreaded finding my man as formidable here as at the bottle, and anticipated, therefore, but a miserable *passe-tems* dearly bought. A better spirit turned my thoughts on Paris. I had seen London, and should I overlook her proudest rival? George was called, and we concerted measures together.

"Shall we soon come to an anchor, Captain?" I enquired, as the coast of France appeared in sight. "Where?" he wondering asked. "At Boulogne" — "Why should we?"—"What, don't you know, my good fellow? Has my father said nothing to you?"—"Not a word" —"Not that I am to land here, and travel by way of Paris to Bourdeaux?"—"*Potz tausend!* art not sober yet?" and he burst into a horse laugh. "I hope, Classen," I rejoined in a tone of displeasure, "you do not take me for a fool? George, were not such my father's orders?" George hesitated; a significant look from me, which Classen could not observe because he was staring full at the fellow, came like a reinforcement to his zeal, and he corroborated my statement.

"Aye, aye?—Humph!" muttered Classen, regarding me with an enquiring look, which, however, I braved with unaltered countenance; "that I did not know. I ask your pardon."

He steered for Boulogne. In a few hours George and I with our luggage were on shore, and shortly afterwards on the road to Paris.

I exulted aloud as I beheld the spire of Notre Dame, and soon after the whole sea of houses which surrounded it. Now, in sight of one of the first cities in the world, it occurred to me to consider what I wanted there. Pleasure! What else? or how best enjoy it? While I was thus occupied for plans for making the most of my liberty, and my three hundred Louis, we arrived at our destination. I immediately hired a *chambre garnie*, assumed the title of Lord Johnsbury, and appropriated the first fortnight to visiting all the places of amusement, and seeing all the sights the capital afforded. My British name, and more, my British

gold, made every thing easy to me, and all were obsequious to serve me

I did not scruple to wear the solitaire intended for my bride. The diamond had become loose, and I entered a jeweller's shop to get it repaired Two ladies came in almost immediately afterwards. One of them was elderly; the other young and beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that for the first time in my life I was seized with a kind of bashful admiration, as I beheld her, and I made way for her with the profoundest respect.

She bargained for a pair of ear-rings; the jeweller asked her too much, and she very reluctantly returned them. I instantly paid down the money and requested her acceptance of them, in remembrance of the sentiments of respect and admiration with which she had inspired a stranger. "You are very generous, Sir, and the jewels are extremely pretty; but even if they were far handsomer, the very circumstance of your being a stranger to me puts it out of my power to accept of them." She blushed as she spoke, and fixed her beaming eyes upon me with such a mild, yet penetrating look, that I trembled with a mixed sensation of fear and pleasure. I entreated, but in vain. A little impatient at her refusal I turned at length to her companion, offered her the ear-rings, and begged her to allow me, at least, the satisfaction of obliging the fair inexorable in her friend. Her eyes glistened as she contemplated my gift, and a little persuasion induced her to accept it. The young lady's countenance evinced her disapprobation of her companion's conduct, and she shook her head as she saw her take them. They departed, and I was silly enough to suffer them to do so without asking a single question.

Arrived at my lodgings I awoke as it were from a dream; the figure of the lovely girl was still before my eyes, and I would willingly have given thirty more Louis to see the original once again. Fortune favoured my wishes, in the *Theatre Francais* I espied my two ladies in a box. Hastening to pay my respects to them, I had the satisfaction of being received by the matronly lady in a very tender, and by her lovely companion in a no less friendly manner Now, thought I, is the time to push my fortune; I assailed the young lady, who seemed to be almost given up to me by her protectress, with all the idle flattery and nonsense I could muster, and was so importunate, in short, in the avowal of my passion, and so urgent in imploring her compassion on my sufferings, that the sunshine of her enchanting countenance by degrees entirely vanished, and the clouds of her displeasure gathered so thickly over her features, that I was really hurt, and felt myself at last compelled to enquire what was the matter. "Nothing, Sir," she replied, with such a look of undaunted virtue as disconcerted me not a little; "except, that we have both been mistaken" This rebuff completed my discomfiture; I kept silence for a long while before I could collect my scattered resolution for an attack upon the old lady. She was more reserved than I expected to find her; and indulged me with a long lecture, such as I could have supposed a duenna alone capable of delivering, on the want of self-government in the men, and the propriety of prudence and reserve in the female sex, before she would condescend to inform me that she sometimes walked in the Thuilleries with her niece, when the weather was favourable

I had forgotten to enquire at what hour, and had interpreted the word *sometimes* according to my wishes. The fashionable world was still buried in sleep, when my anxious steps led me, *revera*, to the Thuilleries. Somewhat less to the inconvenience of my purse than my stomach, I continued by fruitless promenade till nightfall. This course I pursued for four days, yet neither aunt nor niece were visible, and I was ready to die with rage and vexation The sun was declining on the fifth day, and I was heartily cursing myself and all the women in and out of Paris, when I caught sight of my dulcinea and her duenna. She shuddered as her glance met mine; I know not whether at myself, or at the violent emotions which must have been strikingly pourtrayed in my countenance These emotions

were entirely without my power to controul, and I attacked her with such earnestness in entreaties, expostulations and assurances, that her prudent reserve and indifference gradually softened into compassion and sympathy I took advantage of this favourable change to offer her the ring, which I again wore, and it was firmly fixed on her finger before she had time properly to consider the objections to her accepting it.

"You make a child of me," said she, after a vain resistance; "I am as culpable in listening to you, as in accepting this diamond; but you are conferring an obligation on an ungrateful one, and who ought not even to suffer you to suspect that she is so against her will." I complained in vain of this cruelty. Nothing further could I elicit from her; yet she did not deprive me of all hope, and in a favourable moment I secretly begged the aunt to grant me her assistance, and to acquaint me with her residence. "I am under a promise to my niece, Sir," she replied, "to give you no assistance whatever, therefore it is out of my power to grant your request. I must confess, however," she added, smiling, "that I am a little surprised at your asking such a question." I was confounded at my own simplicity; I suffered them to depart without uneasiness, and ordering my *valet de place* to follow them at a distance, soon learnt that they resided in the neighbourhood of the *Palais Royal*.

I was still too timid to avail myself of the advantage I thus gained that day. The turbulency of my feelings drove me from one place to another; even in the theatre I sought in vain for abstraction. The highly impassioned Talma appeared now frigid and dull; the natural and affecting performance of Mademoiselle George, but empty, heartless affectation. Unable to hold out longer I hurried to the *Palais Royal*, that I might at least enjoy the satisfaction of being near her.

Chance led me to a gaming-house. It was just the thing; I punted, won, lost, won again, lost again; and in two hours time found myself without a sous. The forty Louis d'ors which had emigrated gave me little uneasiness; however, I could play no more, and I returned home. "George," said I, as he undressed me, handing him the purse: "fill it again to-morrow."—"What! have you got a fresh supply?"—"How! the money I gave you."—"Is melted down to twenty Louis, of which our landlord claims three."—"Scoundrel, you have robbed me!"—"Would you like to inspect my account, Sir."—"Well, well; think of some resource."—"For travelling, Sir?"—"No!" I exclaimed, with warmth; "I will not leave Paris now if I sleep upon the stones; does any thing strike you?"—"Nothing. I was at the Thuilleries today, and your diamond ring glittered through the hedge that separated us like a sunbeam—but God help us, you have lost it."—"Away! you are a lurking knave; the girl is an angel!"—"From the *Palais Royal!*" The fellow uttered these words with such a malicious grin that I stared at him, thunderstruck. "I hope," said I—"That I jest: God forbid! She is the niece of a respectable, pious lady, and they are both excellent *connaisseuses* of jewels; *à-propos*, there is a pair of bracelets to match the ring."—"Peace!" I exclaimed, with an angry frown.

The prospect of being reduced to the bitterest distress in a town, in which I was an utter stranger, added to the probability of my sacrificing myself to a contemptible *fille*, was not the most agreeable. Her portrait, deeply engraven on my heart in the noblest traits, gave the lie to these suspicions; and yet, when I considered all the circumstances, and particularly the behaviour of the aunt, I could not entirely banish them from my mind. Unable to come to any decision, and harrassed by the contending passions which raged in my breast, I was pacing the room with hasty strides, when Mons. Brelon, my landlord, entered.

"*Pardonnez Monseigneur*," said M. Brelon, a genuine Parisian; "pardon my intrusion at this unseasonable hour; but I have too great a respect for *milord* to keep from your knowledge some important intelligence that I have received."—"I am most highly indebted to your

politeness, Mons. Brelon, have the kindness to proceed."—"My youngest daughter is most intimately acquainted with M. Grosbaton, the valet of General Joubert; M. Grosbaton has a sister, who enjoys the confidence of an officer of the police, who has a daughter who has some knowlege of Lord Whitworth's porter; the porter is the intimate friend of one of my lady's maids, who is the *chère amie* of his Excellency the Ambassador's butler;"—"You lead me, M. Brelon, into an almost impenetrable maze of friendship, which does honour to your nation; but will you not have the goodness to tell me this important news?"—"Instantly, Monseigneur; I wish only to make you acquainted with the source from whence I had it, that you may be convinced of its authenticity?"—"Very prudent, Monsieur, you oblige me infinitely."—"I do but my duty, *milord;* a duty which the most respectful *devoumcnt* imposes upon me."—*Sans façons*, Mons. Brelon?"—"I obey your commands, Monseigneur. His Excellency's butler told the maid, who related it to the porter, and he again as *milord* will be so obliging as to recollect"—"Perfectly, Sir; pray proceed"—"That his Excellency enquired of several English gentlemen at his table, whether they had the happiness of knowing a Lord Johnsbury, meaning yourself, *milord.*"—"No doubt," said I, forcing a smile, and assuming an air of *nonchalance* that was very foreign to my feelings. "The gentlemen answered, that they had not that honour; and his Excellency then related that the First Consul had himself enquired after you, Monseigneur, and asked why you had not been presented at his levée. His Excellency had answered, that he was not acquainted with any nobleman of that title; yet he did not doubt his existence, and supposed he might have reasons for not waiting upon him. Upon which the First Consul said, that a fellow, calling himself by that name, had been making the round of the Thuilleries for some days past, and he wished to know whether or not he had any claim upon his Excellency's protection."

I cast a look at George, and read in his countenance the same alarm, that chilled the blood in my veins. "That will be game for the police," were his Excellency's last words upon the subject.

"I assure you, Monseigneur," he continued, while I remained dumb with astonishment; "on my honour, and my great esteem for you, that I am not mean enough to have the least suspicion of a man, whose noble and generous conduct would do honour to any nation; but in case you cannot reckon upon the interference of his Excellency, pardon my boldness, Monsieur, but your safety and my own."

"Be under no apprehension, Monsieur Brelon," said I, with as much composure as I could summon, at the same time squeezing him by the hand; "I hope my case is not yet so desperate; and should it come to the worst I shall not want means to prove my innocence; I have, perhaps, been inconsiderate." He shrugged his shoulders. "In England it is the fashion, and it is difficult to to alter convenient customs. I thank you sincerely for your information. George shall discharge my account with you, and order post-horses directly." He made a low bow, and, after a thousand apologies, took his leave.

(To be continued.)

LINES

TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

When first I beheld thee, my love,
I felt that I ne'er could be free;
But honour forbids me to prove
How truly I languish for thee.

How long could I gaze on thy face
Unsullied by pride or by art!
But honour forbids me to trace
The beauties that torture my heart.

Thou art gone,—although not away,—
Nay, gone e'en before we could meet!
And honour forbids me to say
For whom my heart ever must beat!

EPISTLES BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Epistle from MARY *to her* UNCLES.—1567.

No. X.

AND can you still in Bothwell's guilt believe?
Still o'er incautious Mary's blindness grieve?
The verdict, though unanimous, distrust,
And deem the bloody charge, though fruitless, just?
Then learn to drive suspicion's mists away,
And give Earl Bothwell's worth to cloudless day:
My loyal nobles thus his guilt disprove,
They bid their sovereign smile on Bothwell's love;
Describe his services to Scotland's land,
And deem him worthiest of her royal hand!
Lives there a wretch, my Lords, so dead to shame,
So base a traitor to his sovereign's fame,
As to advise, nay, supplicate his Queen
To wed an actor in that monstrous scene,
And be the wedded friend, the tender wife
Of him whose hand bereav'd her Lord of life?
Or, should there be one man so lost, so vile,
Such guilt could ne'er assembled men defile!*
And Scotland's nobles thus to Europe show,
Their hearts the innocence of Bothwell's know.

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* But, alas! such guilt, such unparellel'd, and even worse guilt still, *did* actually "defile" several of the proudest nobles of Scotland.

Time, which brings even the most closely veiled enormities to light, has proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Murray, Morton, Bothwell, and Maitland, concerted together the death of Darnley. Murray's aim was indeed hidden in its vile and wicked extent from his confederates, and even Bothwell, though a man of great acuteness, was so much absorbed in the delight he felt, at the high reward which Murray promised him, namely, the hand of the queen, if he would undertake the murder of Darnley, that he was utterly blind to the ruin which lurked under this insidious proposal, but eagerly and thankfully embraced it.

It is impossible to know whether Bothwell was actuated by ambition only, or by love for Mary, and jealousy of Darnley; but, certain it is, that alarmed at Mary's tender reconciliation with her husband, and renewed intercourse with him, he seized the very first opportunity which occurred, that is, he took advantage of her leaving her husband for one night, to destroy that unhappy man.—And here I must pause in my odious narrative to observe, that Mary's going on so trifling and simple a pretence to pass a night at Holyrood-house was, in my opinion, the strongest possible confutation of the charge brought against her that she was privy to the murder, and left Darnley in order that the crime might be consummated. Mary went to Holyrood to be present at an entertainment given to two of her domestics on their wedding!

Surely had she been meditating to leave Darnley, in order that a crime like this might be perpetrated, she would have taken care to furnish herself with a stronger, and seemingly a more irresistible excuse for her unusual absence; an excuse so forced, and so elaborate, as to expose her to detection in the eyes of the penetrating, by the very pains taken to make it *plausible*. But, in the unsuspecting innocence of her heart, the queen, like a kind mistress, grants the prayer of her servants, and condescends to honour their entertainment with her presence.

But to resume my details.—As soon as the bloody deed was accomplished, suspicion justly fell on Bothwell, as the author of it, though Mary was too much prepossessed in his favour to believe him guilty; especially as Murray, and the other confederates declared even then their belief in his innocence, and familiarly associated with him, and next contrived that he should be entirely acquitted when he was brought to trial!

Meanwhile my trembling lips no answer give,
Tho' Bothwell's claims within my memory live;
While I with wonder see the veil remove,
Which hid so long his fond but secret love.
Nor think, lov'd Lords, that these projected ties
Of jealous anguish prompt the painful sighs;
In Bothwell's halls no fond, afflicted wife
Mourns o'er the vanish'd joys of wedded life,
Hates, yet adores, resents, yet pardons still,
Now courts divorce, then deems it life's worst ill,
Watches that face, the only book she reads,
To see if pity o'er to scorn succeeds.
And, if one little sign of love be given,
Lifts full of joy her secret soul to heaven;
If such there were who mourns, as I have done,
O'er hopes betray'd and life's fair prospects gone,
I should at once these offer'd ties repell,
Nor dare inflict the pangs I've known too well.
But Bothwell's halls a youthful wife contain,
Who longs to break her ill assorted chain;
And even now, as if joy's only source,
With eager heart anticipates divorce,
And pants that hour of happiness to see,
Which may her hated fetters fix on me.
But, vainly still must Bothwell's passion burn,
My smiles on him, like flowers round funeral urn

Happy had it been for Mary had their wicked contrivances ended here; but these base conspirators against the fame, life, and happiness of their Queen, went on to perpetrate that very guilt of which it was impossible for Mary to conceive that any set of men could be capable; and they *signed a declaration*, in writing, and caused others to sign it, amongst whom were *eight bishops*, avowing their belief of Bothwell's innocence, and recommending Bothwell, though a married man, as the fittest husband for the queen.

But Mary, though always convinced that Bothwell was innocent, still hesitated to accept him as her husband; and *thence* the disgraceful seizure of her person by Bothwell, which soon after followed —See Chalmer's 9th section, and page 208 of the 8th section.

Dr Robertson, page 17, says of this writing "In the end, Bothwell, partly by promises and flattery, and partly by terror and force, prevailed on all who were *present*, (that is, present at a large entertainment which he gave) to subscribe a paper which leaves a deeper stain than any occurrence in that age on the honour and character of the nation. This paper contained the *strongest assurances* of Bothwell's innocence, and the most ample acknowledgment of his good services to the kingdom. If any future accusation should be brought against him on account of the King's murder, the subscribers promised to stand by him, as one man, and to hazard their lives and fortunes in his defence. They recommended him to the Queen as the most proper person she could choose for her husband."

"Amongst the subscribers of this paper we find some who were the Queen's chief confidents, *others* who were strangers to her councils and obnoxious to her displeasure, some who faithfully adhered to her through the vicissitudes of her fortune, and others *who became the principal authors of her sufferings*." Why does not Robertson *name* them? These were Murray and his faction.

It is an obvious truth, that those, who believe the sonnets and letters from Mary to Bothwell to be infamous forgeries, utterly and *necessarily* acquit Mary of loving Bothwell, as well as of being privy to Darnley's murder, and think her union with Bothwell was wholly the result of violence and expediency; but *Robertson* and *Hume*, who set out, as *Mary's* biographers, with a full belief in the *authenticity* of these infamous forgeries, see all the events of Mary's reign through the medium of this *prepossession*, and trace up all her actions after her quarrels with Darnley to the influence of Bothwell, and of an unlawful passion. Their prejudice distorts facts, and gives them a forced, and cruel intrepretation, worthy only of the age in which these horrors were perpetrated, and inconsistent with the amiable character of both historians.

Which only bloom to fade, soon pass away,
Short as the brilliance of a winter's day;
For in my breast no answering passion glows,
This woe-chill'd blood no more tumultuous flows,
No conscious ardour prompts my secret sigh,
As when my Darnley's form first met my eye;
When both at once transfix'd with love's own dart,
Fond, mutual glances mingled heart with heart;
Not love, but grateful friendship sways my breast,
And worldly prudence is its wary guest;
Prudence that says how vast is Bothwell's power,
To screen my threaten'd head in factious hour:
Since, by no rebel's traiterous aim deid'd,
He from impending ill would guard my child;
And, though most powerful of our chiefs he shines
With matchless influence loyal zeal combines;
His wish to strengthen not to share my sway,
And teach less loyal subjects to obey.
If then, while round me specious traitors throng,
And dare the open threat, the secret wrong,
This wounded bosom for protection lean
On him, the guide, and guardian of his Queen;
Him only faithful 'midst the faithless found,
Like one lone spring that cheers the desert round,
If, pleas'd to listen to my nobles' voice,
I fix on Bothwell's Earl my wedded choice:
If to his arms this faded form I give,
At length content a subject's wife to live,
Forbear to judge, while true to nature's plan,
Dependant woman seeks protecting man.
Her arm, defence from traitors, rebels, foes,
From civil discord, and impending woes:
The wretch that's falling from the rock's high breast
Will grasp e'en thorns that can his fall arrest.
So I to guard my oft endanger'd throne,
And save the life far dearer than my own,
May from my pride's suggestions dare depart,
At the pure promptings of a mother's heart,—
And place my child, secur'd from threat'ning harms,
In the safe shelter of a father's arms.
May Scotland's nobles urgent prayers approve,
And deign at length to smile on Bothwell's love;
Then shall my son who, through his mother springs
In proud succession from an hundred kings,
Be taught that mother's tender care to prize,
Who, for his sake, could pride's high claims despise;
And, by maternal love's fond daring led,
Her faith's firm, active foe consent to wed.
While this desire escapes her throbbing breast,
"Let me be wretched,—so my child is blest!"
But let me close this irritating page,
My Lords, I see your now indignant rage!*
I hear your honour'd lips, belov'd Lorraine,
For such an union speak your proud disdain.
Forgive! forgive, make known your sacred will!
And I, perhaps, may dare obey it still.
For fond remembrance grateful Mary moves,
To bend submissive to the friends she loves.

* The marriage with Bothwell was a great blow to the pride of the House of Guise.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

From Sir Charles Darnley, *Bart., to the* Marquis de Vermont.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris.

My Dear de Vermont,

As there are few real or fancied tales more tragical than the story of the *Duc d'Enghein*, I determined that I would not leave Paris without visiting the scene of his murder; a murder which, of all Buonaparte's actions, was certainly the blackest and least justifiable. After driving through the *Foubourg St. Antoine*, which witnessed so many of the eventful circumstances of your Revolution, I passed the *barriere du Trone*, and at the distance of an English mile from that spot found myself at the gates of the old castle of *St. Vincennes*, whose solitary position, gothic structure, and moated fortifications, are all in unison with the bloody deed perpetrated within its walls. The sentinel on duty would not allow us to enter the castle by the principal gate, but allowed us to walk round the ramparts to the draw-bridge on the opposite side. In casting my eyes on the ditch, which runs round this extensive edifice, I observed a little to the right of the draw-bridge some persons busily employed in laying out a small garden, while others were surrounding it with an iron railing, and in the centre of the garden appeared an accumulation of earth of the shape and size of an ordinary grave, but covered with turf. I enquired the reason of these preparations, and learnt with no little interest that this was the identical spot where the gallant and ill-fated *Duc d'Enghein* received his death blow, and under which he was immediately buried. To record these events Louis XVIII. had ordered these simple memorials to be prepared. After crossing the draw-bridge we were conducted up the narrow staircase of an ancient tower into a very small and dark room, where, covered with white cloth richly embroidered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, appeared a coffin containing the bones of the murdered Duke, which bones have lately been removed from the spot in which they were first deposited, and which we had just visited. On the coffin lay a large stone, which the executioners had thrown over the spot, under which they interred their victim. The chamber which contains these articles is now converted into a chapel, and the body was surrounded with lighted tapers, near which also a sentinel was posted. This is the place where the royal sufferer underwent his mock trial. It appears that as soon as he had acknowledged, in answer to the first interrogatory put to him, that he was the person sought for, he was condemned without any further formality, conducted into another chamber where he was kept two hours, while a message was sent to the Palace of the Thuilleries for the final commands of Napoleon, which were no sooner received than he was led to the spot already described, and shot by torch light. This infamous act was committed on the 28th of March, and Louis XVIII. has ordered, on the annual return of this day, that a religious expiatory ceremony shall be performed. A person, who was at Paris when the melancholy event occurred, assures me that in spite of the rigid system of *espionage* which then prevailed, it excited much alarm and some complaint. It was rumoured that a Prince of the Bourbon family had been put to death, but the name of the victim was unknown. My informant was told by a soldier that he had been called upon, with several others, to carry into execution a military sentence, at one o'clock in the morning, at the castle of *St. Vincennes;* but who the prisoner was had been carefully concealed. I have heard that the unfortunate Duke was exposed, not only to every possible indignity, but even to great physical suffering. That after having

been hurried to Paris from the Banks of the Rhine, without an interval of rest, he was not allowed the smallest refreshment on his arrival within these dismal walls. But this is a refinement on cruelty, which, for the honour of human nature, I am not disposed on mere rumour to believe.

After viewing the spot where one member of your royal family so miserably ended his short but honourable career, I thought I could not take a better opportunity of visiting the scene of another illustrious victim's sufferings, and therefore proceeded from the castle of *St. Vincennes* to the prison of the *Conciergerie.* There I found a low, small, damp, and dark cell, which has lately been converted into an expiatory chapel; and here the once beautiful, elegant, high-born, and high-minded Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was confined sixty-seven days, and only left this wretched apartment to ascend the cart which conveyed her to the place of execution. During her long imprisonment she slept on a stone floor, on which a truss of straw was thrown by way of bed. No one who remembers, or has read of her personal and mental charms and regal splendour, or who recollects the beautiful passage in which our eloquent Burke has at once painted her charms, and recorded her claims to compassion, can view this spot with indifference. Perhaps I ought to apologise for troubling you with an account of my visits to these dismal scenes; they do not strictly belong to that view of national manners to which you and I have agreed to confine our remarks, but the *Duc d'Enghein* and *Marie Antoinette* are so connected with your Revolution, and your Revolution with every thing which one hears and sees in this country, that I could not help telling you how much I had been affected in viewing the spots which witnessed the sufferings of these ill-fated and illustrious personages. Perhaps Louis XVIII. acts unwisely, as a politician, while he indulges an amiable superstition, by raising these expiatory chapels which I have had occasion to mention; yet, as a man, one can understand and pardon the feelings by which he is actuated.

A-propos of your Revolution, much as it has undoubtedly influenced the state of society, I am amused at observing how ready an apology it affords for every fault which a stranger ventures to remark. If I tell an advocate of the ancient *regime*, that your manner of living here appears to me less cheerful than I expected, and that foreigners find it difficult to make their way into the best circles of this city, however respectable they may be, he immediately answers, "Oh! Sir, had you been here before our *infernal* Revolution you would have had no cause for these complaints; the court was the model of taste, elegance, decorum, and innocent hilarity; and to be *a stranger* was a passport amply sufficient to secure for the well-born and well-educated traveller the most gracious welcome." Yet, perhaps, the individuals, of whose incivilities the person to whom he is speaking has had most reason to complain, belongs to that very privileged class whose urbanity in former days was the subject of such high commendations. If, too, we turn to Horace Walpole's picture of Paris, drawn fifty years ago, in his admirable letters, we shall find him even then describing the stiffness and formality of the persons with whom he associated, and all these were members of the old court, which court we are now told was so remarkable for its graceful manners; and his friend Marshal Conway, in whose veins flowed the proudest blood of Britain, complains in the same correspondence that when he visited Paris, after having been Secretary of State in his own country, he was treated by some of these very nobles with "insulting condescension." The opposite party is no less disposed to throw the blame on the reignnig government. If to a follower of Buonaparte I observe that "his *Cher Paris*" does not appear to me that perfect paradise which the praises of his countrymen had taught me to expect, he exclaims, "You must not judge of the French capital by its *present* state. The return of the Bourbons has been no less destruc-

tive to private society than to public happiness. Had you been here during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon you would have seen splendour without ostentation, gaiety without frivolity, and the most delicate attention to strangers, united to a simplicity of manner such as only real greatness could assume, *Mais ces Emigrés!* and then follows a philippic against that unfortunate race of men which draws him from his subject, and produces a thousand rhetorical figures with which it is useless to trouble you. In short, every deviation from private decorum, virtue, honour, or urbanity, which occurs in this great city, is attributed to a political cause; and the Revolution, or the Restoration bears the blame, according to the prejudices of the speaker. Now, without denying that both these important events must have been felt in the most secret recesses of private society, I should imagine that many vices, many faults and many follies are daily discovered, which have not the smallest connection with either of those political æras. Party blinds the eyes of its votaries; and enthusiasts, like madmen, see every thing under false impressions.

But I must now bid you adieu, and assure you, once again, how truly

I am, &c.
C. Darnley.

From the Marquis de Vermont to Sir Charles Darnley, Bart.

LETTER XXIV.

London.

My Dear Darnley,

I find by your last letter that you have lately been visiting those interesting but melancholy scenes, which recall the sufferings and deaths of our royal and lamented victims. While you were thus spending your time at Paris, mine was more agreeably employed in viewing the vast and magnificent improvements which the British metropolis now offers to the observation of an admiring world. Indeed, from all the descriptions which I have seen of its former state, and from the specimens yet standing of its ancient buildings, I am led to conclude that the progress made since the signature of the last treaty of peace, in extending and beautifying London, is almost miraculous. Most extraordinary does it, indeed, appear to strangers, that after having maintained, almost exclusively at your own expense, the burden of one of the longest and most expensive wars which Europe ever witnessed, you should at its termination find the means of erecting such numerous and costly piles of elegant architecture; nor can we in beholding them fail to reflect how incalculable are the resources of a free, enlightened, and united people.

One of the first objects which drew my attention was Waterloo-Bridge, "in seeing which," observed Canova, (no contemptible authority on such a subject) "the traveller is amply rewarded for the trouble of a journey from Rome to the English capital." After admiring the lightness and symmetry of this far-famed structure, I lamented, on hearing that a million of your money had been expended in raising it, that so heavy a burden should be thrown on the shoulders of the people, when I learnt to my surprise, that this stupendous work, as well as that of the London and West India Docks, (besides the various canals, by which manufactures and commerce circulate from one end of the kingdom to the other) were all the unprotected efforts of private speculators.

In France we are so accustomed to see similar enterprizes executed by the government only, that it is with difficulty we are brought to understand, how such wonders can be effected by the exertion and at the hazard of voluntary associations.

When I extended my researches, and visited the fine theatres of Drury-lane, Covent-garden, and the Opera-house, and found that they also were private property; and when in pursuing my enquiries I heard that the splendid new street,

or rather the succession of splendid streets, by which Pall Mall communicates with Portland-Place, those which are now erecting on the spot where once stood the royal stables, and the several terraces of large and beautiful houses decorated with pillars and pilasters, which front the Regent's Park, not to speak of the many elegant villas dispersed about that fine piece of ground, (equally useful as a place of exercise and as a source of health to the inhabitants of this colossal town) I say, when I heard that these buildings, though standing on land belonging to the crown, and laid out agreeably to a plan sketched by the royal architect, were all raised at the expense of *individuals*, who had also undertaken to pay an annual quit-rent, amply sufficient to remunerate the government for the sums advanced in making the preparations which preceded these improvements, a new train of ideas was presented to my mind, and I contemplated with equal pleasure and astonishment the scene before me, exemplifying so beautifully the mighty powers of accumulated capital, of capital created by industry and trade, under the guardian banners of law and liberty.

The happy effects of your admirable constitution may, indeed, be traced in all we see in England, while every thing on the Continent is growing rather worse than better while the *chateaux*, which escaped the united evils of war and revolution, are rapidly falling to decay, while our villages are deserted, and our towns dilapidated, England seems, in spite of the complaints of her own politicians, to be duly and rapidly advancing in her proud career of wealth and prosperity.

Indeed, when I first came hither, I was so alarmed by the language of several of your newspapers, and by the conversation of those whom I met in society, that I believed you were on the eve of a national bankruptcy; but as I extend my stay, and calmly examine the testimonies of public happiness, which hourly challenge my admiration, I am satisfied, though your agriculture and commerce may at present prove less profitable objects of speculation than such as engaged in these pursuits during the last war were once accustomed to find them, that those evils are but temporary, and that even at this time, when compared to that of the rest of the world, the state of England is most enviable. While the coffers of your merchants are still so overloaded as to afford them the means of offering unlimited loans to supply the necessities of the new, and the emergencies of the old, governments of Europe and Southern America—while the appearance of cleanliness and respectability is so general among the people, that as I walk about this town, I feel myself constantly disposed to ask, like the Emperor of Russia, where the lower ranks are to be found? While your shops are crowded with costly luxuries, and your streets with splendid equipages, how can I entertain a doubt, that the welfare of England is not only unimpaired but progressive?

Nor are the manifestations of national prosperity confined within the precincts of this city, for London, differing in that respect from the other capitals in Europe, is the *centre*, not the *drain* of the riches of the country. I believe there is no part of Great Britain in which the same features may not be traced, and wherever a work of utility is suggested, speculations and money are sure to be found. Business called me a short time since into a distant county. In all the towns and villages through which I travelled improvements were going forwards, houses building, manufactories established, or roads constructing. When I arrived at Derby, I was asked whether I chose to take the new route to Matlock, and having assented from motives of curiosity, to my great surprise, I soon witnessed a scene, which in romantic beauty, and almost in magnificence, might be compared to that which presents itself in the celebrated passage of the Simplon, made by Napoleon. Here, as in the latter great work, for nearly twenty miles, rocks had been excavated, and mountains levelled; and all this achieved, not by the strong arm of a mighty conqueror, and at the expense of a suffering people,

but by the spirited and patriotic exertions of a few private gentlemen, who, while enriching themselves, and conferring an essential service on the public, had also found the means of affording labour and consequent comfort to the surrounding peasantry.

But to return to the metropolis. How greatly is this city indebted to the liberality and industry of its citizens. The splendid specimens of ingenious machinery exhibited in the breweries, distilleries, and other such establishments, I am told are all the property of private men, many of whom have risked half a million of money in one of these gigantic speculations, while even in the lowest walks of retail trade, large capitals are embarked. Nor are the profits of apparently trifling concerns inadequate to the risk incurred; in proof of which I am assured by a gentleman, who for many years held the situation of a commissioner of bankrupts, that, in the execution of his official duty, he had it proved on one occasion before him, on indisputable evidence, that a printer and wholesale vendor of those ballads which are dispersed about the town, at the price of half a penny each, derived an income of two thousand pounds a year from the produce of his business. After mentioning the vast number of public works in this town, which owe their origin to private speculations, I should be ungrateful not to add, that the patrons of the Fine Arts, without any such interested motives, contribute their share to the magnificence of London. Few things are more attractive to strangers than galleries of pictures and statues, and here they belong not to government, but to individuals. Besides the superb collections of Lords Grosvenor and Stafford, and those of Messrs. Hope and Angerstein, which are so munificently thrown open to the inspection of artists and connoisseurs, the establishment of the British Gallery, (to which the proudest nobles in the land, as well as the sovereign himself, condescend to make an annual loan of their choicest works) shews that the possessors of these *chefs d'œuvres* have bought them for no selfish motives, and value them only as they contribute to assist the progress of national skill and genius.

When I reflect on the variegated scenes which hourly draw my notice; when I add to my own observations those of others, on whose judgment I can rely; when I gaze on this mighty metropolis, so rapidly augmenting in size and grandeur; when I recollect the high moral and military character which your arms attained in the last war; when extending my views to literary and scientific subjects I find that, while the Duke of Wellington triumphed in the field, Dr. Jenner and Sir Humphry Davy were immortalizing both themselves and Great Britain by discoveries, for which they will receive the blessings of ages yet unborn; and that Crabbe, Moore, Scott, and Byron, after raising the poetical fame of their country, still live, and still promise to carry higher their own and England's reputation; and that in the fine arts, though much has been done, much more may yet be expected from the pencil of Lawrence, and the chissel of Chantrey; I say when I put all these contemporary circumstances together, I feel convinced that you have almost reached the acmé of national greatness; and when I remember the great events, the great works, and the great men, which have thrown a lustre yet unfaded on this period of your annals, I can venture to predict, without stopping to enquire whether these advantages are to be attributed to the wisdom of the government or to the energies of the people, that history will dedicate one of its most interesting and most brilliant pages to the regency and reign of George IV.

I remain, my dear Darnley,
Your's sincerely,
De-Vermont.

N.B. This number concludes these clever and interesting letters, and our readers will be pleased to hear that a re-publication of them in a separate volume will soon appear.—Ed.

KOSCIUSKO.

(Abridged from the French of Mr. M. A. Jullien.)

" And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."
Pleasures of Hope.—CAMPBELL.

THE name alone of Kosciusko gives us an idea of one of the ancients in the midst of modern corruption. Poland may boast of *his* virtues as the United States of America boast of those of Washington.

His generous, disinterested, and mild, yet firm character, his pure and constant attachment to the interests of his country and the cause of liberty, form a striking contrast to the egotism, ambition, avarice, and a thousand other vices of many men considered *great*, who, having neither honour nor love of country, have in all ages contributed to enlarge the sphere of human misery.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was born in Lithuania, in the middle of the last century (about 1750); his parents were of noble extraction, but of moderate fortune; he was brought up at Warsaw, in "L'Institute des Cadets," where the young nobility destined for the military profession were educated. It is said that the Czartoryski family, who had often assisted in bringing forward distinguished characters, took charge of his education. He was considered as one of the cleverest pupils, particularly in mathematics and drawing, and was sent to France to finish his studies.

On leaving the cadet school he entered into a regiment as an officer; and returning to Poland, after a residence of some years in France, he obtained a company. But his military career did not in reality commence till he went to the United States, where he was induced to go by his desire to aid the cause of liberty and to acquire an honourable reputation.

The political influence exercised by Russia in Poland, particularly since the year 1764, when Catherine's old favourite Stanislaus Poniatowski was crowned, and the first dismemberment of Poland, began in 1772, and confirmed in the following year by a vote of accession to the treaty of division which was torn from the diet, thus rendered an accomplice in the ruin of its country, were the great yet lamentable circumstances that accompanied the infancy and youth of our hero. Kosciusko finding himself too much confined in the European continent, where force and ambition shared the spoils of a weak and oppressed people, while all the other governments preserved a cowardly silence, crossed the Atlantic, arrived in the United States, and presented himself to Washington, without any particular recommendation. "What do you come here for?" said this general to him. "I come to serve the cause of American independence."—"What can you do?"—"Try me," replied Kosciusko, with noble simplicity. His talents were put to the proof, and his bravery, character, and acquirements justly appreciated; he was employed as an officer, and soon distinguished himself. On the 18th of October, 1776, Kosciusko, who had first served as a simple volunteer in the American army, was appointed by the Congress, (on the report of the committee of war) engineer, with the rank of colonel, in the service of the United States. He was successively employed as aid-de-camp to General Gates, as well as Mr. Armstrong afterwards minister of the United States in France, and as engineer-colonel in the army of the south, commanded by General Gates, and afterwards by General Green.

On the 13th of October, 1783, he was raised to the rank of brigadier-general, on the recommendation of Washington, the general-in-chief. His commission denotes that this rank was given him as *a reward for his long, faithful, and honourable services.* His noble and disinterested conduct, his talents and his courage, gained him the general

esteem of the army, as also of Washington, Gates, and Franklin; he acquired in like manner the friendship of the young General La Fazette, destined to support in France, as Kosciusko did in Poland, with similar misfortunes, the cause of liberty.

Kosciusko returned to his country fresh from the noble struggle he had taken part in, by serving a nation which defended its liberty.

He lived for a long time in voluntary seclusion, meditating on the future destiny of his country and himself. He was appointed major-general by the diet, and concurred in its useless and feeble attempts from 1788 to 1791, to oppose foreign influence.

His rising reputation had no other foundation than his conduct during the American war, and had not yet procured him any political credit.

Employed as general of division under young Poniatowski, the king's nephew, who commanded the troops opposed to the army sent by Russia to overturn the constitution of the 3rd of May, 1791, he gained great glory at a battle fought on the 18th of June, 1792, at Volhynia, near the river Bug. The Russian force extended from Dubienka to Opolin, and attacked, at the same moment, all the Polish ports on this side the Bug. The most violent attack was directed against General Kosciusko, who was stationed near Dubienka. He sustained the enemy's shock with as much bravery as obstinacy; but being obliged to yield to the superior force of the Russians he retreated with the greatest order to Chelm, the capital of the palatinate of that name. The Russian army did not cross the river till after a loss of 4,000 men. This circumstance attracted public attention towards Kosciusko, and inspired his fellow soldiers with enthusiasm for him. But the weakness of King Stanislaus, who tamely submitted to the conditions imposed upon him by Russia, rendered the zeal of the Polish patriots useless.

Kosciusko was one of the officers who voluntarily retired from the service after this shameful pacification. He was soon obliged to banish himself, which only served to render him more dear to his countrymen. A solemn decree of the National Assembly of France in August, 1792, conferred on him during his exile the title of French citizen.

Kosciusko passed the greater part of the year 1793 at Dresden and Leipsick. But, in spite of his absence, all eyes were fixed upon him, when the Polish nation, impatient of a foreign yoke, thought to free themselves. After several conferences, secretly held at Warsaw, the *patriots*, then called *insurgents*, requiring a man whose name, head, and heart, would inspire confidence, resolved to choose Kosciusko as their chief, and sent two deputies to him.

However insufficient the means offered him were, Kosciusko went to the frontier with a Pole, who now bears a high dignity in his country, and who went even as far as Warsaw to sound the minds of the people, and particularly to moderate the chiefs, whose impatience threatened to mar the whole project. His return to the frontier having roused the suspicions of the foreign party then prevailing in Poland he feared to risk the success of the enterprize, and made a journey to Italy, leaving some friends, on whom he could rely, to continue the secret negociations, and to prepare the way for a general and popular revolution.

Urged to return by the patriots of Warsaw he went to Poland in Feb. 1794, and reached the palatinate of Cracow at the moment when the garrison of that town had expelled the Russian troops. On the 24th of March the citizens of Cracow drew up the act of insurrection, which was signed by three hundred persons.

The energetic declaration of the inhabitants of Cracow had been published, and the Poles had taken up arms under the very eyes of the foreign masters of their country. A voluntary and unanimous adherence was everywhere declared. Kosciusko was appointed supreme chief of the national force under the title of *natzelnik* or generalissimo, and had, in the name of the whole nation, entire power over civil and political affairs.

No other limit was given to his power than that imposed upon him by his own virtue and moderation.

He did not betray the confidence of his countrymen, and no one has ever accused him of having abused his short dictatorship. The addresses to the people and the army, which he published under these circumstances, are remarkable for their frankness and simplicity. Some days after his nomination to the command of the troops he was informed of the approach of the Russian army. He left Cracow at the head of 4,000 men, chiefly peasants, armed with scythes and pikes, without any knowledge of military manœuvres, but intrepid and devoted.

He gave battle to the enemy at Raslawice, on the 4th of April, 1794. The contest lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon to eight in the evening. The Poles gained a complete victory; they remained masters of the field of battle, and took eleven pieces of cannon from the enemy, with all their baggage and ammunition. The Russians lost three thousand men, and threw away, in their flight, their arms and cartridge boxes.

Towards the end of May, Kosciusko defeated and entirely destroyed a body of the Russian army, commanded by General Denisow, entrenched in a thick wood on the borders of the Vistula.

A canon of Cracow had written to this general, that he would go to Kosciusko, under the pretext of thanking him, in the name of his country, for what he had done for it, and take this opportunity to assassinate him. The letter written by this traitor was intercepted, and he payed for his cowardly and perfidious crime with his head. This event redoubled the enthusiasm of the Poles for their general, and rendered them more vigilant against the secret agents of their enemies.

In the beginning of June the Prussians, united to the Russians, attacked the Poles with a numerous artillery, and caused them to lose about a thousand men, killed and wounded. Kosciusko, who commanded as a great general, and who fought as a brave soldier, raised this affair with noble simplicity, seeking neither to dissimulate nor diminish the loss he sustained. He felt he had done his duty, and he expressed neither discouragement nor repentance.

Soon after he published a proclamation, dated from his camp, near Kiela, the 10th of June, 1794, relative to the new military system he wished to establish, to animate the people, depressed by the yoke of slavery, and to inspire them with vigour to struggle against foreign troops, even in those provinces formerly torn by force from the republic of Poland. He wished to extend a helping hand to those inhabitants who desired to return to the valuable privileges of their country.

In July, Kosciusko's army encamped near Warsaw, inspired by the news of the advantages obtained by the patriots in Courland and Semigalle, attacked the Russians and Prussians, and seized their entrenchments. But the allied army, which had received numerous reinforcements, approached near the capital, in order to bombard it and the entrenched camp of Kosciusko. The first bombs were thrown on the 29th, 30th, and 31st July.

The Poles answered by a lively and well-directed fire, which prevented the besiegers from establishing their batteries near enough to reach the centre of the town with their bombs. The brave and able Kosciusko, notwithstanding this, maintained a position that enabled him to hold free communication with the adjacent country to victual his troops. A Polish division in Courland and Semigalle was employed in intercepting the correspondence with Russia. A body of Russian troops were beaten at Wilna, in Lithuania, while another Polish army obtained over the Prussians brilliant and rapid successes.

In the mean time the war of diversion, ably organized by Kosciusko, was pursued with vigour. Some light Polish troops surprised several towns, and made frequent incursions into Silesia. The alarm was so great that the garrison of Berlin was sent from that town to Frankfort upon the Oder. The embarrassment of Frederic William was still greater, as he had but few able troops in Silesia, Pomerania, and Southern Prussia, and his best troops were employed in fruitless operations before

Warsaw. Scarcity and epidemic diseases disheartened and desolated the Prussian camp. Abundance, health, confidence, good order, and discipline reigned in Kosciusko's army. Gold rings, with this inscription, *Our country to her defenders*, were distributed to the most distinguished soldiers. But the laurels won by the defenders of liberty were soon changed into mournful cypresses. One day decided the fate of unfortunate Poland.

Kosciusko had made a glorious stand against the combined armies of Russia and Prussia, which had invested Warsaw. The King of Prussia advanced in person at the head of a formidable army, and vainly menaced the inhabitants with the total destruction of their city, if they persisted in defending it. He was obliged to raise the seige, after an obstinate and bloody contest of two months, followed by a general assault, in which the firmness of the patriots triumphed over their enemies, and returned to Great-Poland, where an insurrection had first broken out.

Kosciusko with all possible dispatch sent reinforcements to the points most threatened by the enemy, and went to direct, in person, the operations in Lithuania, when he learnt that the Russians had gained a signal victory in that province. He returned to Warsaw to prepare fresh means of resistance proportionate to the dangers accumulating round him; he determined on the 29th of September, 1794, to hazard a battle, to prevent the junction of the army under General Fersen with the troops of General Suwarrow. An order of movement, on the execution of which the success of his plan depended, was intercepted by the Russians, which defeated the whole project. Kosciusko, though deprived of a division of fifteen thousand men upon which he had reckoned, sustained the enemy's shock with great vigour, which he repulsed four times; but valour must yield to number. The Poles were surrounded, and their ranks were in disorder: their general rallied the troops several times with great intrepidity, and always charged at their head. From the time of the confederation of Cracow he always wore the dress of a Polish peasant, in honour of that oppressed people, and to inspire them with national enthusiasm, which their deep state of degradation rendered them little capable of feeling: on that very day he fought in this costume. A cossack, who did not know him, wounded him with his lance, and unhorsed him.

The Poles cried out, calling him by his name. Kosciusko got up and advanced a few steps, when an officer gave him a blow on his head with a sabre, and he fell to the earth without sense or motion. It is said that a Russian general, who owed him personal obligations, conveyed him from the field of battle, bound up his wounds, took the greatest care of him, and accompanied him to St. Petersburgh, where the Empress Catherine had ordered him to be conducted.

A division of the army, which could not reach its destined place, lost the battle of Maciejowice, and consequently destroyed Polish independence, as the battle of Pharsalia annihilated Roman liberty. The captivity of Kosciusko deprived Poland of her last support. But even at the time that he was prisoner in Russia the inhabitants of Warsaw celebrated by a general illumination the anniversary of their generous defender. Kosciusko was detained for two years as a prisoner of war, or rather as a state prisoner, till the death of Catherine on the 6th of November, 1796. One of the first acts of the Emperor Paul, the successor of Catherine, was to go, accompanied by his two sons, the Grand Dukes Alexander and Constantine, to visit this illustrious victim of the noblest heroism in his prison. The Emperor offered Kosciusko his liberty, considerable presents in land and peasants, dignities, honours, and a command in his army. Kosciusko refused the offers of the monarch; he declared that he had never fought but under the banner of independence, in America and in Poland, and that he never could serve any other cause. As for the presents he had at first accepted, that he might not compromise his fellow-patriots, companions of his misfortunes, by a resolute re-

fusal that would have offended the Emperor, and perhaps that he might escape from a painful captivity, he sent them all back from England, with a letter full of delicacy and dignity, determining not to be tied by any feeling of gratitude to one of the sovereigns who had profited by the division of his country. A certificate from his physicians, who declared that death would be the necessary consequence of his captivity if much prolonged, and his wounds, which rendered his long life very improbable, outweighed any political consideration that might have opposed his freedom.

Kosciusko, again free, went from Russia to Sweden, and then to England, where he was treated with distinction, and thence he proceeded to the United States of America. He arrived at New York in 1797. A resolution of Congress of the 23d January 1798, printed in the Journals of Congress, had given him the principal and interest of five years' service, due to him for his exertions in the American war, amounting to about 16,000 piastres, which constituted the principal part of his fortune at that period.

Duty to his country, and a vague hope that, in the midst of the political events which then troubled all Europe, something favourable to Poland might occur, determined him to return to France; whither he arrived in June 1798, and was received by the lovers of liberty with the esteem that his virtues and character inspired, and with the feeling of respect due to his misfortunes. He powerfully contributed, by his representations to the Executive Directory, to bring about a union between France and the United States.

Towards the end of the year 1799 the Polish officers, employed in the army of Italy, offered him the sabre of John Sobieski, found at Notre Dame of Loretto.

Kosciusko at first settled himself in Paris; he distinguished there, amongst the foreign ambassadors with whom he had connexions, M. Zeltner, minister of the Swiss confederation, whose character bore a strong analogy to his own. This mutual sympathy gave rise to the strictest friendship between them, which lasted till the death of Kosciusko. In 1801 he accepted the invitation of this respectable friend to establish himself in his family, of which he was a member for fifteen years; afterwards, on his return from Vienna, where he went on account of the meeting of the Congress in 1815, he resided at Soleure, in Switzerland, with another M. Zeltner, formerly National Prefect of the Canton of Soleure, and brother to his Parisian friend.

At the time of Kosciusko's return to Europe the French government was at war with the sovereigns who had divided Poland, but who had forcibly enlisted several thousand Poles under their standard. General Kosciusko proposed to the Executive Directory to procure a great many of his countrymen, over whom he still possessed great influence, as auxiliaries in the cause of France, provided the French government would promise him that the independence of Poland should be stipulated for, when general peace was proposed. It has not been ascertained whether any positive agreement was entered into on this subject; but Kosciusko fulfilled his part of the engagement; he gave the signal to the Poles, who came in crowds to incorporate themselves in the French army. It is well known how the Directory, and afterwards Buonaparte, during his consulate and his imperial reign, fulfilled their promises; and what was the deplorable destiny of these brave Polish legions, who thought they were fighting for their country, while they were throwing away their lives in the French ranks, and in the most remote countries. Kosciusko, whose only wish was the welfare of his country, of which he was the firm support and true representative, had no personal views in the great national cause to which he had devoted his whole existence. He never received any pension either from Prussia, the Executive Directory, or Buonaparte, though some journals falsely asserted it, but which Kosciusko formally denied.

Fifteen years of his life passed peaceably away in the bosom of the Zeltner family; first at Paris and

afterwards at Berville, near Fontainbleau; where, like Cincinnatus, he delighted in superintending rural labours and in directing the cultivation of his friendly host's estate. Simple in his dress, manners, taste, and language, he willingly conversed with the peasants and assisted them with his counsels and favours. He devoted his leisure hours to reading, and his favourite authors were Tacitus and Plutarch. Amongst the great men of antiquity he particularly admired Aristides, Timoleon, and Epaminondas. The firm and inflexible character of Hannibal, his obstinacy and hatred of the Romans, his courage, military genius and misfortunes, inspired him with admiration and respect. He sometimes called Jefferson, in his letters, *his dear Aristides.* One of his amusements was the instruction of M. Zeltner's daughter in drawing; thus returning, in his old age, to the favourite studies of his youth. In his journies to Paris he took every opportunity in secret to oblige those persons whom he had known and esteemed. Being once with the minister he asked him for an office for one of his friends, a man of probity, learning, and modesty, who never thought of asking for a place though he stood in great need of one.

Liberal in his principles, and moderate in his opinions, he loved true liberty which depends on order and the laws and an equality of political rights; he equally detested the sanguinary fury of anarchy, the pretensions and privileges of a proud and oppressive aristocracy, and the crimes of despotism. He was averse from the punishment of death, which seemed to him the remains of barbarism, which the advanced state of civilization ought to abolish.

Every year, on the 28th of October, at Paris, as well as in Poland, a great many of his countrymen celebrated his birth-day by a solemn assembly and banquet. This patriotic and national *fête* was not celebrated in the last years of Napoleon's reign.

When Napoleon, in 1807, the conqueror of Prussia, wished to pursue his victories and gain Polish adherents, he ordered his minister Fouché to sound Kosciusko, and endeavour to make him enter into his views: but the Polish hero constantly refused to compromise the honour of his countrymen, by joining with a man in whom they could have no confidence, and who would give them no guarantee. He was as open and firm in his refusals as Fouché was wary and cunning in the proposals he made, hoping to seduce him by holding out to him the rise and freedom of his country. It was at this time that means were employed, equally repugnant to sound policy and to morality; and a pretended "appeal to the Poles" was circulated, under the name of Kosciusko, which he afterwards formally disavowed. Fouché had declared that Kosciusko would take the command of the Poles. Napoleon, irritated at his refusal, threatened to use violence and forcibly convey him to the army. "What would you gain by that?" said Kosciusko to the minister, "When in Poland I should say that I was not free, and you would be more embarrassed with me at Warsaw than at Paris."

He was one day asked whether he would be a member of Buonaparte's senate; he answered, with a smile, "What do you want me to do there?" Another time he said to a senator, when so many new titles of nobility were created, "What must I call you now? Are you Duke, Prince, Excellency, or Highness?" "I am but feeble clay in the hands of his Majesty," replied the ennobled senator. This reply offended the exalted soul of Kosciusko, and he never saw this man again, whose character he no longer esteemed.

He justly appreciated the deceitful promises addressed to the Poles by Buonaparte, and the half measures adopted by this conqueror, with respect to Poland. He also disapproved of the plan followed in the campaign of 1812, the disastrous consequences of which he foresaw. He secluded himself more than ever in the obscurity of private life, and in the modest retreat which friendship embellished for him.

In 1814, when all Europe invaded the French territory, he lived

retired in his friend M. Zeltner's house at Berville, near Fontainebleau. A body of Poles, forming a part of the allied troops, occupied the village of Cugny, in the environs of Berville, and indulged in the greatest excesses. The respectable old man appeared amongst them in a dress of rustic simplicity, which disguised him even more than his years. "Poles," said he, in their own language, "Have I set you such an example? Did you learn under me to lay waste fields, to ill-treat peaceable citizens, and murder women and children? Such conduct becomes only slaves, who seek to indemnify themselves during war for their servitude in peace; is it worthy of men who were once free?" These words, pronounced with mingled firmness and feeling, struck both soldiers and officers with astonishment. The contrast between the dress and language of the old man, his noble air, and the serenity of his countenance, kept them silent for some time; at length they cried out, "You are not what you appear to be, you know us, you speak our language, who are you, what is your name?" For some time he sought to elude this question; but no longer able to resist their solicitation, he said, "I am Kosciusko!" The Poles immediately fell at his feet, embraced his knees, asked his pardon a thousand times, shed tears, and could not satisfy themselves with looking at the scarred face of their old General. The village of Cugny, the chateau at Berville, and all round it, were respected; and this was owing to Kosciusko. General Platoff sent him, soon after, a guard of honour. His habitation, his person, and the family of his host, which had become his own, were placed under the special protection of the Emperor Alexander. It was delightful to see, in the midst of war, this homage paid to virtue by soldiers elated with success and eager of spoil, and by a powerful and victorious sovereign. When the Emperor Alexander arrived at Paris he expressed a desire to see Kosciusko, and a carriage was sent for him to the *Hotel-de-Suede, Rue du Bouloy*, where he had stopped on his arrival from Berville. The Emperor cordially embraced him, and conversed with him some time with an air of affection and familiarity. The following letter was written to the Emperor Alexander by Kosciusko, who was entirely occupied with the interest of his country and his friends, from Berville, 9th April, 1814:

"Sire,—If from this, my obscure retreat, I presume to address myself to a great monarch, a great captain, and above all a protector of humanity, it is because his generosity and magnanimity are well known to me. I beg of you three favours; the first is, to grant a general amnesty to the Poles, without any restriction, and that the peasants, dispersed in foreign countries, should be considered as free if they return to their homes. The second is, that your Majesty proclaim yourself King of Poland, with a free constitution similar to that of England, and that schools be established and maintained at the expence of government, for the instruction of the peasants; that their slavery be abolished at the end of ten years, that they may enjoy their property in safety. If my prayers are granted, I will be the first, though very ill, to throw myself at your Majesty's feet to thank you, and do homage to you as my Sovereign. If my poor talents would be of any use, I would immediately join my countrymen and serve my country and my Sovereign with honour and fidelity. My third prayer, Sire, is in behalf of an individual very dear to my heart. For fourteen years I have resided in the respectable house of M. Zeltner, a native of Switzerland, formerly ambassador from his country to France; I owe him a thousand obligations, but we are both poor and he has a numerous family. I ask for an honourable place for him either in the new French government or in Poland. He is well-informed, and I will answer for his fidelity.

(Signed) "Kosciusko."

Kosciusko hoped to see schools of agriculture and industry, and institutions for the education of peasants and the amelioration of their condition, established throughout his country. With this view he had

often visited the excellent institutions for education and agriculture, founded by M. Fellenberg, at Hofwil, near Berne. He wished, himself, to found in Poland an institution for the poor.

In the year 1815, he was strongly invited by several of his countrymen, and by a man (formerly member of the central government in Switzerland) whose honourable character he particularly esteemed, to go to Vienna to plead the cause of Poland at the Congress. He set out from Paris with the son of his host, M. Zeltner, but the difficulty of communication and untoward circumstances detained him so long on his journey, that he did not arrive at Vienna till the Congress broke up. In his way to Braunau he had a conference of two hours with the Emperor Alexander, who was returning from Vienna. He continued his route, and arrived at that capital, where he often saw Prince Adam Ksartoryski, one of his countrymen, whom he esteemed and loved very much. He lived as a private individual, and sought for no audience from the Emperor of Austria, but merely gave some members of the Congress a note and observations relative to the interests of Poland, and retired to the town of Soleure in Switzerland, to M. Zeltner, brother of his friend at Paris; a great friendship subsisting between them, founded upon mutual esteem. In this place was terminated his mortal career, graced by benevolent actions that do honour to humanity, and by conversations on the amelioration of the state of his country. Several journals of the time applauded his signing a legal instrument at Soleure, by which he made the Serfs of an estate, belonging to him in Poland, free. Let us hope that this noble example, set to the wealthier Poles, will find many imitators. The active beneficence of Kosciusko was exercised on all around him; his compassion to the poor and unfortunate was evinced in the most affecting manner in every circumstance of his daily life, like the good and sensible man, who, far from the observation of mankind, obeys the simple and pure dictates of his conscience and his heart. He never could endure to see any one of his fellow-creatures suffer, without endeavouring to help him. During the time he spent at Soleure he was accustomed to go in search of modest and indigent men, the more worthy of aid as they were backward in asking it. He visited the asylums of the unfortunate, and mingled his consolations with his benefits. When he knew that a poor person was sick he sent an apothecary to him, and, having learnt the state he was in, furnished him, at his own expense, with every thing necessary for his recovery. Accustomed to ride out every day on horseback, when his health and the weather would permit, he generally took a Louis to distribute to the poor. His horse was so used to see him give alms that he stopped of his own accord when he saw a beggar ask for charity. Two indigent families, in the winter of 1806, were arrested for the payment of taxes; they were informed that if the debt was not paid in four-and-twenty hours, their effects would be sold and themselves driven from the village. The two mothers of these miserable families went and described their situation to Mad. Zeltner, and begged her to speak of it to the General. This lady was deeply affected, but had no power to help them. She did not like at first to address herself to Kosciusko, who had been besieged all day by the poor, and who had given away more than ever. After supper the General observed Mad. Zeltner's low spirits and wished to know the cause. He immediately gave her the necessary sum to pay the debts of these two poor families, and begged her to go directly, though the night was far advanced, to carry them the money. He would have gone himself, if his state of health would have permitted it. "Do not defer it," added he, "if the poor people are asleep, wake them; they will sleep the better when they know that they need not quit the town tomorrow, and that their effects will not be taken from them."

Many other anecdotes of the same kind could be mentioned. His great benevolence made him seem to be rich, while the extreme simplicity of his manner of living denoted him to be poor. He had but few wants,

and exercised the most rigorous economy in his personal expenses. He employed the greatest part of his limited income in relieving the poor, or helping his unfortunate friends. His manner of obliging, always delicate and respectful to the unfortunate, gave additional value to his benefits.

There are few such devoted friends as Kosciusko. He was not only useful to his friends, but if he honoured any one with his confidence and friendship, which he did with much reserve, except when he saw a conformity in thinking and feeling, he then entered into the interests and affections of his adopted friend with the utmost ardour.

While at Soleure he would only see the family and confined society of his host. He avoided paying visits to any distinguished persons in the town, when he knew their opinions and circumstances formed a barrier between them and the few men whom he knew, and thought worthy of his esteem. "I am attached to you," said he to one of them, "not only because you are a worthy man, and a friend to your country, but because you have a character. I wish to prove to your countrymen, that I have one also, and that I partake in your sentiments."

A noble pride, which is the distinguishing characteristic of a good conscience and a great soul, was, in him, united with extreme modesty. Though he knew what was due to himself, and though he had constantly been the object of consideration wherever he lived, no one exacted less than he did. He carefully avoided the honours they would give him, and his pride consisted in doing noble actions worthy of a great man. He hated pride, and detested all who were guilty of this vice, whatever might be their rank. When a poor person asked alms of him, with his hat in his hand, he first ordered him to put it on, and then relieved his wants: he never could endure to see two men conversing together, one with his hat on and the other uncovered, whatever difference there might be in their rank or fortune. He never wore the decorations which his services and reputation had gained him. He felt contempt for those vain and frivolous beings who are covered with decorations very often undeserved, "who would rather," said he, "go without their clothes than without their ribbons and crosses." He greatly blamed the chiefs of free states who are not ashamed of wearing foreign orders, or the key of chamberlain to a prince; and he thought that this forgetfulness of their dignity ought to degrade them from the honourable rank to which the confidence of their citizens had raised them. During his stay in Switzerland, General Kosciusko paid a visit to his old and respectable friend Pestalozzi, founder of an institution for the education of youth at Yverdun, in the Canton of Vaud. An amiable and clever Polish lady, a great admirer of virtue which she was well able to appreciate, the Princess Jablonowska, and her son Prince Antony Jablonowski, lately arrived from Warsaw, accompanied General Kosciusko, together with his friend M. Zeltner and the Polish Countess Potocka.

I must be allowed to mention the last time I enjoyed the conversation of Kosciusko. I went to see him at Soleure, and he invited me to walk with him, and his friend Zeltner, to a hermitage not far from the town. One of my sons and a young American, Mr. Morton, a pupil of M. Pestalozzi, accompanied me, and contemplated him with feelings of respect and enthusiasm. A fine autumnal evening embellished the picturesque and solitary place we went to see. The romantic country, and the presence of this illustrious exile, recalled to my remembrance the following lines of M. Arnault, whom misfortunes and the vicissitudes of a wandering life, occasioned by his country's misfortunes, placed him in a situation similar to that of Kosciusko.

De ta tige détachée,
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Ou vas-tu?—Je n'en sais rien;
L'orage à brisé le chêne
Qui seul était mon soutien;*
De son inconstante haleine

* La patrie.

Le Zéphir ou l'Aquilon,
Depuis ce jour, me promène
De la forêt à la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon;
Je vais où le vent me mène,
Sans me plaindre et m'effrayer;
Je vais où va toute chose,
Ou va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier.

From thy stalk detached,
Poor dried leaf,
Whither goest thou?—I know not;
The storm has broken the oak,*
Which was my sole support;
With its inconstant breath
The zephyr or the northern blast
Has ever since propelled me
From the forest to the plain,
From the mountain to the valley;
I go whither the wind drives,
Without complaint, without a fear;
I go the way of all things,
Whither goes the rose-leaf,
And the leaf of the laurel.

The good old man could not help shedding tears on hearing these lines, which he felt were applicable to himself; he stopped to take a copy of them in pencil, not choosing to defer it till his return to Soleure; he repeated them in such a touching manner, that all those around him were affected. The latter part, especially, seemed a presentiment of his approaching death, in a foreign land, far from his native country to which all his feelings and thoughts were directed. A little time after he also went were every thing goes,

"Où vont les roses et les lauriers."

He now only exists in the hearts of his friends, and in the pages of history; or, rather, his pure and virtuous soul, freed from terrestial ties, is now returned to whence it came, and reposes in the bosom of the Divinity.

On the 15th of October, 1817, at ten o'clock at night, he breathed his last sigh in the arms of his friend M. Zeltner, and surrounded by a family eager to render him every care and attention. A nervous fever, which his age, his ancient wounds, and the fatigues he had undergone, rendered his constitution less able to resist, occasioned his death, which was erroneously attributed in some of the public papers to a fall from his horse. He had no fall of this kind; but in a journey to Veray, some months before, in getting off his horse, he received a slight contusion on his leg, of which he was perfectly cured; and after this time he took several rides in a carriage and on horseback in perfect health. He was never married, and his family was reduced to one nephew, General Estkau, who lived estranged from him.

Since the death of Kosciusko, unanimous homage has been paid to his memory in Switzerland, Poland, France, England, America, and even in Prussia and Russia, by religious and funeral ceremonies, by articles published in journals, and by letters written by sovereigns or their ministers.

The Viceroy of Poland, General Zaioncheck, formerly the companion in arms and friend of Kosciusko, having informed the Emperor that the general wish was to see the ashes of the Polish hero deposited in his native soil, this Monarch gave his consent in the most flattering terms, ordering his minister in Switzerland to demand the remains of the General, and the young Prince Antony Jablonowski, one of the gentlemen of the chamber to his Majesty, to go and accompany them from Switzerland to Poland. M. Zeltner, of Berville, who, with his brother, was executor of the last wishes of their friend, joined Prince Jablonowski at Soleure, and accompanied him to Poland with the body of Kosciusko. The mortal remains of this virtuous man, who only lived for his country, though always far from her, arrived at Ulm, and were embarked the 29th of May upon the Danube to be carried to Vienna, and thence to Cracow.

Mad. Fischer, a Polish lady, widow of General Fischer, who made a journey to Paris in 1800, being then Countess Kulieska, published at Warsaw, soon after the death of Kosciusko whose virtues she ad-

mired, a note in which is a faithful portrait of our hero. "Kosciusko," says Mad. Fischer, "felt during his whole life the inconvenience attached to a decided character. He seldom gained a point, for he was always the same, whilst the scenes of the world changed, and he would not follow these variations. Too firm to change his opinions with circumstances, he renounced his public character. He contented himself with doing his countrymen all the good that was in his power to do; devoted to friendship he confined himself within a narrow circle; he preserved the love of those around him, and the respect of strangers; he made for himself a family of good men in every country he lived in. Poland was again at different times the theatre of important changes, and he was called upon in each of these circumstances. He is now dead, without having deviated from his principles.

"Few public men, in our days, have deserved this eulogium.

"Kosciusko began his career under Washington; he ended his days in the birth-place of William Tell. Modesty and simplicity are the attributes of a superior man. These qualities were natural to him; he practiced them without effort. He had all the vivacity of youth; his conversation was gay, affectionate, and familiar; but his intimacy was always founded upon esteem; and then he gave himself up to it without reserve. Entirely devoted to his friends he made use of them with the same frankness, and gained them by the amenity of his manners. Utterly different when out of his intimate society, he became silent in mixed company, or when he was the object of vain curiosity, which he always disconcerted. He had not the gift of conversation, but he had momentary bursts of eloquence which came directly from his heart, and which can only be felt by those who have one. His benevolence was not charity in an humiliating sense; it was *love for his fellow-creatures, respect for men* of whom he knew but two classes—the *good* and the *wicked*."

THE ORPHAN.

I was but a child when my father fell,
And a child when I saw my mother die,
But tho' years have gone I remember well
My father's last look, my mother's last sigh.
She sought the red field were the war had been,
And she bore me where mangled bodies lay;
But I knew not the horrors of such a scene,
And, 'mid all, my young heart smiled—and was gay.

On the ground I saw my Sire reclined—
But I knew not then he was dying there,
And still I prattled, and smiled, and turned
My fingers around his bloody hair.
Tho' so faintly he breathed "My son, my son,"
Blessing me there with his parting breath—
Ah! little I deemed that his days were done—
The look he gave was the look of death.

And there was my mother sitting by,
And her watch beside my Sire she kept,
But no gathering tear had dull'd her eye,—
I thought her happy who had not wept.
How I wondered, when the night came on,
They had made the cold green earth their bed,—
But at morning my mother too was gone—
And I was an orphan—both were dead!

SAINT KEVIN'S BED.*

" On that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the rocks hang high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep."

MOORE.

'Twas in Avoca's pleasant vale,
Whose crystal waters meet and mingle;
Where nature breathes, in ev'ry gale,
She never meant we should be single;
For in the water, rock, and tree,
The vale below, and Heav'n above,
The universal law we see
Of sacred unity and love.
'Twas here—some centuries ago,
The year I can't exactly state,
But what of that? who cares to know
In tales of love about a date?
The sky was then as blue—the sun
Was just as bright—the waters too
Ran murmuring, as now they run,
Reflecting Heav'n, as now they do.
'Twas in this sweet sequester'd scene
That Kevin met the fair Kathleen.
I am not very certain whether
'Twas owing to the lovely weather,
Which always wears a double grace
When we are in a pleasant place,
With nature's beauties o'er us stealing,
Inspiring ev'ry softer feeling,
That Keven, when he saw the fair,
With all her maiden grace about her,
Fresh from her native mountain's air,
Felt—that he could not live without her;
Perhaps too he was partly led
By nature's gen'ral hint—to wed.

However, Keven lov'd the fair,
That she lov'd him I think we'll see:
They were, indeed, just such a pair
As Love should say to—follow me.
I wish I had a simile;

* The lake of Glandelough, near the seven churches, in the lovely and romantic county of Wicklow, in Ireland, is not more celebrated for its wild and melancholy scenery than for its having been the chosen retreat of the youthful Saint Kevin, when he fled from the vanities of the world and the smiles of the fair Kathleen. The guide who accompanies you round the shore points out a cavity in the rocks, which he calls the bed of Saint Kevin. It is fearfully situated, and requires something more than a steady head to enter it. You are also shewn the identical rock from which, as the story runs, the inexorable Saint pushed the unsuspecting girl into the lake below, when her love had traced him to his hiding place. Mr. Moore has availed himself of this legend, which he has made the subject of one of his exquisite Irish Melodies. To the credit of the Saint, however, the catastrophe of the following little poem differs, in some degree, from the popular story. The vale of Avoca, in the same county, where the lovers are supposed to have passed the morning of their love, is also celebrated by Mr. Moore, in his no less beautiful ballad of "The Meeting of the

I mean one quite above the common,
To suit a young and lovely woman
Just budding into life and beauty,
And feeling that to love—was duty.
And then—if I could find another,
For him she fondly call'd her brother,
As on his arm she'd hang, or cling
  Around his ivory neck, or sit
Beside him when the flow'rs of Spring
  Said that for love the time was fit.
Your fancies, I, my readers fair,
Might help to paint a lovely pair.

As yet they both were new to life,
  And only saw its sunny side,
Nor deem'd that sin, and care, and strife,
  The bright and pleasant stream divide.
To them the sky was always blue,
  The valley always deck'd with flowers;
While laughing Time, as on he flew,
  Strew'd with fresh sweets their happy hours.

Why is it that in youth we see
The sky a gilded canopy;
A smiling Paradise the earth,
  Teeming with all that's good and fair,
Giving to flowers an endless birth
  To scent the ever balmy air?
And why when youth's delicious season
Gives way to all the gifts of Reason;
Why must we find that we have been
Deceiv'd by a delusive scene?
To prove it false we fret and toil
For knowledge by the midnight oil;
And waste our prime in learning this,
That earth affords no real bliss;
That all our youthful dreams were made
To charm awhile and then to fade;
That Joy is nothing but a sound,
  And Love is but an idle toy;
That Hope's a phantom never found,
  More false than even Love or Joy.
If, Knowledge, this is all you teach,
Alas! to me you vainly preach;
For dearer are my youthful hours,
My smiling Paradise of flowers,
My gilded canopy above,
My budding hopes, my early love.
Oh! give me back my youthful season,
And take the boasted gifts of Reason!
Thus flew the morning of their love,
No weed below, no cloud above
Intruded on their path, or cast
A shadow on the way they'd pass'd.
Beyond that happy valley they
Had never felt a wish to stray;
Their chaste desires, their joys and dreams,
Were mingl'd like its peaceful streams.
Their food was simple, and, for books,
They only read each other's looks;

From thence they drew great information,
And always felt an inclination,
So much the subject did engage,
To re-peruse the pleasant page.
Then for Religion they discern'd,
(Without pretending to be learn'd
In theological debate,)
There must be such a thing as fate
To rule the world, and still keep turning
The stars, for ever bright and burning.
And feeling thus, with rev'rence due,
And just as nature's children do,
They prais'd and worship'd Heav'n together
Felt gratitude for pleasant weather,
And managed one way or other
To beg a blessing for each other.
But in their fervent adoration
They never dream'd of Revelation;
Nor did they once their thoughts engage
With holy writ; the sacred page,
On which the Christian faith is founded,
Had not been here as yet expounded;
And so they could not be to blame
For never having heard the same.

But soon through all the island ran
The rumour that a holy man
Had come to preach a doctrine new,
And list'ning hundreds round him drew.
Princes and warriors gather'd near him,
And sages, as they press'd to hear him,
Heard how the Son of God expir'd;
Till all around became inspir'd,
With holy ardour mothers rais'd
Their lisping infants—old men gaz'd
In wonder and in rev'rent awe,
Pond'ring on all they heard and saw;
As high above the silent crowd
The missionary preach'd aloud.
And where was Kevin then? and where
His gentle mistress?—both were there;
All eye and ear the youth was seen
To stand beside the sweet Kathleen.
His eager look bespoke how well
He treasured up the words that fell;
No human thing he saw or heeded,
But that same holy man who pleaded
The cause of Christ—in Kathleen's eye
A milder spirit seem'd to lie;
'Twas holy awe, but not unmix'd
With earthly love, for oft she fix'd
An anxious look on Kevin, who
Observ'd her not, nor cared to do.
From that day forth 'twas found that Kevin
Had anchor'd all his hopes above;
Resigning for a future Heav'n
His present Paradise of love.
His haunts he left, Avoca's vale
No longer heard his gentle tale;
And stranger yet—he shunn'd the view
Of her for whom he fram'd it too.

In solitude his joy was only;
And to some glen remote and lonely,
His pensive steps he'd trace, and there
His soul he'd loose in fervent prayer,
Imploring Heav'n that he might be
Its true and worthy votary;
For he was willing to resign
His earthly pleasures at its shrine;
Yea, from his bosom he would tear
Each fond impression printed there.
Oh! did he mean by this resolve
The vow he'd plighted to absolve,
And cast *her* off—his admiration,
The idol of his adoration:
The thing on which his fancy dwelt,
In which his being seem'd to melt
Till both were blended into one;
The face, the form, he doated on,
With such a deep intense delight,
That she would swim before his sight
Like some blest vision in a dream,
That floats upon a heavenly beam;
Till eye, and ear, and soul, and heart,
Of her dear essense had a part?
'Twas even so—and he must sever
From her—from love and bliss for ever!

And how did Kathleen bear the blow?
Alas! she could not think it so;
That he who shar'd her hopes, her heart,
And love, could play so false a part.
Yet—yet he shunn'd her anxious eye;
And why was this—Oh! Kevin, why?
His steps she trac'd from glen to glen,
And saw him not but once, and then,
Before a cross in prayer intent,
The youthful proselyte was bent;
But when he turn'd, and saw her here,
He vanish'd like a startl'd deer.
Oh! woman's love's a holy light,
And when 'tis kindl'd ne'er can die;
It lives, tho' treachery and slight
To quench the constant flame may try.
Like ivy where it grows 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green:
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing!
Oh! woman's love—at times it may
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns
With true undeviating ray,
Nor ever from it's idol turns.
It's sunshine is a smile, a frown,
The heavy cloud that weighs it down;
A tear it's weapon is—beware
Of woman's tears, there's danger there!
It's sweetest place on which to rest,
A constant and confiding breast;
It's joy, to meet—it's death, to part—
It's sepulchre, a broken heart!

Such love was Kathleen's—Oh!—'twas hard
To pay it with such disregard:

To shun her smiles and chaste embraces,
And seek these solitary places
To kneel and pray—'twas hard, she thought,
And must our future bliss be bought
By thus resigning all that Heav'n
Of happiness on earth had given,
A virtuous love?—but if, indeed,
'Twas in this new created creed
That earthly ties we must forego,
And yet, how strange it should be so!
Since it was clear that Heav'n had fashion'd
Our natures thus, to be impassion'd;
Yet, if 'twere so, she'd even try
To win a passport to the sky;
But only let the road to Heav'n
Be shar'd with him, her gentle Kevin.

But he, it seem'd, felt otherwise;
Perhaps he rightly thought her eyes
Might cross his holy path too often,
And use their wonted art to soften.
And then her voice had something in it,
Could stir within him in a minute
A cord that woke, no matter what,
A feeling that of Heav'n was not.
No, no, 'twould never do, she may
Find out the path to bliss without him;
But where he shortly meant to stay
She could not, must not be about him.
I long have thought, and think so yet,
Your saints a very selfish set.

He soon withdrew, nor left a trace
Behind him of his hiding place;
And only wrote two lines to tell
She must accept his last farewell,
That Heav'n had call'd him from her love,
But surely they should meet above!
The first was meant in explanation,
The latter for her consolation;
Alas! but little it bestow'd,
Or only added to the load,
The heavy load of woe she felt
Oppress her, and refuse to melt.

"We'll meet again"—it is a knell,
A heavy and foreboding bell,
Which falls too often on the ear,
To tell us we are lonely here.
I heard it once—'twas from the tongue
Of a dear friend who died when young.
With fancies fraught, by genius nourish'd,
And full of hopes that never flourish'd!
I then was young and ardent too,
And fondly thought as youth *will* do,
That death's dread dart was only made
To strike the aged and decay'd.
I saw the hectic flush arise,
And mark'd the lustre of his eyes,
The more than human light they gave,
Nor thought these signs foretold - the grave.
When pain subsided for awhile
We'd sketch our future happy days,

And with a hope-deluded smile
  Our airy palaces we'd raise!
He linger'd long, but wasted fast,
Yet held these fancies to the last;
And I, who could not think that death
  To blast a flow'r, so fair and tender,
Could dare to use his with'ring breath,
  Would not for worlds one hope surrender.
He died—and since that sunny day
I never lov'd the month of May,
However fresh and fair its glow,
It always seems to mock me so.

Meanwhile the young Saint bent his way
Where Glandelough's deep waters lay,
Beside whose shore he meant to raise
His hermitage, and pass his days
In pray'r, in penitence, and praise.
The solitary lake he found
Unbroken by an earthly sound.
"Yes here," the young enthusiast cried,
As the wild scenery he eyed;
"Here will I fix my place of rest,
No passion to disturb my breast;
No eye to watch, no step to trace
My everlasting resting place."
And there he tarried in a cave,
  By nature scoop'd, a fearful spot,
Which overhangs the deep dark wave,
  Where cheering sunbeam lingers not.
And there, 'tis said, at eve and morn,
His voice upon the breeze was borne,
As fill'd with holy love and praise,
His fervent orisons he'd raise.
But ah! not long he thus was blest,—
A footstep broke upon his rest.

One night to Glandelough's deep wave
The moon her silvery lustre gave,
And, shining full and deeply down,
Tinted the shore and mountains brown
With pale and placid light—no sound
Disturb'd the solitude around,
Save, when at times, the fresh night breeze
Came rustling through the aged trees,
Which then o'erhung the lake, (tho' bare,
And barren now the brown cliffs there)
And shook their time-worn boughs that groan'd
Responsive to the wind which moan'd
Along the lonely lake, and o'er
The rocky cliffs around the shore.

On a gray rock, above his bed,
The youthful Saint reclin'd his head;
And o'er him bent a form that kept
Her constant watch as thus he slept.
His angel she would seem to be,
But that intense anxiety,
Blended with deep affection, beam'd
Through her blue tearful eye, and seem'd
To speak a flame that hath its birth
On this our perishable earth.

'Twas Kathleen, wearied, worn, and faint,
Who, kneeling, watch'd her sleeping Saint;
And deem'd her tedious wand'rings light,
Which led her to the blessed sight
Of that beloved face; but care
Had cross'd the lines of beauty there,
Wasted his form, and from his cheek,
(Which yet, tho' pale, look'd fair and meek)
Had snatch'd the hue of health, but she
Should give that cheek its brilliancy;
The breath of Love shall use its power
To raise her sweet but drooping flower;
And they shall never part—Oh! never,
She'll lead him from this wild for ever,
Back to that pleasant valley where,
Without a single cloud of care,—
But hush, he stirs!—the Saint awoke,
He saw the form from which he'd broke;
In all her loveliness and might
She stood before his startl'd sight!
They gaz'd awhile in silence—he
Yet doubted her reality;
And deem'd the pale uncertain light
But mock'd him with this vision bright;
For how could Kathleen's footsteps trace
The windings of that fearful place?
Perplex'd in doubt, he stood awhile,
When Kathleen with a winning smile,
And half reproaching look, began:
"Oh! dearest, but inconstant man,
And do I see thee once again?
There's not a valley or a glen
My footsteps have not trod to find thee;
And now I've caught thee, I will bind thee,
My truant bird, no more to fly
From my true love to yon blue sky—
Nay frown not—I have come to share
Thy stoney pillow, join thy pray'r,
Divide thy penance. Yes, I will,
My purpose is unshaken still—
Beside thee I will journey on
Till youth, and love, and life are gone!"

"Forbear!" he cried, "it must not be;
Oh! leave me to my destiny:
I heard a voice—'twas from the sky;
It bade me worship the Most High,
Through Christ his Son, who died, that men
Might live in glory once again;
To follow him and gain my crown
I've dash'd all other idols down,
My human hopes and joys I've given,
That I may rest at last in Heaven
With thee, my God! and shall I now,
For woman's tears, break through my vow?
For this fair fleeting form of clay
Cast all my glorious hopes away?
Oh! no—begone!—yet stay, Kathleen,
How blest, how happy we have been;
How well I lov'd thee once—nay dry
The fountain of thy gushing eye;

I fear'd this trial—for I knew
That thou wer't weak, as I am too,
Despite of—but 'tis past—retire,
And know, that it is Heaven's desire
That we should part—the world on me
Hath clos'd for ever;—but for thee
'Twill yield full many a blossom yet,
As bright and fair as those we've met
In sweet Avoca—but I stray;
Nay, take these circling arms away;
They clasp a shade that will not stay;
A spirit not of earth, that wings
Its journey to the King of kings.
Farewell!—yet stay, I'll bless thee—may
The God of Glory light thy way!
And if the thought of frail things here
Be left us in a brighter sphere,
Then, Kathleen, thou shalt be my care,
As now thou hast my earnest pray'r.
Farewell, farewell"—He turn'd to part,
But with a shriek and frantic start
The pale distracted Kathleen flew,
And round his neck her white arms threw,
And strove to chain him—but her tongue
Refus'd its task as thus she clung;
Till all exhausted from the shock
She breathless sank upon the rock.
Her sinking frame he gently rais'd,
And, for a moment, fondly gaz'd
On her now pallid cheek, more fair
From the pale moonlight resting there;
Then swift, as though he fear'd to prove
A struggle with returning love,
He darted down the rocks, and soon,
Directed by the waning moon,
He found his hidden bed, and there,
Bent low in deep and fervent prayer,
He thank'd the power that lent him aid,
And freed him from the dang'rous maid.
But hark! he heard a fearful sound
Disturb the loneliness around;
The moon was sinking fast behind
The gloomy hills—a moaning wind
Swept through the rocks—he list'ning stood,
And view'd the melancholy flood
Which roll'd beneath him.—Did he feel
A dread foreboding through him steal
As thus he stood in dumb suspense?
The lake!—Oh! did it come from thence,
That fearful sound? Just there, where sleep
The gloomy waters, dark and deep,
Something had caught his eye—it sank—
The water rippled to the bank,
And then subsided—all was still.
But never on her native hill,
From that lone midnight moan was seen,
The graceful form of young Kathleen.
Deep Glandelough, thy gloomy wave
Rolls o'er the gentle maiden's grave.

G. L. A.

THE DEATH OF A MISER.—A Tale.

On the wide barren heath that lies between Milford and Petersfield, traversed in its extent by the high road to Portsmouth, there stood, near the way side, a small hut, the abode as it seemed of the most abject poverty. It had originally been constructed in a rude manner of wood and broken pieces of brick and stone, and often as it became shattered by the wear of the seasons the breaches were plastered with clay, or filled up with straw or dried leaves, or any other worthless material that barely served to exclude the inclemency of the weather. The low roof was thatched with turf, and one latticed window, on either side of the door, ornamented the front of the building.

The miserable tenant of this miserable hovel was an old man, named Langley Dutton, a miser. Langley was sure to be seen on every market-day trudging to Petersfield habited in an old-fashioned dark-blue thread-bare coat, with grey worsted stockings, and black willow hat, carrying on his arm the little basket that was destined to contain the scanty supplies for the week. His complexion was healthful; but an anxious contraction of his brow, and the quick glance of eager suspicion which lightened his small serpent eye, rendered his countenance far from agreeable; while the sharp tone of his voice and manner was peculiarly ungrateful and forbidding; his figure, which declined with the burden of his years, was meagre to an excess of leanness, and his soul was as lean as his body. He had never been married, and it seemed to be doubtful who might succeed to the inheritance of his vast wealth; for having never had the courage to contemplate the event of parting with his beloved hoard, he had made no will that could render his death an object of interest. It appeared, indeed, not improbable, that his domestic servant would attain to the principal portion of his vast accumulation. This woman, who was called Hester, had been taken from the poor-house at Petersfield; not in charity or kindness, for of any such feeling or sentiment Langley Dutton's nature was utterly incapable; but that, because the miser, with a view to escape the customary pecuniary claim on him as a parishioner, had fixed the spot of his habitation so precisely on the boundary of two different parishes, that it was not easy to determine to which of them he was responsible; and the point was only at length settled by his consenting to receive into his own house some one individual pauper, whose maintenance and support should be considered as a commutation of all parochial dues: and the readiness with which Hester accommodated herself to her master's penurious habits reflected some degree of credit on Langley's discernment in the selection he had made. It was late in the evening of a raw, chilly day in December, the heavy mist that hung in the air descended at intervals in a drizzling rain, and, through the leafless branches of the trees, a bleak easterly wind came in hollow gusts that even sounded cold to those who did not feel it, the birds were hushed, and the cattle were in fold, and there was no living creature abroad, when a poor woman, who was journeying from London to Petersfield, in crossing the dreary waste of Lebbock-heath, became so spent with fatigue as to be unable to proceed any further, and, attracted by the light that shewed faintly in Langley Dutton's cottage window, she knocked at the door and implored shelter, for the night, for herself and a child who stood shivering at her side.

Langley was seated by the side of the fire-place, where a few pieces of fuel were parting from each other, while some not unsavoury soup, which he had contrived to obtain by artifice, being a portion of a charitable distribution, was smoking on the table. On hearing the stranger's voice he pressed forward, and, in order to prevent by anticipation the expression of any compassionate sentiments from Hester, exclaimed in reply to the affecting application, "No, no, we have no room for you here; nothing but beggars about

the country; there's a farm-house about a mile farther on. Shut the door, Hester, shut the door."

Hester was proceeding to obey, but the woman, feeble as she was, exerted all her remaining strength to oppose it, by placing her two hands against the door, crying in a tone of wild despair, "Oh! pray, for dear Heaven's sake have pity on me; I'm a dying creature; dying of cold and hunger."

"Ay, ay, that's just what they all say," rejoined Langley; "I dare say she's one of the gypsies I saw to-day; go along about your business, my good woman; we've got nothing for you here."

"A little cold water, I'm so thirsty," gasped the other in a subdued, inarticulate voice, the violence of her emotion giving way to excessive languor.

Hester, perceiving that the stranger appeared to suffer greatly from weakness and exhaustion, accorded what she asked for; and the woman, having drank very sparingly, gave the cup to the child, who greedily finished the draught. During this, Langley again said, "There's a brick-kiln behind here, not far off, you could sleep there very well; very warm and comfortable; come in, Hester, it's very cold; come in, and let me have supper."

The door of avarice was then closed against the unfortunate travellers; the female uttered a moan of poignant anguish, and taking her child by the hand turned her slow steps towards the place that Langley had mentioned; which having reached, they laid them down beneath the covering of a shed where the brick-makers were accustomed to labour, and soon sunk into unconsciousness.

The rain fell in torrents on the following morning, and no one approached the spot until towards two o'clock in the afternoon, when, the weather having cleared, a boy came to tend the kiln. On perceiving the mother and child he stared, and wondered, and walked round and about the shed, and came near and looked on its strange tenantry, yet, with the usual shyness of children, went lingering away without saying a word, resolved to report what he had seen when he should arrive at home. In his way to his own village he passed the farm-house alluded to by Langley Dutton, and, being known to its inhabitants, turned in, and related the circumstance of the shed; and having succeeded in arousing the curiosity of his auditors, the master of the house, with one of his men and a female servant, sallied forth to seek an explanation of so unaccountable an occurrence.

On coming to the shed they saw the female lying stretched upon the ground with her face to the earth, while a boy, apparently about nine years of age, sat crouching by her with his head resting on his knees. The urchin looked up, as Radford the farmer advanced and said, "Why, my little fellow, what makes you here? How long have you been here?" Then, without waiting for the reply, which the child evinced no readiness in making, stooped down and was proceeding to examine the features of the woman, when the boy partly interposed himself, saying, "You shan't wake mother;" but Radford had seen enough to ascertain the fact, and called out to his party "She's dead!" on hearing which they all gathered round, and having each come to the same conclusion, the question arose, "Who is she?" but none of them knew her; no one recollected to have ever seen her before. Radford searched her pockets in the hope of finding something that might lead to her identity; but the expectation was defeated; for, with the exception of a small bit of dry crust, they were utterly empty. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and wore a pewter ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, and seemed to have belonged to the lower ranks of life; though the trace of extreme delicacy of complexion, and the neat arrangement of a profusion of light hair, were somewhat at variance with the coarseness of her hands, and the meanness of her apparel. Radford then again addressed himself to the child, but he possessed so little of intelligence or vivacity as to be able to afford scarcely any information.

"What is your name, my boy?" said the farmer.

"Otto," replied the child, with sullen reluctance.

"What else besides Otto?"

"Nothing else."

"Yes, yes; you have got two names."

"No, only Otto."

"And that woman you say is your mother; what was her name?"

"Her name? why, mother."

"Where do you come from?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know where your mother was going to?"

"No."

"How long have you been sitting here?"

"Long time."

"How long has your mother been dead? Did you know she was dead?"

This was only replied to by a stare of ignorance and wonder.

"And cannot you tell the last place you were at, the last person you spoke to?"

Whether the child was stupid, or obstinate, or that his terror at the presence of so many strangers bewildered his comprehension, it was difficult to decide; but it was not until each question had been repeated, sometimes more than once, that even these brief and unsatisfactory answers were obtained. Radford, however, humanely persevered in his investigation, and, by degrees, drew from him an account of the vain application his mother had made on the preceding evening at Langley Dutton's cottage; for, that it could be no other than his, Radford felt assured from a description of the treatment they had received. Thither, therefore, Radford repaired, where his conjecture was confirmed by Hester's recital of the incident; though both Langley and his satellite appeared to be considerably alarmed and confounded on hearing that the woman was dead.

After consulting some time on the subject, it was agreed to be most expedient that the deceased should be removed to a public-house about two miles distant, in order that an inquest might be held; while Radford expressed his intention to proceed to Petersfield, to acquaint the magistrate there with what had happened; having first despatched his servant to the farm for a caravan to convey the body. He also required that both Hester and her master should accompany him, but Langley refused to leave his treasure unguarded, and it was agreed that Hester only should attend.

Little Otto watched intently the operations of the men as they placed his mother in the kind of car that was brought for the purpose; and as he gazed on her altered and inanimate countenance, and saw her arm fall listlessly down from her evidently lifeless form, he seemed to be struck with an indistinct apprehension of the mystery of death, and uttered a sorrowful exclamation of surprise and fear.

Langley Dutton, by his mean, selfish, inhospitable way of life, had long rendered himself obnoxious to the neighbouring peasantry,—for parsimony is ever an unpopular vice,—and they were now glad to have a fair occasion afforded them for expressing a general sentiment of aversion and contempt. So that when the little cavalcade passed the door of his hut they unanimously testified their indignation at his inhumanity by setting up a loud hissing noise, that could not fail to be displeasing to the ear it was designed to reach, inasmuch as it taught the miser to contemplate for a moment the worthlessness of his wealth, in feeling its insufficiency to protect him from the ridicule and insults of the meanest kind.

"I wish old flint and his den were burnt, that's what I do; I'm sure I would not give a cup of water to put the fire out; we'd see if he could feel then, as he's got no feeling for other people," said an elderly village matron, who was holding Otto by the hand.

"I don't think fire would burn him," answered another female; "they say he deals with the devil, and that's how he got all his money; and do you know," added she, lowering her voice, "I've heard that there Hester is a witch. I'm not over fond of her company I can tell you." One of the farmer's men now joined them, saying, "I should like to catch that fellow near our horse-pond, I'd give him a good ducking, I warrant him; the savage, to drive a fellow creature from his door, in the agonies of death, so bitter cold as it was last night; poor thing! what she must have suffered; I say he's as good as killed her."

"It's my opinion she's been starved to death," observed the first speaker, "for when I gave a piece of our cake as I baked this morning to the child here, he devoured it so, I thought he would have eaten his fingers."

Otto listened to all that was said with the most eager attention; and the dialogue which was kept up by decrying Langley's churlishness to the poor, canvassing his unsocial habits, and relating various superstitious stories concerning his solitary austere way of life, lasted until the whole party stopped at the inn; and so much time had already been consumed, that it was just dark before they arrived there. The unfortunate stranger was then decently deposited in an upper room; Radford having left strict injunctions that no one should interfere in the matter until his return from Petersfield, while the villagers, together with a vast accession of gossips, who were assembled in the kitchen of the inn, amused themselves with debating, and discussing, and speculating on the mysterious circumstances of the affair.

Nearly an hour had elapsed, and they were yet deeply engaged on the question, when Radford entered the room accompanied by a magistrate; a gentleman who was highly respected for his integrity and urbanity of deportment throughout the whole of the district over which he presided.

The whole company then adjourned to the apartment where the deceased lay; and now, on a more minute inspection, a sealed letter was found in her bosom, addressed to a gentleman at Portsmouth; which, having been opened by the magistrate, went to prove that she was the erring and repentant child of a naval officer at Portsmouth, who, after having suffered the extremity of want and distress, was about to seek her paternal abode, to throw herself at her father's feet, and beseech protection for her child. Upon reading the letter the magistrate looked round and desired to see the child, when it was discovered that he was unaccountably missing.

Diligent search was instantly made all over and around the house; but in vain. Radford severely reproved the negligence of those to whose care he had entrusted the boy, and desired that the different roads should be carefully explored with lights. From some strange questions that Otto had asked the lad who had first seen them in the shed it was concluded, as most probable, that he had traced his way back to the brick-kiln; and several persons took this route in that expectation. As they came within sight of Langley Dutton's dwelling they were surprised to see flames issuing from the roof; they hastily advanced, but in ten minutes it was nearly level with the ground; for the wind blowing briskly seemed to take sport in assisting his brother element in the work of destruction; while Otto was discovered standing opposite, contemplating with looks of wonder and deep interest the progress of the fire which his own hands, nerved by revenge for his mother's loss, had kindled. There was a rick of old hay standing against the back of the hovel, which he having ignited, by means of the proximity of the kiln, instantly communicated with the building, and Langley, who having made fast his doors and windows was dozing in darkness, perished by suffocation from the smoke.

On an investigation of the ruins the following morning it appeared that Langley's last act had been an effort to secure his money chest, for the miser and his hoard were found frightfully associated; his skeleton was literally invested with gold; the fleshless fingers still clutched it; and what seemed to have been the heart was encrusted by it; and the skull was clogged with the molten ore.

ARIETTA.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

THE REV. BASIL WOOD, A.M.

The Rev. B. Wood is Rector of Drayton Beauchamp, and Minister of Bentinck Chapel, St. Mary-le-bone. The whole deportment of this gentleman is mild and dignified; he is easy and self-possessed, never hurried or thrown off his guard by any of the accidents which have a tendency to produce this effect, but constantly exhibits a picture of calm imperturbable serenity. He is deficient in energy and animation; and that irresistible torrent of feeling, which, in the impassioned speaker, excites in others the emotions which absorb himself, has no visible existence in the subject of this article. He appears never to wander from the path he has prescribed himself, and to exert the power of perfect self-command over all his faculties. His voice is not unpleasing, but there is no variety in its intonations, which are so nearly similar to each other, that, if obliged to judge from them only without reference to the import of what he is delivering, it would be impossible to decide whether he was denouncing the wrath of Heaven against a guilty world, or conveying the offers of pardon and peace to contrition and repentance.

He has very little action, and is not remarkable for grace; but the quiet dignity of his whole demeanour is not uninteresting. His style partakes of the faults generally incident to extemporaneous speaking—diffuseness, and want of variety. He weakens the force of his conceptions by unnecessary repetition, which does not render them either more intelligible or more convincing. His sermons are not marked by any decided inequality of merit, they are not brightened by the brilliant touches of genius, or disfigured by any flagrant aberrations from good taste or propriety, but present a series of ideas derived from the most obvious and easily accessible resources, embodied in language whose plainness and simplicity render it pleasing from its unpretending character. He is not possessed of any of the qualifications necessary to constitute a great preacher; he is not endued with the high powers of intellect which are indispensible to the formation of lofty eloquence; on the contrary, his conceptions are feeble and languid, his view of a subject is not productive of novel illustration, for he does not enrich it with the treasures of profound learning, or recondite research. There is in Mr. Wood a total absence of whatever is exalted, original, or energetic in thought, for which he substitutes a tissue of mere common places. To prevent misconstruction, let it be observed, that I am now speaking with reference to the literary capabilities of Mr. Wood, and not of the subjects which he is called upon to discuss; a Christian can never designate as common-place the sacred truths of his religion.

Another fault in this gentleman's discourses is, that they are frequently ill-arranged and unconnected, the parts have little or no dependence on each other; and, when combined together, they often exhibit a mass of vagueness and confusion, producing on the mind which listens to it no satisfactory result, no definite permanent impression. To pass at once from censure to the highest praise, which in my opinion at least can be accorded to Mr. Wood, he is calculated to be to the poorer classes of society a useful preacher; he appears to have studied the sacred volume with assiduity and attention; and the affectionate interest he seems to take in the welfare of those to whom he addresses himself, united with the influence which the truths of Christianity always command when inculcated by a mind which has sincerely imbibed them, render him a Pastor to whom his congregation may look up with gratitude, esteem and respect. As a reader he prefers no claim to admiration; he never changes the tone of his voice; and his emphasis, so far from being sufficiently pointed, is scarcely discoverable; the only redeeming traits of his reading are, that his enunciation is distinct, and that he exhibits the appearance of unostentatious devotion.

Criticus.

THE SONGS OF DE BERANGER.

In the lively line, the brilliant sally, the ingenious turn of thought, and often, the warm burst of feeling in the *ode* and the *chanson*, the French have most frequently contributed to the delight, and obtained the applause, of their neighbours.

Among their living lyrists, De Beranger, for his fertility of invention, his felicity of expression, his various and rapid, yet natural transitions from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and his happy and harmonious blending of all the intermediate shades of feeling, stands pre-eminent and unrivalled. Joining with these excellencies as a versifier the additional and superior merit (in the eyes of the great body of his countrymen) of an enthusiastic devotion to the honour, the happiness, and, above all, the independence of France, no wonder that De Beranger and his songs are favourites with the French people—no wonder that he has been doubly popular since the second return of the *cocarde blanche*, during one of those periods when, to use the words of his preface, *l'on a plus besoin de se distraire que de s'occuper*, and which, in his poetical character, he has, despite of persecution and prosecution, employed in satirizing the reigning and restored abuses, and in singing to his fallen country "of glory's and of hope's return."

Thus much being said by way of introduction, we shall from time to time make extracts from this author's two volumes of *chansons*, which, notwithstanding the modest admission in his preface, that *un recueil de chansons est, et sera toujours un livre sans conséquence*, cannot fail to please every admirer of brilliant wit, playful yet poignant satire, warm and generous sentiment and elegant versificatiou, even in those instances in which they may be opposed to his particular political notions, or national partialities. Feeling, as we think every reader of them will feel, that however justly the observation may be applied to many of their *poésies legères*, these pieces are *not* wholly indebted for their charm to those finesses of their language, which many of the French have been pleased to declare their neighbours incapable of thoroughly perceiving, and duly appreciating. A correspondent has ventured to attempt translations of some of them, with what success the reader will be able to judge by comparing them with the accompanying originals.

The following piece, which deserves some better title than that of *une chanson*, forms a strong contrast with most of the productions of De Beranger's lively muse. In some of his lightest effusions there are beautiful touches of the pathetic; but here it is the master-feeling. Here we have a strain of melancholy sweetness, flowing from the purest spirit of tender and confiding affection; while the dim clouds, that overhang the distant prospect of age, are dissipated, not by the fickle breath of gaiety, but by the mild and steady radiance of all-consoling, all-enlivening hope.

LA BONNE VIELLE.

Vous vieillirez ô ma belle maitresse;
  Vous vieillirez, et je ne serai plus!
Pour moi le temps semble, dans sa vitesse,
  Compter deux fois les jours que j'ai perdus.
Survivez moi—mais que l'âge pénible
  Vous trouve encore fidéle à mes leçons;
Et, bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible,
  De votre ami répétez les chansons.

Lorsque les yeux chercheront, sous vos rides,
  Les traits charmans qui m'auront inspiré,
Des doux récits les jeunes gens avides
  Diront, Quel fut cet ami tant pleuré?

De mon amour peignez, s'il est possible,
L'ardeur, l'ivresse, et même les soupçons;
Et bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible,
De votre ami répétez les chansons.

On vous dira. Savait-il être aimable?
Et sans rougir vous direz, je l'aimais.
D'un trait méchant se montrat il capable?
Avec orgueil vous répondrez. Jamais!
Ah! dites bien qu' amoureux et sensible
D'un luth joyeux il attendrit les sons;
Et, bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible,
De votre ami répétez les chansons.

Vous, que j'appris a pleurer sur la France,
Dites sur tout aux fils des nouveaux preux,
Que j'ai chanté la gloire et l'ésperance
Pour consoler mon pays malheureux;
Rappelez leur que l'aquilon terrible
De nos lauriers détruit vingt moissons;
Et, bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible,
De votre ami répétez les chansons.

Objet chéri, quand mon renom futile
De vos vieux ans charmira les douleurs;
A mon portrait quand votre main debile,
Chaque printemps suspendra quelques fleurs;
Levez les yeux vers ce monde invisible
Ou pour toujours nous nous réunissons;
Et, bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible
De votre ami répétez les chansons.

(Translation.)

THE GOOD OLD WOMAN.

Oh! my sweet mistress, you'll at last be old;
You will be old, and I shall be no more!
My years appear so swiftly to have roll'd,
Time must have counted ev'ry year twice o'er!
Survive me—yes, survive me; but let age
Find you still faithful as in earlier days!
And, far retiring from the world's rude stage,
Repeat your friend's, your lover's fav'rite lays.

Beneath your wrinkles when the young shall seek
Those charming features which inspir'd my song,
And thus shall press you of your bard to speak—
"Say, what was he whom you have wept so long?"
Then, if you can, pourtray my love's caress;
Its warmth, its ecstasies, its madness praise;
And, while they sigh to feel such sweet distress,
Repeat your friend's, your lover's favorite lays.

"And was he worthy to be lov'd?" they'll ask;
Without a blush you'll say, "I thought him so."
"Was he a villain in a pleasing mask?"
Then, proudly smiling, you will answer, "No!"
Oh! say that he was loving, true, and kind,
And tender, even in his gayest days;
And, while the fond idea fills your mind,
Repeat your friend's, your lover's fav'rite lays.

You, whom I taught o'er France's fate to mourn,
  Oh! let the sons of her defenders know
I sang of glory's and of hope's return,
  To soothe my poor unhappy country's woe.
Remind them that the northern blast destroy'd
  The trophies twenty brilliant years could raise;
And, while their thoughts on vengeance are employed,
  Repeat your friend's, your lover's fav'rite lays.

Dearest companion, when in life's last hours
  My slender fame shall mitigate your pains;
And round my portrait you shall hang fresh flow'rs,
  To shew my image in your bosom reigns;
Then lift your eyes to yonder world of light,
  Where life, nor love, nor beauty e'er decays;
And, firmly hoping we shall there unite,
  Repeat your friend's, your lover's fav'rite lays.

The following, though written in a livelier measure, is not so pleasing a *morçeau* as *La Bonne Vieille.* We have, it is true, a vivid picture of the gay morning of life, when all is light, and warmth, and buoyancy; but, when snatched from our view, its place remains unsupplied by the cheering prospect of that

" world of light,
Where life, nor love, nor beauty e'er decays."

Sans respect pour notre printemps,
  Quoi! vous me parlez de tendresse,
Quand sous le poids de quarante ans
  Je vois succomber ma jeunesse!
Je n'eu besoin pour m' enflammer
  Jadis que d'une humble grisette—
Oh! que ne puis-je vous aimer
  Comme autrefois j'aimais Rosette!

Votre équipage, tous les jours,
  Vous montre en parure brillante;
Rosette, sous de frais atours,
  Courait à pied, leste et riante—
Partout les yeux pour m' alarmer
  Provoquait l'œillade indiscrète—
Ah! que ne puis-je vous aimer
  Comme autrefois j'aimais Rosette!

Dans le satin de ce boudoir,
  Vous souriez à mille glaces;
Rosette n'avoit qu'un miroir;
  Je le croyais celui des Graces—
Point de rideaux pour s'enfermer;
  L'Aurore égayait sa couchette—
Ah! que ne puis-je vous aimer
  Comme autrefois j'aimais Rosette!

Votre esprit, qui brille éclairé,
  Inspirerait plus d'une lyre;
Sans honte je vous l'avoûrai
  Rosette à peine savait lire.

Ne pouvait-elle s'exprimer,
  L'amour lui servait d'interprète?
Ah! que ne puis-je vous aimer
  Comme autrefois j'aimais Rosette!

Elle avait moins d'attraits que vous;
  Même elle avait un cœur moins tendre:
Oui, les yeux ne tournaient moins doux
  Vers l'amant heureux de l'entender—
Mais elle avait, pour me charmer,
  Sa jeunesse, que je regrette—
Ah! que ne puis-je vous aimer
  Comme autrefois j'aimais Rosette!

(Translation.)

ROSETTE.

And hast thou, then, so little care
  For thy young beauty, as to speak
Of tenderness to me, who bear
  Full forty summers on my cheek?
There *was* a time when I could bow
  In homage to a poor grisette!
Alas! I cannot love thee now
  As formerly I lov'd Rosette!

I see thy equipage display
  Thy charms in a resplendent dress:
Rosette went tripping on her way
  In simple garb—but cheerfulness
Was in her eye, which, laughingly,
  Seduced me as my own it met.
Alas! I cannot gaze on thee
  As formerly on poor Rosette!

In this boudoir thy form transfers
  Its light to many a mirror's face:
Rosette had only one, yet her's
  To me seem'd that of ev'ry grace.
No curtain round her couch was hung;
  Her waking glance Aurora's met:
But, ah! my wither'd heart was young
  When formerly I lov'd Rosette!

Thy wit and learning would alone
  Inspire a bard to sing them well;
And yet, without a blush I own,
  Rosette had hardly learn'd to spell:
Love her interpreter would be;—
  Methinks I hear his prattle yet!
Alas! I cannot list to thee
  As formerly to poor Rosette!

Her beauties, I allow, were less;
  She wanted, too, thy feeling heart;
Nor had her smile the tenderness
  Which only feeling can impart—
But then, it was her *youth* that charm'd;
  'Tis *youth* whose flight I must regret;
'Twas *youth* whose fire my bosom warm'd
  When formerly I lov'd Rosette!

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH GALLERY.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

ITALIAN, SPANISH, FLEMISH, AND DUTCH SCHOOLS.

No. 67. *Interior, with Figures smoking.* TENIERS.—The property of M. M. Zachary, Esq. An exquisite specimen of this great Flemish master. It is painted on a warm ground; the shadows transparently, the middle tints scumblingly; the lights, especially those of the flesh, and of some of the draperies, with a fine full body of colour.

No. 76. *View on the Coast of Holland; a Gale.* W. VANDEVELDE.—The property of the Right Hon. Robert Peel. Replete with delicacy and tenderness of tone.

No. 78. *A Farrier's Shop, with Horses and Figures.* WOUVERMANS.—The property of the Earl of Lonsdale. Spirited and forcible; and yet highly finished.

No. 80. *A Boy blowing Bubbles.* NETCHER.—The property of G. W. Taylor, Esq. M.P. The most beautiful miniature in oil-colours that we ever saw.

No. 87. *Sheep in a Landscape.* CUYP.—The property of Col. Hugh Baillie. This delightful picture exhibits all the sunny fascination of Cuyp's pencil. The composition is remarkably pleasing.

No. 104. *Sea-piece.* RUYSDAEL.—The property of the Earl of Beverley. Perhaps, like most of this master's works, a little too Indian-inky in tone; but a sweetly painted picture for all that.

No. 117. *Juno transferring the Eyes of Argus to the Peacock's Tail.* RUBENS.—The property of Thomas Gent, Esq. A grand composition; affording ample opportunity for the display of Rubens's powers.

No. 120. *Landscape and Figures.* RUBENS.—The property of Sir Geo. Beaumont, bart. The epithet "tremendous" is scarcely too strong a one to use with reference to this wonderful effect of Rubens's pencil. Rubens was not a landscape painter; but what landscape painter could have produced such a work? From one end of it to the other it exhibits proofs of the most daring and overwhelming genius. There is a domestic anecdote related of this picture, which, as it is of a very amiable nature, we will venture to repeat. It is said that Sir George Beaumont had expressed his warm admiration of it while it was in the hands of a dealer, and that, in consequence, Lady Beaumont, on receiving an unexpected legacy of fifteen hundred pounds, applied the money to its purchase, and one day surprised Sir George Beaumont with it in his own gallery. We are sure that there is not one of our fair readers, who believes that the display of a diamond necklace would have afforded her half the gratification.

No. 143. *Landscape with Figures.* CLAUDE.—The property of the Earl of Egremont. If we were suddenly required to name two great works of art most strikingly contrasted, we do not know that we could answer better than by instancing the last-mentioned picture, and this, the justly-celebrated "Egremont Claude." Each is admirable in its way; the one all fierceness and fire, the other all majesty and repose; the one all force and opposition, the other all tenderness and harmony. The Iliad and the Æneid, or the philippics of Demosthenes and the orations of Cicero, are not more dissimilar in character.

No. 146. *The Infant Don Balthazar, Son of Philip IV. on Horseback.* VELASQUEZ.—The property of Dulwich College. The fine fearless air of this young equestrian is very animating. It is evident that he has the complete command of the great war-horse he bestrides.

No. 149. *The Cupola at Parma.* CORREGGIO.—The property of —— Ford, Esq. A rich, varied, and intricate composition; furnishing a very tolerable idea of the magnificent work itself.

No. 167. *Philip IV. of Spain.* VELASQUEZ.—The property of Lionel

Harvey, Esq. The head is the least effective part of this picture. In other respects its tone, and the breadth and general management are excellent.

No. 169. *The Virgin and Infant Saviour.* MURILLO.—The property of Colonel Hugh Baillie. If we except a little rawness in parts of the colouring, especially in the blue drapery, this may be considered as one of the most pleasing of Murillo's works.

Here we must reluctantly close our remarks; repeating our thanks to the Governors of the British Institution, for the treat, which this Exhibition has afforded us.

EXHIBITION AT THE GALLERY OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

No. 50. *Covent Garden.* F. NAISH. The property of J. Slegg, Esq.—A very tender and beautiful little drawing. The misty tone of the distance is singularly happy.

No. 53. *Scene on the Coast of Northumberland.* L. CLENNELL.—The property of W. Leader, Esq. M.P. Another of Mr. Clennell's highly characteristic drawings. The freshness of the morning light, striking here and there on the various glittering objects of the scene, is perfectly true to nature. The figures and animals are all full of life and spirit.

No. 54. *Scene in Gloucestershire.* W. TURNER.—The property of T. Griffith, Esq. The sunny gleams in the middle distance, and the skilful manner in which the eye is conducted to the remote horizon, remind us of some of the best works of Rembrandt.

No. 55. *View in Cumberland.* W. HAVELL.—The property of J. Allnutt, Esq. Rich without gaudiness, and massy without heaviness.

No. 68. *The doubtful Shilling.* J. HOLMES. The property of —— Robarts, Esq. The dark and suspicious look of the butcher, who is examining the shilling, is well contrasted by the open and ingenuous countenance of the female, by whom it has been tendered; but who, nevertheless, betrays a very natural anxiety with regard to a decision upon which probably depend her dinner and that of her husband and family. The bye-play of a child and a dog forms an amusing incident.

No. 69. *Preparing to Milk; Hazy Morning.* R. R. REINAGLE, R.A.—The property of W. Leader, Esq. M.P. There are few painters of the British School so various and versatile in their powers as Mr. Reinagle. History, portrait, landscape oil and water colours; all are equally familiar to him. On him, as an artist, may justly be bestowed the praise which Dr. Johnson conferred on Goldsmith as a writer; for there is no description of painting which he does not undertake, and none that he undertakes which he does not embellish. The present is a delightful specimen of his talents. The cattle are in every respect charmingly painted; especially in the reflections; and we never saw atmosphere more successfully represented.

No. 75. *Rydal, Westmoreland.* W. HAVELL.—The property of W. Leader, Esq. M.P. A bird's-eye view of this picturesque and venerable mansion,

> "Bosom'd high in tufted trees,"

whose character Mr. Havell has finely preserved.

No. 79. *Hastings.* COPLEY FIELDING.—The property of the artist. The general glow of this brilliant sunset is admirably maintained. Perhaps there is a slight tendency to spottiness in the darker parts.

No 84. *Chiding the Favourite.* T. HEAPHEY.—The property of the Earl of Tankerville. The interposition of the mistress of the Favourite, a fine little daughter of a fisherman, is just in time to rescue a poor mag, who has retreated to the top of a mop-stick, and is endeavouring, with outstretched wings and threatening beak, to deter a young kitten from the assault. The still-life is all beautifully painted.

No. 88 *Tivoli.* J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—The property of J. Allnutt, Esq. A splendid and masterly drawing. The high lights are charged with opaque colour, the effect of which is somewhat streaky; but that is a trifle compared with the excellence of the production in other and more important respects.

No. 91. *Interior of the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.* G. WILD.—The property of Mrs. Dry. Exquisitely rich and harmonious.

No. 92. *The Lout's Reward.* T. HEAPHEY.—The property of the Earl of Tankerville. Very droll. A country booby is endeavouring to force a kiss from a girl with a pail of water on her head, a portion of which she contrives by an ingenious jerk to spill upon his noddle, to the infinite delight of a young urchin standing by.

No. 102. *View of Tivoli.* A. WILSON.—A magnificent composition, and nobly treated.

No. 106. *Going to School.* J. HOLMES.—The property of —— Robarts, Esq. A desperate contest between a fine grown girl of about fifteen, flushed with her exertion, and a sturdy little vagabond of six or eight, who is fighting tooth and nail to avoid being dragged to a neighbouring school. In the background is his father, an enraged cobler, with a strap in his hand; on whom his better half has fastened to prevent him from coming to settle the dispute by an *argumentum ad baculinum.*

No. 121. *A scene on Keswick Lake; Evening.* R. R. REINAGLE, R.A.—The property of the Right Hon. R. Peel. Next to looking at nature herself, under beautiful circumstances, is the pleasure of contemplating such a drawing as this. The distance is especially fascinating.

No. 129. *Afternoon.* D. COX.—The property of J. Allnutt, Esq. A modest, but sweet little drawing.

No. 132. *Stacking Hay.* P. DEWINT.—The property of the Hon. Mrs. Cochrane. One of Mr. Dewint's most successful performances; full of freshness and variety. The figures in the fore ground are touched with extraordinary spirit.

No. 133. *Girl on a Stile.* T. UWINS.—The property of Sir J. Swinburne, Bart. There is great grace and animation in the *tournure* of this interesting little creature. The management of the light and shade is very bold and felicitous.

No. 138. *A distant View of Lowther Castle.* P. DEWINT.—The property of Earl Lonsdale. A magnificent drawing of a magnificent subject. The stormy effect, as it regards both tone and forms, is very grand.

No. 145. *The Michaelmas Dinner.* J. HOLMES.—The property of His Majesty. Who has not occasionally witnessed and been amused by such a scene? The master of the house, having in vain essayed what skill will do in the dissection of a fine large goose before him, is determined to resort to main strength. The sympathy of one of the guests is ludicrously but admirably expressed in his countenance, while another is endeavouring to point out the joint. The mistress of the house, a very delicate lady, is quite shocked; and is apologising to a female friend who has been so unfortunate as to receive some of the gravy from the dish on her green satin dress. A lout of a servant boy, helping bread on the wrong side, and a dog who is eagerly licking up some sauce that has been spilt on the carpet, complete this entertaining composition. We have no doubt it has frequently afforded His Majesty a hearty laugh.

No. 152. *The Mother's Prayer.* T. HEAPHEY.—The property of G. Hibbert, Esq. Simple, beautiful, and affecting.

No. 156. *Mocl Shabod, North Wales.* J. GLOVER.—The property of W. Blake, Esq. A powerful drawing; executed with great breadth of pencil.

No. 164. *Evening.* W. TURNER.—The property of J. Allnutt, Esq. True, almost to deception.

No. 174. *An Interior.* R. HILLS.—The property of the Artist. The interior is that of a stable on a winter's day. The animals are drawn and coloured with Mr. Hill's usual ability; and a fall of snow on the outside is very singularly and faithfully depicted.

No. 186. *The Dedication.* H. RICHTER. The property of —— Webb, Esq.

"My Lord,—Not to know your

Lordship were an ignorance beyond barbarism. 'Till the womb of nature was made happy by your illustrious birth, the generation of men was but one long miscarriage; heroes and sages were mere abortions; poets and orators still-born; all men illegitimate; the very name of man scarcely to be guessed at, in its high import, until your Lordship's excellence furnished the definition."

A most characteristic figure, Mr. Richter has evidently had in his mind Shakspeare's description of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," &c.

We hope that, after the regular exhibition of the year, next season, the Society will collect a fresh assemblage of select drawings of former times, and gratify the public with a sight of them.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, AND THEIR NEW ROOMS NOW BUILDING IN SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL MALL EAST.

Hinc priscæ redeant artes! felicibus inde
Ingeniis pandatur iter, despectataque Musæ
Colla leveat.

HORACE.

THE great increase of talent and numbers in the professors of the Fine Arts in the United Kingdoms, since the foundation of the Royal Academy, when scarcely forty artists of sufficient ability to be members could be found, has been so rapid, and is so evident, as to demand either a revision of the academical laws, calculated for the increased demand, or a new society altogether.

This progression of intellect, as more particularly exemplified in the metropolis during the last twelve or fifteen years, is such as must surprise the dispassionate observer, and delight those who view the moral physiognomy of a country depicted in its arts.

The limited views of the Royal Academy, as far as concerns artists who are not members of their body, together with the improper season of exhibiting the works of living artists at the British Institution, had been often complained of by the great body of British artists, and pointed out to the public with abundant severity in the annals of the Fine Arts. These two great corporations of art are found inadequate to reward the great mass of talent that is now congregated in the metropolis of the three kingdoms. The artists felt the want of a more extensive and liberal mart, and the public have long felt the inconvenience of the over-crowded walls of Somerset-House, which, like the changes in a home-made kaleidoscope, surprised the ignorant but "made the judicious grieve."

Urged by such feelings a few artists, who occasionally attended Mr. Elmes's lectures on architecture, at the Surrey and Russell Institutions, where he often made complaints of the inadequacy of the Academy similar to those which he had often done in his annals, and who sometimes met at his house to pass the evening afterwards, hinted at the probability of the success of a new Institution for the Fine Arts in general, while Mr. Elmes was preparing the plan for an Academy or Society for Architecture alone, of which he was appointed secretary.

Early in May of this year, Mr. Elmes called on his friend, Mr. Linton, one of the most promising young landscape painters of the day, and proposed an immediate meeting of a few; stating, that if only themselves attended, he would answer for the success of the undertaking; engaging to produce a plan and estimate for a suit of rooms, and a scheme for a Society. Mr. Linton then called on a few of his friends; and on the 14th of May, 1823, a meeting was held at Mr. Elmes's office, consisting of Messrs. Finden, Glover, Hofland, Linton, Martin, Wilson, Matthew Wyatt, and himself. Mr. Glover was appointed fo-

the chair, and Mr. Elmes as secretary for the day. He then produced a plan for a Parallelogram, on an unbuilt spot near Pall Mall East, and informed the meeting that he had found a most eligible site, over a series of fire-proof buildings in the rear of Suffolk-street and Pall Mall East, immediately adjoining the Gallery of the Society of Water-colours, belonging to John Nash, Esq. one of the architects to the crown, whose terms for ground-rent and building he had the day before obtained to lay before the meeting. He also exhibited a sketch for covering it, and for an entrance into Suffolk-street, nearly opposite to the street which leads to the principal front of the Opera-house, in the Haymarket; as well as the scheme for the Society.

The meeting adopted the plan for the latter, and drew up a scheme in manuscript, collected from that of Mr. Elmes and the general opinions of those present; and a meeting was agreed on, to be held at the Freemason's Tavern, to which a select number of artists, chosen from the various catalogues, should be invited.

This general meeting was accordingly held on Wednesday, the 21st of May, when nearly forty painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers of the greatest celebrity (out of the Academy) in the metropolis attended. A committee was previously held at the house of Mr. Hofland, consisting of those present at the first meeting, who drew up the plan for the regulation of the Society, which was afterwards submitted to the general meeting, Mr. Heaphey being in the chair, and Mr. Linton appointed secretary in the place of Mr. Elmes, who held the place of architect to the proposed new buildings.

A committee of general management was then appointed, which met next at Mr. Hofland's painting room, and since then at a room of their own, No. 23, under the Opera-house Colonade. Mr. Elmes proceeded with his plans, estimates, and negociations with Mr. Nash, and the general committee to appoint sub-committees. The committee of regulation was composed of the whole number; the committee, for drawing up a code of laws to submit to a general meeting, of Messrs. Hofland, Holmes, and Linton; the building committee, of Messrs. Heaphey, Elmes, and Maliphant. Mr. Rd. Maliphant, brother to the architect of that name, was appointed solicitor, and the whole body have been indefatigable in their labours to accomplish the undertaking.

The several committees have already framed a code of laws, agreed to a deed of trust binding the whole fraternity together, and the terms for a lease, and for the manner and terms for paying for the building with Mr. Nash and his solicitor. The works are in progress, the galleries will be roofed in within a few weeks, and an exhibition, formed from the contributions of all the artists in the United Kingdom, will open early in March next. All is proceeding with unexampled rapidity; the subscriptions and donations increasing; and a general meeting of the whole Society will be held forthwith, to which the committees will surrender their trust, and incorporate themselves with and into the Society of British Artists.

The intention of this new, broad, and liberal Society, which may be truly named the genuine republic of arts, are principally to form an annual exhibition of works of art, in the several classes of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, by living artists resident in Great Britain and Ireland, during the important months of March, April, May, June, and July; for lectures, other exhibitions, sales, and other legitimate purposes connected with the Fine Arts.

The Society, being instituted solely in aid of the great body of British artists, have very properly disclaimed all intentions of rivalry with either of those respectable established bodies, the Royal Academy and the British Institution. It does not at present profess to bestow titles of honour like the Academy, nor premiums for the best works of art like the Institution, but fairly leaves every one of its members or exhibitors at liberty to seek or avoid either, as they please, or as the laws of those societies will admit. The members have mutually guaranteed

the payment of the ground-rent and other charges on their building till paid off, and provided for the surplus when accomplished. They have also wisely drawn up no more laws than what suits their infant state, and leave its legislation to work its own future code as they increase in stature.

The rooms of the Society consist of six galleries or exhibition rooms, with an entrance for the public from Suffolk-street, through a hall, and up a handsome flight of stairs into an elegant vestibule, which opens into a niche. This leads to the gallery for paintings; a large octagonal room, sixty feet long, forty broad, and eighteen high; to the underside of the landing, and into the room for architectural elevations. These communicate with all the rest, and with each other in a complete circuit. All the rooms are of an octangular form, which is a novelty, and an excellence that does the architect great credit, as they thereby form more centres for attractive pictures, and remove the objection of dark corners. The four exhibition rooms for water-colour drawings, miniatures, cabinet pictures, &c., architectural elevations and engravings, are each thirty feet by nineteen, and fifteen feet high to the underside of the lanthorn. All the rooms have fire-places.

The rear of the building communicates with Suffolk-street, and has a loop-hole and crane for heavy sculptures, and a back staircase for porters, large pictures, &c.

The elevation next Suffolk-street, designed by Mr. Nash, as the Society only require the hall of entrance, will project as far as the areas of the other houses, and will present a handsome architectural elevation of the Italian doric order, on a surbasement, with a profile looking towards Cockspur-street, for an appropriate inscription.

One praise is particularly due to Mr. Elmes, as the architect; he has not obtruded columns or other architectural embellishments into the rooms, to the inevitable destruction of the effect as galleries when filled, but has sacrificed this piece of vain glory to the study of the best possible means of displaying all the works of art exhibited in them, in the very best possible light.

We conclude with Father Paul's wish concerning the republic of Venice, and say to this new Society, *Esto Perpetua.*

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS.

Le serment du jeu de Paume, a painting by David, the celebrated French artist, has been lately engraved in *aqua-tinta*, by M. Jazet, at Brussels. The engraving is on a large scale. Price 150 francs, proofs 300.

Les derniers momens du Duc de Berri, painted by M. Fragonard, has been engraved by M. Girardet. Both the painting and engraving are considered unworthy of the artists. Price 25 francs, proofs 50.

A panorama of Switzerland, in relief, by M. Gaudin, has been recently exhibited at Geneva, in which you may easily distinguish the lofty chain of mountains, valleys, plains, rivers, lakes, and all the roads of the country. It is 24 feet long and 16 broad, and is shown in a room constructed for the purpose at Paquis, half a league from Geneva.

M. Al. Laboureux, a young Roman sculptor, who obtained the last pension granted by Canova, has just finished the model in plaster of a group, the beauty and elegance of which, have astonished all the connoisseurs at Rome. It represents Paris and Helen at the moment of their embarkation.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, has purchased a very extensive collection of architectural casts, from the finest specimens now existing in Rome.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Examen critique des Considerations de Mad. de Staël, sur la Revolution Française.

Critical Examination of Mad. de Staël's "Considerations on the French Revolution;" with Observations upon her "Ten Years Exile" and upon Napoleon Buonaparte. By J. Ch. Bailleul. 2 vols., 8vo. Second Edit. Paris.

PUBLIC curiosity was strongly excited by the appearance of Mad. de Staël's work upon the French Revolution. The great genius of the author, her being an eye-witness of the events she relates, and more than once implicated in parties and opinions, her generous mind so capable of feeling enthusiasm for liberty, and even her family connections and private affections, promised profound views for the causes and progress of this great Revolution, valuable details, and a just and equitable appreciation of its tendency and consequences. The general expectation was not deceived; and, in spite of the imperfections occasioned by time, and the slight faults of prejudice of which it was so difficult to divest herself, Mad. de Stael has left behind her a monument worthy of her genius, and full of instruction for those who would study the future in the past. Yet, in a work like this, whatever may be the talent of the author, every thing cannot be received without contradiction. For, though a fact may be true, yet in the mind it derives a hue from personal sentiments; and, if the author describes it with his prejudices, we also read it with our own preconceived ideas, thence arise different opinions of the same work.

Eur. Mag. Aug. 1823.

But this disagreement must particularly shew itself on the subject of a revolution including so many interests and opinions, and exciting so many passions; and when principles are discussed, and facts and men judged, partiality becomes more blind, passion more active, and prejudice more obstinate.

A patriotic writer has undertaken the critical examination of Mad. de Staël's "Considerations;" he follows her step by step and disputes every chapter he thinks worthy of refutation. Perhaps it would be fortunate if, on every remarkable work of which the subject is open to contradiction, such an undertaking were executed with the like good faith: the opposition of contrary opinions must be profitable to those who search for truth. But distinguished talent and entire self-denial are necessary to him who ties himself to the car of the victor, to count his wanderings, and enumerate his weaknesses; for if the critic in this little war of details has often the advantage, yet it is difficult for him to produce at last a complete, well-written book.

M. Bailleul is as entirely convinced as we are of Mad. de Staël's good faith. They both seek for truth; but facts do not appear to them with the same aspect, and their reasonings do not flow from the same principles. Sensible of those different opinions we have no other interest than the instruction to be derived from them. We are happy when we find them agreeing with each other; united in their love for liberty, their opposition is only in the means of establishing or defending it. Not being able to follow the

critic in all the details of his examination, we will endeavour to sieze the most important points of the discussion, and compare the essential opinions which divide the two adversaries.

Both of them in recalling to remembrance the abuses, the privileges, and power which characterised the old *régime*, the wits who enlightened the eighteenth century, and the spirit of enquiry grown so bold in them, agree in thinking that such a state of things could not subsist long, and that a crisis was inevitable. But could not these necessary changes, instead of being the work of a violent revolution, have been brought about by a just, salutary, and gradual reform? Mad. de Stael thinks at first that the provincial assemblies, began by M. Turgot and renewed by M. Necker, formed a natural transition to representative government. Then, led by her admiration for England, she saw no help for France but in adopting the English constitution, of which, it must be confessed, she never seemed to have acknowledged the faults. The greatest fault she finds with the Constituent Assembly is, not having admitted a second hereditary chamber, the authority of which would have set bounds to the encroachments of one assembly on the royal authority. Without entering into the question, which of these two forms of representative government is the best, all that must be considered here is, whether the establishment of a second chamber was then possible. M. Bailleul's reflections on this subject seem to be judicious.

"Why," says he, "was the adoption of the English Constitution rashly proposed? A constitution can but be transplanted like a tree; and a constitution does not consist alone in the establishment of an upper and lower house; that is but a form which would be quite immaterial without many other establishments which support it, and a general spirit which animates it.

"What then is a constitution? Is it sufficient to give a certain number of people the name of parliament, to divide them into two houses; one of which should be called the upper chamber and the other the lower? Should the quality of the persons the spirit they are animated with, their prejudices and partialities, be considered as indifferent to constitutional order? or the different bodies of the state, their organization and attributes, and the state of the legislation, and particularly what concerns the safety of persons and property, the division of territory, and the mode of administration in all parts of the nation? Or, rather, are not all these objects of detail part of the constitution, of which the deliberating parliament and executive authority are but the exterior?

"According to this observation, what analogy was there in 1789 between our moral situation and our political organization, with those of England at any part of its history?

"M. de la Luzerne, proposed the formation of two houses, by uniting the higher clergy with the nobility, and the lower clergy with the commons. Here begin the inconceivable difficulties which accompany this situation.

"The nobility would not admit the division of the States-General into two houses, which in fact can but be reconciled with the spirit that animates this class. If the nobility, as M. de la Luzerne had proposed, were formed into a sort of House of Peers, they would have opposed every reform likely to injure their interests or pretensions; they would have been obliged to take a decisive part, which would have been a great reason against the division of the legislative body into two chambers.

"How, indeed, could this second chamber have been formed? Should it have been composed of deputies of the nobility, the majority of which has always been so inimical to the new order of things, so eager to defend its own privileges, and so obstinate in opposing the reform of abuses? Or ought there to have been chosen men of tried opinion, taken from every rank of society, giving them such remuneration as would put their fortune on a level with their title? But thirty years of revolution had rendered this apparently impossible. These mild and gradual transitions were then impracticable; but why? Because the desire of conquering and the

wish of preserving conquests, had brought into action two bitter and irreconcilable parties, the friends for the new order of things and its enemies: no joint transaction was possible between them; there was then an inevitable war until one of the two parties was obliged to succumb.

"It is easy so far to follow M. Bailleul's reasonings, of which the preceding passages form a faithful analysis. But this war, admitting it to be inevitable, to whom may it be ascribed? And have those who caused it always kept within the bounds of legitimate defence? Have they done nothing against the laws of strict justice? If a revolution were necessary, was it necessary with all its faults and excesses? It is in these points particularly that Mad. de Staël and M. Bailleul disagree. He, for example, wonders that Mad. de Staël should approve of the consequences of the revolution, and yet blame the means employed to accomplish it, the fatal circumstances that accompanied it. But there is nothing contradictory in this; the true friends of liberty ought to detest the crimes committed under the sanction of its hallowed name. The way to discredit a good cause is to endeavour to justify every action, and hold up as infallible all those who are enrolled under the same banner. A sensible enemy would be preferable to such an injudicious friend. The circumstances were difficult, it will be said: who denies it? It was the more incumbent to judge without passion, and with indulgence, those men who were only misled; but those acts ought to be reprobated that are immoral and unjust. Recrimination is not justification; and M. Bailleul does nothing but recriminate. The excesses committed at this unhappy period he ascribes to emigration, and the resistance of the privileged orders. Most of the acts, condemned by Mad. de Staël as violent and unjust, he justifies by the aggressions and dangers that provoked them.

"There is not one," says he, "that is not the result of provocation. Thus, when troops were marched into Paris, the citizens took the Bastille. At a banquet at Versailles the determination of the nation to rebel was mentioned; measures for departure dictated by the secret counsel were in agitation; the events of the 5th and 6th of October prevented the execution of these designs. Kings, either well or ill-informed of our situation, leagued against France, and published manifestos extremely insulting to the friends of liberty; the reply was couched in these few words; 'Let us conspire against kings.'

"In 1793 our frontiers were invaded by a foreign army, and the western departments were torn by civil war; from that time all moderation was banished from the public deliberations; and those, who foresaw that rash determinations would produce inevitable misfortunes, were stigmatized as conspirators. The reason why so many errors have been fallen into, and so many erroneous judgments formed, is because the defence alone was considered, and the attack kept out of consideration. In the History of the Revolution not one measure was taken without provocation, yet aggression is never mentioned. Thus, what was only defensive seemed monstrous, and was represented as folly and wickedness, when the aggression only ought to have been stigmatised; and this aggression silenced even those men who were naturally inclined to peace, and who were inclined to compromise even moderation itself. The multitude has no idea of answering violence with any thing but violence."

What shall we conclude from all this? that the privileged, who wished to see France "on fire," in order to reconquer their privileges, were guilty; that the kings, who threatened the independence of France, were mad; that the emigrants, who carried their arms against their country, were criminal:—but, however true these allegations may be, the wrongs and crimes of one party can never in the eyes of justice excuse the faults of the opposite party; and the remembrance of the proscriptions, spoliations, and floods of innocent blood shed in the reign of the Convention, will rise up in judgment against the abominable or blind instruments of these fatal vengeances.

In another place, speaking of the indemnities which Mad. de Staël supposes to be due to the clergy,

M. Bailleul writes this sentence: "*I think that justice is here entirely subordinate to the public interest.*" This is a very convenient principle to justify all usurpations and abuses. No interest either public or private ought to influence justice; any government which violates it will sooner or later feel the effects of such guilt, and those arms which it has not scrupled to employ will be turned against it; every period of the revolution proves this fact. We will only mention the 18th fructidor, which M. Bailliul endeavours to justify on the same principle. M. Bailleul proves, and indeed it is an acknowledged fact, that there was a flagrant conspiracy against the republican government. He rightly concludes that the conspirators ought to have been enquired into and punished, for who can dispute that a government has a right to repel the attacks by which its existence is menaced, and to defend itself by every *legal* means in its power? The violation of the national representation is a crime that nothing can excuse; and the use of the bayonet is an appeal to violence that would seem to justify every usurpation. The experience of all ages, with the laws of eternal justice, must teach us that these political measures are the forms of perpetual revolutions. The terrible dictator had only to follow, on the fatal 18th brumaire, the route traced out by the Directory, and turn against it its own arguments.

Thus M. Bailleul, to be consistent, is obliged to justify this new crime. These are, we think, the most remarkable points of difference between the authoress of the "Considerations" and her commentator. There are others in which the latter seems to have the advantage; for example, he shews how Mad. de Staël's affections alter her judgments, her aristocratic prejudices, and her inclination for *les familles historiques*. But he does not seem to comprehend Mad. de Staël when she speaks ill of France: "With what delight she abuses France and the French," he says in several places. It appeared to us that amidst the bitterest reproaches she addresses to her country, there is always underneath them a feeling of regret; she does not flatter it, but it is because she wishes to see it better. Sometimes she speaks of low ambition, of that desire to obtain places which has corrupted so many citizens, and certainly she had a fine field for censure. Patriotism does not consist in being blind to the faults of one's country.

All M. Bailleul's criticisms seem to be dictated by good faith and honour, even his most eager attacks are occasioned by his regard for truth, and he always denies being one of Mad. de Stael's detractors.

Their difference is very slight in the fourth part. The real friends of liberty must always be of the same opinion in speaking of the greatest enemy of liberty. The *Examen Critique* contains a very interesting chapter upon Buonaparte, upon what he was, and what he might have been; there are also several anecdotes descriptive of his character and views. We cannot resist quoting some parts of this chapter, containing reflections which Mad. de Staël would not have disowned.

"Napoleon Buonaparte attains supreme power: in the state of lassitude and disgust in which France then was, in consequence of the events which seemed to be the forerunners of fresh disorders, *and when the powers of Europe had already received some severe lessons for having interfered in what did not concern them*, every thing was possible to him. Never had any man before such a career open to his ambition. He did not perceive it nor did any one point it out to him.

"Instead of purifying and regulating the revolution he put it on one side; he abandoned what belonged to the revolution to the counter-revolutionists, without perceiving that, himself being produced by the revolution, he placed himself on the brink of a precipice by this false system. Instead of conquering Europe by the power of his institutions he only knew how to use force; he imitated the ancient *regime*, employed the resources of common cunning and machiavelian policy: which explains why, with an ascendancy over all Europe, his government had always a strange and capricious appearance; and which also accounts for the admiration of those who could see no-

thing but his power, and the disgust and hatred of those who judged him by the means he made use of.

"He did not conceive the idea of conquering Europe by his institutions; he endeavoured, in spite of peril and danger, to vanquish Europe by common, vulgar, and often criminal means, that of force.

"What a waste of talent, genius, and intelligence, to go and die under a foreign yoke on a desert rock!

"Who would believe it? Europe is at this moment in the most miserable state through the same error which destroyed Buonaparte. The governments of Europe deceive themselves, as he did, and form a wrong estimate of men and things; they see revolutions in the most honourable and salutary ideas, and revolutionists in the most estimable and enlightened men."

Contes et Nouvelles de la grand mère, &c

Tales of a Grandmother; or, a Visit to a Chateau, during a Snow. By the Countess d'Hautpoul. 2 vols. 12mo.

Mad. d'Hautpoul, whose beautiful verses are said by the French critics to be in the hands of every lover of poetry; and who now divides, in France, the kingdom of romance with Mesdames de Genlis and de Souza, now composes books for young people, and particularly for those of her own sex. It is very advantageous to the progress of education and sound morality that a person of such distinguised ability should devote herself to the composition of elementary works, but too often left to inferior writers; for which it is difficult to give a good reason; as nothing requires more penetration, judgment, and taste than the composition of books destined to give young minds those primary impulses, on which depends the fate of their whole lives. Two works of the same nature by Mad. d'Hautpoul have already appeared, and have had great success.

The tales we now announce seem destined to enjoy even a more brilliant fame than her preceding works. Related by the fireside, while the snow covers the ground, they partake of the charm of winter evenings in the bosom of a family; and they contain the valuable union of agreeable amusement with solid and varied instruction.

We should like to have seen these tales bear for their second title, *a Course of Morality*, which with the author's *Course of Literature*, and the *Studies or Course of Grammar* would form an excellent collection for the use of young ladies, and which all mothers of families and governesses ought to put into the hands of their pupils. Most of Mad. d'Hautpoul's tales have all the charm and interest of romances, without the objectionable parts of that species of writing. The last two are particularly worthy of remark. *Agis, a Grecian History*, has all the classic colouring of antiquity, whilst *Isaac or Abraham's sacrifice* is a happy imitation of the brilliant and lofty style of the first books of the Old Testament.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Durazzo: a Tragedy, in Five Acts.

We have been prevented by various circumstances from taking earlier notice of this beautiful little production, from the pen of Mr. James Haynes already very favourably known to the public, by his tragedy of "Conscience." Although the scene of the present drama is laid in Grenada, at the period of the invasion by the Moors, yet the story is one of pure fiction. We subjoin an outline of it.

The play opens with a dialogue between Garcia and Anthonio, two of the king's ministers, by which it appears that they have been in treasonable correspondence with the Moorish power, and that the loss by Alonzo of a battle, which he has just fought against the enemy, is attributable to the insidious means which they previously used to sow dissention in the ranks of the Spanish army. At Garcia's instance the two traitors determine to avail themselves in the furtherance of their

designs of the aid of Durazzo, a rich plebeian, who has been disgusted by a refusal on the part of Alonzo, and of his aged friend Benducar, to allow him any military rank. Durazzo enters, behaves with much affected humility, and promises his assistance. The next scene presents the mob, indignant at the defeat of the Spanish arms, and loud in their execrations of Alonzo. Benducar endeavours to tranquillize the populace, who on the other hand are infuriated by the remarks of Durazzo. Benducar goes off threatening Durazzo, who follows him. They are instantly succeeded on the stage by Zelinda, Benducar's daughter, and her confidante Leonora. The former is alarmed by the angry parting tones and demeanor of her father and Durazzo; and discloses to her friend that Durazzo, although unknown to her by name, had some time ago won her grateful love, by rescuing her from ruffians, since which time she had never beheld him until that moment. The conference of the friends is interrupted by the return of Benducar with Alonzo, who is a lover of Zelinda's. Benducar relates his having struck Durazzo, who instantly drew upon him, and from whose vindictive sword he was rescued by Alonzo. During this recital Zelinda is much agitated, and retires, having dropt some expressions which induce her father to suspect her attachment to Durazzo. The remainder of the first act is occupied by Alonzo's narrative of his late defeat, which he justly ascribes to treachery.

At the commencement of the second act we have Durazzo and his servant, Perez; the former burning with revenge for the blow which he has received from Benducar, of whose relation to Zelinda he is ignorant. Perez gives him a letter, written after he was mortally wounded in the late battle, by Durazzo's friend Vincenzo, whose subsequent death is reported by the messenger. It occurs to Durazzo, who is very skilful in counterfeiting hand-writing, that he may make use of this letter in his plans of vengeance; and he communicates his intention to Garcia, who promises him immense wealth should he succeed; but whose offers he disdains, declaring that his only objects are retaliation of wrong, and assertion of that dignity in the state to which he feels entitled. This is followed by a scene between Benducar and Zelinda, in which the former taxes the latter with her love for Durazzo, and, on quitting her, commands her to think of nothing but her approaching union with Alonzo. Zelinda's despair is suspended by the entrance of Duruzzo, to whom she discloses that she is the daughter of Benducar. They pledge themselves to mutual fidelity, exchange rings, and separate. The trial of Alonzo succeeds, and Durazzo triumphs by the production of a forged letter from Vincenzo, charging Alonzo with having been bribed to betray the Spanish army. In consequence Alonzo is banished by the king, and ordered to leave Grenada before a certain hour that night.

By a conversation at the beginning of the third act between two nobles, and by a subsequent conversation between Garcia and Anthonio, it appears that Durazzo, who proves to be the descendant of a Spanish Grandee, formerly degraded for his "practices of magic science," having gained the favour of his sovereign by his recent exposure of Alonzo's supposed villainy, has been ennobled; and has assumed great haughtiness on the occasion. This is further shown in an interview between Garcia and Durazzo, which Garcia seeks in order to humiliate Durazzo, but in which he finds himself treated with deserved contempt. The last scene of this act exhibits preparations for the nuptials of Zelinda with Alonzo. The former remonstrates, but, on being threatened with her father's curse, is on the point of yielding, when Alonzo's generosity will not allow him to avail himself of her compulsory acquiescence. In the mean time, the hour at which Alonzo was to depart from the city having elapsed, Durazzo rushes in with guards, and sends Alonzo to prison, accompanied by Benducar, as the abettor of his offence. Her filial love thus outraged, Zelinda quits Durazzo swearing never to be his.

In the interval, however, between the closing of the third and the opening of the fourth act, Zelinda,

in great alarm for her father's safety, determines to use her influence with Durazzo for his liberation. She seeks Durazzo and subdues him to her purpose; and he gives her the key of Benducar's dungeon. Immediately afterwards Perez enters; from whom Durazzo learns that owing to some occurrences, the nature of which he cannot divine, Garcia and Anthonio have been sent to prison by the king, on a charge of treason; and Alonzo invested with the supreme command within the city, in order to repel the advancing Moors. Durazzo resolves on forcing Benducar to reveal any lurking danger that may await him; and for that purpose repairs to Benducar's garden, where the old man is accustomed to walk in the evenings alone. In the scecond scene of this act we have the indolent and cowardly mob of the city, who are at length roused to some demonstrations of energy and courage by the patriotic exhortations of Alonzo. The next scene is Benducar's garden, into which Durazzo enters, and soon after Benducar. An angry colloquy ensues, which is terminated by Benducar's striking Durazzo another blow, and rushing out. O'ermastered by passion at this second insult Durazzo pursues him, the clashing of arms is heard, and Durazzo returns to the stage with his sword steeped in the blood of Benducar, whom he has slain. The scene then changes to Benducar's house. Zelinda, alarmed by the noise in the garden, sends to ascertain the cause, and learns her father's death. At the same time the discovery, near the body, of the ring which Zelinda had given to Durazzo apprises the unhappy girl who it is that has been his murderer.

The opening of the fifth act discovers Durazzo plunged in the gloom of a forest, in the neighbourhood of the city; full of remorse for the crime which he has committed. On learning from Perez that the shock has deprived Zelinda of her reason, and that Vincenzo, instead of having died, as was reported, had returned living to Grenada, he determines upon death; but death preceded by acts that shall retrieve his name from infamy, and show that he was worthy of a better fate. Having procured a disguise he precipitates himself into the field of battle, performs prodigies of valour, kills the Moorish chief in single combat, rescues the king from a condition of imminent peril, and eventually staggers, covered with blood, to the gate of a convent in which Zelinda is sheltered. Admitted, his voice and his sudden appearance, for a moment, recall the wandering senses of Zelinda. Durazzo acknowledges his utter unworthiness of her, but intreats her forgiveness; and, having received it, stabs himself and dies.

We have been thus particular in detail, because some of our contemporaries have, in our opinion, not done sufficient justice either to the plot, or to the incidents of "Durazzo." The above abstract will prove that the plot is well conducted, and that the incidents are striking and various. At the same time we candidly allow that, upon the whole, this tragedy appears to us to be better suited to the closet than to the stage; especially the stage in its present condition; for the distinguishing quality of "Durazzo" is its poetical beauty, and what poetical beauty can reach, unmutilated, the ears of the great majority of the audience in those vast caverns miscalled Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres? We are persuaded that it is only in instances in which the imperfect impression on the external sense is aided by memory, as is the case with respect to the works of Shakspeare, Otway, and our other ancient and well-known dramatists, that the language of true poetry can now meet with favour on the stage.

Our limits will not permit us to indulge in making many extracts from "Durazzo;" but even the following may afford some notion of the felicity of Mr. Haynes's language and imagery.

The ease with which friendship is destroyed by adversity is thus happily described:—

"——————————— Friends!
Friends found in sunshine, to be lost in storm.

There's many a breeze, almost too faint to turn
A mote from its straight course upon the air,
In aspiration stronger than the sigh
That shakes a thousand friends off."

Towards the close of the first act, Benducar is exhorting Alonzo to meet with firmness the false accusations preferred against him:—

Benducar.—Trust to your cause and character; if they
Should fail,—trust to that other hope, which, though
Unknown to vulgar minds, inspires the noble
To bear misfortune rightly.
Alonzo.—What is that?
Benducar.—The sentence of posterity. They, too,
Will have their petty likings and dislikes,
Envies and jealousies and treacherous arts,
Touching the men they live with;—but to us
They'll turn a purer eye, and, passionless—
As passionless as the embrace of death—
Sit in the high justiciary of Time,
To weigh the memories of men departed.
Alonzo.—Let faction do its worst; I will look forward,
And so be firm.
Benducar.—Ay; forward and within."

Durazzo justifies the assumption of haughtiness on his being created a noble in the following fine lines:

Do we not go arm'd
Into the field of arms; and shall we not
Tread proudly in the palaces of pride?
I come amongst you a competitor,
To answer taunts with tauntings. When the wind
Scolds at the sea, the sea rebukes the wind
With lips of foam; and when a comet starts
Into our system, angrily he glares,
That the bright multitude of stars turn pale
To see the mighty stranger pass along."

The tranquillity of night is sweetly painted:—

"————————There is a chill damp air
Abroad, which, through the senses, comes upon
The inmost soul with dews of melancholy.
How awful is this wide repose! No sound
Of herd, or flock, or happy villager,
Of living, moving, or articulate thing,
Breaks on the ear through the vast amplitude
Of the surrounding skies. Nature is laid
Within the arms of silence; and the breath
She drew by day is charm'd to such suspense,
As if this earth were but the shadow of
Some other world, and all things wrought thereon
Held by no stronger tenure than the moonbeams
Hold of the vacant air."

In the tragedy itself the above passage acquires an additional charm from its position, which is immediately preceeding a scene of furious quarrel, terminating in blood.

Death is the natural end of all things; and, therefore, with the following spirited and soldierly description of death we will close our brief extracts from "Durazzo."

"—— —————— Death's a formal thing
In jails, on scaffolds, or on beds of down;
But in the field—there he throws off his shroud,
And, full of mettle as a courser, starts,
The comrade, not the tyrant, of the brave!"

Ancient Mysteries described, especially the English Miracle Plays extant among the unpublished Manuscripts in the British Museum. By William Hone. 8vo. pp. 298. 10*s.* 6*d.* London, 1823.

However determined and zealous we may be in support of the religious institutions of the country, and however it may behove every person to reprobate levity and indecorum, or even frequent and unnecessary enquiries into the truth and authenticity of revealed religion, we must confess that more harm than good is done to the cause of religion by those who display anger or resentment at sceptical enquiries into its pretensions, and still more injury does the cause receive from those who are always betraying a sort of a splenetic irritability upon all occasions when they conceive its truth to be indirectly questioned or covertly denied. For our parts, we conceive that sincerity and rational confidence beget a spirit of equanimity, of moderation, and forbearance, with an indifference both to the power of the attack itself, and to the mode in which that attack may be conducted, whilst a febrile fear of assault with a spirit of acrimony and vituperation against a supposed, or even real assailant, betrays a latent uneasy conciousness of a weak cause.

We took up the volume now before us with some little of expectation that its contents might be of a sceptical nature, and were therefore determined to criticise its contents; but, finding our expectations groundless, we gave way to the admiration which its erudition and general merits are calculated to excite in every reader of sound judgment. We cannot but confess that Mr. Hone is deserving of a high degree of praise for having selected a fund of curious matter from black letter and other sources, which seldom have much charms for persons in his rank of life, and which are not often resorted to but by the laborious and disciplined scholar.

The work is not all polemical, or assailant, but consists of an amusing and instructive selection of antiquarian matter, drawn from the Coventry manuscript, and other old MSS. now in the British Museum. There are few persons who have access to black letter MSS. or to the antiquarian literature of our country, and as such depositories of the learning of the middle ages are known to contain much of amusement and of information, and as they moreover elucidate the page of history and paint the manners of our forefathers, any judicious selection from such valuable stores of learning cannot fail to be acceptable to the general class of well-informed readers.

Those who have ever read the dissertations upon Thespis and the rise of the Greek stage, will find many points of resemblance between the dramas and the rude and vagrant actors of that early age, and the mysteries or religious plays and performers of the middle ages in the west of Europe. These mysteries in fact are the modern theatre of Europe in its earliest state of existence, and in this point of view alone must form an object of interest with men of letters. It is in vain to argue against the publishing of such matter, on the apprehension of injury which religion may sustain by exposing the folly and imposition with which she stood in close connexion for the first fifteen hundred years of her existence. There was more stedfast faith in revelation during the period of such exhibitions than there has been since their abolition, and if the actual representation of mysteries did not awaken sceptical trains of thought, how little is really to be apprehended from a mere perusal of them in an age like the present. We may further observe that, according to the letters of Spence, the most extravagant and absurd of these mys-

teries were in the highest estimation on the Continent at the beginning of the last century, and even at its close they were far from being in disrepute; and, if concurring reports are to be relied on, many of the highest church dignitaries, as well as princes and legitimate monarchs, have seriously thought upon encouraging their revival within these few years.

Thus we conceive that persons the most sensitively alive to the security of orthodox doctrines may, without fear of danger or offence, peruse the volume now before us, and draw from its pages a copious stream of amusement and of knowledge.

This volume contains only eight mysteries, occupying seventy-two pages; the remainder of the work consisting of miscellaneous antiquarian extracts, connected with the religious ceremonies, habits, and customs of our forefathers.

The first play or mystery relates to "the modyr of mercy," and the drama is conducted on the following plan:

Enter Joakim and Ann, (parents of the Virgin Mary).—Joakim calls himself "a substancyall man," and declares that he distributes his goods between the temple, the pylg'mys, and his household, observing that

So shulde every curat, in this werde wyde
Geve a part to his chauncel, I wys,
A part to his parocheners, that to povert slyde
The thyrd part to kepe for hy' and his.

The morality of which is less objectionable than the poetry. Joachim and Ann are forbidden to sacrifice on account of their having no progeny, and in the midst of their grief an angel descendeth and tells Joachim that God "by making barrenness, shews his myth and his mercye bothe;" and concludes, after alluding to Sarah and Rachael, by saying

"And in lyke wyse, Ann, thy blyssyd wyff
Sche schal ber a childe schal hygth Mary
Whic'h shall be blyssyd in her body: and have joys ffyff."

The angel, further speaking of this child to be thus born, proclaims

"And as sche sc'hal be bor of a barrany body
So, of her, schal be bor' with our natur' J'hus
That schal be savyo' unto al man kende."

And the angel prophecies that Joachim shall meet Ann "at the gyldyd gate of Jerusalem," and then repairing to Ann directs her to meet her husband at that spot, foretelling that she shall have a child whose destiny he acquaints her with, and then "Her goeth the aungel agen to before."—Joachim and Ann meet, of course, at the "gyldyd gate at Jerusalem," and where Joachim gives her a "Kusse of clennesse," and they both depart home

"To thank God, that sytt in tron'
That thus hath sent us his grace."

This mystery is the eighth pageant in the Cotton MS. and the subject is closely copied from the Apocryphal New Testament. We have given the outline of this mystery in order to afford our readers an idea of the nature of these religious amusements of our forefathers. But we must observe, that many of these mysteries are chosen from passages, and the dramas themselves conducted in a way, which the refinement of modern manners would deem to be highly objectionable, and in the southern parts of Europe the warmer fancies and more impassioned feelings of the people have far from decreased the grounds of such objections.

Following the eight mysteries contained in this volume, the compiler has given us many black letter verse and prose selections, some of which are extremely curious and entertaining. In a chapter upon Christmas Carols, Mr. Hone says, "the admiration of my earlier days, for some lines in the Cherry Carol still remains, nor can I help thinking that the reader will see somewhat of cause for it." We must confess that we are less pervious to such impressions; for, in our opinion, except that such Carols may associate in our minds with fancied

scenes of the olden times, they are puerile in the extreme. For instance, we think that few men will allow that there is either poetry, nature, or sense, or piety, in such Carols as the following:

" How Christ was in a manger born,
And God dwelt in a bush of thorn,
Which bush of thorn appears to be
The same that yields best Peko-tea."

The Carol from which the above extract is made, was printed in quarto in 1491. In a Carol respecting Dives and Lazarus, there are the two following verses:

" As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of Hell;
His soul therein to guide.

" Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with *me;*
For you've a place provided in Hell,
To sit upon a *serpent's knee.*"

Now although such doggrel and absurdities were mistaken by our ancestors as aids to religion; and although the reformation was directed to be promoted and advanced by " Gude and godly ballates changed out of prophaine songs, for avoiding of sinne and harlotrie," we can conceive no rational person at present to feel any admiration of them, except as features or records of ages gone by.

In chapter five upon the Coventry and Chester Mysteries of the Descent into Hell, we regret that the compiler has not given us specimens of the old engravings which ornamented them. A fac-simile of the celebrated wood engraving of " Christ bursting Hell-gates, a devil throwing stones at him from the battlement" would have been invaluable, as shewing the composition and style of engraving before the time of Wolgemuth.

It is curious to reflect upon the alterations effected by time in the opinions of Christian Europe respecting plays; the fathers denied baptism to any one concerned in a theatre, and declared it " a shame that any one should listen to a comedian with the same ears as they hear an evangelical preacher;" and Tertullian, alluding to the high heels worn by the tragedians, exclaims that " the devil sets them upon their high pantofles to give Christ the lie, who said, nobody can add one cubit to his statue;" and " St. Austin begs God pardon for having read Virgil with delight in his graver years." But the whole chapter, commencing at page 148, is full of such instructive matter relative to the erroneous zeal, the " zeal without knowledge" of former times, and it gives us an entertaining and succinct History of the Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, the Boy Bishop, and numerous other such Mysteries and Ceremonies of the early ages. We have a very long historical and descriptive account of the Ceremony of the Boy Bishop, but the chapter is too discursive and void of classification. We have next an account of the Ceremony of the Lord Mayor's Show, with its former accompaniments and ancient mode of celebration.

Mr. Hone betrays what all men betray when writing upon favourite subjects. We mean to say that he is some time prolix and discursive, and often gives us at too great length what is scarcely of sufficient importance to merit any extraordinary attention. But the general compilation, if it do not evince the most profound and intimate acquaintance with antiquarian literature, at least displays much of natural sagacity and of judgment. There are many highly useful works that may be perverted to mischievous purposes by ill-disposed persons, but if this be amongst such a class of books, we do not see that it is in this respect more objectionable than many that are of permitted currency amongst our youth of both sexes. It is a volume calculated to afford both knowledge and entertainment to the learned as well as to the desultory reader; and we have derived more than ordinary satisfaction in its perusal.

A Letter to the Mistresses of Families on the cruelty of employing children in the odious, dangerous, and often fatal task of Sweeping Chimnies. By J. C. Hudson.

We have perused this sensible little pamphlet with considerable satis-

faction, and cordially wish, while we recommend it to universal attention, that the humane endeavours of the author may not be frustrated. We have often lamented the inattention of ladies in general, and particularly those who have children, to the cruelty of employing climbing boys in sweeping chimnies, for the work may in general be far more effectually performed by the use of a very simple machine, capable of being made by every hedge-carpenter in the kingdom. Mr. Hudson has very properly inserted in his pamphlet extracts from the evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons, when this interesting subject was under parliamentary investigation. These extracts are confined to the ten following points on which the witnesses were examined; he recites the questions and answers relative to them, which fully prove how heavy and grievous is the load of affliction that presses on this pitiable portion of human beings.

1. The tender age at which children are put to this employment.
2. The modes of procuring children.
3. The methods of tuition.
4. Their habits of living, dirtiness, and bad lodging.
5. Ill-treatment and over-work by the journeymen.
6. Their separation from society and want of education.
7. The constant dangers to which they are exposed from various accidents.
8. The custom of sending up climbing boys to extinguish fires in chimnies.
9. Their deformity.
10. The difficulty of the boys getting employment when they have outgrown their fitness for ascending chimnies, and their consequent ill-habits and final ruin.

On all these points the evidence was so conclusive, that we are led to wonder at the inhumanity of our nature, that could for a moment longer suffer such a barbarous practice to exist; especially as it might be immediately removed by the introduction of an easily constructed machine, which Mr. Hudson describes as "a large brush made of a number of whalebone sticks fastened into a round ball of wood, and extending in most cases to a diameter of two feet; this brush is thrust up the chimney by means of short hollow sticks, fitting in one to another like the joints of a fishing rod, and with a long cord running through them all; it is worked up and down as every fresh joint is added, until it reaches the top, and is then in the same manner pulled down and worked." This machine is applicable to at least *nine-tenths* of the chimnies in all modern built houses, and to more than *three-fourths* of all the chimnies in the metropolis; a small alteration in the machine might adapt it to the construction of those chimnies, which at present might not admit of its use.

If it is impossible to rouse the feelings of humanity in behalf of this poor, degraded, outcast race of human beings, still observance ought to be paid to the statute of the 28 George III. c. 48. which prohibits the binding of any child to this trade under eight years of age.—Every housekeeper might by attention to this circumstance prevent a large proportion of the evil complained of by informing against any master-sweep, who employed children under that age; for it is notorious that they are apprenticed to this degrading and cruel employment, even at so early an age as four years and a half.

This pamphlet is very properly dedicated to the *Mistresses of Families*, whose peculiar province it is to remove this stain on civilized society. To this end would not the formation of female societies in populous places be highly beneficial? And could the best sympathies of the female heart be called forth in a better cause; one more congenial with their nature, or more appropriate to their situation as mothers? Why should they extend their exertions in behalf of the African slave, and suffer the still more miserable slave of their own country to pine in this wretched degradation? Here is a great practical good that may be attained very easily; and we should have a much higher opinion of the woman who refused to employ a climbing boy, than of one who gave alms to importunate beggars, who would shed the sickly tear over a novel,

who would bestow the tenderness of a mother even on a lap-dog, or who would subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. In fine, we prefer one practical to a thousand theoretical virtues.

The Life of Ali Pacha, of Jannina, Vizier of Epirus. 8vo.

So much of public attention has been attracted to every memorial of the celebrated Ali, and particularly to the book before us, that we presume there are but few of our readers who are altogether ignorant of the peculiar circumstances which attach to the publication in question.

We, therefore, think it incumbent on us, before presenting our readers with the contents of the book, to submit to them the opinion we have formed as to the authenticity of its statements, and its claims upon publick attention. It is not our purpose to go into the disputes which are said to have arisen amongst the publishers, nor will our limits allow us to lay before our readers the analysis by which we have arrived at our conclusion; but, having attentively perused the volume, we venture, from its own internal evidence, to give a decided, though not an unqualified, verdict in favour of its general authenticity. We say our verdict is not unqualified, because, in the first place, the author or compiler has, by concealing his name, shrunk from that responsibility which the public have a right to expect that a narrator should take upon himself, as an earnest of the truth of his statements; and, secondly, because many parts of the book are tinged with that melodramatic timidity, that labour at effect, which whenever we meet with it gives birth to a suspicion, that too much license has been given to the faculty of imagination. We believe the matter of the work has undergone more than one transmutation of language, and it is probable the defects of which we complain may have been given to it in dressing it for the palates of French readers; if so, we can only lament that it was not restored to its "round unvarnished state," before it was submitted to the cooler judgment and better taste of the British public; it might then have been referred to as an authentic record, without any of those misgivings which must attach to the whole, where a part, however small, is justly subject to suspicion.

The Life of Ali presents many curious and interesting objects of contemplation, both in the circumstances peculiar to himself individually, and from the time of his political career, having brought both him and the state of society of his country into the more immediate notice of France and Great Britain.

In his own character he affords an interesting object of observation, owing in a great measure to its peculiarities being such, as the improved nature of our social institutions afford no scope for the exhibition of, and which consequently we can only contemplate at a distance.

Possessed of courage, activity, discretion; of perseverance which never tired; of penetration which could not be baffled; of the loftiest ambition; the most grasping avarice; Ali was endued with all the incentives to enterprize, and most of the means of success; but with less extraordinary men even these advantages might, by circumstances, have been made inoperative. The authority of religion—the influence of morality—the restraints of honour—the pleadings of nature; some or one of these might have presented obstacles to the designs of other men, but Ali disowned them all. He knew no God; morality he had never heard of; his honour was forfeited whenever pledged; and even nature had no authority with him, since he ruined, imprisoned, and murdered his relatives, forced his own and only sister to an incestuous marriage, and stupified, and then debauched the wife of his son!

There probably have been, and still are, many men as little fettered by moral restraints, and as callous to the better impulses of humanity, but his parallel can only be produced by the union of his rare abilities with his transcendent vices.

In Ali, then, we behold the extent to which human depravity can be carried when stimulated by the passions, aided by talent, and totally emancipated from that con-

troul, which the fears or the virtues of other men impose upon their actions. We see in him a picture we can but seldom meet with, but which, from its singularity, must interest, although it may often horrify, and, perhaps, disgust us.

By steadfastly pursuing the means of aggrandizement, which his singular talents, his avarice, and his ferocity laid open to him, Ali arrived to an extent of territorial power and substantial wealth, which aroused at once the jealousy and cupidity of his sublime masters, the Sultan and the Divan.

The cruelties and violences he committed would never have attracted their displeasure; indeed Ali was the very *beau ideal* of a Pacha, the *preux chevalier* of Musselmans; but the fame of his immense wealth had penetrated the walls of the Seraglio, and although the Great Turk and all his faithful ministers had found him most prolific in golden eggs, most regular in the remittance of retaining fees, they could no longer refrain from laying violent hands upon the goose, and accordingly Ali's destruction was determined on. Upon receipt of this intelligence Ali at once saw the peril of his situation; that he must either submit to the Sultan, or declare open hostility against him. His submission he knew would be consummated by the bow-string; he, therefore, decided boldly to brave the efforts of the Porte, and hence arose a state of affairs which has since interested the best feelings of the civilized world, and may be productive of the most important consequences. Incited by the motives we have already mentioned, and by the stimulations of Pacha Bey, whom Ali had persecuted with undeviating enmity, the Porte pronounced its fearful anathema, and immediately commenced military preparations, which, by their extent and magnitude, demonstrated at once their determined purpose, and the estimation in which they held the power of the proscribed Pacha. Ali was not behind his enemies in exertion. He organised an extensive and skilful plan of defence, and openly raised the standard of revolt. He gave the Greeks to understand that he was about to embrace Christianity, whilst he conciliated the Turks by promising them a confiscation of the property belonging to the Agas.

Thus fortuitously commenced the struggle, which still continues between the Greeks and their oppressors. Upon the advance of the Turkish army, Ali shut himself up with a powerful garrison and ample supplies in Jannina, and, from the rapid defection of most of his confederates in other parts of his government, this soon became the only place in which his power existed. The seige was commenced by a considerable Turkish force, and for a long time carried on with various alterations of fortune. At length with a garrison, reduced from many thousands to a few hundreds, Ali found himself compelled to retire to the fortress in the Lake of Ivannina. Here the defence was still continued, and Ali, having provided an ample magazine of powder, resolved when further resistance was impossible, to explode it, and die with his few remaining followers in the general wreck. The Turks, however, were unwilling thus to lose the long desired treasure, which was deposited in the fortress, . . to participate in the dangers of the vast explosion; they, therefore, caused it to be announced to him, that the Sultan would spare him his life and treasures, provided he would surrender and retire into Asia Minor. Ali, so long the practiser of every deceit himself, was now doomed to fall by his own weapon; he listened to the proposal and surrendered. For some days he was treated with every deference and respect, the officers about him "swearing even upon the Koran, that they had no intention to deceive him," but the sequel shewed the value of their oath. A firman was brought for his execution. Ali made a furious resistance against those who were entrusted with the execution of the death-warrant, but he was overpowered by numbers. His head was sent to Constantinople by Churchid Pacha, and, by a stratagem, his immense wealth, deposited in the castle, was obtained possession of by the conquerors.

This work contains two portraits of Ali, the one, which represents

go no further, for, with every allow- him in the act of smoking and in a recumbent posture, is tolerably faithful, the other bears no resemblance whatever; the former we have compared with an original portrait, which we believe to have been the only one taken from life. We cannot say much in favour of the style in which the book is written, but we recommend the volume to our readers as one of deep interest, and considerable information.

The Parents' Latin Grammar, with an Essay on Latin Verbs. By Dr. Gilchrist.

It is a just and a frequently reiterated observation, that the world has not yet beheld the species of works adapted to the poor, and we think the remark is equally applicable with respect to books intended for children. All our elementary and initiatory school books are purely mechanical, and convey facts and principles to the mind without the slightest effort to call into exertion the reasoning powers of the learner, and boys at school acquire their knowledge by rote, and for the future application of that knowledge must be indebted to their natural powers of intellect, untrained by education to the use of any faculty but that of the memory. The many works, with which Dr. Gilchrist has favoured the public, have for their design the removal of this serious objection, by affording the student the facts and principles contained in ordinary school books, but accompanied, in his publications, with copious explanations; and with the reasoning upon which those principles have been ascertained and established. Not only, therefore, is the scholar better impressed with the words and principles which he is made to learn, but in learning them he at the same time acquires a habit of reasoning, and thereby improves the most valuable faculty of his mind.

A boy, for instance, may have learnt the Latin language from the most approved grammars in the country, and he will know that there are five declensions of nouns, and that the noun has six cases, but he will know no more of the real meaning or principles of declensions or cases, than the vulgar mechanic knows of the principles and science of the manual operations he performs. Now it is possible in teaching a child his declensions to give him at the same time the ideas of division, order, and classification, and to shew how these principles of classification are founded in nature and pervade all the mental operations. The child would thus not only acquire a very useful species of knowledge, but it would be adding a permanent improvement to the quality of his mind, and superinducing a habit of enquiry and reflection, and finally facilitate all other studies by this improvement of his faculties; and by giving him an insight into the principles of knowledge in general. Such a mode of instruction, with proper books to assist the teacher, is as easy as it is useful, and this desideratum Dr. Gilchrist's school books are admirably calculated to afford.

We conceive, for instance, that if a parent were to instruct from the Latin grammar now before us any child during the vacation, that child, in the ensuing school term, would be found to out-strip the boys who had previously been his equals. His mind would be improved and every question asked him by the master would be called to his recollection by many valuable associations. We are happy to bear testimony to the useful nature of Dr. Gilchrist's works, and to the clear and simple manner in which he has conveyed such useful knowledge to the juvenile mind.

Points of Humour. Illustrated by a Series of Plates, from Designs by Geo. Cruikshank, 8vo. pp. 47. London. 1823.

The professed object of this work is to display the talent of Mr. George Cruikshank, and it consists chiefly of short stories in verse and prose, with engraved illustrations from his designs. The editor has had the candour to state, that "the literary part of this work is of humble pretensions," and we are certainly not disposed to dispute the assertion, but our cordiality of sentiment will ance for the difficulty of selecting subjects adapted to receive effect

from that species of graphic illustration for which Mr. Cruikshank is so eminent, we cannot admit such difficulty to be any justification of the indelicacy which pervades many of the stories contained in the book before us. We are not fastidious in our criticism, at least to a degree of rejecting broad humour; but, on the contrary, we are of opinion that a man must be sublimated beyond his species, or "duller than the fat weed" who has no relish for its piquancy; but when the grounds of strict decorum are transgressed, we at least require the atonement of wit, a redeeming grace which seems to have been sedulously shunned in many parts of what is called the literary part of the present work.

As to the graphic illustrations, we feel great pleasure in being able to make a very different report of their merits; many of the designs are forcibly humorous, and are replete either with ligitimate comedy, or with the happiest species of broad farce. To support our assertion, we need but refer to the Jolly Beggars, Frederick the Great, the Cardinal, and more especially to the wood-cuts. Our praise however is not altogether unqualified, for we must confess that we think some of the earlier works of Mr. Cruikshank have shewn more mind than the majority of those in the present collection, in as much as they have contained more of episode and by-play, and perhaps more of nature.

Upon the whole, with these faults and merits that we have noticed, had the work in question been an isolated one, the first and last of its race, we should not, perhaps, have thought it necessary to offer an opinion upon it; but as it is announced to be the precursor of others of the same sort, and as we entertain the most favourable impression of Mr. Cruikshank's capabilities, we have thought it our duty to the public, as well as an act of utility to himself, to make these few observations, with a view of ensuring to the former an unobjectionable and intellectual source of mirth, and of stimulating the latter to those exertions which, if used with diligence and discretion, will place him amongst the Hogarths of his country.

The Temple of Truth, an Allegorical Poem. 8vo. pp. 99. London, 1823.

Miss Renou is already known to the reading part of the community, as the authoress of a work which treats of recondite subjects; many of which have seldom, and others, we believe, have never been touched upon by a female writer. Her first literary efforts were successful, but she now quits the "Academic Bowers," and the tortuous paths of abstract philosophy, to soar into the more attractive regions of Parnassus. To be less figurative, Miss Renou now honours the literary world with this new poem entitled the Temple of Truth; the object or plan of which is to shew that temporal and eternal happiness are to be obtained solely by a life of reason, virtue, and faith. Allegorical poems have received the repeated maledictions of critics, and few persons have ventured upon a long allegorical poem since the days of Spenser. In the poem now before us we have personifications of Reason, Despair, Anger, False-shame, Industry, &c. &c. with the Bower of Virtue, the Bower of Sloth, the Cave of Indolence, and all the other machinery of the Fairy Queen. Surely this is in bad taste, and we scarcely need inform our readers, that nothing but a very high degree of the "poetic temperament" could make such a plan attractive. It is therefore saying very little against the author's intellectual powers, to pronounce the work before us of mediocrity. We apprehend that the poem has been composed in haste, for there are numerous instances of inaccuracy and of incongruities.

But we have neither the wish to be hypocritical, nor even to dwell upon material faults. Miss Renou's mind is of so superior an order, her pursuits are so laudable, and the tendency of her works is so beneficial to society, that she need not feel mortification at an instance of failure. Of her metaphors and other figures, or of the structure of her verse we wish not to say much; our judgment will not allow us to praise, nor our gallantry to censure.

An easy Introduction to Short Hand. By John Moon. 12mo. pp. 97. London. 1822.

It is singular to reflect that the most useful of all arts, and that which is of the most frequent application, is the art which has received the least improvement from human ingenuity. We allude to the art of writing, which, although every grammarian from the days of Quintilian has shewn it to be imperfect, yet remains in almost its original state of imperfection. To analyse the sounds of the human voice, and to represent such elements by corresponding signs, and to combine them into words, required such an accuracy of ear with a union of so many other qualities, that it is not surprising that the first efforts in the art of writing were crude, erroneous, and inadequate to its intended purposes. In the days of Cadmus the voice had been analysed into only fifteen elementary sounds; it was afterwards supposed to consist of twenty-five or twenty-six such elements, and every nation of Europe has adapted its alphabet to what they supposed to be so accurate an analysis. But a more careful attention to the human voice subsequently detected numerous errors in this scale of sounds; many that were set down as simple sounds were discovered to be compound, whilst many that were simple had totally escaped observation. Thus all alphabets were found to be defective, representing compound sounds by simple characters, and having no characters at all for many sounds that were simple, they were obliged to represent them by double letters, or by appropriating to them letters which had been previously disposed of. Every alphabet is therefore deficient and redundant, for instance, in English, the soft *c* and *s*, the hard *c* and *k*, are the same sounds, and yet each has two symbols or signs to represent it, whilst we have twelve simple vowel sounds represented by only five letters, and 222 other elementary sounds represented by only seventeen letters, four of the remaining letters being useless, and five of the elements being represented by double letters for want of appropriate characters. Thus the want of uniform connection between sounds and their characters not only renders it impossible for any man to learn a foreign language without oral instruction, but prevents even natives from ascertaining the sounds meant to be conveyed by the letters, except by a process of reasoning or by catching the sounds from persons speaking. Our orthoepists have found it extremely difficult to convey to their readers a true pronunciation of words even by spelling them, dividing and accenting them merely for the purposes of pronunciation. Of the great defect of European alphabets we may instance that of our own country. For instance, our letter *a* represents four sounds, both *e* and *u* represent three sounds, the dipthong *ou* represents six sounds, and *iu* represents five sounds, so that it is absolutely impossible to read our language but by the aid of oral tradition; that is to say, by our mechanically catching these sounds from those surrounding us in our youth. As a further illustration of this truth, we need only refer to the total ignorance of the moderns as to the pronunciation of the Greek and Latin, and other ancient languages. When we find Middleton pronouncing Cicero, as Tchitchero; Bentley, and Lipsius, pronouncing it Kikero; whilst others insist upon its being Sisero, we need seek for no other proof of the necessity of better adapting alphabets to the nature of the human voice. And yet, important as the subject is, it was not until towards the close of the last century that orthoepy was studied by English scholars, or reduced to any thing approaching to a science.

But more immediately connected with stenography is the unnecessary length and complexity of the alphabetical characters, as well as the useless repetition of unnecessary letters in the same word. Thus, in the word accommodation, we have fourteen up and down strokes in the two M.'s, all of which might be represented by one, whilst the sound conveyed by the last four letters might be represented by a sign of one-tenth the length of those letters, and that without occasioning the least ambiguity or difficulty of int-

Incalculable will be the benefits conferred upon literature and upon science by the man who can substitute, for this barbarous system of notation, an alphabet and an orthography corresponding with the true principles of human speech.

So sensible were the Greeks and Romans of these defects, that it was a practice amongst their authors to abbreviate their words either by occasionally using arbitrary characters for whole words, by letting the roots of words stand for the words themselves, or at most by affixing to such roots short and easy marks to represent their prepositive and terminational additions.

But it does not appear that the ancients had any other ideas of what we now call Brachygraphy, Stenography, or Short-hand. So young is the science in modern Europe, that even Mr. Locke, in his Essay upon Education, speaks of its being in the most crude and undigested state, and complains that its advantages were then but little appreciated. Until within these few years it was an art exclusively confined to this country, and even now how few amongst us are there that understand it. But its immense advantages are beginning to be generally appreciated, for we find that even in the elementary national schools of Columbia, amongst the arts, that are directed to be taught to the public scholars, that of short hand bears a conspicuous place.

From what we have now observed it is obvious that the principles of Stenography, if the art is an object of general study, must be confined to three views. The spelling of words as they are pronounced, by attaching to each elementary sound a distinct character; the abridging the forms of the alphabetical characters; and, lastly by the representing of the prepositions and terminations of words by short arbitrary marks. If the art be intended for professional purposes, to these three principles must be added the omission of vowel sounds, and a more copious use of arbitrary characters for long words of frequent occurrence. These are the sole principles of the art, and as all authors agree in this point, and agree moreover in making their alphabets consist of curves and straight lines applied horizontally, perpendicularly, and diagonally, the common reader may be at a loss to conceive what can give rise to so many new publications upon the subject.

For our parts, we cannot agree with the present author in the propriety of his styling his work an easy introduction, for to our view it is the most difficult system of Stenography that we have ever perused. Mavor has nearly accurately adapted his alphabet to the analysis of the voice, established by our best orthoepists, and has, therefore, made his alphabet, excluding vowels, to consist of twenty-three letters. This is admirably simple, but our present author actually gives us four alphabets, consisting of 41, 35, 35, and 35 letters respectively; and, not content with this, we have seven arbitrary characters, and sixteen other arbitrary characters for double letters in the middle and at the end of words. We need not say that to learn such an art would be the business of a whole life; and if, in writing, it may be called short-hand, in learning it must be viewed as the longest hand that ever tortured human ingenuity to invent.

Our author's observations are not always correct, are frequently far from pertinent to his subject, and not unfrequently contradictory of each other. For instance, in page two, he talks of the correct stenographic reports of the speeches of Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, and in the very next page, he tells us, that it is impossible for a speaker to be followed verbatim by the short-hand writer, unless he have an impediment in his speech. But the author should have known, that the speeches in Parliament are not reported by short-hand at all, but by merely taking down, in common hand, the prominent words of each argument, the reporter afterwards filling up the interstices according to his memory and judgment.

The two systems which have superceded all others are those of Gurney and Mavor. Gurney's system is incomplete, whilst Mavor has reduced his to the most obvious and simple principles. Of these systems

the first is the easiest to read, and the last the most easy to write. But it may be observed, that the facilities of writing and reading in this art are, in their nature, opposing qualities; the one being always attained at the expense of the other. Whatever system a person may study he will find himself disposed to modify that system in some respects to his peculiarities of mind, but we conceive these two systems of Gurney and Mavor to have so fully attained all the objects of the art as to supercede the necessity of any thing more than, perhaps, a few improvements in some of their details.

Our author, in classing the letters, tells us that the liquids are letters *sui generis;* not more so, we apprehend, than the vowels, semi-vowels, or mutes. He classes *s*, *sh*, *st*, *ch*, &c. under the head of hissing sounds, and informs us, that B. and P. F. and V. &c. are sounds differing only in intensity, and his character representing them are made to differ only in size. Now it must be obvious, that the confounding of such distinct sounds as *s*, *sh*, *ch*, B, and P, would, even in common hand, create endless perplexity; how great then would be the perplexity created by such a practice in short-hand, where the most able practitioners of the most able system find it so difficult to peruse their own writing. In short the system of Mr. Moon is entirely useless, except to men whose minds are what he says of the liquids, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, that is to say, *sui generis*, and moreover, unless men of such minds would devote all their lives to its acquisition. Mr. Moon, however, displays some ingenuity and great industry in the work before us, and he deserves our praise for a laudable although an unsuccessful attempt to improve a highly useful art.

We have entered at more than ordinary length into this subject, convinced that the art of Short-hand, to a certain extent, ought to be taught in all our higher classes of schools. It would incalculably abridge the labours of the students, as well as facilitate their acquisition of knowledge in general. Its utility would be still greater to the professional man, and to the scholar of laborious research and literary application its benefits would be incalculable.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

SOUTH AMERICA.

A census, taken in 1790 and 1791, makes the population of Peru at 1,500,000, inhabiting 14 cities, 14 boroughs, and 977 hamlets, or single houses. The country contains 44,000 square leagues (Castillian) equal to about 100,000 French port leagues. The inhabitants are, therefore, about 15 to a square league French. But it must be remembered that a great part of this country is covered by the Upper Andes. The agriculture, grazing, and manufactures are estimated of the annual value of 39,000,000 of francs, the tithes being nearly 2,000,000. The balance of trade is 6,000,000 of francs annually in favour of Peru. The church property, before the present revolution, was estimated at 11,500,000 francs. The revenue exceeded the expenditure by more than 10,000,000, and yet there was a public debt of more than 60,000,000 of francs. But the greater part of this debt had been raised for the service of Old Spain; the republic of Peru holds itself liable only for that part which was expended in the colony, and which being but of small amount, the new government may be considered free from debt.

The Bell and Lancasterian systems of education, which have happily been introduced throughout the greater part of the civilized world, producing such an evident melioration in the public morals, have been adopted in the kingdom of Chili, where they

have been productive of great advantage. The Chili Gazette of the 19th of January last, announces that the government is determined upon promoting, by all possible means, the general education of the people.

NORTH AMERICA.

In January last was published in Boston the first number of a periodical work, called "The New Monthly Magazine," by Mr. Oliver Everett.

Discovery relating to the Blue Iris—Professor Ormstead, a member of the University of North Carolina, has discovered that the petals of the garden Iris or Fleur de Lis, will produce a blue dye superior to any yet known. It may be turned to a red, like the turnsol, by introducing a stream of carbonic acid gas. It is more suited for dying than the violet, because the flowers furnish more liquid; and the colour produced is very beautiful Professor Ormstead will soon publish the process.

Population of the United States

In 1753.....	1,051,000
1774.....	3,026,678
1790.....	3,929,328
1800.....	5,306,032
1810.....	7,239,993
1820.....	9,637,999

AFRICA.

A letter of the 30th of November last, from Cape Coast, speaks of a Tartar merchant, who, after incredible difficulties, had succeeded in penetrating into the interior of Africa. He set out from Tripoli and travelled to Alexandria, thence through the desert to Angela, Zula, and Mozoock, Bournon, Kuackua, Nyku, Zeppoo, Moossedoo, and Jennee, from which he repaired to Timbuctoo, and then over the mountains of Hong at Diambella, in the country of Mundinga, towards Sierra Leone. He visited the capital of the Ashantees, and pursued his route to Cape Coast. This traveller lost his camels and all his goods in the desert, and suffered incredible hardships He contrived to gain a subsistence by making a dye for the eye-brows. His accounts agree with what is already known of many parts of Africa, so that there is no doubt of the veracity of his journal, and which is of great importance to the geography of that continent.

Captain Laing, of the African light infantry regiment, has arrived in England from his travels into the country of Soolima Loosa, into which no European had before penetrated. He maintains that the source of the Niger is in a hill in Soma, and he has collected a number of important facts relative to Africa.

ASIA.

The learned Mandarin, Sunk Tadjin, of Pekin, in China, has presented to the Emperor his work on the provinces of Tartary, lately occupied by the Chinese forces.

Australasia—In the month of December last, Lieutenant John Stone discovered a new river in Australasia, to which he has given the name of *Clyde*. He sailed forty miles up the stream in his brig "Snapper," and, as far as he could discern, the river appeared navigable it empties itself into Bateman's Bay.

DENMARK.

The bookseller, Gyldendahl, at Copenhagen, has advertised a Danish translation of Sir Walter Scott's novels to appear in monthly volumes Professor Rahbeck has translated Sir Walter's Halidon Hill, with a Latin dedication to the Baronet.

Captain le Chevalier d'Abrahamson, in a letter dated 14th April last, states the great success of the Danish Lancastrian schools. He states that on the 21st August, 1822, the King first authorised this system to be tried in eighteen schools, on the 1st of January last it was introduced into 100 schools, and on the 14th of April, it was extended to 147—Captain d'Abrahamson has been appointed President of a Commission to reorganize the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

SWEDEN.

The Committee of the Constitution has recommended to the States of the kingdom to suppress the indirect censorship of the journals and periodical works exercised by the Chancellor, and they have required that the Courts should declare the degree of responsibility attached to journalists.

The academy of Fine Arts, History, and Antiquity, has published the eleventh volume of its memoirs; in which is a well written article on the Scarabeous of Egypt, by M. Palin, Swedish Minister at Constantinople.

RUSSIA.

A work entitled *Boreo-Orientalis et Occidentalis Tartarorum linguæ Polyglotta* is now in the press: it consists of a vocabulary of names, numbers, and other principal words of thirty-three

different nations, which inhabit European and Asiatic Tartary, Bulgaria, Kamschatka, &c with maps of each kingdom, and astronomical observations Each vocabulary is preceded by a short description of the country to which it refers After which follows an archeological disquisition upon the origin of each nation, as well as a sketch of its religion, manners, and customs, also a description of its seaports, rivers, canals, and productions

The plant, *polygonum minus*, abounds in the deserts of the Ukraine About the end of June they pluck up the roots, which are covered with a worm that indurates immediately it is exposed to the air The roots are sold for culinary purposes, and the worms being immersed in water and alum, dye the water of the finest crimson The Cossac women use it for dying their thread, and the Russian merchants purchase it as a rouge for ladies The Polish and Armenian Jews sell it to the Turks, who use it to dye clothes, and to colour the tails and manes of their horses, as well as to dye their own hair, beards and nails These worms are called *Coccus Polonorum* From an experiment made at Moscow it appears that a pound of these worms, which cost only one rouble, yields as much dye as half a pound of cochineal

The Golovnin and Baranof, vessels fitted out by the Russian American Company to explore the N W Coast of America, are on their return home, having discovered a large Island called Mumirak, situated, according to their calculation, in lat 59° 54′ 57 N, and in long 190° 17 12 E

The Synod of St Petersburg has published an official report of the population of the Empire in 1820 The births have been 827,729 males, 742,670 females, making 1,570,399; the deaths were 467,683 males, and 449,997 females, in all 917,680, giving a surplus of births of 652,719 The births of 1820 have exceeded those of 1819 by 48,265, and the deaths have decreased by 1,429; 243,029 of children (about one half of the total number of that age) have died before reaching the age of five years Among the deaths in 1820, are the following ages, viz —1 of 145, 4 of 135, 7 of 130, 14 of 125, 41 of 120, 78 of 115, 143 of 110, 301 of 105, and 807 of 100 years The numbers married in 1820 were 317,805 or less than in 1819 by 22420, The population of Siberia is 1,604,495 souls, that of Kamschatka only 4,506

POLAND.

M Asih Henrick has just established at Okarnon, near Warsaw, a manufactory of paper from straw. At present he manufactures only pasteboard and coarse paper, but he purposes to extend the manufactory, and has also a plan for making a paper for roofs of houses, which will be impervious to rain, and indistructible by fire.

GERMANY.

Hesse Darmstadt—As a fine instance of a tolerant and Christian spirit, we may relate that the Doctor Leondre Van Ess, a Catholic priest and professor of Darmstadt, known for his translation of the Bible into German, has just published, at a low price, several volumes of the excellent discourses of Doctor Reinhard, a Lutheran preacher at Dresden, as well as a complete collection of the prayers of Reinhard For these and similar good works he has been vituperated in the Catholic Journal of Strasburgh, but the theological faculties of Breslaw, Bonne and Tubingen, have bestowed their, applause upon this conduct

Halle—Mr Philip Rung, lecturer on the English language to the University of Halle, died on the 11th of February last, aged 70 Among his many esteemed works was his Dictionary of Jews and Jewesses distinguished by their literature, and comprehending the Patriarchs, the Prophets, and the most celebrated Rabbins. This Dictionary was published at Leipsick in 1817, and in 1820 Mr Rung, who was an Englishman, published an English translation of a German play brought out at Halle

Mon André, of Stutgard, member of the Aulic Council, and editor of a periodical collection of pieces called Hesperus, has just offered a prize of 100 ducats for the *best Defence of the Liberty of the Press as the Security of the Rights of Citizens* The question to be determined on the 1st of January, 1825 Communications upon the subject are to be addressed to Mon André, at Stutgard

The dome of Spires will soon be ornamented by a colossal statue of the Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, which is now completing by the celebrated sculptor Ohmacht of Strasburg. The Emperor is represented on his knees, his hands joined in prayer, and his eyes turned towards Heaven. Adolphus was destitute of fortune, but born of a noble family; he owed his elevation to his sword, to his cousin the

Arch-bishop of Mayence, and to the hatred which the other Electors bore to the imperious Albert, of Austria, the successor of Rodolph of Hapsburg. Adolphus, however, could not have gained the crown but by the pecuniary assistance of his cousin, and by his submitting to be paid by England for opposing Philippe-le-Bel of France. The pride of Adolphus soon roused against him several of the Electors, and, although assisted by his powerful family, he was soon reduced to a few faithful companions at arms, and shortly after he fell by the hand of his rival at the battle of Gelheim, near Worms. His ashes, having been deposited in the Cathedral of Spires, were fated to be mixed with those of his enemy by the subsequent destruction of that building. The reigning Duke of Nassau being a descendant of Adolphus, has obtained from the King of Bavaria permission to erect the statue upon the dome of Spires, where his first funeral monument had been erected.

M. Thienemann has just published, at Munic, an embellished description of the Lithographic drawings of the Royal Gallery of Painting at Munic. This gallery consists of eight large halls, and contains many of the principal works of the most distinguished masters.

The Mosaic pavement found in 1815 among the ruins of the ancient city of Suvavia, near Saltsburgh, has been removed, for the purpose of cleaning it, to Schonbrun. The four divisions of it represent the destruction of the Minotaur by Theseus.

There has been discovered on the banks of the Necker, near Stutgard, in a stratum of clay, some bones of a prodigious size, which are supposed to have been those of a mammoth.

The fine royal domain of Schleishem is to be converted into a School of Agriculture. The pupils are to be divided into three classes, which will be thus disposed of by a decree of the King: the first class will comprehend those destined to subaltern employments, or professions relative to agriculture; the second, those who desire to obtain information as to the arts connected with agriculture; and the third will be formed of those, who, principally attending to theory, wish to make themselves deeply acquainted with the auxiliary sciences.

A Dutchman, named Loothausen, carried with him, and exhibited to the public for money, two young Chinese, who had no other means of subsistence in Europe. The King has paid the price of their redemption, and has sent them to the University of Halle, where they are to be instructed in European languages, in order to teach their own

NETHERLANDS.

The learned Professor, Heeman Tollius, who assisted in the education of the reigning Sovereign of the Low Countries, died at Leyden, the 29th of April, 1822, aged 80 years.

PORTUGAL.

The government have just invited into Portugal M. Bourg, a Swede, who has distinguished himself by his method of instructing the deaf and dumb. M. Bourg is to establish, at Lisbon two institutions, one for the deaf and dumb, and the other for the blind.

ITALY.

The last publication of the Court Almanack at Rome makes the number of Cardinals now living to be 44. The number of congregations at Rome, of which that of the Inquisition is the first, is 26. Those of the Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops, (exclusive of those *in partibus infidelium*) amount to 550. There are 1450 Priests, 1537 Monks, 1164 Nuns, and 332 Instructors. In 1821, the population of Rome, exclusive of the Jews, amounted to 146,000.

The Convent of the Capuchins of the Redeemer at Venice, and the order of the Philippines at Chioggio, have been re-established during the last year. At Toulouse they have re-established the Holy Brotherhoods of the Black and Grey Friars.

On the 10th of March last, the Pope created ten cardinals, all of them Italians. The oldest was Luigi Pandolfi, born on the 6th September, 1751, and the youngest was Carlo Odescalchi, born on the 5th of March, 1785.

Academical Society of Savoy.—Several individuals, by permission of the government, have associated under the above title, and have since increased the number of their members, and have elected several correspondents. Several useful papers had already been produced, when the events of March, 1821, led to the suspension of the establishment. In the middle of last year the government authorized the Society to meet again under its original laws. From the zeal and intelligence of its members it is to be hoped, that the Society will dissipate those prejudices, which at present totally prevent the

diffusion of knowledge throughout Italy.

SWITZERLAND.

A Catholic curate in the diocese of Bruntruth (ci-devant bishopric of Bâsle) a few days previous to last Easter, had collected all the New Testaments in his parish. He had them carried to the Feast of the Ascension, where, according to custom, the Easter fire was to be burnt, and taking off the bindings he gave the covers to the proprietors of the books, telling them that there was something useful about them, alluding to the metal clasps, and he then proceeded to throw the books themselves into the flames. It is said that the government of Berne has deprived him of his curacy for this transaction.

The Deaf and Dumb Institution at Geneva, founded in 1822, by the Municipal Council, is directed by M. Chornel, himself both deaf and dumb, a pupil of the Abbé Sicard. The school now contains five boys and five girls, who receive four hours instructions each day, and already some of the pupils are able to write a short sentence, dictated by their master by signs.

Since last winter the condition of the monks of the Hospital of St. Bernard has been considerably improved. These men pass the winter in cells where the thermometer (of Reaumer) sometimes falls to 15° below zero. A subscription has afforded means of diffusing warmth through these cells, by pipes, and has further enabled both Switzerland and Italy to discharge a part of the debt, contracted by them for the service of these individuals.

A considerable degree of sensation has been excited throughout several of the Swiss Cantons by an anonymous pamphlet, entitled *Hört was Madame sagt*, or "Listen to what the ladies say," and dedicated to the friends of liberty. The government of Lucerne have offered a reward of 400 francs for the discovery of the author or editor.

In many cantons of Switzerland the laws are undergoing a revision. The project of a civil code will be presented this year to the great council of the canton de Vaud; a penal code has been already printed. The same thing has taken place at Berne and Zurich. They are employed in a revision of the civil code in the canton of Fribourg.

The steam-boat which Mr. Church, the American Consul at Bourdeaux, has launched on the lake of Geneva, for a month since has occupied the attention of the people; more than 100 perons embark at a time, and it can only contain 200. In five hours, against the wind, it crosses from Geneva to Ouchy. Mr. Church has it also in contemplation to establish steam-vessels on the lakes and rivers of Switzerland. At Geneva and in the Pays de Vaud every one is highly content with this expeditious mode of navigation.

FRANCE.

There has just been found at Mimet, to the north of Marseilles, not far from the site of the second battle of Marius with the Teutones, a fossil tooth of an elephant. This tooth is in good preservation, and was found in a very hard grey calx over coal. Other large fossils have also been discovered at Martignes in the same department.

M. Toulouzan has discovered, near the village of Aurial, in the ruins of a villa, a marble horary table, of the same sort as that described by Palladius, and which gives a new strength to the learned memoir of Mon. Letronne, published in the thirty-ninth number of the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*. On the pedestal of this table is described, L. VERATIVUS FECIT FIRMUS. M. Toulouzan, who is active in his researches in the Department of the Mouth of the Rhone, has made many important discoveries, of which several are already included in the statistical account of that province, to which he has contributed under the auspices of the Prefect, Mon. de Villeneuve.

Means of preserving Eggs.—In 1820, a tradesman of Paris asked permission of the prefect of police to sell, in the market, eggs that had been preserved a year in a composition, of which he kept the secret. More than 30,000 of these eggs were sold in the open market without any complaint being made, or any notice taken of them, when the Board of Health thought proper to examine them. They were found to be perfectly fresh, and could only be distinguished from others by a pulverous stratum of carbonate of lime, remarked by M. Cadet to be on the eggshell. This induced him to make a series of experiments, which ended in his discovering that they were preserved in highly saturated lime-water. M. Cadet suggests adding a little saturated muriate of lime, but gives no reason. They may also be preserved by immersing them twenty seconds in boiling water, and then keeping them well dried in fine sifted ashes; but this

will give them a greyish green colour. The method of preserving them in lime-water has been long the practice of Italy; they may be kept thus for two years. This useful mode is well known in many parts of England, and cannot be too much recommended.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A curious book has recently been discovered, containing original drawings by Anthonio Van Wyngaerde, in which are Views of London and its principal Buildings and Palaces, Greenwich, Richmond, Hampton Court, and Oatlands, taken between the years 1557 and 1562. They are drawn with great spirit, and, so far as we are enabled to judge from such as remain, with uncommon fidelity.

Among other curious works, shortly about to be sold at Fonthill, is A Demonology by King James I. in Manuscript.

A public library for apprentices and mechanics has been recently established at Liverpool, to which many gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood have presented useful and instructive books.

The whole quantity of forest land now belonging to the Crown, either in fee or subject to the rights of common, is computed at 122,622 acres, viz.

	Acres in each Forest.	Acres enclosed for growth of timber.
New Forest . .	66,942	6,000
Dean Forest . .	23,015	11,000
Alice Holt Forest .	1,892	1,692
Woolmer Forest .	5,919	1,700
Bere Forest . .	1,417	1,417
Whittlewood Forest	5,424	3,895
Salcey Forest . .	1,847	1,121
Whichwood Forest	3,709	1,841
Waltham Forest .	3,278	——
Windsor Forest .	4,402	4,402
Delamere Forest .	3,847	3,847
Parkhurst Forest .	900	900
Acres . .	122,622	38,015

A New Steam Engine.—The power of steam is now rendered subservient to the breaking of stones, for the construction of roads. A machine has been invented, consisting of two fluted rollers placed side by side, about an inch apart, and turning different ways. The stones are put in a kind of hopper above, and pushed down with a rake, which afford a regular supply to the rollers. This machine is worked by a rotatory engine of one-horse power, and will break a ton of hard pebbles completely, in from six to eight minutes. A machine has been also invented for the dressing of woollen cloth, which does as much work in fifty minutes as two men could do in two days.

A penny of William the Conqueror has been dug up in the Friars at Oxford. On the obverse is a full-faced bust extending to the edge of the coin, and crowned with an arched crown; the right hand holding a sceptre is placed upon the left breast. Round the head is the legend PILLELM REX (P was the Saxon W). The reverse has a single cross extending nearly to the inner circle, with an amulet in every quarter, each amulet containing one of these letters, P. A. X. S. The whole is surrounded with the inscription IECLPINE ON PINT. Near the same spot was found a London penny of Edward I. On the obverse the head extends only to the inner circle—is full-faced, and crowned with an open crown of three *fleurs-de-lis*. The epigraph is EDW. R. ANGL. DNS HYB. The reverse is a single broad cross, extended to the outer edge, with three pellets in each quarter, and circumscribed with the words CIVITAS LONDON.

An issue of double sovereigns is about to take place from the Mint, bearing the head of his Majesty, copied from the admirable bust by Chantry.

It is a fact, but not generally known, that the common strawberry is a natural dentifrice; and that its juice, without any previous preparation whatever, dissolves the tartarious incrustations on the teeth, and makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

Sale of Buonaparte's Books, &c.—Although these books had the additional recommendation of brief and marginal notes, in the hand-writing of Buonaparte himself, they did not rise to such high prices as might be expected. Buffon's Works, with 2,500 plates, in 127 vols., sold for 24*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Correspondence between Buonaparte and Foreign Courts, &c., 7 vols., for 9*l.*; La Croix's Course of Mathematics, 9 vols., for 5*l.* 10*s.*—at the end of the volume which contains the Algebra, there are three pages of calculations by Napoleon; The French Theatre, 50 vols., for 8*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; Servan's History of the Wars of the Gauls

and French, 7 vols., for 10*l.* 10*s.*; Volney's Voyage in Syria and Egypt, 2 vols., 53*l.* 11*s.*; Bruce's Voyages, in 5 vols. with an Atlas—the tracings and notes on the map are by Napoleon. Strabo's Geography, translated from the Greek, 3 vols. royal quarto, 6*l.* 10*s.*; Denon's Voyage in Egypt, 2 vols.—some of the plates are torn out, and it contains corrections by Napoleon, and the plan of the battle of Aboukir traced by him. Another copy, 17*l.* Description of Egypt, published by order of Napoleon, 34*l.* 13*s.* Several letters, signed by Buonaparte, for various sums, none exceeding 1*l.* 16*s.* His walking stick, formed of tortoise-shell, of an extraordinary length, and a musical head, for 38*l.* 17*s.* As 200*l.* was once offered for this stick, it was probably bought in. If all these articles had been offered for sale at a former period, they would probably have reached to much higher prices.

Antiquities. — More Roman relics (urns, coins, &c.) have been found on the Mount, near York; and a most extensive and beautiful tesselated pavement has been discovered in a stack-yard occupied by Mr. T. Pybus, at Aldburgh, near Boroughbridge. It was found about two feet and a half from the surface, whilst digging a drain; it is in extent eight yards by six, and is enriched in various parts with beautiful circles, ornamented by wreaths of the most brilliant colours, chiefly red, white, and blue.

Pillar in honour of His Majesty.—The Commissioners of King's-town Harbour have been most indefatigable in forwarding its completion, and adding to its grandeur, utility, and effect. The great granite pillar in commemoration of our gracious Sovereign's departure from Dublin, which rises over the harbour, measures in one solid stone sixteen feet. The column, it is intended, should be forty feet high. It is placed on the remaining part of a ridge of rocks, which extended from the shore into the interior, which are now used in making the great pier. It has an admirable effect, as the spot on which it stands is all that now remains of the great ridge. The base rests in the bosom of this old fragment, and immediately under the pillar are four great granite orbs. The appearance of the whole is very striking, and well worthy the memorable occasion of which it is an interesting testimonial.

Diving-bell at Port Patrick.—The diving-bell, or rather the improved instrument now in use at Port Patrick, is a square cast-metal frame, about eight feet high, twenty-two feet in circumference, and weighing upwards of four tons. This frame is of course open below, and at the top are twelve small circular windows made of very thick glass, such as are sometimes seen used on board of ships. These windows are so cemented or puttied in that not a bubble of water can penetrate; and when the sea is clear, and particularly when the sun is shining, the workmen are enabled to carry on their sub-marine operations without the aid of candles, which would consume nearly as much air as an equal number of human bellows. In the inside of the bell are seats for the workmen with nobs to hang their tools on, and attached to it is a strong double air-pump, which is a mighty improvement on the old-fashioned plan of sinking barrels filled with air. From this pump issues a thick leathern tube, which is closely fitted into the bell, and the length of which can easily be proportioned to the depth of the water. As may be supposed, the bell is suspended from a very long crane, the shaft of which is sunk to the very keel of a vessel, purchased and fitted up for the purpose, and which is, in fact, a necessary part of the diving apparatus. On the deck of this vessel is placed the air-pump, worked by four men, with an additional hand to watch the signals. When about, therefore, to commence operations, the sloop is moved to the outside of the break-water, the air-pump put in motion, the crane worked, and then go down the aquatic quarrymen. From its weight and shape, the machine must dip perpendicularly; while the volume of air within enables the workmen to breathe, and keeps out the water. On arriving at the bottom the divers are chiefly annoyed with large beds of sea-weed, although from the inequalities of the chan[illegible] at Port Patrick, and the partially uneven manner in which the ledges of the bell occasionally rest on the rocks, it is impossible to expel the water altogether; and this, it is presumed, is the reason why it is dangerous to descend, in rough or squally weather, when the heaving and agitated deep would be apt to dash in the smallest cranny. To guard against the effects of several hours' partial immersion in water, the men are provided with large jack-boots, caps of wool, and coarse woollen ja[illegible] They also observe the precaution of stuffing their ears with cotton, as the constant stream of air which descends from above,

occasions at first an uneasy sensation, and is even apt to produce deafness. In carrying out the new pier it is necessary to make a bed for the foundation stones, which would otherwise be left at the mercy of the waves—and this is the duty of the divers. With picks, hammers, jumpers, and gunpowder, the most rugged surface is made even, and not only a bed prepared for the huge masses of stone which are afterwards let down, but the blocks themselves strongly bound together with iron and cement. The divers, like other quarrymen, when they wish "to blast," take good care to be put out of harm's way. By means of a tin tube, the powder is kept quite dry, and a branch from the larger cavity, hollow, and filled with an oaten straw, is lengthened to the very surface of the water before the fuse is lighted.

The Lansdown Manuscripts. — A catalogue of the "Lansdown Manuscripts" has been printed by authority of the Royal Commission on Public Records. The preface contains many interesting particulars. This collection of Manuscripts was purchased in 1807, by a vote of Parliament, of the representatives of the then late Marquis of Lansdown, for the sum of 4,925*l.* The catalogue is divided into two parts; the first consisting of the Burghle Papers only; the second comprehending the remainder of the Manuscripts in general, including the Cæsar and Kennett Papers. Of the Burghle Papers one volume contains copies of Charters, &c. of an early period: but the remainder, amounting to one hundred and twenty-one volumes, in folio, consist of State Papers, interspersed with Miscellaneous Correspondence during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and among these is the "Private Memorandum-Book of Lord Burghle." Exclusively of the larger series, this collection of manuscripts comprehends many valuable works on different subjects. In British History, Topography, and Jurisprudence, the collection is particularly rich. It contains a beautiful illuminated manuscript of "Hardyng's Chronicle," as it was presented by its author to Henry VI. It deserves especial notice; it was formerly Sir Robert Cotton's, and it differs from the printed copies of the Chronicle (which came down to Edward IV.'s time) so much as not even to admit of collation. Also, a fair transcript of the "Chronicle of Andrew of Wyntown;" and three volumes of original correspondence, the first containing Letters written by royal, noble, and eminent persons of Great Britain, from the time of Henry VI. to the reign of his present Majesty. The most important document in the other two volumes is, the memorable Letter of Lady Jane Gray, as Queen of England, to the Marquis of Northampton, requiring the allegiance against what she calls "the fayned and untrue clayme of the Lady Mary, bastard daughter to our great uncle Henry VIII. of famous memorye." There is likewise a valuable "Treatise on the Court of Star Chamber," written in the time of King James I and King Charles I., by William Hudson, Esq. of Gray's-inn. In biblical learning, the collection contains two volumes of particular interest. One is a fine manuscript of part of the Old Testament, in English, as translated by Wicliffe; the other is a volume elegantly written on vellum, and illuminated, containing part of a French Bible, translated by Raoul de Presle, or Praelles, at the command of Charles V. of France; a version of extreme rarity even in that country. There are also some fine classical manuscripts; amongst them a *fac-simile* of the celebrated Virgil in the Vatican Library, made by Bartoli, in 1642. In poetry, besides two beautiful manuscripts of the fifteenth century, on vellum, one containing the "Sonnets of Petrarch," the other the "Comedie of Dante," there is a very fair and perfect copy, also on vellum, of the "Canterbury Tales," of Chaucer, written about the reign of Henry V.; in the initial letter of which is a full-length portrait of the author. Likewise a volume, partly on vellum and partly on paper, being "A Collection of the Poems of John Lydgate, Monk of Bury," many of which have never been printed; and an unpublished Poem, by Skelton, entitled "The Image of Ypocresye," believed to be the author's autograph. And there is a volume containing twenty very interesting "Treatises on Music," of the fifteenth century, originally belonging to John Wylde, precentor of Waltham Abbey, and afterwards to Thomas Pallys, organist to Henry VIII.; a manuscript volume that has been particularly noticed and commented upon by Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney, in their respective Histories of Music.

In the press, Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency; extracted from the German correspondence of Mad. Elizabeth Charlotte, Du-

chess of Orleans, mother of the Regent; preceded by a Biographical Notice of this Princess, and with Notes.

In the course of the ensuing month will appear, in one vol. 8vo. An easy Introduction to Lamarck's Arrangement of the Genera of Shells; with illustrative remarks, additional observations, and a synoptic table. By Charles Dubois, F.L.S.

In the press, Memoirs of Mrs. Eliz. Ann Ulyat, extracted from her Diary and Letters. To which is added, a Sermon, on occasion of her death. By Thomas Rogers.

Ivanhoe has been translated into Italian, and is published at Milan by Professor G. Barbien.

Home's Tragedy of Douglas has been translated into Italian by Professor Marré; and is published at Genoa.

Extracts from the Diary of the late Michael Underwood, M.D. consisting chiefly of Critical Remarks on various Passages of Scripture, Meditations, and occasional Hymns; are to be published by Subscription in one vol. 8vo. Price 7*s*. for the Benefit of his Widowed Daughter.

The continuation of Mr. Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language is now in the press, and the several Parts will be published, successively, at short intervals. The printing of the Second Part was necessarily delayed for the purpose of calculating, with some degree of probability, the number of copies that would be required.

A new Edition of the "Young Countess," is nearly ready, a Tale for Youth, much improved, and embellished with two fine engravings by Rhodes, from drawings by Craig.

The Second Livraison of the French Classics, edited by L. T. Ventouillac, comprising Numa Pompilius, by Florian, with Notes and Life of the Author, in two vols. will be published in a few days.

Mr. H. V. Smith is preparing for publication a History of the English Stage, from the Reformation to the present time; containing a particular Account of all the Theatres that have been erected at different periods in the Metropolis, and interspersed with various amusing Anecdotes, &c.

A new Edition of Blaine's Canine Pathology is nearly ready, with an addition of new matter, particularly a Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of the Dog, his individual varieties, and examination of the popular subject of breeding animals; also a very copious account of Rabies or Madness.

Mr. L. J. Mac. Henry has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a new Edition of his improved Spanish Grammar, designed especially for self-instruction.

Preparing for publication, Outlines of Midwifery, developing its Principles and Practice; intended as a text book for students, and a book of reference for junior practitioners. By J. T. Conquest, M D. F L S. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Medico Chirurgical Society of London. The Third Edition, enlarged and illustrated by copper plate engravings, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

The Second Edition of Mr. Goodwin's New System of Shoeing Horses is in preparation, and will speedily be published in 8vo. containing many new and important additions, with new plates illustrative of the recent invention, which is the subject of a patent, for shoeing horses with cast malleable iron, enabling the public to obtain shoes correctly made of any form.

In the course of a few days will appear in two vols. 8vo. a new Edition, much improved, of Miss Benger's Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots, with Anecdotes of the Court of Henry II. during her residence in France.

Nearly ready for publication, Horæ Momenta Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect, exemplified in two Dialogues between Farmer Giles and his Neighbour Bridget; to which is annexed a copious Glossary of the Dialect of Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

A Panoramic View of the City of Edinburgh and surrounding Country, comprehending the varied and picturesque scenery as seen from the top of Calton-hill, from an actual drawing on the spot, by Mr. Tytler, will appear in a few days, beautifully printed in chalk, by Simonean, and handsomely coloured on imperial drawing paper, size, ninety inches long, by twenty-one inches wide.

THE DRAMA.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

The great success that has attended the continual representation of the new operatic comedy *Sweethearts and Wives*, of which we gave an account in our last number, has precluded the necessity of introducing many new pieces, and, therefore, our critical duties during the month at this theatre have been light. We must not, however, forget to mention the production of a new farce called *Spanish Bonds*, or, *Wars in Wedlock;* but we will not fatigue our readers with a detail of the plot, as the piece was unsuccessful, and Liston, Vining, and Mrs. Chatterly exerted their acknowledged talents in vain; it is gone to "the tomb of all the Capulets," and all we can say on this occasion is *de mortuis nil.*

This theatre experiences a most successful season, richly deserved by the manager, the performers, and the author of *Sweethearts and Wives.* This drama is a great favourite with the public and will become a *stock piece:* the plot has interest and incident, without the confusion too often their attendant: the humour is softened by repeated touches of pathos, that makes a pleasing contrast and variety. The songs are judiciously interspersed, relieving without too forcibly disuniting the dialogue, and tend materially to heighten the constant interest of the scene. Liston in *Billy Lackaday* should be seen by every votary of *Momus.* We regret the retirement of Madame Vestris from this theatre, whose character, *Laura,* is represented by Miss Love.

O'Keefe's comedy of the *Young Quaker* has been performed during the month, after a lapse of five years. The characters were strongly cast: Terry as *Chronicle,* Liston as *Clod,* Harley as *Splatterdash,* Miss Love as *Araminta,* and Miss Chester as *Dinah Primrose,* received and deserved great approbation. Liston's representation of a clownish servant was eminently ludicrous, and admirably contrasted with Harley's foppish one. Although this comedy is not one of the best specimens of the old school, yet it is so full of ludicrous combinations that we hope to see it again.

The opera of the *The Barber of Seville* has also been performed with great success. Liston's *Figaro,* and Miss Paton's *Rosina* were certainly the greatest attractions; but, as we have repeatedly noticed their performance of these characters at the Winter Theatres, we need not expatiate upon their merits on the present occasion. We cannot conclude our short account of this theatre without noticing, with deserved praise, the great merits of Mrs. Chatterley; we were among the first to pronounce that this lady would rise to a considerable eminence in public favour, and our prophecy has been completely verified. Her comic versatility in a one act piece, called *Twelve Precisely,* always ensures great applause, and the piece is, therefore, often repeated. She personates five different characters with an ever-changing variety.

We congratulate the proprietors on the crowded audiences that frequent this theatre. This great success, almost without a parallel, is as complimentary to the good taste of the public as it is highly flattering and advantageous to the proprietors and the performers.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Since our last notice of this theatre, it has acquired much celebrity by the return of Mr. Matthews, and by the introduction of two new pieces, which are deserving of particular attention as they have proved more than usually successful. The first, which possesses priority of consequence as well as *prematurity,* is called *Presumption,* a piece, in three acts, founded on the romance of *Frankenstein,* by Mrs. Shelly, who is the widow of Mr. Byshe Shelly, and the daughter of Mrs. Wolstoncraft Godwin, a name in its day of great celebrity, and with which all our readers must be acquainted. The *dramatis personæ* are as follow;—

Frankenstein.....Mr. Wallack.
De Lacy, (a banished gentleman .....Mr. Rowbotham.
Felix de Lacy (his son) Mr. Pearman.
Clerval (betrothed to Elizabeth).....Mr. J. Bland.
Fritz (servant to Frankenstein) .....Mr. Keeley.
(-------) Mr. T. P. Cooke.
Elizabeth (sister of Frankenstein) ...Mrs. Austin.
Agatha de Lacy (affianced to Frankenstein) Miss L. Dance.
Ninon, (wife of Fritz) Mrs. J. Weippert.
Safie (an Arabian girl) Miss Povey.

The chief event of the play is the formation of a human being by a chemical combination; one of those wild theories that haunted the imaginations of learned men during the infant state of knowledge just emerging from the barbarous ignorance of the middle ages. Frankenstein is a Swiss devoted to chemistry and the occult sciences. From reading the works of the alchemists he has been led to the discovery of the principle of life. He commences the formation of a man out of the relics of the church-yard and the dissecting-rooms. He, after an effort of years, accomplishes his object; but his new formation, a being eight feet high and hideously ugly, terrifies him at first sight; he abjures the work of his hands, and the giant sets out upon his career. All human beings of course start back from an intercourse with this unnatural stranger, and he becomes a hater of all human nature. But his revenge is most fiercely expended on his fabricator's connections. He strangles Frankenstein's brother, then kills his bride; and, finally, to exact the full tribute of his vengeance, stands before the unfortunate Swiss, and declares himself the author of this chain of butchery. Frankenstein, after having made a solemn vow to destroy the monster he had expended his time, health, and talents in creating, pursues him for that purpose, and at the moment of his success they are both overwhelmed in an *avalanche* of snow.

The adaptation of this unnatural story is by Mr. Peake, a gentleman, who is the author of several successful pieces expressly written for this theatre; and, we must confess, that on the present occasion he has shewn considerable talent in making that interesting to an intense degree, which in its very nature is repugnant to all the better feelings of the human heart. The character of Frankenstein is ably sustained by Mr. Wallack; and the remorse, consequent on the impiety of attempting to rival the Deity in the formation of his noblest work, strongly pourtrayed. The monster in the hands of Mr. T. P. Cooke is of appalling interest, and the deep silence of the audience during his presence on the stage is the best panegyric to his talents: he has to execute a task of no ordinary difficulty; and, although he has not the faculty of speech imparted to him, he conveys to the audience, by the energy of his action and gestures, a perfect knowledge of the very extraordinary and novel character he represents. In the commencement he exhibits kindly feelings, and saves Agatha De Lacy from drowning. But, being fired at by her brother, and repelled by all with horror, he becomes malignant, revengeful, and an habitual perpetrator of all kinds of mischief. He carries off and destroys a child, puts gipseys to the route, shoots a woman; and, finally pursued by Frankenstein, he kills him at the foot of a glacier. But here his career closes; Frankenstein falling fires his pistol, an avalanche rolls down; and at the instant overwhelms the monster.

The female performers have no very prominent parts to perform, being chiefly occupied in singing. A burning house, set on fire by the monster, was well managed; and the escape of the *dramatis personæ* was very critical and complete. Cooke represented the monster in this *melo-drama* with considerable ability; we could not but admire his expression of incipient intellect and matured feeling when he listened to the alternations of varied musick, when he first beheld the lovely form of woman, and felt the insinuating influence of love; and also when for the first time he experienced the destructive power of fire. *Presumption* has been acted, we believe, every night during the month, and must have been very beneficial to the treasury.

The other novelty we have to announce is a *petite piece*, in two acts called, *I will have a Wife*. It has no claims to originality, being translated from *Le Capitaine Belronde*, of Picard, by Mr. Planche, as we understand.—The plot consists in the perplexities of a Gallant Admiral, named *Firedrake* Mr. Bartley, who being advanced in life, resolves to cheer his retirement by the presence of a wife, and for that purpose invites three young ladies and an old one (the aunt of one of them) to his mansion in the country. The Ad-

miral's gallantry is directed, in the first instance, towards the young ladies, *Mrs. Somerville*, Miss Carr; *Isabella*, Miss Dance; and *Miss Rosebank*, Miss Povey; but being successively rejected by each, he is obliged at last to content himself with *Mrs. Ogilvy*, another widow, but one whose time of life corresponds more nearly with his own. The humour of the piece turns on the timidity of his addresses, the obstinacy of his determination, and the frequency of his disappointments; for it is his hard fate to find, that the young widow is betrothed to *Captain O'Leary*, Mr. Power; *Isabella* to *Merton*, Mr. Baker; and *Miss Rosebank* to *Charles*, his own nephew, Mr. Pearman. The principal character is that which Mr. Bartley performs, and he did great justice to the poor *Admiral's* repeated attacks on the fair sex. Mr. Power was equally humourous in his personification of the *Irishman:* his brogue is rich, his conception correct, and there is none of that over-acting in his portrait of Irish peculiarities which our stage too frequently affords. The names of Mr. Pearman and Miss Povey will shew that the vocal department was in good hands. Upon the whole, this little drama was so well got up, and presents among its own recommendations so much of the light and the lively, that we shall not be surprised to find it run to the full extent of the season.

The last, although not least pleasing part of our duty, is to say something of the return of Mr. Matthews from his transatlantic theatrical tour. We are happy to announce that his excursion has been by no means injurious to either his health or his extraordinary comic powers. His re-appearance on these boards was of course hailed with enthusiastic plaudits, and he continues to be received every evening with the most distinguished and gratifying approbation. There is perhaps not a more perfect piece of acting on the stage than his performance in the *Polly Packet:* his *Irish Steward* was uncommonly rich; his *Monsieur Jeu-singe* exceedingly interesting; and his representation of sea-sickness made us deeply sympathise with all the *horrors* of a maiden voyage. But perhaps the best of all is his *Major Longbow*, of whom a contemporary critic says, "The inimitable, imaginative and super-veracious *Major Longbow*, who had been everywhere and seen all things; who knew every one, and had done all things—the wisest, the strongest, the bravest, and the best of all conceivable Majors, in comparison with whom Munchausen was but a rush-light, and Fernandez Mendez Pinto a mere pretender—the *preux-chevalier* of fiction, the hero of gasconade, the *Bobadil* of boasting, and the prince of liars! It is the height of nonsense to call Mathews a mimic or an imitator after such a performance. Wilkie is just such a mimic, and Raphael such an imitator. It is a real genuine impersonation of the abstract principle of bullying and lying, and as such we look up to it with marvelling and delight." We have also seen Matthews in the character of *Morbleu*, in the laughable farce of *Mousieur Tonson*. We think higher of this performance than some persons do, although every one agrees that it is "correct, laughable, and clever."—We never enjoyed a farce with more unmixed pleasure, as regards the representation of the principle character, and we are sorry our limits will not at present permit us to enter into the peculiarities of this remnent of the old *regime*. Miss Louisa Dance, although she never draws deeply on the riches of nature, was interesting in *Adolphine*. Mrs. Tayleure, though a little too extravagant, in *Mad. Belgarde*, supported her character with considerable talent and nature. Mr. Brown, in the *Lawyer's Clerk*, is, as lawyer's clerks generally are, very cox-comical and offensive. Wrench, as *Tom King*, is as usual vivacious, easy, and bustling. We wish Miss Holloway, who is a pretty interesting girl, would become more easy and natural; she should remember that in good acting there is not a particle of affectation.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

When we last performed our duty of giving our readers a statement of the political situation of Europe, affairs in Spain were hastening to that crisis which the Bourbon government had confidently anticipated would lead to the consummation of all their wishes; that crisis, however, has now been reached, and the Bourbon cause appears as far, if not further, from its an-

ticipated conclusion than before the occupation of Madrid, or the blockade of Cadiz by the French. The enemy have now traversed the whole Peninsula, without the exception of a single province; they have occupied the capital, thrown the civil government of the country into the hands of a Spanish aristocracy, they have resorted to the most extensive and criminal system of bribery; neither morality, religion, nor honour, has restrained them in their efforts to attain their objects; and yet, in point of ultimate result, they have effected nothing. The extremes of superstition, of bigotry, and of civil tyranny and injustice, which marked all the deliberation and measures of that aristocratic regency, which the French had selected for governing Spain, had rendered it totally unfit for any functions of government, even in the lowest and most degraded state of social existence, and the Duke d'Angouleme had found himself compelled to reduce the regency to a mere nominal authority, by dividing Spain into military districts, and giving the command of such districts to his own officers. But the perseverance of this Council of Regency in their narrow views, and arbitrary principles, has since compelled the Duke d'Angouleme publically to thwart all their measures, to liberate those whom they had imprisoned, to declare their proceedings to be incompatible with the safety of the French armies, and, finally, to reduce their authority to a mere nullity. These events prove either a thorough want of judgment in the French, in selecting their political friends, or that the Duke d'Angouleme has found his first principles so thoroughly inconsistent with the spirit of the age, that he thinks it convenient to abandon or discard his original agents and emissaries, and to come into more moderate measures. The Duke is, in fact, glad to meet the Constitutionalists half way, and is evidently more desirous of forming a connexion with them than of continuing his alliance with the royalist party. This situation of affairs is conclusive evidence, that the original views of the French, and their estimate of the sense of the Spanish people upon which they justified their invasion of Spain, have been totally fallacious, and in reason and in principle the Duke d'Angouleme ought to give over his design, by withdrawing his army into France.

The details of the military operations of the month are by no means important. In our last publication we announced the nefarious treachery by which Morillo had yielded the important province of Gallicia to the enemy. General Bourcke, however, has reaped no great advantages from the crime, to the perpetration of which he had bribed this renegade Spaniard; for, up to the last accounts which have been received from the North of Spain, (15th instant) General Bourcke had only been able to capture Ferrol and Vigo; all his efforts against Corunna had been repulsed up to the 12th instant, and he had lost more time and more lives before that place than the possession of it was worth.

In Catalonia a number of partial engagements have taken place between the different corps of Moncey's army, and the corps of Mina and his assistants, Milans, Llobera, and Manzo. Of these actions we have received only the French accounts, and from such accounts it is evident that many of the fights have terminated in favour of the Spaniards, whilst others, which have been favourable to the enemy, have been contested with a resolution that has inflicted a loss upon the enemy, most inconvenient to the situation of their affairs. Marshal Moncey has not been able to obtain possessions of any of the fortified places in Catalonia, and, although he has invested Barcelona, no apprehensions whatever are entertained for the safety of that place, whilst the blockading force is repeatedly attacked, either by sorties from the garrison, or by Guerilla parties from the mountains.

The naval blockade of Cadiz appears to be very imperfect, and the succession of the Levant and of the S.W. winds, which invariably blow off that coast in the autumn, will soon drive the French fleet from their station. The military blockade of Cadiz appears very little to annoy the inhabitants, whilst the Spaniards have effected one sortie, in which they succeeded in their design of destroying a part of the enemy's works. The best possible spirit appears to pervade all ranks of people in Cadiz, which may be styled the Athens of Spain, for the inhabitants, from their long and frequent intercourse with the more enlightened parts of Europe and of America, have become, by far, more advanced in knowledge than the rest of their countrymen.

The Duke d'Angouleme having left Spain for Andalusia, in order to open a negociation with the Cortes, and to

superintend the military operations in that province, the Cortes ordered General Ballasteros to break up from Valencia to enter Andalusia at its S E. extremity, to operate in the rear of the enemy, and in the event of serious reverses to retreat through Estramadura and Leon. Accordingly this officer broke up from Valencia, but upon his entering Andalusia after a slight rencontre with the enemy, he threw off the mask, avowed his treason to the Cortes, and ordered all his officers, particularly those who commanded Pampluna, St. Sebastian, and Santona, to submit to the enemy. These orders have, however, been rejected with indignation by the parties to whom they were addressed. The soldiers also refused with unanimity to follow the example of their leader, and the French have, therefore, acquired nothing by the crimes of Ballasteros, but his individual accession to their cause. The army of Ballasteros is now under the command of General Zayas, who was second to Ballasteros before his going over to the enemy, and if it be directed with talents and energy, it is in a situation to inflict the greatest possible injury upon the invaders. The Guerilla system is becoming daily of great annoyance to the enemy, and the people of Spain seem totally averse to the old regime, being either tame spectators of the struggle, or joining Guerilla bodies in favour of the constitution. The termination of the war in Spain will affect the intellectual and moral condition of mankind for many ages, and, therefore, must be viewed with peculiar interest by every enlightened mind. If the Cortes be firm in rejecting the terms, and in resisting the bribery of the French, there is almost a certainty of our seeing the defeat of one of the most nefarious attempts that was ever made to impose despotism, with all its moral and intellectual evils, upon mankind.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

THE KING.—It is determined, that, on the 1st of September, the King shall take possession of his apartments in Windsor Palace, which are now quite ready to receive the Royal Party, although the accommodations there are exceedingly limited: for it is found impossible, and, perhaps, it would be unjust, to dispossess many of the families, who have occupied apartments in the Castle for a great many years.

The King has been pleased to appoint Henry Gompertz, Esq. to be one of his Majesty's Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners in Ordinary to his Majesty. Also Robert Laurie, Gentleman, to the Office of Rouge Croix, Poursuivant of Arms, vacant by the resignation of William Radclyffe.

The new quadrangle at Trinity College, Cambridge, is to be called the King's Court, by His Majesty's gracious permission.—At a grand common day of the Corporation of Cambridge, on Saturday last, Alexander Scott Abbott, Esq. was elected Mayor of that town, for the ensuing year.

PREFERMENTS.—The Rev. G. H. Curtois, A M. to the rectory of South Willingham, Lincolnshire; patron, G. R. Heneage, Esq.—The Rev. W. B. Robinson, A.M. Chaplain to Viscount Dungannon, to the Rectory of Littlington, Sussex, vacant by the death of the Rev. A. Nott; patron F. F. Bean, Esq.—The Hon. and Rev. W. Eden, M A to become one of the six Preachers in Canterbury Cathedral, patron, the Archbishop.—The Rev. W. Knatchbull, L.D. to the Rectory of Aldington-cum Smeeth, Kent.—The Rev F. Barrow, M.A. to the Vicarage of St. Mary, Sandwich; patron, the Hon the Archdeacon of Canterbury.—The Rev S. F. Sadler, S C.L. of Balliol College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Sutton-under-Brailes, Gloucestershire; patron, the Bishop of London.—The Rev. G. M. Coleridge, of Christ Church, Oxford, to the Prebendal Stall of Whitchurch, in the Cathedral of Wells, vacant by the death of the Archdeacon of Norwich.—The Rev. F. Bedford, M.A. Rector of Belchford, has been presented, by C. B. Massingberd, Esq. to the valuable living of South Ormsby, with Ketsby, Calceby, and Driby annexed, Lincolnshire.—The Lord Bishop of Lincoln has conferred upon the Rev. E. Edwards, M A. of Huntingdon, the Prebend or Canonry of Leighton Bromswold, in the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Cowper.

PROMOTIONS.—2d Regiment of Foot; Lieut.-Colonel John Rolt, from the half pay, to be Lieut.-Colonel, vice John Jordon, who exchanges.—Captain John Williams, to be Major, by purchase, vice Gordon, who retires.

Hospital Staff; Staff Surgeon, John Alex. Schetky to be Deputy Inspector of Hospitals on the Coast of Africa only, vice Dr. Nicholl, deceased.

Unattached: Major James Payler, from the 10th Foot, to be Lieut.-Col. of Infrantry, by purchase, vice Major-Gen. M. C. Darby Griffith, who retires.

Brevet.—To be Lieut.-Cols. in the Army: Major Roger Machneil, of the 2d Life Guards. Major Richard Montague Oakes, of the 1st Life Guards. Major Henry Earl of Uxbridge, of the 1st Life Guards.

Members returned to serve in this present Parliament.

County of Stafford.—Sir John Wrottesley, Bart. in the room of Sir John Fenton Boughey, Bart. deceased.

Borough of Newcastle-under-Lyme.—John Evelyn Denison, Esq. in the room of William Shepherd Kinnersley, Esq. deceased.

It has been notified by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Ambassadors and Ministers of Neutral Powers at Paris, "That the French Government has declared an effective blockade of the ports of Cadiz, Barcelona, Santona, St. Sebastian, and Corunna."

Improved System for the Army.—Major-Gen. Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B. Adjutant-General, &c. &c. has recently returned from Ireland, where he has been for several months superintending the instruction of the troops in that part of the United Kingdom, in his improved system for the Formations, Field Exercises, and movements of His Majesty's land forces. The rules and regulations for carrying into immediate and general practice this uniform system of discipline are expected to be shortly promulgated, by His Majesty's command, to the whole army.

It has been determined on, by the head of the Orange Lodges in Ireland, to build a splendid hall for the meetings of the Association. Its cost will be limited to forty thousand pounds, and the work will be forthwith undertaken.

The foundation stone of the New Church in Edinburgh, intended to be built in Bellevue Crescent, was laid in presence of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, and a number of Clergymen of the city. The Magistrates walked in procession in their robes, from the bottom of Duke-street, to the site of the intended building.

BIRTHS.

The Lady of Viscount Chetwynd
The Lady of Viscount Torrington, at Yoles Court, of twins
The Lady of Major-General Sir William Inglis, at Geneva
The Lady of the Baron Charles De Thierry, in Somerset-street
The Lady of the Hon. P. B. Pellew, M.P. at Stokelake-house
The Lady of Major Sir Henry Floyd, in Bryanstone-square
The Lady of the Rev. Prebendary Dennis, at Exmouth
The Lady of Major Reid, in Limerick
The Lady of Captain M'Cullock, of his Majesty's ship Ramilies, at Deal
The Lady of Captain James A. Murray, R. N.
The Lady of Henry Hobhouse, esq. second son of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, bart.
The Lady of George Raikes, esq. at Fulham
The Lady of Wynne Sparrow, esq. of Red hill, Beaumaris
The Lady of W. J. St. Aubyn, esq. in Montague-street.

DAUGHTERS.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, at Holderness-house, Park-lane
The Countess of Ormond and Ossory, at Brussels
The Lady of Rear Admiral Moubray, at Otterston, Fifeshire
The Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Burgoyne, Royal Engineers
The Lady of Lieut.-General Sir John Hope
The Lady of the Rev. Dr. Barnes, Archdeacon of Bombay
The Lady of Capt. H. Hutchinson, of the East India ship Barossa, at Brighton
The Lady of Charles Stuart Allen Hay C.B.C.K.M.E. at Edinburgh
The Lady of Robert Bill, esq. barrister at law, at Blackheath
The Lady of Charles Ellis Heaton, esq. of Mortimer-street, at Bognor
The Lady of the Rev. George Charwoode, Rector of Ashton-under-Lyne
The Lady of Colonel Machean, at Silver Mills
The Lady of Frederick Webb, esq. in Langham-place
The Lady of the Rev. [illegible] Merill, of Croft Castle, Herefordshire
The Lady of Henry [illegible] Bethune, esq. in South-street
The Lady of the [illegible] at the Rec-

MARRIAGES.

Arabin Capt Frederick R.A fourth son of H Arabin esq of Maglaire to
Miss Eliza Mountain eldest daughter of the Lord Bishop of Quebec
Anstey John Thomas, esq of the Madras Civil Service to
Charlotte grand daughter to the late Rev Sir J Hunt Filme
Atkinson Rev T S M of Baliol College, Oxford to
Barbara C second daughter of G Wrought ton esq of Newington house
Barton N esq at the British Ambassador s Chapel in Paris to
M Susannah, second daughter of H Scott, esq
Bradley, Mr F son of the late Rev J Bradley, Vicar of Farringdon to
Augusta Frances Gertrude daughter of the Right Hon Lady Hawke
Bliss Rev Philip LL D Fellow of St John s and Sub librarian of the Bodleian to
Sophia second daughter of the late Rev R B Bell M A
Bruen Francis esq at Dublin to
Lady C Nugent, second daughter of the Earl of Westmeath
Barnes Lieutenant Gen Sir Edward K C B Governor of Ceylon, to
Maria eldest daughter of W Hawkes esq of Farnley hall York
Bunyon S G esq of Aldhall Salop to
Caroline eldest daughter of J Thorp esq of Chippenham park Cambridge
Berkbeck H esq of Lynn Norfolk to
Lucy youngest daughter of the late R Barclay esq of Clapham Common
Bland Rev Miles B D Fellow and Tutor of St John s College Cambridge to
Anne youngest daughter of Thomas Templeman esq
Cunynghame F A esq to
Anne, youngest daughter of E Earl esq Chairman of the Board of Customs for Scotland
Calthorpe Hon Frederick, brother to Lord Calthorpe to
Lady Charlotte Somerset eldest daughter of the Duke of Beaufort
Coeswett W G jun esq of Upper Brook st to
Anne Maria daughter of H Baring, esq of Berkeley square
Davidson, I R esq of the Civil Service to
Helen Eliza, eldest daughter of Lieut Col S Paton Com Gen s in Bengal
Elderton C F esq of the East India Company s Service to
S S Graves
Farquharson, Lieut William, R.A at Ealing, to
Margaret, M daughter of Frederick Cooper esq of Jamaica
Fitzwilliam Viscount of Ireland to the Dowager Lady Ponsonby, mother of the Countess Grey
Farrer W E esq of the East India Company s Service to the
only daughter of H Cracklow esq of St Olave, Southwark
Gore Hon and Rev George Dean of Killala to
Maria B Isaac widow of the late T B Isaac, of Holywood house, Down
Hoskin Mr Edward to
Miss Jane Jones, of Wokingham daughter of Asher Jones esq late of his Majesty s Mint
King J J esq eldest son of J King, esq of Grosvenor place, to
Charlotte Wyndham youngest daughter of the Earl of Egremont
Morrison, Isaac Hawkins esq Post Captain in the Royal Navy to
Louisa Adams daughter of J P Smith esq of Upper Berkeley street
Montague, Capt John, of 81st Foot, nephew to Admiral Sir G Montague, to
Jessy eldest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Wardley of the Royal Artillery
Mackinnon Colonel at St George s Hanover square to
Anne Jane eldest daughter of J Dent esq M P
Mills Hon G J of Elmham hall Norfolk to
Eleanor, second daughter of Dowager Lady Knatchbull
Praed James Backwell esq of Tyringham Bucks to
Sophia sister to Charles Chaplin esq M P.
Smith R esq of Edinburgh to
Sarah P eldest daughter of Captain Bridge, of the East India Company s Service
Shuttleworth Rev P N Warden of New College Oxford to
Emma Martha second daughter of George Welch esq of High Leek, Lancashire
Sidmouth, Lord Viscount at St George s Hanover square to
Hon Mrs Townsend daughter of Lord Stowell
Waldegrave Hon Captain G G R N eldest son of Admiral Lord Radstock to
Esther Caroline, youngest daughter of J Pugh esq of Totteridge Herts
Waldron Edward, esq Lieutenant of the 81st Foot to
Ann Bate daughter of John Garnett, esq.
Walter Lieut H of the Madras Army, to
Mary Anne Pinder eldest daughter of W Dermer, esq
Vaughan, J esq Sergeant at Law, to
Right Hon Louisa Baroness St John, widow of St Andrew, Lord St John

DEATHS.

A

At an advanced age at his seat, Pepper-hall, near Northallerton Yorkshire, John Arden, esq of Arden hall near Stockport elder brother to the late Lord Alvanley and uncle to the present by whom he is chiefly succeeded in his immense wealth —At Church house, Leatherhead, Surrey, the Rev John Atkinson after a long and painful illness 51 —General Sir Charles Asgill, bart Colonel of the 11th Foot —At Darlington, Juliet fourth daughter of the Rev W Addison, late of Dinsdale, Durham —On the 31st July last, at Ravensbury, near Mitcham, Mr Bailey Austin, of that place, an eminent calico-printer, 38

B

At Winchester, Charles Frederick Powlett Townsend, Baron Bayning, he is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, the Hon and Rev Henry Townsend, of Broome, in Suffolk —At Southwell, Elizabeth Anne, wife of the Rev Dr. Barrow, Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of that place —At Ramsgate, after lingering three years in a decline, Miles James Beever, eldest son of Colonel Beever, of the Royal Artillery, 17.—Maria, widow of the late Robert Burrow, esq of Starboro Castle Surrey —At High-grove, J H Babb, esq, 89 —At Southampton, Susan, only daughter of Dr Borland, of Paddington —In Upper Wimpole-street, Lieut-Gen Thomas Bridges, of the East India Company's service, 80.—At Bromwhylin, Louisa Anne, wife of Lieut-Col Browne, and daughter of the Rev Dr. Gray, Prebendary of Dur-

ham and Chichester, 22 —Eliza Mary, daughter of John Breynton, esq of Haunch hall, Stafford, 23.

C

At Barrogill Castle, near Thurso, the Right Hon James Sinclair, Earl of Caithness, Lord Lieut of that county, and Post master General for Scotland, 57 —In Old Burlington street the Marquis Cornwallis, 48 —In Curzon-street Mrs Mary Cotterell sister to Sir John Geers Cotterell bart M.P of Garnons in the county of Hereford, 64 —The Rev John Coates, M.A thirty-one years Vicar of Huddersfield, 61 —At Landaff Court, Mrs Coffin, niece of the celebrated Dr Price, 71 —John Crouch esq Surveyor-General of his Majesty's Customs —At Epping, the Rev James Currey, Preacher of the Charter house, and Rector of Thirning, Norfolk.

D

Maj.-Gen Darby, of Padworth house, Berks. —At Paris, W Dickenson, esq formerly a mezzotinto engraver —At Cuckney, James Dowland esq Steward to Earl Bathurst —At Leamington, near Alnwick, Thomas Davidson, esq of Newcastle, 70

F

John James Earl of Farnham one of the representative Peers for Ireland, Governor of the county of Cavan, 58 —Colonel Barry, the representative of the county of Cavan, succeeds to his estates, and to the Barony of Farnham —At Stanmore, Lady Mary Finch, sister to the Earl of Aylesford.

G.

At Leamington, the Rev John Gooch, M A Archdeacon of Sudbury, Suffolk, brother to Sir T Gooch, 71 —At Knutsford, the Hon Mrs Booth Grey aunt to the present Earl of Stamford and Warrington —At Madras, Lieutenant and Adjutant William Graham, of the 1st battalion, 14th regiment N I —In Bedford square, Major General Darby Griffith, of Padworth house, Berks —Thomas Gifford, esq of Chillington 60.

H

At Langley Park, Burks, of a decline, Louisa Harvey youngest daughter of Sir R B Harvey —On his passage to the East Indies, with all the passengers, and every soul on board, John Holy Hutchinson, nephew to the Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Hutchinson —At Park hall near Mansfield, Major General Hall, late Lieut Col of the 23d or Welch Fusileers, 53 — At Reading the Rev James Hinton of Oxford, A M 38 —The Rev Benjamin Holmes B D Rector of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight — At Hastings, Anne, the wife of William Horne, esq. of Lincoln's inn, one of his Majesty's Counsel

J

James Justice, esq of Justice-hall, Berwickshire, 70

K

The Rev. Thomas Kyne, in Jermyn-street, St James's.

L

Lieut Colonel William Lambton superintendant of the Grand Trigonometrical Survey in India —At Stifkey, Norfolk Col. Henry Loftus, of the Coldstream Guards —In York street, Dublin, the Rev. Dr Edward Ledwich, author of "The Antiquities of Ireland," &c 84 —At Woolwich, Douglas Lawson, esq. R A —At Hanwell Grove, Middlesex, Mary Ann Harriet, daughter of Edmund Henry Lavington, esq

M

At Glasnevin, after a long illness, Viscountess Mountmorres, 48,—At Crofton Hall, Kent, Gen. Morgan, formerly of the Coldstream guards, 82. —In Old Manor-street, Chelsea, Charles Maples, esq late of the Ordnance Department, 84.—In New Burlington-street, Andrew Mathias, esq. deeply lamented by his family and friends, 66.— At Sowton Parsonage, near Exeter, Catherine, relict of the Rev George Moore.—At Bath Mr F Meyler, bookseller and proprietor of the Bath Herald 42

N.

At Dacre lodge, Middlesex, the Right Hon Francis Lord Napier, of Merchistoun, N B Lord Lieutenant of the county of Selkirk, and one of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland.—Esther, wife of the Rev Francis North, Prebendary of Winchester —At Chiswick, the Rev Cornelius Neale, A M late Fellow of St John's, Cambridge, 34

O

The Right Rev C O'Donnel, D D Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Derry, 76.

P

In Wimpole-street, Major-General Sir Denis Pack K C B C T S, Colonel of the 84th Foot, and Lieut-Governor of Plymouth —At Bath, Lady Palliser, widow of the late and mother of the present Sir Hugh Palliser —At the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Pearson late Commander of the General Hewitt East Indiaman —At Kirkbaen Humphrey Phillimore, nearly one hundred years of age He was one of those who supported General Wolfe, when he received his mortal wound at Quebec —At Melford House, the wife of Major Plunkett, of Kinnard in the county of Roscommon, Ireland only child of the late General Gunning —Mr Simpson Perry, of Southampton street, Bloomsbury

Q

At Sheerness, Edward Quin, esq many years connected with the public press of the metropolis, and formerly a member of the Common Council

R

At Fleurs, near Kelso the Duke of Roxburgh his Grace succeeded William (Bellenden) who succeeded John Ker, the Duke of Roxburgh so eminently known to the literary world as the Nobleman whose taste for old books led to the foundation of the club which bears his name the descent and property have led to much litigation, but the heirdom is at present clear in the person of the young Marq of Beaumont, the only child of the deceased Duke & the Marquis (now Duke) is about five years of age, his father was nearly eighty when he died —Mrs Rolle relict of the Rev Robert Rolle, formerly Rector of Hilborough, in Norfolk and aunt to the late Viscount and present Earl Nelson, 94 — At Ludlow the Rev T C Rogers, Rector of Hunt's pill, Somersetshire

S

Of atrophy, Wm Beauchamp St John, second son of Henry St John, esq of Hornsey, and cousin of Lord St John, of Bletsoe, 21 —In Richmond Park, of internal abscess, the eldest son of Viscount Sidmouth —At Mutton Yorkshire suddenly, while attending his clerical duty at the visitation of the venerable Archdeacon Wrangham, aged 58, the Rev. William Smith A M —At Shrubbery-cottage, Walworth the Rev Thomas Stretton, 71.

T.

At South Luffenham, Rutlandshire, owing to a fall from her horse, Miss Trollope, aunt to Sir J T —Francis Travers, M D. late of Newark, Notts, 37 —After a long illness, Francis, wife of Jas Tilson, esq of Foley-place. —At Bath, Sir Henry White of Portsmouth, 61 —Robert Woody, esq. of Tamworth, M.D. and F L S —At Walthamstow-House, Essex, Harriet, daughter of Sir Robert Wigram, bart —At Serampore, East Indies, of cholera morbus, the Rev. W. Ward, the missionary.—The Rev David Williams, Master of the Free Grammar School of Ystrad, in Cardiganshire, 78.— Of a locked-jaw occasioned by the severe injury he received in being violently attacked and bitten by his dog-cage, Mr. Nathaniel Wyld, of Nottingham, 66.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Friday, August 15.

COTTON.—The business in our cotton market was rather limited last week, no more than 950 bales having been sold, all East India, in bond, viz —350 Madras 6⅞*d* good fair, 7*d*. for good; 200 Surats 6⅛*d*. middling fair, to 7⅜*d*. *a* 7½*d* good, 400 Bengals 6¼*d*. fair, 6½. *a* 6⅝*d*. good fair, and 6¾*d*. good A Treasury order was issued on Friday, allowing Brazil cotton from Lisbon to be entered for home consumption, which, by the late Warehouseing Act, was prohibited

SUGAR.—The demand for raw sugar last week was rather checked by the importers demanding higher prices; nevertheless a good proportion of business was done, and an advance of 1*s*. obtained on the brown and middling qualities. The market was rather bare of good working qualities, owing to the merchants keeping back their sugars, in anticipation of higher prices.

The sugar market this afternoon continues firm; there are considerable sales, but there is no alteration in the prices.

In refined sugars there is more doing; large lumps have been in request for the Hamburgh market, and an advance of 1*s*. has been obtained; the Mediterranean houses have likewise been doing considerable business in crusted sugars at improved prices; strong ordinary large lumps 78*s*. good crushing ditto 80*s*; the grocers are also strong buyers of fine goods; the market, in fact, is by no means fully supplied with goods of any description.

Foreign sugars are in better request, and prices 1*s* *a* 2*s* higher have been obtained by public sale.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Moncriffe Willoughby, Esq of Fair-street, Horsleydown, for certain improvements in the construction of vessels, so as to enable them to sail with greater velocity. Dated June 26, 1823.

John Green, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, for certain machines used for roving, spinning, and twisting cotton, flax, silk, wool, or other fibrous substances. Dated June 26, 1823.

William Vere, of Crown-row, Mile-end, Old Town, Stepney; Henry S. Crane, of West Ham, Essex, for certain improvements in the manufacture of inflammable gas. Dated June 30, 1823.

Thos Woolrick Stansfeld, of Leeds; Henry Briggs, of Lunderfort, Halifax; William Richard, of Leeds; William Barraclough, of Burley, Leeds, for improvements in the construction of looms for weaving fabricks, composed wholly or in part of woollen, worsted, cotton, linen, silk, or other materials. Dated July 5, 1823.

George Clymer, of Finsbury-street, Finsbury-square, for certain improvements on agricultural ploughs. Dated July 5, 1823.

John Fisher, and John Horton, jun. of Great Bridge, West Bromwick, Staffordshire, for an improvement in the construction of boilers for steam-engines. Dated July 8, 1823.

Stephen Fairbanks, of America, now residing in Norfolk-street, Strand, for improvements in the construction of locks and other fastenings, communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. Dated July 10, 1823.

John Leigh Bradbury, of Manchester, for improvements in the art of printing, painting, and staining silks, cotton, woollen, and other cloths, and paper, parchment, vellum, leather, and other substances, by means of blocks or surface printing. Dated July 15, 1823.

Bennington Gill, of Birmingham, for improvements in the construction of saws, cleavers, straw-knives, and all kinds of instruments that require or admit of metallic backs; communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. Dated July 15, 1823.

Sir Isaac Coffin, of Pall Mall, for a certain method or methods of catching or taking mackerell and other fish; communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. Dated July 15, 1823.

William Palmer, of Lothbury, for certain improvements in machinery applicable to printing on calico or other woven fabricks, composed wholly or in part of cotton, linen, wool, or silk. Dated July 15, 1823.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, JULY 19, TO SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street,* unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

G. Rivers, Judd-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet-maker.
E. Hastings, Lower Smith-street, Northampton-square, milkman.
W. Rashbrook, Lavenham, Suffolk, farmer.
J. O'Brien, Broad-street-buildings, merchant.
J. Lax, Liverpool, brewer.
J. Hutchings, Stoke Damerel, Devonshire, builder.
J. Hellyer, Hayling North, Southampton, farmer
J. Chambers, Wolverhapton, agricultural machine-maker.
J. Nettleton, Sloane-square, Chelsea, iron-monger.
Joseph Munton, of Highgate, Middlesex, corn-chandler.
John Thomas, late of Kent-street, Southwark, builder, (now in the King's Bench).
William King, of the Edeware-road, Middlesex, cheese-monger.
James Rowley, late of Stourport, Worcester, timber-merchant.

BANKRUPTCIES [illegible]RGED.

J. Bell, Guernsey, merchant, from July 26 to Sept. 13.
[illegible] Tribaudino, Cleveland-street, Mile-end, silk-dyer, from Aug. 9 to Sept. 27.

BANKRUPTS.

Alderson, R. Newcastle upon Tyne, surgeon. (Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane.
Adams, J. Union-street, Southwark, oil-man. (Drew and Sons, Bermondsey-street.
Astor, W. H. Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street, musical-instrument-manufacturer. (Lester, New-court, Crutched-friars.
Austin, J. Little St. Thomas Apostle, Cheapside, warehouseman. (Gilbank, Coleman-street.
Awty, R. H. Bolton-le-Moors, dealer. (Batty, Chancery-lane.
Baker, T. W. Foley-street, Foley-place, tallow-chandler. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane.
Bond, J. Cawston, Norfolk, farmer. (Fisher and Sudlow, Thavies-inn, Holborn.
Butcher, T. Holborn, victualler. (Carpenter, Furnival's-inn.
Broadhead, W. H. and T. B. Artillery-court, Chiswell-street, printers. (Allen, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.
Beart, J. Limehouse, timber-merchant. (Beat, Stamford-street, Blackfriars.
Clark, J. L. Honiton, saddler. (Luxmore, Red Lion-square.
Consitt, R. and R. Lee, Kingston upon Hull, merchants. (Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn.
Copp, J. High-street, Bloomsbury, draper. (Gates, Cateaton-street.
Cocker, George Henry, late of Grenville-street, Brunswick-square, and Wood-lane, Shepherd's-bush, Middlesex, and now of Belvidere-place, Surrey, bill-broker. (Wigley, Essex-street, Strand.
Drummond, W. Kingston upon Hull, draper. (Chester, Staple's-inn.
Davies, M. Bodyntol, Montgomeryshire, farmer. (Rogers, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Dawson, Henry, of Leeds, silk-mercer. (Makinson, Middle Temple.
Evans, D. Swansea, draper. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square.
Evans, E. Bolingbrook-row, Walworth, baker. (Lys, Took's-court, Chancery-lane.
Green, J. White Horse-terrace, Stepney, coal-merchant. (Freeman and Heathcote, Coleman-street.
Green, G. York-street, Covent-garden, woollen-draper. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street,
Hopwood, J. Chancery-lane, bill-broker. (Mott, Essex-street, Strand.
Hobbs, T. Westminster-road, victualler. (Bennett, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane.
Humphreys, H. and W. Lacon, Liverpool, iron-merchants. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Holroyd, W. Leadenhall-street, machine-maker. (Farris, Surrey-street, Strand.
Haselden, J. Grub-street, horse-dealer. (Gray, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road.
Hawkins, J. U. Star-corner, Bermondsey, carpenter. (Lee, Three Crown-square, Southwark.
Harris, John, late of Llandarog, Carmarthen, dealer in cattle. (Hilliard and Hastings, Gray's-inn.
Jones, T. St. John's-street, West Smithfield, stationer. (Tanner, Fore-street.
Kenning, G. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-man. (Webster and Son, Queen-street, Cheapside.
Longworth, J. Liverpool, joiner. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
Ladd, Sir J. Cornhill, watch-maker. (Spyer, Bartholomew-lane.
Lucas, J. Weymouth-terrace, Hackney-road musical instrument-manufacturer. (Ltesr., New-court, Crutchett Friars.
Lean, T. Liverpool, coach-maker. (Chester, Staple-inn.
Mandale, E. jun. Sebergham, Church-town, lime-burner. (Falcon, Elm-court, Temple.
Middleton, R. of King-street, Rotherhithe, Surrey, merchant. (Bennett and Co, King's-Arms-yard, Coleman-street.
Norton, R. jun. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, paper-hanger. (Hill, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.
Rogers, R. sen. [illegible], Dorsetshire, farmer. (Hine, [illegible], Temple.
Rothwell, [illegible], Cheshire, corn-dealer. (Brundrett, [illegible] and Reddish, Temple.
Righton, [illegible], haberdasher. (Clarke, Richards, [illegible], Chancery-lane.
Ramsden, [illegible] late of Walworth, Surrey, coach-master. (Charlsley and Barker, Mark-lane.

Smith, J, Bradninch Devonshire, paper-maker (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench walk.
Sciacaluga, J Old Bailey merchant (Lavie and Oliverson, Frederick's place Old Jewry.
Symes, R Kingswood, Wiltshire, clothier (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread street
Simpson, R Watling-street, warehouseman. (Bolton Austinfriars
Steward, M H Long-lane, Bermondsey, pump-maker. (Clutton and Carter, High-street, Southwark
Saffery E Downham, Norfolk, farmer. (Courteen Sise Inne
Saunders R and Joseph Piercy, of Birmingham edge tool makers (Swain, Stevens, Maples Pearse and Hunt, Frederick's place, Old Jewry
Smith W B Bristol, innholder (Williams and White, Lincoln's inn.
Shorthose, J. Hanley, Staffordshire, earthenware - manufacturer. (Pugh, Langbourn Chambers, Fenchurch-street
Squires, S St. Alban's, Hertford, sadler (Fairthorne and Co Coleman-street
Truslove, W. Dunchurch, Warwickshire, farmer (Meyrick and Broderip, Red Lion-square
Thornton H Thayer street, Manchester-square, Italian oilman (Peachey, Salisbury-square
Witts, E Yeovil, Somersetshire, butcher (Williams, Red Lion square
Warr, J W Davies, and T Matthews, Tipton, Staffordshire, iron masters (Turner and Hutchinson, Bloomsbury-square
Williamson, J Withington, Lancashire, dealer (Ellis, Sons, Walmsley, and Gorton, Chancery lane

DIVIDENDS.

Atkinson, J. Holme, Westmorland, manufacturer, Aug 26
Bainbridge, J. Whitehaven, plumber, Aug 30
Byrne, E jun Liverpool, merchant, Sept 3
Bennet, T Dartmouth, merchant, Aug 27
Binion, J. Edward street, Portman-square, iron monger, Sept 2
Bedson, T and R Bishop, Aston Warwickshire, brass founders Sept 13
Bennett, S A Worship street, Shoreditch, coach manufacturer, Aug 9
Bell, T Lincoln, baker, Aug 23
Bidwith, T Bagginswood, Shropshire, farmer, Sept 5
Cowne, S Barbican pawnbroker Aug 19
Carter, H Ratcliff highway, linen draper, Aug 5
Cole, W. Sunnington, Yorkshire, farmer, Aug 19.
Clarke C Bristol corn factor, Sept 3
Catterinole J Framlington, Suffolk merchant, Sept 5
Cochran T York glover Sept. 5
Dunn, W Hoxton, wholesale upholder, Aug 23
Dicks, J London street, Tottenham court-road, carpenter, Aug 9
Deeping, G Lincoln, fellmonger, Aug 25.
Drakeford, A Coleshill, Warwickshire butcher, DAug. 25.
Dryden, J Rathbone-place, Oxford street, haberdasher Sept. 9.
Dye, S Norwich grocer, Aug 25
Donlan, M J J Cleveland court St James's-place, St James's street, tailor, Aug. 16
Dowley, J. Willow street, corn merchant
Douglas, J, S and W Russel, Fleet street, drapers
Edwards, J Gough-square, Fleet street, furrier, Aug 19
Fowler W Staines, linen draper, Aug 16.
Fleckhoe, J Daventry, miller Aug 25.
Forster, J H. and C. Dobson, Norwich, manufacturers Aug 29
Grant, W Oxford street, upholsterer, Aug 16
Greig W City-road, upholsterer, Aug, 19
Higginbotham N Macclesfield, malt merchant, Sept 10
Hamand S B Plymouth linen-draper, Sept 17.
Hillary, J P Mark-lane, wine-merchant, Aug 19
Hall H and J Sun wharf, Upper Thames-street, iron merchants, Aug. 30.
Hayton, W. and M Douglas, Sunderland, coal-fitters, Sept 1
Henvell, E W White Lion Wharf, Upper Thames-street, corn dealer Aug. 9.
Jenkins, T Lanvithen, Glamorganshire, dealer, Aug 29.
Jardine, A, Leatherhead, Surrey, linen-draper, Aug 30.
Kerr, W, Sherborne-lane, wine-merchant, Aug. 19
Kirkland J. Coventry, ribband-manufacturer, Aug. 19.
Large, J. Maiden-Bradley, Wiltshire, banker, Aug. 22.
Low H. A Sunderland, merchant, Sept 4
Leyburn, G Bishopsgate street, provision merchant, Aug 16
Lee W and J F Paternoster row, silk- manufacturers, Aug 19
Miles J Fairford, Gloucestershire, innholder, Sept 3
Maberly, J. Welbeck-street, Marylebone, coach manufacturer, Aug. 23
Matthews, T Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, spirit-merchant, Aug 27
M Shane M. Foley place, Portman square, Aug 16
Minchen T A, W G Carter, and A Kelly, jun Portsmouth bankers, Aug 30
Manning, J Clement's inn, money-broker, Oct. 4
Oliver, J. Broad street, Golden square, woollen-draper, Aug 16
Perkins, Coventry, doctor of physic, Aug 26
Parkes, F Stourbridge, grocer, Aug 14
Porter, H Taunton, draper, Aug 23
Player, J B. and J Keen Bristol, bottle liquor-merchants, Aug 26
Passmore, J. Farnham linen-draper Sept 2
Reid, D Prince's-street, Spitalfields silk manufacturer, Aug 16
Roper, W J and W. Damens, Yorkshire cotton-spinners, Sept 4
Renaud, E Birmingham, whip maker Aug 23
Robinson P Kendal, mercer Aug 14
Spring, J O. Coningsby, draper Aug 21
Southbrook, E C Covent garden chambers, merchant, Aug 16
Sharp, J B Queen street, Cheapside, Manchester warehouseman, Sept 2
Smith, J. Liverpool, leather-cutter, Aug 27
Turner, W. Layton, Essex, dealer in horses, Aug 9
Tippetts, E., and F Gethen, Basinghall-street, factors, Aug 9
Turnbull, J, J Forbes, R. A Crawford, and D Skene, Broad-street, merchants, Aug 30.
Tappenden, J Faversham, banker, J Tappenden, Stourmouth, iron-master, and F. Tappenden, Abernant iron works, Glamorganshire, iron-master, Sept 10
Troughton, J, C. A Newcomb, and J and B Troughton Coventry, bankers, Aug 18
Tomlinson, W. jun, Nantwich, money-scrivener, Sept 4
Wood, P, Kingston, Surrey, gardener, Aug 9.
Whitwell, S. Coventry, surgeon, Aug 26
Walton, S Nantwich, linen-draper, Sept 5
Warwick, T O. and J Aldred, Rotherham, Yorkshire, chymists, Aug 20.
Wagstaff, S and T Baylis, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturers, Aug. 19
White, A Aldermanbury, factor, Aug 19
Walker, J. jun. Axbridge, Somersetshire, common-brewer, Aug 23.
Wall, C Coventry, mercer, Aug. 26
Young, J G. Shiplake, Oxfordshire, merchant, Aug. 19.

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—Season, 1823, 1824.

Voys.	Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Tons.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be afloat.	To be in the Downs.	When sailed.
2	Macqueen	Beng. & China	1332	John Campbell	James Walker									
2	Duchess of Atholl		1330	W. E Ferrers	E M. Daniell									
2	Berwickshire		1332	S Marjoribanks	J Shepherd									
4	Duke of York	Bomb. & China	1327	S. Marjoribanks	A. H Campbell							18Nov.	[illegible]	
6	Castle Huntly		1200	J. H Gledstanes	H A Drummond									
4	Thomas Coutts		1334	S Marjoribanks	A Chrystie									
6	General Harris	St Hele. Bencoolen & China	1200	James Sims	G Welstead									
2	Sir David Scott	Beng. & China	1342	Joseph Hare	Wm Hunter							17Dec.	5 Feb.	
4	Canning		1326	(Company's ship)	W Patterson									
5	Earl of Balcarras		1417	(Company's ship)	P Cameron									
4	London	St. Hel Bomb and China.	1332	(Company's ship)	J B Sotheby									
4	Dunira	Bomb & China	1325	George Palmer	M. Hamilton							31Dec.	20 Feb.	
6	Marquis Camden		1200	H. Morse Samson	Thos. Larkins									
6	Lady Melville	Madr. & China	1200	Sir Rt Wigram	R Clifford									
2	William Fairlie		1348	Joseph Hare	K Smith									
4	Orwell	China	1335	Matthew Isacke	W. E Farrer							28Feb	18 April.	
3	Thames		1330	Henry Blanshard	W Haviside									

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.

From July 29, to August 25, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, Cornhill.

	Bar	Ther.	Wind	Obser.		Bar	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.
29	29·78	62	S.W.	Fair	9	29 86	60	W	Fair	20	29 82	61	S W.	Fair
30	29 71	64	S W.	Ditto	10	30·02	60	S.W.	Rain	21	29 82	57	S.W	Ditto
31	29 86	60	S.W.	Ditto	11	29 99	65	S.W.	Fair	22	29 77	63	S.W.	Rain
1	30·07	61	S.W.	Ditto	12	29·88	69	S.W.	Ditto	23	29 61	65	S.W.	Ditto
2	29 88	59	S W.	Ditto	13	29 65	68	S.W.	Ditto	24	29 73	66	S	Ditto
3	29·77	60	S.W.	Rain	14	29·57	60	S.W.	Ditto	25	29·78	61	N.W.	Fair
4	29 12	61	S.W.	Fair	15	29 79	57	S.W.	Ditto					
5	29 76	63	S W.	Ditto	16	29·44	61	S.W.	Ditto					
6	29 75	57	S.W.	Ditto	17	29 79	59	W.	Ditto					
7	29 82	57	S.W	Ditto	18	29 86	57	S.	Ditto					
8	29 75	58	S.W.	Ditto	19	29 78	60	S.W.	Ditto					

RICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

August 16, 1823.

	Per Share. £ s.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.
Canals.		
Ashton and Oldham	135	5
Barnesley	200	12
Birmingham (divided) ...	310	12
Bolton and Bury	95	5
Brecknock and Abergav.	100	5
Carlisle.....	—	—
Chesterfield	120	8
Coventry	1100	44
Cromford....	270	14
Croydon.....	3 3	—
Derby.....	140	6
Dudley.....	58	3
Ellesmere and Chester ...	67	3
Erewash.....	1000	58
Forth and Clyde	480	20
Grand Junction	255	10
Grand Surrey.....	45	—
Grand Union.....	18 10	—
Grand Western.....	4 15	—
Grantham	160	8
Hereford and Gloucester..	—	—
Lancaster.....	27	1
Leeds and Liverpool	376	12
Leicester.....	300	13
Leicester & Northampton	76	4
Loughborough	3500	170
Melton Mowbray.....	215	10
Monmouthshire	170	8 10
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10
Neath.....	315	13
Nottingham.....	200	12
Oxford	745	32
Portsmouth and Arundel	28	—
Regent's.....	40 10	—
Rochdale	—	3
Shrewsbury	170	9 10
Shropshire	125	7
Somerset Coal	125	9
Ditto, Lock Fund	105	5 15
Staffords.& Worcestershire	700	40
Stourbridge	210	10 10
Stratford-on-Avon	20	—
Stroudwater	600	26 0
Swansea	190	10
Tavistock	—	—
Thames and Medway	22 10	—
Thames and Severn, New	27	—
Trent & Mersey	2100	75
Warwick and Birmingh.	232	10
Warwick and Napton ...	210	10
Worcester & Birmingham	33	1
Docks.		
London	118	4 10
West India	185	10
East India	145	8
Commercial	80	3 10
East Country	85	—

	Per Share. £. s.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.
Bridges.		
Southwark	18	—
Ditto, New	56	7½ pr. ct.
Ditto, Loan	100	5
Vauxhall	26 15	—
Waterloo	5	—
Water-works		
Chelsea	—	—
East London..... .	118	4
Grand Junction.....	65	2 10
Kent	36	1 10
London Bridge	56	2 10
South London	35	—
West Middlesex.....	68 5	2 10
York Buildings	28	1
Insurances.		
Albion	51	2 10
Atlas	6	6
Bath	575	40
Birmingham Fire	340	25
British	50	3
County	43	2 10
Eagle.....	3 3	5
European	20	1
Globe	160	7
Guardian	11 10	—
Hope	4 10	6
Imperial Fire.....	121	5
Ditto, Life...	11 5	8
Kent Fire.....	50	2 10
London Fire	21	1 5
London Ship	21 10	1
Provident....	20	1
Rock	3	2
Royal Exchange	—	10
Sun Fire.....	212	8 10
Sun Life...	23 10	10
Union	40 10	1 8
Gas Lights.		
Gas Light and Coke (Chart Company	78	4
City Gas Light Company.	128	6 6
Ditto, New	73	3 12
South London	140	7 10
Imperial..... ..	28	—
Literary Institutions.		
London	29	—
Russel	10	—
Surrey	—	—
Miscellaneous.		
Auction Mart.....	23	1 5
British Copper Company.	50	—
Golden Lane Brewery...	8	—
Ditto.....	5	—
London Com. Sale Rooms	16	1
Carnatic Stock 1st class .	93	4
Ditto, ... 2d ditto .	80	3

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill.

[F. Warr, Red Lion Passage, Holborn.]

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

SEPTEMBER, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF

OCTOBER.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE POPE PIUS VII.

CONTENTS.

Original Essays.

Memoir of the late Pope Pius VII. 195
Memoir of Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart, (concluded) 201
The Songs of De Beranger 208
Song to —— 212
The Three Sisters; a Tale from the German, (concluded) 213
Invocation to Fancy 223
Lines written in the Album at an Inn in Cornwall 225
The Reviewers Reviewed 226
To Miss —— on her Birth-Day 233
The Lesson. From Philander Von Sittewald 235
The Annual Exhibition of the productions of Art and Industry in the Louvre 239
Sketches of Popular Preachers — the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A. 245

Fine Arts.

The Shield of Achilles, by John Flaxman, Esq., R.A. 249
Exhibition of the Northern Society at Leeds 252
Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts 254

London Review.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

History and Description of the Ionian Isles By Col. Bory de St. Vincent 255
The celebrated Men in France, and State of Literature in the Eighteenth Century. By J. M. Goethe 258

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Campaign of the Left Wing of the Allied Army in the Western Pyrenees and South of France, in 1813 and 1814. By Captain Batty 258
The Way to preserve good Health; and a Treatise on Domestic Medicine. By Dr. Thomas 266

Science and Literature.

FOREIGN.—Africa — Polynesia—Australasia — China — Ionian Islands — Italy — Sweden — Denmark — Poland—Germany — France 269
ENGLISH.—Literary Intelligence—Works in the Press 273

The Drama.

Drury Lane Theatre 276
Covent Garden Theatre 276
Haymarket Theatre 277
English Opera House 278

POLITICAL DIGEST 279

Births, Marriages, and Deaths 281
List of Patents 282
List of Bankrupts and Dividends 284
East India Shipping List 286
Meteorological Table 287
Price of Canal Shares, &c. ..... [illegible]
Prices of Stocks ..... [illegible]
Courses of Exchange ..... [illegible]
Foreign Funds ..... [illegible]

LONDON:

Published for the Proprietors,

BY LUPTON RELFE, 13, CORNHILL,

And Sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

Communications received will be noticed in our next.

It is requested that *Literary Notices* and *Lists of New Publications* be sent by the 20th of the month

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 1823.

MEMOIR

OF

BERNARDI GREGORIO CHIARAMONTI

PIUS VII.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

(With a Portrait taken from life, engraved by James Thompson.)

Bernardi Gregorio Chiaramonti, the late Pope Pius VII., of whom we have annexed a faithful portrait, taken from the life in 1816 by an eminent artist, was born at Cesena, in Romagna, on the 14th of Aug. 1742, and died at Rome on the 20th Aug. 1823, at the advanced age of 81, having enjoyed the dignity of Cardinal since the year 1785. His first elevation to the pontificate was on the 11th of March, 1800. He was descended from ancient and noble families. At sixteen years of age he entered into the religious state in the monastery of Benedictines, at Cesena. It was in this retreat, amidst the daily exercise of piety and religion, that he sought to establish his soul's health by the practice of all the Christian virtues; thus preparing himself for the fulfilment of those high and gracious designs which Providence had been pleased to form in his favour. To those virtues he united a singular fondness for study and great application. At the monastery attached to that magnificent church, which has been so lately destroyed by fire, the church of St. Paul, in Rome, he studied philosophy, theology, and the canon law; and speedily afforded signal proofs of his great attainments in those excellent and sublime pursuits. Nominated professor of theology at Rome, he filled that distinguished chair for the space of nine years, and his virtues and reputation being, by that time, well known to Pius VI., he was, by that Pope, installed, in the year 1782, bishop of Tivoli, and in 1785, promoted to the bishopric of Imola. His fidelity to the church, his zeal for the catholic religion, his piety and his talents, which had thus successively procured for him the bishoprics of Tivoli and Imola, were now so established, that Pope Pius VI. created him a cardinal. It was not long after that he was elected to the chair of St. Peter, and the character of supreme Pontiff afforded him a wider sphere for the exercise of his piety, and shed a brighter lustre over his attainments and benevolence. The election of Cardinal Chiaramonti took place on the 10th March, 1800, at Venice; his entry into Rome was on the 3d of June following. His late holiness carried with him to his new and splendid dignity the same virtues which had adorned his private career; bearing himself with the same modesty, humility, piety, meekness, and compassion, which

had, in the early part of his life, rendered him so universally beloved and respected, that when that extraordinary potentate, Buonaparte, required his holiness to declare his hostility to England, and to influence the church over which he presided, with the same feeling of enmity, he refused to become a party to so iniquitous a measure; and, despising the threats and insults which were heaped upon him for his refusal, paid the penalty of his conscientiousness by suffering the spoliation of his territories, exile from his capital, imprisonment, and multiplied indignities: for in 1809 Napoleon deprived him of his power and reduced him to the condition of bishop of Rome, and his state was decreed a part of the French territory. In 1814 the Pope resumed his power, and always manifested a grateful sense of the friendly interference of England in his behalf, which had the effect of restoring him to his dignity, and ultimately to his possessions.

Pius VII. held the keys of St. Peter for more than 23 years; and it is rather remarkable that St. Peter, first bishop or Pope of Rome, should, according to tradition, have held the pontificate 25 years, and that no descendant of the holy father, since his time, has reigned so long.

The following character of the deceased Pontiff was drawn by a foreigner, M. Clorente, in his "*Portrait politique des Papes*," and we insert it in this place for the sake of impartiality, preferring the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi* VERUM as the pillar of history; without which the narration of events degenerates into romance, and the fame of every prominent character in every age, is at the mercy of contemporary or posthumous malignity, or exists as the molten image of servile adulation; without which, virtue and vice are confounded in the labyrinth of error, and posterity will be for ever doomed to an ignorance of former times, and never be able to ignite the torch of wisdom by the light of experience.

"The first Consul continued to follow the plan he had formed, and concerted with Pius VII. the means necessary to re-establish public worship, to maintain the clergy, and to regulate, by fixed laws, the connexion of the Gallican church with the chief of the catholic religion. A law was made, and Pius VII. approved it loading the first Consul with pompous praises. In the calender of confirmation, Pius VII. canonised Napoleon, and gave him the titles of *just man, restorer of the catholic religion in France, and special protector of publick worship*,

"When the French wished to raise their first Consul to the dignity of Emperor, Pius VII. went voluntarily from Rome to Paris to crown him, which he did with great pomp. Political affairs, soon after that, took another turn, and the Emperor deprived Pius VII. of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman States. This was a source of fresh discords. I am not surprised that Pius VII. resented it, for it is not agreeable to the human mind to be deprived of temporal honours when once in possession of them. But what is most astonishing is, that Pius VII. carried his resentment into spiritual affairs, after the bad example of Gregory VII.; Napoleon lost his empire, and the court of Pius VII. evinced sentiments very much like revenge. It refused to expedite the bulls of the archbishopricks of Paris and other bishopricks, to those who had been named by Napoleon according to the compact. The manner in which the court of Pius VII. has conducted itself since his restoration to his former possessions, will do him no honour in history. One of the clauses of the treaty of general peace in Europe was, that no person should be disturbed for his political opinions, even though he were a partizan of the preceding government. Pius VII. as vicar of a God of peace, mercy and goodness, ought to have subscribed to this article more accurately than any other sovereign; but unhappily it was not so: the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of England, of Prussia, and other sovereigns, whom Pius VII. considered as heretics and schismatics, showed the Christian virtues of moderation and forgiveness of injuries in the most heroic manner, whilst the court of the chief of the catholic church endeavoured to be revenged against men of undoubted merit,

merely because they shewed satisfaction at being delivered from the ecclesiastical yoke.

"Pius VII., as an individual, was personally very good, very virtuous, very honest, with much prudence and many praise-worthy qualities; but as a pope, he suffered himself to be governed by men who were more attentive to worldly affairs than to the doctrines of the Evangelists."

The following ceremonies took place after the death of his holiness. Cardinal Pacca, the chamberlain, being informed of the Pontiff's death, assembled the apostolic chamber, and repaired on the 20th, at nine o'clock in the morning, to the apartment in which the Pope had breathed his last. After repeating on his knees the prayers for the august deceased, he examined the body, one of the attendants uncovering the countenance. The chamberlain received from the master of the chamber the fisherman's ring; and the notary, secretary to the chamber, read on his knees the act recording this ceremony. On returning to his palace, the chamberlain was escorted by the Swiss guard, and was received with supreme honours by the military posts.

The Senator of Rome, being informed by the chamberlain of the melancholy event, ordered the great bell of the capitol, and the other bells of the city, to be tolled. The Roman Senate assembled the militia of the capitol, desired the prefects of the police to attend them; and directed the colonel of the militia to open the prison, called the New Prison, and that of the capitol, in which prisoners guilty of inferior delinquencies were confined, to be thrown open. On the evening of the 20th, Cardinal Somaglia, Dean of the Sacred College, assembled at his residence the heads of all the orders which were present in Rome. Besides the Cardinal Chamberlain, who of right attends at all such assemblies, there were present at this meeting, Cardinal Fesch, of the order of priests; Cardinal Gonsalvi, of the order of deacons; and M. Mazio, secretary to the sacred college. The penitential fathers of the Vatican remained, without interruption, with the body of the deceased Pope, reciting the usual prayers.

On the morning of the 21st, the body was embalmed, and clothed in a white cassock, a red amice and cap. It was then laid out on a bed, beneath a scarlet canopy, in one of the ante-chambers of the Quirinal. Four wax tapers burned at each side of the body, which was guarded by four nobles. The people were admitted to pay to the deceased Pontiff the tribute of their respectful grief.

At an extraordinary congregation held the same morning, at which all the cardinals of Rome attended, it was decided, almost unanimously, that the conclave should be held in the Quirinal palace.

On the 22d the body of the holy father continued to be exposed as on the preceding day. The vase, containing the heart of the deceased, was conveyed in a carriage to the church of St. Vincent and St. Anastasia, where it was received at the door by the curate and his clergy.

At nine o'clock in the evening the body of the holy father was solemnly conveyed from the Quirinal to the Vatican. It was placed on a litter covered with crimson drapery, and borne by two mules, arrayed in rich housings. Upon the body, which was clothed in the cassock and amice, was placed a cross embroidered with gold. Part of the guard of nobles followed immediately behind it. Other detachments of the same guard, of the Roman hussars, of the light horse and carabineers, and of the Swiss guard, as well as seven pieces of artillery, attended by their artillerymen with matches lighted, formed part of the cavalcade. The civic troops of the line formed a double rank in the street between the Quirinal and the Vatican. When it arrived near the statue of Constantine, the body was borne by the penitential fathers into the Sextine Chapel, where, being clothed in all the pontifical ornaments, it was again exposed to the eyes of the people. The crowds of spectators were immense, and in every quarter the profoundest grief appeared to be felt.

The solemn service of the mass for the dead, with the usual antiphons and prayers suitable to the rank of the late Pope, as supreme head of the Roman Catholic church, have been offered up by the officiating

clergymen at all the Roman Catholic chapels, for the repose of his soul. The altars were covered with black, and the priest's robe and vestments were on this occasion also black.

At the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Mary, in Moor-fields, was performed a solemn mass to the memory of the late Pope Pius VII. The usual public notifications of this splendid ceremony having been made, every necessary arrangement appears to have been concerted, which might facilitate and give effect to the intentions of that portion of the Roman Catholic community who have more immediately interested themselves on this occasion. Tickets of admission, at the price of five shillings each, having been issued by the committee, the double purpose was answered of ensuring a select congregation, and of providing some part of the funds necessary to defray the expenses of the preparations. So early as half-past nine o clock in the morning, a crowd of most respectable persons, Protestants as well as Catholics, had assembled at the doors. None were admitted who had not brought tickets with them; and, notwithstanding the number of those who were thereby disappointed, the number thus admitted had very nearly filled the chapel by ten o'clock, and in less than an hour afterwards there was scarcely a single seat disengaged.

The greater part of the congregation was of the fair sex. Among the distinguished personages present, we noticed the Prince de Polignac, the French ambassador, their excellencies the Bavarian and Sardinian ambassadors, the Baroness Werther and her daughter, and the honourable Mr. and Lady Barbara Ponsonby.

The effect of the decorations which presented themselves on entering the chapel, was grand and imposing; for they had been so disposed as to excite in the spectators sensations which were in perfect accord with the solemnity of the occasion. Beneath the open vestibule of white marble which opens upon the pictured representation of Mount Calvary, the various appointments of the high altar were distinguished by a severe and melancholy pomp, which reflected much credit on the taste of those by whom they had been superintended. The floor of the sanctuary —the pulpit—the throne—the marble steps leading up to the altar—the altar itself—the western and eastern angles of the transept,—these were covered with black cloth; and from several parts of the chapel depended hangings of the same material, on which were emblazoned the armorial bearings of the late Pontiff. At the end of the centre aisle which immediately faces the altar, and in an enclosed space of considerable dimensions, a splendid bier of a sarcophagus figure, was elevated about four or five feet from the floor. This sustained (we presume) a coffin, intended to represent the depository of the mortal remains of Pius VII.; and over it was thrown a rich pall, charged with an escutcheon, bearing the arms of the deceased. Upon a cushion placed at the head of the coffin, and on the pall, was a well executed gilt model of the Papal tiara—the triple crown —which is the peculiar distinction of the successors of St. Peter. At the foot of the coffin were the mystic keys, also gilt, and of the most massive proportions, and other insignia of the sovereign Pontiff. These emblems were surmounted, and the construction and ornaments of the catafalque were completed, by a magnificent canopy; having on the sides long draperies, very elegantly disposed, of black cloth, with deep fringes of the same colour; at the top, lofty plumes of ostrich feathers (black); and at the corners, for support, four pillars invested in black crape. Arranged on either side of the altar were seven superb candelabras, resting upon bases fashioned like antique votive altars; and above, to the right and left of the crucifix, six stately candlesticks: in all these, wax tapers of extraordinary size were burning. There were besides, on each side of the catafalque, three colossal candlesticks of silver, in which were lighted tapers of the same description. Under the armorial bearings on the angles of the transept, was inscribed in golden letters, "Pius P. P. VII."

At ——— a quarter past ten, the two titular bishops, Dr. Poynter and Dr. Bramston, attended by about fifty Roman Catholic clergymen of

the district entered the chapel in procession from the sacristy; and proceeded to seat themselves round the bier, the inferior officers of the chapel performing their customary functions. High mass was then celebrated with great spendour; and the ceremonies attending the elevation of the host were more impressively observed than is usual in places of Catholic worship in this country. High mass being concluded, the bishop proceeded in a very earnest and affecting manner to deliver a funeral eulogium—taking for his text the words "And he was beloved both of God and man"—upon the virtues and the conduct of the late Pope. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the whole service was concluded.

The following is an account of the manner and ceremonies used in the election of a Pope:—

The manner of giving a Chief to the Church has, like other worldly things, experienced many changes. The first four Popes designated their successors. After them the clergy of Rome appropriated the right of election to itself. The Western Emperors, the Greek Monarchs, and the successors of Charlemagne, afterwards wished to obtain a share in it, but, little by little, the Romans, having shaken off their dependence on the Emperors, ceased to invite their Ambassadors to the election of Popes. The clergy of Rome then began by degrees to deprive the public of the part which it was used to take in the election, and succeeded in excluding it entirely, about the middle of the twelfth century; and thirty-six years after, the Cardinals assumed the right of election exclusively to themselves. As soon as the Holy Father has expired, the Cardinal Chamberlain, in a purple dress, presents himself at the door of his chamber and knocks three times with a golden hammer, calling each time the Pope by his Christian, family, and Papal names. After a short time he says, in presence of the clerks of the chamber, and his Apostolical notaries, who take act of the ceremony, "He is then dead." The fisherman's ring is then brought to that Cardinal, who breaks it with the same hammer. He then takes possession of the Vatican in the name of the Apostolical Chamber. After having established his authority in that palace, he sends guards to take possession of the gates of the city and of the Castle of St. Angelo; and when he has provided for the safety of Rome, he quits the Vatican in a carriage, preceded by a Captain of the Pope's Guard, and having by his side the Swiss who generally accompany his Holiness. When this march begins, the great bell of the capitol is tolled, and, as it only tolls on this occasion, announces to the whole city the death of the Sovereign Pontiff. The body having been embalmed, is clad in its pontifical dress, and with the mitre on its head lies in state during three days on a bed of parade. It is next carried with great pomp to the church of St. Peter, where it remains nine days exposed to public view, after which the burial takes place. The next day the Cardinals assemble in the same cathedral, where the oldest of them celebrates the mass of the Holy Ghost for the election of a new Pope. Another prelate, in a Latin oration, exhorts the Cardinals to choose an individual worthy of so eminent a station, after which they all march in procession behind the Papal cross, the musicians singing the hymn, "*Veni, Creator!*" to the Hall of Conclave, which occupies a large portion of the Vatican. The large rooms of that palace are divided by temporary partitions into what are called cells, which are subdivided again into little rooms and closets. Every Cardinal has his own, for him and his assistants, and it is only large enough to hold a bed, five or six chairs, and a table. The hour of holding the conclave being come, a bell is rung to cause the ambassadors, princes, and prelates, and other persons of distinction who may be present, to retire. When they are all gone out, the doors and windows are walled up, with the exception of one, which throws but a dim light upon the conclave. The only communication with the exterior is by the means of *tours*, in the same shape as those used in convents of nuns. One door is also kept for the removal of any cardinal who may be ill, but who loses the right of giving an active vote if he

retires. The mode of election now in use is by secret ballot. Two chalices stand on a long table in the Chapel of Sixtus, into which the cardinals deposit their bulletins, containing the name of the individual for whom they vote. One of the scrutators reads it aloud, whilst two others mark the number of votes for each individual, by the side of his name, on the large tablet where all those of the cardinals are inscribed. Whoever obtains two-thirds of the votes present is canonically elected. His name is immediately proclaimed aloud, and the cardinals sitting on his right and left rise and quit their places. His consent is asked, and when it is given, the cardinals, beginning by the oldest, perform the first "*adoration;*" that is to say, kiss his foot, and then his hand. The first Cardinal Deacon announces the election to the people, and the artillery of the Castle of St. Angelo and the bells of the city spread the news afar. The people are then allowed to break into the conclave, and to carry off all they can.

There are a multitude of circumstances which promote or prevent the election of such and such a person as Pope. In order to understand this matter, it is necessary to know that the sacred college is divided into factions, and there are as many factions as as there are cardinals of different Papal reigns, of which the cardinal-nephew of each pontificate is the leader.

The Emperor, the Kings of France and Spain, and several other sovereign powers, have also their factions. They are composed of cardinals who are their natural-born subjects. The leaders of those factions are such persons as the king pleases to nominate, in order to accomplish his object.

Generally the leaders of the faction are assured of the votes of those who depend upon them: and it is sufficient that two of three leaders of factions, not very numerous, should agree, in order to be masters of the election, provided they make up two-thirds of the votes. Hence it is that the sovereigns who have been mentioned, and who take a considerable part in the election of a Pope, on account of the vicinity of their states, never fail to exclude a cardinal who is not agreeable to them; and when once he is excluded from the Pontificate, he never returns to it. There are only three crowns (the Emperor, the Kings of France and Spain) who have a right to exclude. Thus, the cardinal, who is commissioned to accomplish the secret object of any crown, makes a protest in the name of his master, that he has an objection to such a cardinal, on account of being well-informed that he is not friendly to his dominions; but it is to be observed that each crown can only exclude one person. But it is here that the Roman policy makes use of all its ingenuity. For example, as soon as a faction perceives that such or such a power wishes to exclude an individual, it is sure to propose another person, who it knows is not agreeable to that crown, and whom it is certain that crown will exclude, which generally is the case; after having thus played this trick upon those who are in the interest of that power, it returns to the former individual whom that power cannot exclude, because it has already exercised its privileges. The person who is proposed cannot be in circumstances which are in themselves reasons for exclusion. These reasons, amongst others, are—first to be under fifty-five years of age; secondly, to be a prince by birth, or to be allied to a reigning house, lest such a Pope should dismember the patrimony of St. Peter in order to invest some member of his family with it, and that he should not abandon that neutrality which a common father should observe to all Christian Princes; and finally, that he should not treat the cardinals with too much *hauteur;* thirdly, his having been promoted to the degree of cardinal, at the nomination of some crown, especially that of France and Spain; or his being a natural-born subject of either of these powers, lest gratitude or national attachment should render him too devoted to the interests of one or other of these powers. This is the reason why the cardinals are extremely circumspect, and profoundly dissemble their real intentions, lest they should be suspected of favouring one crown to the prejudice of another.

MEMOIR OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.

(Continued from page 104.)

After this happy revolution a number of the nobility and gentry, who, probably, would have made the attempt many years before but that they despaired of being able to lead the times, met to second those beneficial movements; and, in 1805, amply attoned for past coldness and neglect, and merited the thanks of their country by founding that patriotic body the British Institution, which has since so largely contributed to the advancement of the British school.

The public-spirited Institution last-mentioned is adverted to, in the preceding passage, before its due place in these memoirs, according to the date of its formation, to shew in its true light the Anti-British feeling of the preceding period. The time now adverted to commenced many years before the founding of the British Institution, and continued until checked by Sir John Leicester's example. Malone, Burke, Northcote, and Farrington, agree in stating the fact, that Sir Joshua Reynolds was personally known to, and even intimate with, almost all the eminent men of the age. That master of grace and elegance flourished in the midst of the great, and enjoyed as high a patronage and popularity as any painter ever enjoyed in his own country. His knowledge of the world was equal to his professional skill. The nobility and gentry extolled his genius as highly as Burke, Fox, and all the other leading characters who spoke and wrote of Sir Joshua, as the equal of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and their celebrated contemporaries. Yet such was the force of that prejudice, which entrenched the spirit of the age against British historical painting, that the best and bravest men, the most endowed by nature, the most enlightened and invigorated by education, were its slaves. The most distinguished personages in the Church and State; the inspired elect, who shook the pit, the senate, and the bar, with the thunders of their eloquence; and the heroes who bore the British banner over land and sea, victoriously through the world, grew up alike in this one lamentable error. They were ready to lay down their lives for the superiority of Englishmen in every other art and science of war and peace, but, in the art of historical painting, they made it a merit to neglect or decry the genius of their countrymen! Even Burke, Fox, and all the other encomiasts and personal friends of the first President, were, by a strange inconsistency, contented to employ him to paint their portraits or those of their families, without ever dreaming of affording him an opportunity to display his powers in historical or poetical painting, that field in which they were pleased to honour him with a rank as high as the greatest masters of the most renowned ages. This inconsistency, which is merely mentioned as a feature of the British character in the eighteenth century, is more worthy of remark, because neither the want of money nor the prices of Sir Joshua's works could have been the cause of so strange a contradiction between the words and actions of his eulogists. Some of his most charming fancy pictures were priced by that great artist at no more than from 100 to 125 or 150 guineas, and for some of his historical efforts he was not paid more than 300 guineas. One or two solitary instances, in forty years, of a commission given to him for a fancy or historical picture do not disprove the general neglect of his great friends. Sir Joshua did not live to finish the whole-length portrait of Sir John Leicester, which he had began, or to gratify the Baronet by undertaking an historical picture for him.

Although the most vigorous and enlightened minds were comparatively cold and clouded on this delicate subject, they were not interested in the continuance of darkness in the country, and were too liberal

to interfere with the opinions of others: but certain persons of a far more numerous class were not contented with endeavouring to shew their taste, by reviling the works of the British artists in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. They also endeavoured to depreciate the taste of any gentleman who ventured to manifest a more favourable opinion of their countrymen. There are, in every walk of life, numbers who seek to keep their own want of proper feeling and neglect of duty in countenance, by forming an authoritative and busy sort of combination to discourage the advance of liberality and improvement: the members of these bodies lie in ambush, and make their attacks with slander, scoffing, and ridicule; weapons as contemptible as their motives, but sufficiently powerful, with the aid of fashion, to exercise a mighty influence in society. Sir John Leicester had courage to do what few dare to attempt, that is, to be the first English gentleman of rank and fortune in facing a confederacy of this formidable nature. As an extreme on the right side is sometimes necessary to counteract an extreme against the public interest, he judiciously set up the sound principle of collecting the best works of the British artists *exclusively*, in opposition to the prevailing bad habit of exclusively collecting the works of the foreign old masters. In this laudable attempt he left other gentlemen to follow their own choice, without any reflection or interference from him. The libels which were uttered upon his good sense, and the satirical efforts to sneer at his taste, only stimulated him to fresh exertions. As his collection increased in number and variety, the correctness of his judgment, and the power of the British pencil, forced an unwilling approbation from those who had, at first, hoped to laugh him out of his public spirit. In a few years the effects of his example was visible, and the public opinion declared loudly in his favour. The press took the right side, and the daily, weekly, and monthly publications bore ample evidence of the feeling.

I extract the following passage from a tract published more than twenty years ago. "Sir John Leicester is the only English gentleman who has the manliness and public spirit to bear up against the bad taste and Anti-British feeling of the amateurs in this country, by forming a collection of paintings exclusively produced by English artists. The circumstance is altogether so full in the teeth of fashion and established practice, that one hears this Baronet's name mentioned with as much surprise and opposition as if he was about to effect a mighty revolution in the moral world. He has done much for the living painters by having made a beginning, and his example will do more, when it is followed. At present I know of no one nobleman or gentleman who has adopted the same truly British principle. Sir John has the honour of being the first Englishman of rank who has attempted to lead his contemporaries from the disgraceful prejudice against native genius, and to create a national spirit in England for the encouragement of the British school."—(Page 21. "Thoughts on the best means of checking the prejudices against British works of art. Respectfully addressed to the Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron, Houghton, Durham: by William Carey, for gratuitous distribution." York, 1801.)

In the Life of Opie, published by his widow in 1807, the following passage throws a light upon the state of Anti-British prejudices among those who were then collecting pictures. Mrs. Opie, with a warm and delicate sense of Sir John's patriotism, refers to the head of "Miranda," painted by her husband, and purchased by the Baronet. "I should regret that it was the property of any one but myself, did I not know that Mr. Opie rejoiced in its destination, and were I not assured of its being placed in that rarest of situations, a gallery consisting chiefly of modern art, doing honour to the genius who painted, and the amateur who admired it."—The patriotic example of Sir John Leicester had so far produced a good effect as to ob-

tain admission for a few English pictures into some established collections of paintings by the old foreign masters: but "a gallery consisting chiefly of modern art" was still, in 1807, the "rarest of situations" in which a picture by a popular British artist could be placed. Mrs. Opie, herself, had probably not then seen Sir John's collection, or she would have known that it was unique, composed not chiefly but altogether of modern art, that is, exclusively of select pictures by the best English artists.

Courage, perseverance, and good taste have wrought wonders. Sir John, by a munificent expenditure from year to year, has succeeded in drawing together in one view the flower of the British school, that superb collection, which has been for some years a boasted ornament of the British capital, and has contributed so largely to spread the fame of the British pencil on the Continent. His gallery contains splendid specimens by three successive Presidents of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. The other pictures are as judiciously selected from the best works of the respective artists.—Turner, the giant of modern landscape-painting, is there seen in his glory. Wilson never painted a finer picture than his magnificent "View on the Arno." Collins's "Fisher Boys on the Sea-shore at sun rise," in truth of local colouring and fine sentiment of nature, vies with any production of the most celebrated Flemish painters. Loutherbourgh's "Avalanche" is a scene of sublimity and terror represented with great poetical power. Although that artist was a foreigner by birth he had been naturalised by a residence of fifty years in England, and by his admission to the honourable rank of a Royal Academician in London. Romney's playful composition of "Titania, Puck, and the Changeling," is one of the most delightful effusions of his fancy. Fuseli's "Puck, or Robin Good Fellow," is also one of the most happy flights of that artist's fearless imagination. To have a picture in this select collection is esteemed a mark of professional distinction and a public recommendation. The restricted limits of this publication forbid a merited notice of the several pictures: the names of the painters will shew that particular remarks would occupy a volume. There are performances by Northcote, Hoppner, Calcott, Shee, Owen, Sir Wm. Beechy, Collins, Howard, Gainsborough, Devis, Hilton, Vincent, Atkinson, B. Barker, Coates, Barret, Sir Francis Bourgeois, Garrard, Ibbetson, Harlow, and some other artists. The narrow principle of selecting only one specimen by each master has been avoided. There are five pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, six by Turner, ten by Northcote, and two or three each by many more of the artists, in this collection. The number of paintings being far too many to be hung up in the Hill-street Gallery, a portion of them are displayed in the superb mansion at Tabley. Engravings have been executed, by able artists, from so many of the subjects, and they have been all so frequently the theme of critical description in the periodical journals, that their merits are well known in every part of England.

During the long continuance of the late war the printsellers being shut out from the markets on the continent, the British line-engravers laboured under great discouragements. Sir John Leicester, to prevent the utter depression of that important branch of the arts, employed his influence in founding the Calcographic Society. His application to the Duke of Gloucester was successful, and he introduced a deputation of able engravers to his Royal Highness, who, with his usual graciousness and zeal for the promotion of every proposal for the public good, warmly co-operated with him in forming a plan for that Institution, and on the 16th of May, 1810, the regulations, which formed its constitution, were adopted at the Clarendon Hotel. A committee of managers was appointed, consisting of the Duke of Gloucester, the Marquis of Stafford, the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, the Earl of Dartmouth, Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart., Sir Mark

Sykes, Bart., Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., M.P., Sir T. Barnard, Wm. Smith, Esq. M.P., S. Whitbread, Esq. M.P., J. P. Anderdon, Esq. and Thomas Hope, Esq. The first projector, Sir John Leicester, was appointed Treasurer, and several thousand pounds were collected, but when the fairest prospects of benefit opened on the Society a difference among the professional members took place, which produced violent heats. Sir John Leicester had several meetings with his Royal Highness to terminate those jealousies, but, unfortunately, their mediation was fruitless, a reunion was not to be effected; the money was returned to the subscribers, and the Society was dissolved.

A few years after the founding of the British Institution, in 1805, the Marquess of Stafford and the Earl of Grosvenor, to contribute in diffusing a taste for fine works of art, had publicly exhibited their pictures by the old masters, on free tickets of admission to their respective Galleries. This public-spirited idea was first suggested by Mr. Shee, the Royal Academician, in one of his very valuable publications. The British Institution, by having exhibited the works of a few deceased British artists, had contributed to dissipate prejudice; but still the principle of exclusively collecting the best works of the English masters, to correct the long-established bad practice of exclusively collecting old foreign pictures, required to be enforced by some additional support: no English gentleman honoured the artists of his own country with a public exhibition in his mansion, and this neglect produced an unfavourable impression of their inferiority upon the minds of many. It was clear that so long as the modern English masters were excluded from an equal display, they must be sufferers by that disadvantageous notion. Sir John Leicester here again took the lead, and opened his Gallery, in Hill-street, to the public, on tickets of free admission, one day in each week, in April and May, 1818. When he first mentioned his intention it was ridiculed as an invitation which few would accept of, and censured as an injudicious competition with the ancients, which could not but be prejudicial to the English artists. The trial proved that he was correct. His Gallery was thronged by the rank, fashion, and talents of the country, and the view of the pictures excited an enthusiasm of which it is impossible to form a conception from report. The force and splendour of the British school flashed conviction on the public mind, and that truly British Exhibition opened an era of triumph to native genius, which caused much astonishment upon the continent, and will ever be remembered with gratitude by the British artists.

When Sir John was making these powerful and efficacious exertions, artists, literary men, and the press, were warm in applauding his public spirit. Northcote, the Royal Academician, the pupil and biographer of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a letter to the writer of these memoirs mentioned the good effect produced by the opening of the Hill-street Gallery, in very strong terms, and added these remarks:—"Long as I have had the honour of knowing Sir John Leicester I have every year had new reasons to admire the excellence of his taste, and his sincere desire to bring the works of the English artists into favour and popularity. Having had bitter experience of the prejudices against English painting, I own I never expected to see an Exhibition of English pictures, opened for the free admission of the public, in the house of an English gentlemen. He has never spared his word, his influence or his fortune, to produce a revolution in our favour. There is no mark of public honour and gratitude to which he is not entitled. I would say more, but that I know your opinion of his merits is as high as my own." One of the late President West's letters to the writer of these memoirs, in 1819, contains the following observations:—"No English gentleman ever did so much for modern art as Sir John Leicester. He has left nothing undone that he could do to encourage and serve the English artists, and I could name many others who have only just

done enough (and that unwillingly) to save themselves from the shame of having done nothing. But he has never cooled nor tired, and, surely, his opening his house for an exhibition of our pictures is the crowning of all. I am now too old to bustle about; but I will join my brother artists in any thing; by the public celebration of his birth-day yearly, or by any other public testimony, to do honour to our noble patron."

Sir Henry Raeburn, the Reynolds of Scotland, also expressed his deep sense of Sir John's patriotism, in a letter from St. Bernard's, his country-seat, near Edinburgh, to the writer of these particulars, in December, 1819, of which the following is an extract, in reference to an engraved portrait of the baronet:—"I again assure you I value the print, because it is the likeness of a man I venerate, who, rising superior to common prejudices, has shown himself the munificent patron and encourager of native genius, and who has so nobly, and so much to his own honour, set an example to other men of fortune, which I hope will soon be followed by many. The more I think of what this gentleman has done the more I am convinced in my own mind, that the good consequence of his exertions will be felt in this country for generations to come; and when you have heard me express my opinion of his public spirit before now, I only spoke the common sentiments of all my brother artists, who never mention his name but with sentiments of respect and esteem." The elegant poet and painter, Shee, the royal academician, whose "Rhymes on Art." have had such an important effect in improving the public taste, and invigorating public opinion, has also as warmly expressed his admiration of the baronet's zeal and munificence. The following appropriate observations are extracted from a letter by that artist to the writer of these memoirs in 1819:—"Sir John Leicester, indeed, appears to be actuated by the noblest impulse of public spirit. His intercourse with the arts is of the most liberal and disinterested character. To him the pleasures of taste must be heightened by the honours of patronage and dignified by the feelings of patriotism: he has done all that the arts can expect from an individual, and more than any other individual has attempted to do. By purchasing extensively and liberally the works of living artists, he has encouraged their exertions, and contributed to their fortune; by forming a public exhibition of these productions, in circumstances so well calculated to display their merits to advantage, he has endeavoured to sanction their pretensions, and contribute to their fame. That his motives may be mistaken or misrepresented, and his merits may be depreciated or denied, he must be prepared to expect; it is the lot of all who obtain any distinction in society for talent or for worth. They who have not the generosity to follow the example he has set may decry it as injudicious, or calumniate it as vain. The disappointed artist may possibly dispute his liberality; the heartless connoisseur may disparage his taste; all the hornets of the time, in short, may buzz and fret around him; but they will dart their little stings in vain towards a man whose merits can be disputed only in the libel of his motives; and who, if he be ambitious of distinction, seeks it only in an honourable effort to raise the drooping genius, and encourage the neglected arts of his country."

Beside the letters from which the preceding extracts are here inserted, this writer has in his possession upwards of one hundred letters from other eminent artists, literary men, and amateurs, containing similar sentiments on the happy change in public opinion, produced by Sir John Leicester's taste, his liberal patronage, and his splendid Exhibition of British pictures in the Hill-street Gallery.

The fame of the paintings by the old masters, in the principal collections of the princes and nobles in Italy, France, Holland, and Germany, had been exceedingly diffused by the publication of critical and descriptive catalogues, which circulated to an unlimited extent. These publications had also the good effect of spreading a correct taste for the Fine Arts, as there is not a prejudice against modern genius in those

countries; but in England no private gentleman of rank and fortune had published a catalogue of English pictures in his own possession. As Sir John had been foremost on so many occasions, he was also the first English gentleman, who gave the British artists this advantage. The author of the Critical Description of Stothard's painting of the Canterbury Pilgrims had just then published his Critical and Descriptive Analysis of "Death on the Pale Horse," painted by Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy. A perusal of that tract induced Sir John to confer upon the writer the very delicate and difficult task of drawing up a descriptive catalogue of the paintings in his Gallery, in which he had the honour of being assisted by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., the learned and accomplished friend of Sir John. The catalogue, forming a royal octavo of 152 pages, was published in March, 1819: a copy was presented to the Prince Regent, who graciously acknowledged it, by his private secretary, as a gratifying favour, and paid a just and warm compliment to Sir John Leicester's taste and public spirit. Presentation copies were also handsomely acknowledged in congratulatory terms by his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, by other branches of the Royal Family, and by several public bodies.

While the British and Scotch artists reaped the advantages, and expressed their sense of Sir John's unwearied exertions in their favour, in Ireland the same feeling prevailed.

In 1819 and 1820, Sir John again opened his Gallery, in Hill-street, to the public on free tickets of admission. He was detained in the country this present year by ill health, but his anxiety to keep alive the flame of emulation induced him to have the Gallery opened as formerly to the public. It was on one of those occassions that Mr. Henry Bone, R.A., whose exquisite pictures in enamel have been so long the admiration of the public, respectfully presented one of his performances to Sir John Leicester, "In token of his early, zealous, and continued patronage of British art." This superb gift was copied from a peasant girl, in a landscape by Gainsborough, in the possession of Lord de Dunstanville. The tasteful transcript is nine inches high, and seven wide, executed in the charming delicacy and mellowness, which characterise the style of Bone, and is valued at two hundred guineas. The memorable sensation excited by the opening of the Gallery in 1818, and 1819, did not expire with the latter year; in 1820, and 1823, the crowds of distinguished visitors were, if possible, greater. The pictures were examined with increased enthusiasm; and good sense, true taste, and British feeling, again triumphed over folly, apathy, and anti-contemporary prejudice.

Another memorable instance of Sir John Leicester's zealous spirit arose out of the following circumstances. The Royal Irish Institution for promoting the Fine Arts, founded in Dublin in 1813, made public their intention, in February last, to erect a National Gallery in the Irish capital. That body has been honoured with marks of the King's especial favour: without any official communication from Dublin, as soon as the existence of the Irish Institution became incidentally known at Carlton-House, that illustrious personage manifested a warm interest in its success. Within less than three months after its formation the Institution was favoured, through the hands of its secretary, with a letter from the Right Hon. Robert Peel, Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, dated Dublin Castle, August 20, 1813, informing him that he had received a letter from Lord Viscount Sidmouth, Secretary of State for the Home Department, London, intimating the gracious pleasure of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, that his name should be placed as patron at the head of the Irish Institution for the promotion of the Fine Arts; and also acquainting the Secretary that His Royal Highness had been graciously pleased to direct the sum of two hundred guineas, on his account, to be paid in aid of the funds of the Irish Institution.

This first act of royal condescension has been followed by other instances of favour, which has awakened the deepest feelings of grati-

tude in the Irish Institution. That prompt manifestation of paternal affection for Ireland, the King's gracious visit to that country on the memorable 12th of August, 1821, was speedily followed by His Majesty's gracious permission to change the first title to that of "The Royal Irish Institution." On the 14th of last February, the Secretaries wrote, by order, an official letter to the Most Noble the Marquess Conyngham, respectfully requesting of him to lay before His Majesty, with a suitable expression of humble duty from the Royal Irish Institution, a transmitted printed tract, containing two letters and a postscript, proposing to expend the amount of the public subscription for a national testimonial, in erecting a National Gallery for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland, under the protection of the Royal Irish Institution, as the most noble and imperishable testimony of Irish gratitude for that signal token of their beloved Sovereign, George IV.'s paternal favour, evinced in his royal visit to that country. On the 23d of the same month the secretaries of the Royal Irish Institution were honoured with a letter from the Marquess Conyngham, dated Brighton, February 19, 1823, stating that he had "had the honour of laying before His Majesty the publication entrusted to his care, and that he felt great pleasure in communicating to them His Majesty's most gracious reception of it."

While this important affair was in agitation a Member of the Royal Irish Institution, who was at Tabley House, presented to Sir John Leicester a copy of the tract which had been so graciously received and acknowledged by His Majesty; he also mentioned to the Baronet the intended National Gallery in Dublin. This communication was made with a knowledge of Sir John's ever-active zeal for promoting the Fine Arts, and with a confident presage of what followed. With a generous promptitude Sir John at once authorised his visitor to write by that day's post to the Secretaries in Dublin, and announce that it was his intention to present to the Royal Irish Institution, Northcote's grand fancy picture of the Alpine Traveller, to be hung up in the National Gallery, towards forming a collection of paintings for the advancement of the students. The picture was accordingly sent, and is nine feet high, seven feet wide, and cost, with the frame, two hundred and fifty guineas. This letter of announcement caused an extraordinary meeting, at which Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart. was unanimously elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Institution, in token of esteem for his early, persevering, and munificent patronage of the British artists, and for the princely gift to the Royal Irish Institution. This was communicated to Sir John Leicester, who acknowledged the same in a most polite manner.

The arrival of a work of art from England, under such novel and gratifying circumstances, occasioned a strong sensation, when contrasted with the fact that many Irish absentees had been, since the Union, withdrawing their old family collections of paintings from Ireland. It was received with honest pride by the Royal Irish Institution, and hung up in their house of meeting, as an example to the Irish nobility and gentry, where it reflects honour upon the genius of Northcote, and on the taste and persevering patriotism of his munificent patron. Sir John, immediately after his first gift, in a letter to his friend in Dublin, announced a second present to the Royal Irish Institution of a capital landscape by Barret. The picture immediatly followed. It is No. 63, in his descriptive catalogue; and, as a superior specimen by a distinguished Irish artist, the selection was made with due attention to the national feelings of the receivers, and was returned by an official letter of warm thanks and gratitude.

His present Majesty, soon after his accession to the throne, was graciously pleased to confer the name of "The King's Regiment of Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry," on the fine corps of which Sir John is Colonel. Sir John has two sons by his marriage; George, the elder, named after King George IV., his godfather, and William, named after his godfather, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

THE SONGS OF DE BERANGER.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE.

A Song sung over the Cradle of a New-born Infant.

Behold, my friends, this little bark essaying
  To stem the billows of life's doubtful sea,
A young and gentle passenger conveying;
  Let us, my friends, its earliest pilots be!
Already, with a soft and easy motion,
  Its slender breast into the wave it throws;
Let us, who see it launched upon the ocean,
  By gaily singing cheer it as it goes.

The breath of Fate into the sails is blowing,
  And smiling Hope the rigging swift prepares,
While, the bright firmament above us shewing,
  She promises calm seas and fav'ring airs.
Ye birds of evil omen, come not near it;
  Of this light skiff the loves are to dispose,
Let us, while from the land they gently steer it,
  By gaily singing cheer it as it goes.

Yes, the loves share a labour so delicious,
  Their garlands throwing round with sportive hand;
The Graces smile upon the task propitious;
  And Friendship at the rudder takes her stand.
See, Bacchus in the skiff the crew inspiring,
  His laughing countenance while Pleasure shews;
Let us, who see it from the coast retiring,
  By gaily singing cheer it as it goes.

See, grave Misfortune, modest Virtue blessing,
  Comes last our little vessel to salute;
And all the good that she has done confessing,
  Begs that this infant may enjoy the fruit.
For this so favour'd bark the gods can never
  So many and such ardent pray'rs oppose;
Let us, who see it quit the shore for ever,
  By gaily singing cheer it as it goes.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.*

Farewell! farewell! thou charming France,
  Whose mem'ry I shall fondly cherish!
Scenes of my childhood's sweet romance,
  Adieu!—to quit you is to perish!

Adopted country, lov'd so well!
  I feel I never may return!
France, hear thy Mary's last farewell,
  And this our parting ever mourn.

* A paraphrase on some lines attributed to the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.

The wind blows strong, the shore recedes,
In vain I weep, in vain I sigh;
In vain my bursting bosom pleads;
Thy coast more quickly seems to fly!

Farewell! farewell! thou charming France,
Whose mem'ry I shall fondly cherish!
Scenes of my childhood's sweet romance,
Adieu!—to quit you is to perish!

When first the people of my choice
Beheld the lilies round my brow,
And rais'd a loud applauding voice,
'Twas to my charms they seem'd to bow.
Oh! what to me is sov'reign pow'r,
In gloomy Scotland far away!
If e'er I wish'd to reign an hour,
It was that *Frenchmen* might obey.

Farewell! farewell! thou charming France,
Whose mem'ry I shall fondly cherish!
Scenes of my childhood's sweet romance,
Adieu!—to quit you is to perish!

The charms of glory, genius, love,
Have made my early days too bright;
So sad, so cruel a remove
This flow'r of bliss will surely blight!
Alas! e'en now a dreadful thought
Brings terror to my inmost soul!
Last night, a dream with horror fraught
Upon my broken slumber stole.

Farewell! farewell! thou charming France,
Whose mem'ry I shall fondly cherish!
Scenes of my childhood's sweet romance,
Adieu!—to quit you is to perish!

France, should the day of peril come
To Stuart's noble daughter, then
To thy fair shores, as to her home,
She'll turn these mournful looks again!
But, ah! the breeze too freshly blows,
Too swiftly wafts to other skies,
And night her dusky mantle throws
To hide thee from my tearful eyes!

Farewell! farewell! thou charming France,
Whose mem'ry I shall fondly cherish!
Scenes of my childhood's sweet romance,
Adieu!—to quit you is to perish!

ROMANCES.

To Sophia, who requested that the author would compose a Romance for her entertainment.

You wish, my dear, I would compose
A long romance, my pow'rs to shew;
But, ah! too well thy poet knows
So long a task he must forego.

When far the spring of youth has fled,
  Romances all must fleeting be;
I scarce can longer hope to thread
  The bright romance of love with thee!

The mistress and the friend combin'd,
  In thy sweet self thy lover sees;
Thou wilt be tender still, and kind,
  When pleasure shall have ceas'd to please.
No tale of hero or of sage,
  Of virtue's woe, or war's mischance,
Will e'er be worth a single page
  Of friendship's exquisite romance!

Our history's a mournful tale!
  But, Sophy, this my spirit cheers—
To think that love's and pleasure's gale
  Shall waft thee down the stream of years.
Long may fresh roses deck thy hair!
  Long may thy cheek its roses keep!
And may those eyes so brilliant, ne'er
  O'er life's romance have cause to weep!

The following verses were addressed to St. Arnault, by De Beranger, on his departure into exile, in January 1816. The author seeks to console the poet's admirers by reminding them that, although *Winter's* gloomy aspect and desolating hand have banished the songsters from their fields, they will assuredly be found returning with returning *Spring*. The image is at once simple, beautiful, and original.

THE BIRDS.

Addressed to St. Arnault on his departure into exile, in January 1816.

Fierce Winter, with redoubl'd rage,
  Lays waste our fields and shuts our doors;
The birds commence their pilgrimage,
  To love and sing on other shores.
But speedily shall come the day,
  Which here again their notes will bring;
The birds that Winter drives away
  Shall herald the return of Spring.

To grieve for this their banish'd lot
  Rather to us than them belongs;
Alike the palace and the cot
  Will miss the music of their songs.
They go, their unrestricted lay
  In some more happy realm to sing;
The birds that Winter drives away
  Shall herald the return of Spring.

Fix'd in this land of doubts and fears,
  We envy while we mourn their flight;
E'en now a northern cloud appears,
  Pregnant with danger and affright,
Happy the songster's lot, who may
  His course to blander climates wing!
The birds that Winter drives away
  Shall herald the return of Spring.

They'll think of us beyond the sea;
  And, when stern Winter's rule is past,
Will settle on that ancient tree
  Which has so oft withstood his blast!
Foretelling many a future day
  Of joy, our bosoms gladdening:
The birds that Winter drives away
  Shall herald the return of Spring.

MY REPUBLIC.

So much of monarchy I've known,
  Republics now are all my taste;
So I will have one of my own,
  And thus its outline I have traced:
No traffic here, except in wines;
  Each sentence shall be pass'd with glee;
These walls its limits shall define,
  And its device be—*Liberty*.

My friends, now each one take his glass;
  The Senators have met to-day;
First, a severe decree we'll pass,
  To banish dulness far away.
What!—Banishment, a word so rude
  Should be unknown among the free;
On us can dulness ne'er intrude,
  For pleasure waits on *Liberty*.

That luxury by whose excess
  He's injur'd, joy himself restrains—
Let each his freest thoughts express;
  So Bacchus graciously ordains.
Let each one's faith unquestion'd pass,
  Whate'er his deity may be;
Nay, let him even go to mass—
  Such is the will of *Liberty*.

Nobles to freedom oft are foes,
  We'll leave our ancestors at rest;
And have no titles, e'en for those
  Who laugh the most or drink the best.
Should any one ambitious feel,
  His fellows at his feet to see;
We'll ply the Cæsar till he reel,
  And so preserve our *Liberty*.

To this republic let us drink,
  And may it flourish free from fears;
But, ah! e'en now its glories sink,
  For see, a mighty foe appears!
Lisette is come to shew how vain
  Are all our efforts to be free:
Her beauty will assure her reign,
  And so farewell to *Liberty*.

SONG TO ——.

The nightingale his song of love
Addresses to the rose;
The lark sings to his mate—the dove,
His warm and constant flame to prove,
Coos gently in the silent grove,
His passion to disclose.

There's not a flow'r that scents the breeze,
Around, beneath, above;
There's not a gale that fans the trees;
There's not a thing that breathes or sees;
The flowers, the streams, the birds, the bees,
All feel the force of love!

Were I the nightingale, I'd sing
For thee alone, my rose;
No other tree should tempt my wing,
I'd flutter round thee in the spring,
To fan thy beauties I would bring
Each gentle breeze that blows!

Were I a lark, my sweetest song
For thee my mate I'd raise;
Were I a flower the fields among,
I'd shrink me from the vulgar throng,
And think the sunny day was long,
Till I should meet thy gaze!

I'd seek the sunshine and the shade,
Were I thy lovesick bee;
I'd range through flowers that court the glade,
The valley and the cool cascade,
To rob their sweets, my gentle maid!
And waft them all to thee!

Were I a silv'ry stream, I'd flow
But to reflect thy form;
Were I a breeze, I'd gently blow
Wherever thou, my love, should'st go,
To fan thy brow and breast of snow,
And warn thee of the storm!

Oh! thus through nature unconfin'd,
I'd freely range to prove
How I could love, if thou wert kind;
Yea, ev'ry form in fancy's mind,
That courts the sun or feels the wind,
I'd take to win thy love!

G. L. A.

THE THREE SISTERS.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from page 110.*)*

The prospect of taking up my summer residence in the Temple or the *Bicêtre*, or of making a voyage to Cayenne, had so few charms for me, that I drove George out immediately for post horses, and set about packing my trunk myself. While thus occupied I debated with myself which route to take, with fifteen Louis d'ors; for M. Brelon had encreased his demand from three to five Louis, *pour prendre congé*. I could not very well make the tour of Europe; and, unluckily, I had troubled myself too little with matters of business since my departure from Hamburgh, to recollect on the instant any one of my father's correspondents to whom I could apply for assistance in this emergency, though there were certainly many in Paris who would willingly have rendered it. "To Bourdeaux, said I, at length half aloud; we will pay our devoirs to M. Gerson, and the trio of would-be brides; the old fellow surely will not suffer his son-in-law to want cash, and I will waver between the attractions of his three daughters till I find an opportunity to escape from them all."

We reached Orleans without stopping; my exchequer was very low, and I was unwilling to appear as a beggar before M. Gerson. The bracelets of my unknown bride came as if called for; I dispatched George to a jeweller in the town to convert them into cash. They might have been worth about three hundred Louis d'ors. George brought me eighty for them, which he had accepted only conditionally, subject to my approval. I gingled them in my purse, and we proceeded.

The journey to Bourdeaux was both quick and agreeable. Sometimes my heart flew back to Paris to the fair *incognita;* yet as my whole life in that city recurred to me but as the remembrance of a dream, so the idea of my fruitless passion was like the yet fainter and more uncertain recollections of something long past, which frequently leave us at last in doubt whether they owe their existence to an actual occurrence, or are the mere offspring of our imagination.

The impressions gradually wore off entirely, and, on alighting at M. Gerson's door, I found myself in the best humour in the world for falling in love with each of the daughters by turns, and then returning to Hamburgh with the same alacrity and indifference as I had made the journey hither.

The house of my predestined father-in-law presented no contemptible appearance. My name seemed to sound as melodiously in the ears of the *domestique* as the chinking of a dozen gold pieces. He overloaded me with civility, and conducted me to M. Gerson. M. Gerson was a whole head below the Parisian standard; broad-shouldered, thin, and the curious eye might detect a slight aberration from the perpendicular in his figure. His forehead, unusually high, was lengthened by the baldness of his head almost to a caricature; while his hollow, leather-coloured cheeks, seemed but a continuation of his gigantic, wedge-like nose. So much the smaller, however, had nature, in a fantastic mood, formed both his eyes and his mouth. The former sparkled with all the vivacity of the French character, and the latter small, round, and puckered up, bore no bad resemblance to a rose-bud worked on a yellow ground.

He received me with a warm embrace, which he effected by means of a spring, that none but a Frenchman knows how to make with propriety; and, to my astonishment, there streamed from the opening, which served him for a mouth, such a flow of civility and compliment, that I could only find room for *Monsieur—ah! pardonnez*, to express all my gratitude.

It was near supper time, and in a quarter of an hour two covers were served up. "Surely, thought I, this prudent man keeps his three daughters under lock and key, that he may be able to guarantee them when disposed of. But if they have any share of their father's beauty their portraits will never grace the Louvre, and they can never be more secure from lovers than when they are in sight."

To my satisfaction, M. Gerson produced such excellent wine, that at the second bottle I forgot that I had come to Bourdeaux to sacrifice to Venus and the Graces, and not to Bacchus. For himself he drank enough to shame both a German of the old, and a Frenchman of the modern school. His cheeks began to glow with a lustre that at length rivalled the *aurora borealis*, and his eyes, contracting themselves to a point, twinkled like stars, while his heart, on the contrary, expanded itself to unbounded confidence and good will.

"It is to your father," said he, "that I am in some measure indebted for my present affluence. You know I was once in his counting-house?" — "My father has told me as much."—"He recommended me to M. Pegionneau, the former proprietor of this house, and this establishment. I had the good fortune to please him and his only daughter."—"I find that very natural M. Gerson."—"You are extremely polite, Mr. Waltmann,—and I became his heir. My wife brought me three daughters, and died as she lay-in of the last."—"I can imagine the agony of your sufferings."—"Oh! hell has nothing to equal it. Very fortunately I found out a distant relation, a very good sort of a woman, who took charge of my house, and superintended the education of my daughters; and, in justice to her, I must say, that she acquitted herself to my entire satisfaction; for while she inculcated those domestic virtues and habits, which form the principal charm of private life, she did not neglect such accomplishments as would qualify them to move in the highest circles. In short, my happiness had been complete had nature formed them less beautiful, or, at least, had she not formed them all equally lovely."—"A very singular misfortune your's M. Gerson."—"I will confess to you my weakness; at first I considered it my greatest happiness, and made it my proudest boast, that all Bourdeaux, nay the whole province, could produce nothing to equal the beauty of my daughters. There was no lack of admirers."—"That of course," said I, "and I only wonder to see the walls of your house in such good condition."—"Who addressed themselves first to one, then to another of my girls. But they were all too prudent and too mindful of the excellent precepts of their kind instructress to suffer themselves to be seduced into attachments, from which no honourable alliance could result. They wished first to know their future husbands, and then to love them; and every gentleman, who honoured them with his attentions, was received freely at my house, in order that he might become better acquainted with my daughters, while, at the same time, he thus exposed himself to their probation."—"What wisdom! Surely your daughters are not only the Graces, but the Minervas also of France?"—"In truth, very good girls, Mr. Waltmann. But this laudable circumspection led to very disagreeable consequences. Not a single young man of taste and sentiment visited us who did not, on a nearer acquaintance with my daughters, become more and more undetermined in his choice. And this difficulty was encreased by their having reciprocally bound themselves to give no gentleman the least encouragement, and also to suppress every feeling of love in their own bosoms, till his choice had fallen on one or other of them."—"Incredible!"—"I should doubt it myself if I had not had experience of the fact; but, upon the word of an honest man, they have lost at least thirty handsome offers by these means."—"That is ten for each—but your account makes me fear that I have made the journey from Hamburgh hither merely for the satisfaction of adding one towards filling up the second score."—"Permit me, Sir; in a friendly letter to your father I lamented my misfortune, acquaint-

ing him with my precise situation. He answered that he had an only son, a clever well-disposed"—(I bowed)—" but addicted to extravagance and dissipation,"—(" *Pardieu!* I exclaimed, my father does not flatter his children") " and it would please him much to see him united to one of my daughters, provided he could gain her consent and my approbation. I replied that nothing could be more gratifying to me than so intimate an union with the family of my old friend and benefactor, and that as far as the hearts of my daughters were concerned, I had too much confidence in their filial devotion to be apprehensive of any difficulty on that point. Captain Classen was the bearer of your father's letter referring to you: the bill of lading was correct, but the merchandize was wanting."—I began to attempt an excuse, but the old gentleman stopped me, saying,—" My friend was right, and I love such wild rogues heartily." M. Gerson had more subtlety in his politeness than I could have imagined. His praise won him my esteem, and I began to view the matter in a serious light.

" It would grieve me much," he continued, " if this plan, which has originated in the most friendly sentiments, should fail of success. I have thought of an expedient to prevent such a failure, and I will acquaint you with it, for I am candid, and it is fit you should know my measures. You shall not be introduced to all my daughters at once. I have sent the two youngest of them into the country, and reserved the eldest only for your acquaintance. This is in a manner her birth-right. She is your's whenever you can make up your minds together. I will not send for her sisters until you have declared yourself, and I think your attachment so strong as to run no risk. You are not confined, however, to this one, for every body has his taste, and would to God my daughters had confirmed, rather than disproved, that saying! To-morrow morning you shall see her; in the mean time we will toast the health of her whom you may choose."

The next morning as I lay in bed ruminating more *soberly* upon my extraordinary situation, some doubts again arose in my mind. It was flattering to me to be chosen for the hero to destroy the spell that bound these inseparables, and to release so many captive hearts; but I scarcely could trust the satyrlike phiz of the father. I was angry, too, that they were not all to appear before me at once, like the Goddesses on Mount Ida before the Shepherd; and I made an oath to preserve the most inflexible indifference till I had seen them all.

George came to attend me; there was an expression of sprightliness in his countenance that indicated, as I thought, the possession of some joyful secret. I asked whether he had already been more successful in love here, in Bourdeaux, than the Germans formerly were in the field? " I think not of myself," he answered; " you have it now in your power to redeem the honour of our country. I have seen Mad. Constantia."—" Who is Mad. Constantia?" — " M. Gerson's eldest daughter."—" You have seen her, you say; well, is she worth the journey?"—" Aye, and though you had made it upon your knees like a pilgrim, mounting the holy steps. But what signifies my talking; up instantly, every moment is a treasure that is spent in gazing on her." " *Donnerwetter!*—I sprang out of bed and bade him dispatch. When such a connoisseur as you is in extacy, what is to become of my fine senses?"

M. Gerson paid me a morning visit. " You will forgive me, Mr. Waltmann," said he, " if you do not see me all day long except at table. My daughter will afford you society whenever you feel disposed to seek it, and I beg you will make yourself quite at home here." I thanked him for his kindness, and went, as soon as I was dressed, to announce myself as a new candidate to his daughter.

Alas, my poor heart! It throbbed violently as I entered the flame to singe my wings, as so many enamoured moths had done before me. A reverential awe overwhelmed me in the presence of this dazzling beauty, such as I had never before

experienced, except in Paris, at the sight of the unknown. She stood there like a fairy queen, robed in majesty, and crowned with the perfection of beauty and loveliness; and a smile of compassion for the daring lover, who ventured, not without fear and trembling, into her presence, danced upon her rosy lips.

"The astonishment, Mademoiselle, without which no mortal can behold your charms, is not new to you; but the sight of such perfection is entirely new to me." I stammered out so with much difficulty; she answered with some slight compliment, and spoke with great sprightliness and vivacity on different subjects. Her self-possession restored me by degrees to my own, and enabled me to examine her with a more critical attention.

I have not taken up the pen to write an elaborate treatise on female beauty, or to give laws to the pencil of the artist. Miss Constantia may have her portrait painted, to serve in future as the standard, if she is so zealous a well-wisher to the *beaux-arts*. Nor have I any claim to the title of *virtuoso;* therefore the most highly-finished description I could give, would not, perhaps, be better than none at all, in the opinion of the gentry of that class. Suffice it then to say, that my inexperienced eye sought in vain for a single blemish or imperfection amidst so many beauties. This roundness of contour, this elegance and symmetry of figure, this inimitable blending of the rose with the lily on the cheek, belong to no country but the land of beauty, and it was only her brown hair and dark sparkling eyes, that could serve as proofs of any relationship with France. How I regretted the abuse I had so inconsiderately and so unwarrantedly lavished upon the French ladies. How contemptible in my present estimation did the brightest beauties of Hamburgh appear, who were so unlucky as to serve me for a comparison with this angelic creature!

My admiration increased as she, with an amiable artlessness, gradually developed her talents and accomplishments. She played, she sang, she drew, in the style of a master.

It was some time before I could feel at ease in her presence. She remained true to herself; always enchanting, but never more so at one time than at another, and I grew accustomed to her as to the sight of a beautiful painting. My natural gaiety of temper returned, and I joked her, without reserve, on the pretensions which her father's complacency towards me warranted my putting forth. "I have proved with my eyes," said I, "and my heart is already most cruelly scorched. But I am a merchant, and it is usual with us to put every article, as far as can be done without injury to it, to the test of all our senses. You cannot then, belle Constance, refuse me permission to try whether those ruby lips are as sweet to kiss as they are tempting to look on." She was too true a Frenchwoman to be angry at this jest. I kissed her, but her treacherous lips caught mine, and they clung to them like the luckless sparrow to the limed twig. I could not take them away; and when, at length, by her withdrawing her head, their release was effected, my cheerfulness was gone, and I wanted I knew not what. From this moment her conquest was complete. I saw nothing, I thought of nothing but Constantia. I hungered and thirsted for nothing but the nectar of her lips; and as it appeared to depend solely upon myself, by declaring her my bride, to secure to myself every enjoyment that she could bestow, so it was the more unaccountable that I should mount the ladder of bliss in imagination, step by step, till I hung, not only with extacy and delight, but with violent and impetuous desire upon each individual charm! The evil grew every time I saw her. She herself was evidently less at ease. In short, unable to hold out longer, I went to M. Gerson, fourteen days after my arrival, and demanded the hand of his daughter.

I will not attempt to describe the old man's joy on the occasion, or the grotesque capers and gestures by which he testified it. He led me to his daughter, and gave her into my arms. I clasped the incompa-

rable girl with rapture to my bosom. "Bravo!" cried he, as he beheld us; "excellent! *c'est comme il faut, je m'en souviens encore!* To-morrow, Constantia, I will write to your sisters, for they must be present at your nuptials."

And my oath to wait till, like an eastern Sultan, I could choose between three houris, and throw my handkerchief to the happy object of my preference? Alas! my dear brothers and sisters, do ye not know how little such ballast helps to steady a heart when passion fills its sails? One glance of the beloved cancels all oaths! They melt like snow before the sunny smile of beauty.

Angelica, the second daughter, arrived in a few days. She had been residing with a relation at Rochelle. Beautiful as she was she appeared less so near her sister, and I congratulated myself, almost without knowing it, on having, at all events, chosen the best of two. Victoria, the youngest, was still absent. A letter came in eight or ten days time to her sister Angelica, saying that she was gone to a distant part of the country on a visit, with her aunt, to whose care she had been entrusted, and would soon return.

This delayed our nuptials, and I had plenty of leisure to compare the two sisters with each other.

Angelica was one inch shorter than her sister; her figure one inch nearer the *en bon point;* her skin one degree inferior in *blancheur;* her teeth not quite so small, so regular, and so white; in a word, each feminine beauty had been allotted to her a little, but very little, inferior to her sister's. She sang and played; she worked embroidery and painted on velvet; but her performances were only those of an apt and promising pupil, while her sister's exhibited the finished touch of the master.

It gave me much pleasure, at first, to make these observations in favor of my elect. Angelica was moreover somewhat dejected and reserved, which was greatly to her disadvantage. It was not long, however, before this apparent melancholy passed over like a summer cloud, and was succeeded by a gaiety and playfulness that nature had endowed with irresistible interest and attraction, and which the tranquillity of her sister's temper relieved and brought out, like a figure painted in brilliant colours on a sombre ground. An overflow of witticisms streamed from her lips. Scarcely had I time to admire the point of one repartee before a second claimed the like tribute of applause and admiration. She frequently suppressed her wit, but she could never conceal or disguise the arch and satirical, yet good-natured expression of her thoughts that beamed from her eyes.

Her actions, her attentions, bore the same stamp; her song expressed the most widely-opposed sentiments with equal fidelity to nature; her paintings were marked with an originality highly *piquant;* and her embroidery in design at least, though not in execution, greatly excelled her sister's.

Naturally gay and lively myself, I was delighted with her volatile disposition; we grew more and more intimate, and while I gave Constantia my kisses and sighs, my conversation was always addressed to her laughter-loving sister. But these kisses, much as they enraptured me, and these sighs, softly as they swelled my bosom, I found, on repetition, always the same. Angelica's conversation, on the contrary, took every day a new and more enchanting turn. As often as I beheld Constantia my bosom heaved with tender wishes; as often as I listened to Angelica my whole soul flew to the fascinating chatterer.

For some time they preserved an equipoise—imperceptibly the scales began to rise and fall alternately, and at the end of another fortnight I loved Constantia while I beheld her only, but the lively Angelica occupied my thoughts no less in solitude than in her presence.—What most astonished me was, that the former witnessed the decline of my attachment without displeasure, while the latter shewed no marks of satisfaction at my growing partialty.

M. Gerson said nothing to all this. Engaged all day in his counting-house we saw him but in the evening, when, throwing off all the cares of business, he gave himself up

entirely to domestic enjoyments, taking part in all our games and amusements; and I found that the little Esop, as he frequently called himself, was not far inferior to the ancient hero of fabulists.

He introduced me to many of his friends in Bourdeaux, and procured me by that means a number of engagements, which, to my annoyance, took me frequently from home, and oftentimes without making me any amends for the loss of my charming society. Love had completely altered me, and the costly banquets and brilliant entertainments of the inhabitants of Guienne had no longer any attraction for a heart that had once tasted its purer joys.

One evening, returning home from a visit, I alighted at the garden-gate, knowing that the family would be there that day. On entering a pavilion where I expected to find the company I heard voices, and trod lightly, more from instinct than with intention. I was not long in recognizing the voice of my betrothed in altercation with a man. "I am sorry for it, I suffer by it myself, but I cannot help it."—"Oh, if you did but wish it!" replied a voice which I thought I knew. "But I durst not do it, D'Argenet."

D'Argenet was a clerk in the house, whom I had occasionally met at dinner, and I considered him an unassuming gentlemanly young man. "It is hard—it is insupportable," said he, "after receiving such strong assurances of love from the most amiable of beings to be thus deceived."—"You know I cannot help it."—"I can scarcely believe it." "Fye, D'Argenet, you have no right to doubt it; you know, as well as I, how expressly my father has forbidden us any attachment, because he has bound himself to Mr. Waltmann's father."—"A foolish obligation."—"That is his affair. You persecuted me with your love—the expected bridegroom came not. I thought myself entitled to choose, and I made choice of you because you pleased me. At length he came,"—"Oh! that he had never come!"—"I should not have regretted it. This big blue-eyed German has all the pride without the politeness of a Frenchman. His love is peremptory and dictatorial, and when he has been drinking with my father I am quite afraid of him. But would you have me displease my father? You well know he will have his own way, and I must be contented if I get, though not an amiable, at least a tolerable husband."—"Heavens! what tortures you inflict upon me! Are these charms, which I adore, to become the property of another? To be basely sold to him like a bale of goods! Oh! Constantia, I will not endure it—on the fatal day that gives you to him I will leave the country for ever, or kill myself or him."—"You are a fool, D'Argenet, and would be least so if you were to choose the former." This retort, uttered with her wonted calmness, and with the most musical accent, threw the lover into an extacy of rage, and he uttered his remonstrances with such rapidity that I could catch only a single word here and there; however, I had heard enough, and I withdrew as softly as I had entered.

"A narrow escape, Mademoiselle," said I, as I rested myself on a bank, after half an hour's promenade. "But you have deceived yourself. I am satiated with your inanimate charms, and the attractive Angelica will amply compensate me for their loss."

Early the next morning I waited upon M. Gerson. Pretending a great deal of generosity, I assured him that I would never allow myself the most distant claim to the hand of a lady, whose heart was already disposed of. The old man was so enraged that I had difficulty in restraining him. D'Argenet was poor. I represented to him that a lady like his daughter, possessed of 800,000 livres, might with propriety choose a husband without fortune, and, moreover, a merchant, whose industry would probably soon double the sum. It was solely on my account that he was so concerned about it. In order to appear consistent I complained a good deal of the loss of Constantia, but ventured to assure him, at the same time, that I considered Angelica capable of consoling the most distracted lover, and that I did not doubt of loving her, in a short time, as passionately as I had her sister, provided I had his sanction to my addresses. So

the bargain was struck, and we sought the two ladies, who were ignorant of what had passed, to announce to them their fate.

I felt half afraid as I stood before them, not of Constantia, whose secret wishes were about to be gratified, but of the trimming glances of my new mistress, which promised me a warm reception. Hitherto I had returned her satire, stroke for stroke; to-day I seemed to face my foe defenceless and unarmed.

"Charming Constantia," I began, as M. D'Argenet, who had been sent for, entered the room, "this young man has a prior claim to your hand to me, and deserves it the more as you have yourself given him this claim. I lacerate my own heart while I thus burst the bands which have united it with your's, but I will never purchase my own happiness at the price of hers, who is to form it; and I have used all my persuasion to induce your father to give you to my rival." M. Gerson confirmed what I said, and the two lovers soon forgot their gratitude in the joy to which they abandoned themselves. It was the first time that I had beheld Constantia embellished with the expression of feeling, and I felt that I would have parted with her at no price had she once shewn herself thus *to me*.

The worst was now over; with assumed tranquillity and confidence, but with actual shyness and dread, like a culprit, I presented myself to Angelica, who had not uttered a word, but had been scanning us all with a keen eye pregnant with mischief. "You are extremely generous, Sir," said she, ill concealing a smile at the expense of her lip, and giving me a look that it is impossible to describe. "If so, my angelic Angelica, I may confidently reckon upon your rewarding me." —"As such disinterestedness deserves, Sir, rely upon it."—"Your very flattery intimidates me."—"I intended it should."—"But the attraction of your charms is more powerful."—"I wish I had less of them"—"Then I should suffer less." "That is not my reason for wishing so."—"I am now deserted."—"I pity the deserted." — "So much the more ardently, then, let me hope," said I, bending my knee before her, "that you will pity and relieve me by consenting to marry me."—"Oh! I beg, Sir, you will settle that matter standing. It is not worth while—marry, say you? that is but little; I was almost afraid you were going to ask me to love you."—"I take that for granted."—"You will do me a great favour if you will always take that for granted, it will save me a great deal of trouble."—"You drive me to desperation!"—What favour but that *one* can you ask that I would not most willingly grant? You will at all events lose nothing."—"I feel how little I deserve such a treasure, and will endeavour at least to outdo you in tenderness."—"There you will have greatly the advantage of me."—"M. Gerson," said I to her father, "I must entreat your mediation; Angelica promises to marry me, but she bites and scratches, and lays about her like a Tartar bride." —"Let her have her way. She is a foolish girl, but an affectionate daughter, and she will make you an excellent wife. There," said he, laying her hand in mine, "she is your's." She gave her hand without resistance, and regarded me, while I held it, with a look of assurance and triumph that seemed to say, "you are now in my power, and I will soon let you feel it." I interpreted it so, and, not feeling disposed to give her an opportunity of carrying her threat into immediate execution, I took no further notice of her, but after conversing a few minutes with D'Argenet withdrew, not a little disgusted at the occurrences of the day.

Angelica continued in the same tone; and I regretted a thousand times that I had converted my amiable and entertaining chatterbox into a quarrelsome mistress. She sought every occasion to torture my feelings; and when by reiterated taunts she had so exasperated me that my anger was on the point of breaking out with fury, she soothed and flattered me again till I forgot all, and was even foolish enough to hope she would alter her conduct. It was not enough that I personally suffered by her freaks, but I had, moreover, the mortification to per-

ceive that our contests afforded entertainment to the whole family, and was compelled to take their laughter to myself, because I too keenly felt that I was the losing party.

The measure of my sufferings was not yet full. The severest torture was still in reserve. The uncle, from Rochelle, arrived at M. Gerson's on a visit, bringing with him a young man, whom they called cousin. Angelica embraced them both, and my keen jealous eye read in the glances of the said cousin an emotion that appeared too tender for mere relationship. "I am heartily glad you are come, cousin," said she to him, "here is my intended bridegroom, Mr. Waltmann, of Hamburgh. I have hitherto only teased and joked him a little, but I will now be revenged on him, through you, for all the harm he may do me after our marriage." The young man blushed, and replied by some unmeaning compliments. "I now solemnly appoint you my Cicisbo, for the Italian custom pleases me since we have husbands from Germany. You shall be umpire in all our quarrels, because I make sure that you will always decide in my favour. You shall have the key of my apartment; you shall always be near me to defend me against him. He marries me merely out of revenge because my sister does not like him, and surely I act very generously in making his revenge as difficult, that is to say, as sweet as possible."—"You are an imp of the devil," cried M. Gerson, threatening her. "Leave me to myself, my dear father, the Germans have always shewn great patience towards our nation, and I fear myself, that I should not easily find a lamb of a Frenchman to hold out with me." I was boiling with rage. Great as was the effort it required, I restrained myself, however. *Il faut faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu.* But it was past endurance when she made earnest of the jest, treating her cousin with familiarity and tenderness, while she repulsed me with the greatest harshness. "I do it merely to try you," was her answer to my remonstrances. "That is, you cut open my body to ascertain whether my heart beats; but I shall find means to escape this cruelty." I left the room hastily, and she pursued me with shouts and laughter. Highly incensed I went instantly to her father, and laid my complaints before him. "You surprise me," said he, "I imagined you to be on the most friendly footing together. Yes, yes; she is a little satan, but withal an affectionate, kind-hearted girl, and if you do not cross her humour with too much sensibility, you will have the liveliest wife in the world. However, I'll talk to her."

He did it regardless of my opposition; and whether inconsiderately or intentionally I know not, but he did it in the presence of the whole family.

The smiles of the audience, as M. Gerson, with many grimaces, delivered his paternal exhortation, announced to me my fate. "What," said Angelica, "are the nerves of a German so delicate? You cannot endure that I pass through life skipping and dancing? While you fail of hitting my humour, it is no wonder that you cannot gain my love."—"Charming Angelica."—"Say that to my sister, I am wicked and insupportable; and yet I love you as well as any lady does her lap-dog or parrot."—"Do you not perform the part of the former? for those animals bite and snarl at their mistresses, though never so much fondled and petted by them." She smiled and gave me her hand, which I kissed with gratitude. But this humour lasted scarcely a quarter of an hour, and I became again the object of her ridicule.

By accident, rummaging one day in my trunk, I found a letter from my father, addressed, "To the beloved bride of my son." The affectionate language of a father, thought I, will make some impression upon her, and I delivered the letter to Angelica.

"It is not for me," said she, "for I am not beloved; however, I will open the letter, as I am to fill the place of one who is." She read it. "You have an excellent father, Mr. Waltmann; his kindness really surprizes me. He knows that ladies are fond of ornaments, and brides

particularly. Will you not shew me the jewels?" I was struck dumb with shame and confusion; I stared wildly at her, unable to make her any answer. "Surely you have not lost them?" — "My father must have forgotten them; will you permit me to see the letter?"—"What, shall I entrust so valuable a document into such rapacious hands? Cousin Cicisbo, read it to him." The counsin read,—"The solitaire and the bracelets, which my son will deliver with this letter, are for your acceptance, &c." I stood like a tree shivered by the lightning, ready to sink to the earth. I cursed the hour a thousand times that led me to this house, and made me acquainted with perfections that to me were only a source of trouble and vexation.

"Pray, cousin," said my tormentor, pointing at me with her finger, "now only look at this poor sinner. His father sends him away from Hamburgh because the ladies there all know him too well to have him. Three sisters, the ornaments of France, attend the coming of this German bridegroom like slaves in Smyrna, waiting for a purchaser. Oh! thinks he, they will thank God if I come at all, soon or late; and so he takes a ramble of three weeks to make the most of his liberty while it lasts. His means are exhausted, and he is prudent enough to prefer the well-stocked kitchen and rich cellar of his future father-in-law to starvation at Paris. But how is he to get there? Oh! the jewels of his intended bride must contribute, such of them, at least, as the Parisian friends may have spared."—"Good God! I exclaimed."—"Be silent—this gentleman shall know it all. He comes and sees the eldest; she pleases his fancy, and the reigning beauty of Bourdeaux becomes his bride. I come next. He *hears* me, I catch him by his ears."

"How unjust!"—"Don't interrupt me. He gives the first a charming, respectful, gallant dismissal; and any body who did not know him might possibly have given him credit for something like generosity; then he turns to me as the second, merely out of compassion, lest I should pine with grief at his neglect, or die an old maid for want of another offer. I accept, with great humility, the present of his love a little worn by so much use, suffer myself patiently to be abused by him and scolded by my father on his account, and now instead of my jewels, which he has either sold or given away, he brings me the empty letter in derison."—"Dearest Angelica!"—"I beg you will not name me; my name sounds horridly, quite diabolically from your lips; really, you deserve to be married to me for a punishment. I will engage that my sister Victoria will make a third and more complete conquest of your heart, for she is as handsome as Constantia, as witty as I, and has more sensibility than both of us together, and bears the name with the deed. But do not flatter yourself that she will have you. You are mine now, and this letter of your father's, even without the solitaire and bracelets, is a deed of gift of your person which I will never part with."—"The most agreeable assurance, adorable Angelica, that you could possibly give me."—"Spare me your flattery till I wish to hear it." Her angry mien was so evidently a disguise that I found her doubly attractive, and I seized her hand to kiss it. "Hold!" she cried, snatching it away, "the hour is not yet come when I am to serve out my tenderness to you in portions and rations, as my duty and my conscience may dictate."

At length we received intelligence that Victoria would arrive the following day, and the impatient father fixed the day after that for the celebration of both our nuptials. Angelica made no objection. The nearer prospect of being mine "for better for worse" seemed to inspire her with milder feelings, and I rejoiced to see it.

Victoria came late in the evening. I expressed a hope that it was not too late to offer her my congratulations on her return, but Angelica stopped me short. "I thought so, said she, but you will not see her; not until you stand with me at the altar shall you behold the treasure that you have rejected unseen, to throw yourself into the clutches of such a plague as I am."—I confess that I did not contemplate the event

without some little misgivings of mind. Angelica was beautiful, rich, and *spirituelle;* but I reflected that the first of these perfections would soon decay; the second was of little value to me; and the third, to judge by the experience I had already had, would strew more thorns than roses in my path. And where would then be those happy hours of calm contentment and domestic peace, which I promised myself would abundantly compensate me for the loss of my freedom, and the boisterous and extravagant pleasures of a batchelors life?

D'Argenet came and embraced me as his brother-in-law, and led me to the saloon where the ceremony was to be performed. The father, the two sisters, the uncle, and the cousin were already assembled there, together with the priest. Victoria was the only one absent.

"Oh, she is still at her toilette," said Angelica; "she will not allow even a bride, on the day of her nuptials, the satisfaction of being thought handsome in her presence; a great weakness, is it not, my dear Waltmann?" — I nodded in affirmation. She was indescribably fascinating in this sprightly mood.— "Well, then; you have to thank your stars that I am more solid."

At this moment two ladies entered the room by a side door. I was much more surprised than the sagacious reader will be, who has long suspected it, to recognize in these two ladies my Parisian friends, the aunt and her lovely niece. "At last," cried Angelica, drawing me by the hand towards the table, where the minister stood prepared to perform the sacred office; but my face was turned towards Victoria, who, blushing a deep crimson, and more beautiful than she had ever appeared to me, regarded me with a serious and enquiring look."—"Your love seems to need the lash," said Angelica; "pray begin M. La Tournelle." The words were like an electric shock to me. I hastily disengaged my hand, and stood petrified before the minister; he smiled and laid down his book.

Victoria stood unmoved. My ring sparked on her finger, and the bracelets, which I had sold at Orleans, on her arms. All eyes were fixed upon me, and I was ready to wish the earth would open and swallow me up. "Pray cousin," cried the provoking Angelica, "Do marry Victoria for my sake, for as long as my bridegoom sees a sister single he thinks he is bound to make love to her."

The young man approached Victoria. Unable longer to master my feelings, I flew across the room and took her hand. She blushed, gave me a look of tenderness, and suffered me to hold it. "Is it possible?" I exclaimed. "I have no claim upon your forgiveness, but with the powerful emotions you first taught me to feel all my hopes revive, and it rests with you, lovely Victoria, to crown or blast them for ever?"—"I am no longer my own," she replied, pointing to the jewels; "I have received my price." —"This is past endurance," exclaimed Angelica, "So rude a bridegroom never was before. God keep me from such a husband! Come, cousin, you have a kind, true soul— I will venture it with you. He may do as he pleases, I absolve him from all obligation to me."

My perplexity was over. I cast a supplicating glance towards the father. He could scarcely speak, so great was his emotion; laying our hands together he conducted us to the other couples. The minister commenced the service unasked, and in ten minutes time the three sisters were made three wives.

George, instead of taking the bracelets to the jeweller who resided at the further end of the city of Orleans, had applied to the nearest respectable merchant. The latter enquired, with some suspicion, to whom they belonged; George scrupled not to tell him my name and the object of my journey. "I know M. Gerson well, said he, and will, with pleasure, advance Mr. Waltmann a sum of money upon these bracelets, which have doubtless another destination than to be sold in this city." This was precisely what George wished. One enquiry led to another, and my scamp of a servant, who had taken great offence at my Parisian adventure, related the whole of it to this gentleman,

and rejoiced that necessity at length compelled me to fulfil the intention of my journey. All this, however, he had good reasons for concealing from me.

Victoria, who was in Paris with the wife of this identical merchant, learnt on her return these tidings of the German lover, and now readily accounted for the sudden disappearance of Lord Johnsbury, for whom, in spite of her filial devotion and the promise she had made her father, she felt some attachment. She wrote in great haste and with no less embarrassment to her witty sister Angelica, for the news had reached her of my intended marriage with Constantia.

Angelica, immediately *au fait*, advised her to keep away for some time longer, and devised the plan for my chastisement, which she carried into execution with no less credit to herself than entertainment to the whole family; for, from the period of the transfer of my addresses to herself, she had imparted her design to the rest, confessing at the same time her own partiality for her cousin.

Could I be angry that she had inflicted upon me a punishment which I so richly deserved, and that had for its object the future happiness of my life? I gathered courage again to joke with my witty antagonist; I could salute Constantia without restraint. Four weeks flew away in a round of delight, like so many days. Then came Captain Classen with orders for my return.

I begged my father's blessing. "I have none to give you but the one you have taken, said the happy old man; you have robbed me of my dearest daughter, and yet I thank you for it, for through you I am become a perfectly happy father." Classen transported us with safety and expedition to Hamburgh.

The hearty congratulations and embraces of my father convinced me, that the angel I had brought with me had completed his happiness also. And she, standing at this moment smiling by my side, no longer doubts that she has as happily and effectually completed my reform.

W. S. S.

INVOCATION TO FANCY.

Come, Fancy, thou fantastic maid,
Vouchsafe awhile thy powerful aid;
For once thy fervours let me feel,
For once thy ardent self reveal.

From ocean's depths, or fields of air,
Or mountains vast, or deserts bare;
Or scenes of joy and bliss on high,
Above the sun, beyond the sky;
Or realms of sorrow, pain, and woe,
And everlasting death below;
O come, in all thy wildness dress'd,
A hair-brain'd wandering nymph confess'd;
With sprightly mien and sparkling eyes,
And flowing robes of various dies,
And wings seraphic ever spread,
And feet the earth that seldom tread.
Come, Fancy, full before my sight,
Inspire my muse with visions bright;
Thy magic mirror hold to view,
That all thine own creation shew,
A land where every bliss is found,
And spring eternal reigns around;
Whose skies serenely bright appear
Through all the cloudless smiling year;

Whose sons and daughters passing fair,
For ever young and debonair,
Exempt from cares, from sorrows free,
Still range thy blissful world with thee,
Free as the air, as swift as light,
In thy gorgeous liveries dight;
From joy to joy that wing their way,
The long unwearied happy day.

Then change the scene, and show me where
Resides all wretched wan Despair;
Pourtray some rock by ocean's side,
That still resists the angry tide;
There let a hideous cavern show
The drear abode of hopeless woe.

Now bid the fell-fiend Malice rise
From out an earth-cleft orifice;
His eyes like living fires that seem
With wrath and deadly ire to beam;
And fiercely grasp'd, in either hand,
A gory knife and flaming brand:
Some phantom, Fancy, let him see
To mock his murderous cruelty;
Then, as he flies with furious speed
And Cain-like rage to bloody deed,
The desperate monster's rage restrain,
And send him to his hell again.

Next Scandal's hag-like form display,
Who shuns the honest light of day;
A spleenful beldam, lean and pale,
Who loves the base calumnious tale;
Who mercy, truth, nor pity knows,
And never wept for human woes.

Yet Fancy bid the mirror glow,
Unbar the gates of death, and show
Where disembodied spirits roam
Their long and last eternal home.

O, I have heard, and still believe
What holy seers inspired give
Of that world's bright realities;
Its thrones and principalities,
Its saints and angels glorified,
Its martyrs who for truth's sake died,
And "souls of just men perfect made,"
Whose crowns of glory never fade.

Of Satan's kingdom dark and dire,
And sulphurous flames and liquid fire,
The dread abodes of endless pain,
Where hope can never entrance gain:
O, Fancy, grant me these to see,
From earth's dull precincts set me free;
Transport my soul, inspire my lays,
And I will ever sing thy praise.

Thus I alone to Fancy pray'd,
And ask'd her presence and her aid,

When lo! a form divine appear'd,
With eyes serene and flowing beard;
A man it seem'd of giant size
With age and with experience wise,
Honour's bright beam, contempt of fear,
The smile of peace, and truth sincere,
Patience, that grace we seldom see,
Friendship and sweet humility.
Wisdom and patriarchal grace
Seem'd glowing in his God-like face.
Abash'd, asham'd, as he drew near,
My trembling limbs confess'd my fear,
With fluttering heart I turn'd aside,
And thus in faltering accents cry'd:
"O thou who seem'st of lineage high,
Nor doom'd like mortal man to die,
Why hast thou left the bright abodes,
The realms of angels and of Gods?
And why thy heavenly form and air
Disclose to one beneath thy care?"
Then thus persuasive, soft, and mild,
"Dismiss thy fears," he said, and smil'd;
"Dismiss thy fears, attention lend,
I come thy monitor and friend.
My name is Reason, Heaven design'd
That I should rule the human mind,
And would'st thou lasting joys obtain,
And pants thy heart sweet peace to gain;
Would'st thou to fame or honour rise,
Respect, distinction, dost thou prize;
And would'st thou many a trouble shun,
And many a snare beneath the sun,
I must approve thy heart's desires,
And quench its wild illusive fires,
For this alone I now appear,
For this commission'd, I am here.
Leave Fancy and her vagrant train,
My precepts keep, and let me reign;
My child and faithful subject be,
In all thy musings think of me."

He ceas'd, and slowly rose from sight,
In silent dignity and light.

W. T.

LINES

Written in the Album, at an Inn, near the Land's End, in Cornwall, called "The First and Last."

For a single bright thought, with infinite pains,
In vain have I labour'd and tortur'd my brains;
The muse, unpropitious, rejected my prayer,
And scatter'd my vows to the seas and the air;
'Twill be said then, I fear, when through life I have past,
I was dull at the *First*, and no better at *Last*.

THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED;

OR AN

ANALYTICAL EXAMINATION OF THE EDINBURGH AND QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

Iras et verba locant.—MARTIAL.

IT is now twenty years ago that the innovation of the Edinburgh Review attracted the attention of the public, and weaned the general attachment from the then standard works of criticism (the Monthly and Critical Reviews), which had been hallowed by time, and exalted in the estimation of the republic of letters by the contributions of Johnson, of Smollet, and of the members of the literary phalanx of that distinguished era.

The plan upon which the Edinburgh Review was first given to the public was, at least in one respect, admirably calculated to benefit the community, and seemed indeed to have been rendered absolutely necessary by the improved spirit of the times, and by the great accessions to knowledge which had been made by all classes of the public within the preceding half century. At the period when the Monthly and Critical Reviews were at their zenith, the line of demarcation between the literary world, and the public in general, was by far more distinctly marked than it is at present. Literary men in England were then extremely numerous, but there was no gradation from what was then called literary people to an exceedingly low degree of knowledge with which the middle classes of English society were then satisfied, but which would now scarcely satisfy people of a very inferior rank. At that period science and literature, as well as philosophy, were confined to professional persons, or to those whose wealth or rank rendered the cultivation of the mind a matter of ordinary routine of necessity, or to those whose individual superiority of intellect rendered it an object of desire; the rest of the community were satisfied with the degree of education necessary for the common purposes of life, or for gratifying the vacuities of leisure with works of fiction or of other light amusement. Reviews at that period were therefore addressed to the literary part of the community, and related, generally speaking, to works of consequence; whilst the great body of the people were left to seek their amusement in the current works of the day, which the reviewers hardly condescended to notice, or noticed briefly in a sort of Appendix. But from the dawn of the American Revolution our countrymen began to press forward into another rank in the scale of social existence. What had hitherto been considered as the lower ranks of society now began to aspire to that education, which had previously been considered as the almost prescriptive right of the higher circles; the public mind became no longer satisfied with the ephemeral novels of a circulating library, but a demand arose for analytical works of criticism at once sound and adapted to well educated, rather than to learned people. The middle, and even many of the lower orders of society began to feel an unusual interest in public affairs, and a periodical work which in an erudite, but yet popular manner, should discuss the most material subjects of the day, and enter upon the yet untrodden field of statistical politics, was sure to meet with a considerable degree of public attention and support. The Edinburgh Review, in its plan of adapting its critiques to the taste of the day, did not renounce the design of giving occasional critiques upon abstruce subjects; and many of its articles evinced the most profound erudition as well as a high degree of natural talents; and its numbers were rendered yet more valuable by its constant discussion of subjects of national importance. But unfortunately these latter subjects were always discussed in a spirit of party, rather than in a tone of philosophy;

and although that party might embrace the most enlarged and enlightened views, although its feelings and sentiments were in unison with the principles of the constitution and with the most ennobling principles of our nature, yet the union of literature and party politics was in itself injudicious, and people of sagacity did not scruple to anticipate from it the most disastrous consequences to the cause of science and of letters. As if to verify these forebodings, the example of the Edinburgh was, in 1809, followed by the Quarterly Review, launched completely upon the principles of a party work. From the first appearance of the latter to the present day, every subject it has embraced, whether of science, of literature, or of philosophy, has been viewed through the medium of party feelings; and what was once the cool, sequestered walks of the academy have been lately assimilated to the agitated area of the forum. This spirit of the Quarterly Review has produced its natural consequences; the diffusion of more of party feeling throughout the pages of its rival; philosophy is obliged to yield not to patriotism, but to her more ignoble adversary, party; every subject is distorted to answer the purposes of a sect; facts are often mistated; the first and simple principles of ratiocination are obscured, and the mind of the reader is led astray either by ingenious sophistry or by unintentional prejudices.

Participating with the community in these sentiments, and impressed with the truth that a real service is done to the public by rescuing both books and authors from uncandid criticism, and by exposing the errors of works which have an influence upon the sentiments and opinions of the country, we purpose occasionally to analyse and examine the articles which appear in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, without any bias in favour of either work, and influenced solely, we trust, by a spirit of truth, and abstracted from all feelings of party or of politics whatsoever.

Our design is to begin with the last number (the 56th) of the Quarterly Review.

The leading article of this number is upon Mons. Ch. Lacretelle's History of the Constituent Assembly of France. The article is of great length, consisting of forty-two pages, and yet we scarcely learn from it more of Mons. Lacretelle's work than we should from reading a chapter in Hume's History of England. The fact is, that, wishing to decry the principles of the actors in the French Revolution, an essay was written for that object; and, by way of introducing the essay into the review, the name of M. Lacretelle's work is prefixed to it; but there are a score of works upon the French Revolution to which the *critique* in question would be as applicable as it is to the *Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante de France.* Par. M. Ch. Lacretelle. We do not know that we ever read forty-two pages so replete with bad reasoning and distorted facts.

The first error of the reviewer is an assertion that what are called the leading patriots, such as Rabaud St. Etienne, and Ch. Lacretelle, Burke, Plunkett, and others, moderate their zeal for liberty from the *wisdom* of age. The diminution of fervour and zeal incidental to age by no means implies any alteration in principle, and in the change to which the reviewer alludes there is generally a very suspicious coincidence between the change and some lucrative employment. The Whigs, with a trifling exception, have been out of place for forty years, and in that *losing* period there have not been four eminent proselytes from Toryism, whilst changes, such as the reviewer alludes to, have been innumerable.

The reviewer next replies to the generally received opinion upon the Continent, that the commotions in France at the beginning of the Revolution were partly stimulated, or at least encouraged, by Mr. Pitt. The reviewer's argument is, that Mr. Pitt never inserted in his budget "an article of the sums alledged to be paid to stimulate French hands to commit French crimes;" and that the British Parliament is always jealous on the point of expenses. The charge against Mr. Pitt may surely be met

by something better than the babyism of, that Mr. Pitt did not blazon his own crime in his public accounts. The minister's command of the Droits of Admiralty, of the 4½ per cent. fund, of the secret service money, &c. &c. would have afforded him the most ample means for such conduct, if his moral character had not been a bar to such nefarious measures.

The reviewer next asserts that the French, before the Revolution, were the happiest people on earth. All respectable authorities, both Whig and Tory, foreign and English, concur in representing the old French *regime* as a mass of abuses, which had reduced all, except the privileged orders, to a state of the most squalid misery. Then the reviewer speaks of "the persecutions, ten times repeated during thirty years, of all who owned the existence of a God." Now the national religion of France (Catholicism) was not suppressed even *eleven* years, and, during its suppression, Atheists were decried and guillotined by Robespierre and others; and the avowed religion of all the demagogues, with but very few exceptions, was that of Deism and philanthropy. The first article in the creed of the national religion of the revolutionary period was, "Adore God; love your fellow-creatures; be useful to your country."

But the reviewer, with a more than infantile simplicity, would trace the French Revolution to partial abuses of government, to the disordered state of the finances, and forsooth, to the intrigues of the Duke d' Orleans, and to the goodness of Louis XVI., as if such secondary causes ever have in history produced, or as if in the nature of things they could produce, such a terrific enthusiasm as that with which every class of the French community was so thoroughly electrified. Abuses of a court, disordered finances, and the intrigues of noblemen, produce, says Buonaparte, only secondary results; to electrify a whole nation with enthusiasm requires far different causes. In France, every rank and class, the most licentious capital and the most sequestered hamlet, were alike inflamed with the revolutionary mania. The clergy of France were of the most superstitious and bigoted upon earth, all their worldly possessions; and all their preconceived notions of religion, were diametrically opposed to the principles of the revolution; yet, when the clergy met in the *Etats Generaux*, and the *tiers etat* wished them to abandon all their privileges and coalesce with the popular representatives, the majority went over to the people—48 arch-bishops and bishops, and 245 priests of other denominations joined the Constituent Assembly. The aristocracy of France was the most imperious, the most prejudiced, and the most amply endowed with honorary distinctions and with pecuniary advantages of any in Europe, and yet, in the *Etats Generaux*, the majority left the court and went over to the *tiers etat*, or popular branch of the Assembly. One prince of the blood and 269 nobles joined the Constituent Assembly. No country in ancient or modern history ever possessed an army so proverbially devoted to the sovereign and court as that of France, yet every species of French force, local and general, from one extreme of the country to the other, enthusiastically joined the people against the government, and the same spirit rapidly animated the whole fleet. All this the reviewer allows; and yet this unexampled abandonment of every early prejudice; this sudden renunciation of all the habits of early life, and of every custom and notion consecrated by time, as well as this general sacrifice of privilege and immunities in the upper classes, he traces to the intrigues of the Duke d'Orleans, to disordered finances, and to the goodness of Louis XVI. The first innovations in the state were not commenced by mobs or by demagogues, but by the most illustrious of the privileged orders. The Viscomte de Noailles, the Duc d'Aiquillon, the Duc de Châtelet, the Duc de la Rochefoucault, the Marquis de Fourcault, the Marquis de la Fayette, and other wealthy and distinguished noblemen, were the first that urged the government and the clergy to reform their crimes and monstrous abuses, and to abolish

the iniquitous privileges of the feudal system of the papal tyranny. What were the causes of this sudden enthusiasm pervading all classes of the nation? And what were the causes of the consequent revolution being attended with such countless cruelties? To the first question we answer, the political and religious government of France were founded in the grossest ignorance, and for the object of supporting a few privileged classes in the exercise of the most selfish passions of our nature: the system, which had commenced in fraud and tyranny, had long been supported by every possible perversion of justice, and by every conceivable violation of humanity; it had diffused the most appalling misery throughout the lower orders of the people, and it had insulted the pride and irritated the passions of that numerous class which had, by the improvement of society, been able to acquire wealth and intelligence, but which was kept in a state of political and moral degradation; excluded from honours, and contemned by the court; trampled upon by the nobility, and yet ground by taxes to support the luxury and insolence of those who thus oppressed and insulted them. Every person, therefore, who was not depraved in principle, who was not devoid of intellect, and whose heart was not callous to human suffering, was anxious for a reform of the polity of their country. The Viscomte de Noailles, of the most illustrious house in France, declared that "unless the government itself operated a total reform with moderation and justice, the blind fury of the people would accomplish one more dreadful."—The great Lord Chatham had uttered the same admonition with respect to England; but may heaven avert from us the consequences which ensued to France from such excellent advice being resisted by the court. But the French government refused all reform; and the revolution was nothing more at its commencement than the natural resistance of virtue and intellect against oppression and ignorance. But from what cause did a revolution, which began in virtue and in wisdom, terminate in a scene of greater cruelty than ever attended the revolutions of the most barbarous ages? The causes are obvious. The religion of France had been artfully intruded into the inmost recesses of domestic life, from the family of the king to that of the most humble peasant; it was a religion of dogmas, to the exclusion of morals; and its practice had ever been to excite the fiercest passions against every hostile sect. That this is no exaggerated statement is evident from the history of the numerous religious wars of France; wars which fully equalled in ferocity the worst scenes of the revolution. What scenes of the revolution can equal, or can all its atrocities equal, the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the Sicilian vespers; the Jacquerie and Dragonades; or can the most atrocious monster of the revolution be worse than the Marechals de Montluc and L'Isle Adam; or than Harcourt, Fosseuse, Luxembourgh, and Philip le Bon. Thus, the religion of France had corrupted life at its fountain of good—its domestic privacy; and every peasant and mechanic, unless his better nature had overcome the tendency of his religion, was a fit instrument of those fiendish actions they have always perpetrated in times of public commotion. In the revolution, the passions of the people were further stimulated by famine and by every physical want; by the memory of sufferings and its consequent spirit of revenge; and, finally, by the criminal resistance made to their just demands by the government; to the attempt of that government to suppress their demands by military violence, and to the yet more culpable efforts of the king to effect that object by the introduction of a foreign force. The nobility and gentry of France, moreover, basely deserted their duty to their country when the struggle began; they fled and left both the general and local administration of justice to a class of people unused to power, made ignorant by the false policy of the old *regime*, and, as we have already shewn, made worse than ignorant by the yet more criminal policy of their priesthood. These are the primary causes both of the revolution and of the atrocities with which it was disgraced; and it is worse than babyish

in the Quarterly Review to trace such a mighty event, which almost gave a new character to human nature, to such trifling causes as the intrigues of a royal duke, or the deficiency of revenue. But what great lesson should the statesman and philosopher draw from this revolution? That governments should humanize the lower orders of society by moral and intellectual education, and that they should adapt public institutions to the improved spirit of the age, and not, by resisting rational reforms, destroy the confidence of the middle classes, and inflame the passions of the vulgar. These are the only ways to prevent revolutions, and to render public commotions comparatively innoxious. But the sole use which the Quarterly Review would make of the French Revolution is, to hold it up as a *brutum fulmen*, a sort of raw-head and bloody-bones story, to detach people from thinking of reforms at all. Until moral philosophy and intellection shall render men less blindly attached to whatever they may find the established order of things, revolutions appear to be the price of social improvements; and, in the case of France, the price being paid, let not ignorance and servility deprive mankind of the advantages of the purchase. So much for the general views of the Quarterly Reviewer; let us now attend to the isolated errors with which the article abounds.

"Without motive or provocation, the barriers of the city (of Paris) were set on fire; and on the 14th of July, 1789, the Bastile was demolished." Good heavens! that any writer with the *mens sana* should assert that the *Lettres de Câchet*, the arbitrary imprisonment of subjects for life without trial, were no *motives*, or that the defence of this system by the government was no *provocation* to an ignorant populace to destroy what they had no hopes of meliorating.

The reviewer next gives an account of the peasantry murdering Mon. Foulon, with his mouth stuffed full of hay; but ought not a spirit of truth to have induced them to add, that the peasantry had been exasperated, because M. Foulon, when speaking of the famine and severe winter which then afflicted France, declared the people to be worse than cattle, and that they might feed upon hay. The deed was horrid, but great was the provocation.

Speaking of the abolition of many of the most detestable abuses of the feudal system, the reviewer says, "Many of these sacrifices were just, and might have been beneficial had they been duly matured and combined. All of these propositions, each of which might well have given matter for a month's discussion, were carried in one memorable night. *Unâ nox interfuit inter maximos et nullos.*" Now the simple truth is, that these feudal abuses had been discussed in France for more than a half century; they had long galled the people to fury, and they had been reprobated in France by every man whose rank and influence enabled him to reprobate them without the fear of the Bastile; the court had pertinaciously resisted their abolition; their abolition by the Constituent Assembly was, therefore, merely the completion of a long contest, upon the merits of which the public mind had for fifty years come to a rational decision. So much for the "*Unâ nox interfuit*," &c.

The reviewer then vituperates the Abbé Sieyés, a man whose moral principles obtained for him the esteem of every party in the Revolution. Sieyés risked his life to stop the criminal excesses of the Revolution. Reproaching the Constituent Assembly for some unjust measures, this good man exclaimed, *Ils veulent être libres, ils ne savent pas être juste*, "upon which," says the reviewer, "it is disgusting to hear a man, who knew not how to be either just or free, reproaching an assembly no better than himself." But the talents of Sieyés, according to the reviewer, "were over-rated; he never was the leader of any party, but he was the leading tool of many, and always their dupe." The Emperor Napoleon must be supposed to have known something of the Abbé Sieyés, and he represents him as a man of the most profound knowledge and of powerful intellect, whose rigid moral principles, and abstract notions of justice, prevented his being

of use in the assemblies, but whose influence in committees was most extensive. But the reviewer, with an unexampled ignorance, states, that "the populace took upon themselves what they called the administration of justice and the execution of criminals. The territory was divided according to a new system." Now the populace of France had no more to do with the division of that country into departments than the people of Lilliput had. It is known to almost school-boys, that the "new system," as the reviewer calls it, of dividing the country, originated with the Abbé Sieyés, who pursued the measure with zeal and perseverance, his object being, by this new division, to destroy the whole of the old *regime* of provincial parliaments, and of provincial courts.

After a sketch of the character of Mirabeau, containing about an equal portion of truth and error, the reviewer says, that before his death "his popularity had long been on the wane." Mad. de Stael, the best possible authority on the subject, describes the anxiety of the people during his illness, and their grief at his death, to have been most intense. Thousands, she relates, daily surrounded his house, anxiously inquiring if any hope existed of his recovery; and she tells us, as a proof of his prodigious popularity, that a notion then prevailing that the life of the aged could be preserved by the injection of the blood of the young, a healthy young man sent an offer to kill himself, in order that Mirabeau might be restored by an infusion into his system of younger and more healthy blood than his own.

But the Quarterly Reviewer has unquestionably displayed prodigious talents in his portraiture of the Marquis de la Fayette, for he has discovered in that justly celebrated individual principles and qualities of all sorts, which have escaped the penetration of every person who has hitherto discussed the Marquis's character. For instance, the reviewer tells us, that "of all the men of the Revolution, the Duke of Orleans not excepted, he possessed the least understanding." This must be true, for in the unprecedented collisions of great intellects which the Revolution produced, the Marquis de la Fayette acquired, and long maintained, a supremacy over the public mind; he was an object of the utmost anxiety to the Courts of France and of Austria, and for a long time the object of attention all over Europe and America; and all this he achieved against the power of his own and of other Courts, without any understanding. But, says the reviewer, the Marquis had "the utmost chilliness of soul," and he "almost imagined that he felt." This is by no means meant by the reviewer as *badinage*, or as a sort of sportive trifling with idiotcy; it is meant, as old ladies say, in real earnest. The Marquis de la Fayette left all the splendour, and sacrificed all the intellectual and all the animal gratification, which his rank and fortune afforded him, in the most gay and voluptuous capital of Europe, and exposed himself to the rigours, the sufferings, and the dangers of campaigns in the wilds of America, merely from a love of liberty and of glory; all of which is proof irrefragable that he had what the reviewer calls "the utmost chilliness of soul, and no understanding." The soarings of the eagle are incomprehensible to the mole. But, says the reviewer, "La Fayette could never have aspired to the crown." How valuable must be this sagacious observation to the readers of the Quarterly Review.

The reviewer tells us, that the Queen of France "never had provoked the people in any manner," and that she was "mild, affable," &c. The Queen, according to every authority, without exception, had incessantly exerted herself to inspire the King with fortitude and courage to resist the Revolution, and the demands of the people, by force of arms. This conduct, whether right or wrong, whether just or unjust, was of all things calculated to *provoke* the people. We drop a tear over her unhappy and unmerited fate, but who, with a sane mind, would characterize Marie Antoinette as *mild*.

But the article teems with isolated absurdities told with a more than babyish simplicity, and with an

infatuated confidence in the ignorance, or in the credulity of its readers. The reviewer expatiates with great earnestness upon the dreadful ambition and atrocious criminality of the Republic in attacking the contemptible little territory of Avignon. Does the reviewer forget that at that very period, the three legitimate Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, after a long series of every possible crime, and of the most atrocious barbarity, had seized upon the whole of Poland, and without a single remonstrance from our Sovereign, although he was solemnly pledged by treaty to protect the unhappy Poles from such spoliation. With what face then could either Russia, Prussia, Austria, or *England* complain of the French Republicans for seizing upon Avignon. Crime cannot justify crime; but remove the moat out of thine own eye before thou triest to take the beam out of thy brother's. "At Etienne," says the reviewer, "a merchant, suspected of monopolizing corn, was torn to pieces, but no corn was found in his possession;" as if the crime of "tearing a man to pieces," turned upon his possessing or his not possessing corn; and as if, when mobs were wont to inflict summary vengeance upon monopolizers of corn, any corn-merchant would put it in the power of a mob to find corn *in his possession*. On the flight of Louis to Varennes, the reviewer sagaciously observes, that "they (the people) pursued him to the extremity of his empire, to bring him back to new ignominy and sufferings." Now the King was not pursued at all; he was stopped, by mere chance, at Varennes; and what rendered the Revolutionists so anxious to bring him back was, their strong fears of the consequences of his putting himself under the protection of the Allies, and of their using his name and influence in their meditated invasion of France. The Allies would then have made of Louis the same tool that the Bourbons would now make of the King of Spain, were they to get him into their possession. According to the account given by the reviewer of the flight to Varennes, the King and his family were the most silly, infatuated beings it is possible to conceive. At a most critical juncture of that flight, which was to save the life of Louis, of his wife, his children, and his sister, a disastrous dispute arose upon a simple old woman's notions of a point of frivolous etiquette; the foolish old creature insisted upon going in the carriage to the exclusion of a Marquis of "tried courage, intelligence, and loyalty." The Queen intreated the old woman to withdraw her services; the King was appealed to, and he decided in favour of the old woman, and thus lost the services of the man whose sagacity might have prevented those egregious follies which led to the arrest of the ill-fated monarch. Louis's heart was good, but he was evidently but little better than an idiot—it was impossible to save such a man.

Speaking of the infuriated populace of the capital, and of their attack upon Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, the reviewer first attributes the event to the machinations of the Duke of Orleans, and then questions whether La Fayette was not also an instigator of that terrific explosion of popular fury. The mild virtues and consistent patriotism of La Fayette render such an accusation beneath our serious notice; and although the wealth of the Duke d'Orleans may have often been employed for improper purposes during the Revolution, yet to suppose that any individual, who ostensibly kept aloof from the scene of action, could really electrify a whole population with enthusiasm in any cause, is, indeed, to attribute the explosion of the volcano to the efforts of a mouse. The Royalists have defamed the Duke of Orleans to a degree of absurdity equal to that which the Republicans have vituperated the Queen. The fact is, that the Duke of Orleans was a weak and sensual prince, who, from motives of vanity, from personal pique against the Queen, and, perhaps, from some sparks of ambition, had been induced to patronize the popular cause. In the beginning of the struggle the influence of his name and rank, and the power of his wealth, had, no doubt, been of the most essential service to the

popular leaders in the *Etats Generaux*, and in the Constituent Assemblies; but the popular enthusiasm soon rose to that prodigious height, that the influence of a hundred Dukes of Orleans would have been overwhelmed with facility. To talk of the Duke's exciting mobs of 60,000 people, of his paying such masses, and of his inducing them to commit what men can never commit but under the influence of enthusiasm, is worse than childish. The proverb says, *felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, but human happiness, of this sort at least, must be purchased at the expense of no small degree of labour; and he who would trace the causes of the French Revolution must look more profoundly than to suppose that so mighty an event could have been produced, or even materially affected, by the intrigues or profligacy of a Royal Duke.

We have done enough, we conceive, without tracing further errors, to establish our assertion, that this article in the Quarterly Review displays a want of historical spirit, of candour, and truth; that it contains a palpable misrepresentation of facts, and evinces, in some places, a total want of, and in others a lamentable perversion of all power of ratiocination. We have performed our task in no pride of superiority, and in no spirit of political hostility; but we lament to see literature made subservient to the spirit of party; and we blush for our nature, when those, who ought to be guided by a spirit of philanthropy, pervert all their opportunities of benefiting mankind to the mean and often mischievous objects of promoting party views, and this often from motives far from disinterested. This last number of the Quarterly Review may be considered more of a political number than any which has appeared for several years, and many of its articles are more trifling and erroneous than that upon which we have been making our animadversions. We may probably notice some of the most prominent of these errors in the remaining articles before we give our readers any analytical investigations of the articles of the Edinburgh Review, reflecting upon the injury which mis-statements in such works are calculated to do to the young, and to those who are unacquainted with the *arcana* of the press, we conceive that our candid analyses of these reviews may be of considerable utility; and in exposing such errors we bear in mind the line in Terence:—*Nosse haec omnia salus est adolescentulis.*

TO MISS ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

SINCE last my muse attuned a natal strain,
Another circling year its course hath sped,
And Time his annual tribute shower'd again
Of young perfections on thy favour'd head.

If aught of praise could e'er delight thine ear,
These lines had linger'd o'er thy budding charms;
But virtue shuns e'en truth itself to hear,
And shrinks from flattery as the worst of harms.

But who can bask beneath the orb of day
Nor grateful bless its ever-chearing beam,
Or view the moon upon her starry way,
Nor mark the beauty silvering wood and stream?

And shall that lovelier sun, whose blushing dawn
With heavenly radiance lights my raptur'd breast—
But hold! awhile be warmth like this forborne;
An hour may come it need not be suppress.

Mine be it now to watch with fondness o'er
  Thy mind's development, and aid it too;
To see thy soul expand to wisdom's lore,
  Like blosssoms opening to the vernal dew.

Oh! did not History's ever-pleasing page
  To youthful eyes the deeds of yore unfold,
How dull and joyless were the tender age,
  That of the passing scene doth naught behold!

Well may the tongues of other climes be taught,
  And music's tones, to fill the vacant ear,
Ere the heart learns that language of the thought,
  Which asks no utterance but a sigh or tear.

Let such pursuits as yet thy time employ;
  Oh! taste, before the nectar'd cup is past,
The sweets of that blest age of sinless joy,
  Which aught but love would wish might ever last.

For what of all the world's wide scene displays
  Of crowd, and glare, and senseless noise, can vie
With those peculiar boons of early days,
  The tranquil bosom and the cloudless eye?

Though Pleasure, all the orient hues of Hope,
  With Memory's mild and sunset colours blending,
Should make thy life one bright kaleidoscope,
  The same rich dyes in changes never ending;

Still there are pangs disturb the happiest heart,
  That beats in such a jarring world as this;
Which, ah! too soon, this lesson will impart,
  Experience rarely points the way to bliss.

Then wilt thou know, the short-lived flowers, that shed
  Such balmy fragrance o'er the paths of youth,
In the calm shades of ignorance are bred,
  But fade and wither at the light of Truth.

Oft down the blooming cheek a drop will steal,
  To think how many a face is pale with woe,
And conscious virtue check her pride, to feel
  How few the breasts in which her ardours glow.

For soon thou'lt find, the good thou seem'st to view
  In other minds exists in thine alone,
Which, like the tinted crystal, darts its hue
  On every form through that clear medium shewn.

E'en of the poet's lay thou'lt haply learn,
  The incense breathing from its votive verse
Full oft, when deem'd with Friendship's fires to burn,
  Is kindled at a shrine less pure than hers.

F. A. B. B.

THE LESSON.

FROM PHILANDER VON SITTEWALD.*

"In my youth," said Philander, "I was a gay, thoughtless fellow; and having soon squandered my patrimony I found myself reduced to the dire necessity of bending my free and stubborn back under the yoke of some employment. The Court attracted me; I was inclined to become a statesman, and to offer my services to some foreign prince. Accordingly I set out on the way, and wandered restlessly till I sank down in a wood, overcome with fatigue, and fell asleep.

I had not lain long when I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder. I opened my eyes, and saw an old man by my side, of a strange appearance, and with a long white beard. "Rise!" said he, "I will conduct you to a place where you may learn the statistical science in one hour." The proposal rejoiced me, and I followed the old man's footsteps. He led me up a steep and mist-covered mountain to a large city adorned with many towers. "Here, my son," said he, "is the residence of one of the mightiest princes of Germany, who is ever ready to stretch out his long arms when he espies a delicate morsel in the great dish of the empire. You shall soon know him personally. One of his privy counsellors died a few days ago; the election of a new one is about to take place; we will be present at this ceremony." Hereupon he wetted my forehead and his own with a single drop of balsam, and assured me that we were now as invisible as the wind.

We could see one another; yet, unobserved by all others, we glided like the summer breeze through a thick crowd of persons, that rolled to and fro in the streets. So we came into the palace and the audience chamber, where the Prince, surrounded by his courtiers, sat on the throne in all the splendour of his greatness. Before him stood three men. They had been selected from half a hundred candidates for the vacant office, and were to be examined by the Prince in person.

"What is the first and greatest virtue of a privy counsellor?" he asked of him who stood next him with folded arms, and looked like a Moravian brother.

"The fear of God!" answered the latter, laying his hand upon his heart, and making a low obeisance.

"And the second?"—"The fear of God."

"And the third?"—"The fear of God."

The Prince laughed, and said to his minister, "Provide this pious simpleton with a schoolmaster's place."

He then turned to the second with the question, "What are the chief qualities of a good monarch?"

The candidate (in whose demeanour a certain arrogance was blendid with a pedantic self-sufficiency) made his obeisance less profoundly than the other, and after adjusting his ruffles and his cravat, and making all the customary preparations for a long-winded speech, began as follows:—"Plato, Aristotle, and I, maintain that a Prince is nothing else than the first servant of the commonalty, and it is, therefore, incumbent upon him to administer strict justice, to further the prosperity of his country by every means in his power, and so to treat his subjects as he would like and expect to be treated himself were he a subject.

"Do as you would be done by."

* His true name was Hans Michael Moscherosch. He lived in the seventeenth century, and wrote satires under the title of "Wonderful and true Sights," (apparitions) of which he says in his preface, "I am unwilling to believe that I have ever injured any man by them, though I hope to have benefited many. Therefore those who are not pleased with my writings either want sense to comprehend them, or find themselves ill furnished in concience. There is nothing, in all my works, which can give offence to an honest and upright man."

"This is the infallible test of human actions which nature has fixed in our hearts. Does a Prince weigh his deeds in these scales he is looked up to as a father by his grateful people; but does he govern with severity and caprice, does he oppress his subjects and squander their substance in vain ostentation, then the other saying becomes verified:

"Whom men fear perforce they hate."

During this harangue the Prince, with signs of astonishment, surveyed his courtiers, by turns, with a keen eye, as if he would say, "How does this sound? This bird pipes a different tune from yours', my faithful friends!"

Pakomus, the president of the council, was a crafty old courtier, and knew full well how to extricate himself from a dilemma of this sort. He disguised his perplexity by a contemptuous smile, shook the cloud-like curls of his immense wig with disapprobation at the speaker, and cut him short, at the moment the Prince was about to express his displeasure, with "Enough of this arrogance. His Highness's wisdom and magnanimity require no admonitions on the subject of government."

This bold piece of flattery had the desired effect; it brought things to their former level in the Prince's mind. He cast a frowning look at the daring candidate, and commanded him to withdraw.

The third candidate, a scarcely bearded youth, following the example of the president, handled his predecessor like a pencil, and satirised by shrugs and nods every word that he uttered, in order, by this dumb criticism, to recommend himself to the Prince. He received, for his portion, the question, "To what should a monarch direct his chief attention?"

"To three points," replied the youth instantly, and bowed as low as if he were going to stand upon his head, or turn the wheel.

"First, to the improvement of the royal revenues; secondly, to the extension of his territories; and thirdly, to the maintenance of his dignity, as a God on earth.

"Very wisely spoken!" exclaimed the Prince, and nominated him, on the spot, to the vacant seat.

We, invisible spectators, looked at one another, and the old man whispered in my ear. "Young Gleissner, who spoke so much to the Prince's satisfaction, is the son-in-law of the president. The latter, grown grey in the knavery of courts, put the question in the Prince's mouth, and the answer in that of his *élève*; that is the reason the pot and the lid fit so well together. He will bye-and-bye give him a Lesson with closed doors, at which we will be present, for it was, properly speaking, the object of our journey."

The Prince dismissed his court. Pakomus took the arm of his young colleague. "Come, my confidential son," said he; "I will give you a proof of my paternal fondness, by unveiling to you the most hidden secrets of politics and government." Upon this he led him, through dark and narrow passages, to the farthest wing of the palace, in which there was a chamber, whose brazen door was secured by seven locks. This *sanctum* he cautiously unclosed, and forced himself and his companion through a small opening, in order that no profane eye might steal a glance at its mysteries. But we had already glided in before them, and heard and saw the following wonderful things. Pakomus opened a wardrobe, in which a motley collection of mantles, of velvet and fine cloth, were hanging in a row. They were all richly laced and bordered on the outer side, but on the inner, some were covered with rough woollen stuff, and some of them with the skins of wolves and foxes.

"Is this His Highness's wardrobe?" enquired the young courtier.—"By no means," said the senior, "these are state robes, and are used when any disagreeable or unpopular measure is to be laid before the public. A delicate subject of that kind we are forced to clothe in a handsome dress, therefore this scarlet robe, trimmed with gold lace, is called "*The people's happiness;*" the second, of green velvet, "*The country's bloom;* the third, embroidered with silver, "*The public good,*" and so on."

The pupil examined these, one

after another, with a serious countenance. At length, however, he could not help laughing as his eye rested upon an old threadbare and faded robe. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "what has this old rag to do amongst these splendid robes of state?"—"Let it not surprise you," rejoined Pakomus. "This mantle was once as brilliant as its neighbours; but the incredible drudgery that it has performed, and must still perform, has thus disfigured it. It is called *Good Intention*, and is, in courts, like the bread we eat. For example, should Folly by any chance supplant Prudence at the helm, and drive the ship of the state upon a rock, then he wraps this robe round him, and cries, 'The intention was good!' By this means he stifles every murmur of the people. Many a *faux pas*, however, is so tremendous a giant, that this mantle is not sufficient to cover him; in that case we throw them all upon him at once, and bury him under them."

The muster of the state robes was now over. Pakomus opened a closet filled with masks. "Ah, capital masks these!" cried the new counsellor. "They, of course, are used for masquerades and shows."—"Right!" answered the father-in-law; "they are used for show. They are state masks, and have a similar use to that of the robes. Therefore they are made to resemble human countenances, and integrity beams from every feature." He now covered his face with one of them. "See! have I not now the honest look of a brave patriot, who is ready to sacrifice his fortune and his life for his country?"

"Upon my honour you have!" cried the young courtier, and he clapped his hands.

They then passed into an antichamber that bore the most perfect resemblance to a bathing and dressing-room. Razors, lancets, and cupping-glasses were scattered up and down in it. "This workshop," said the grey headed statesman, "contains the tools and implements of the finance minister, the treasurer, and the receiver. With these they shear their sheep, the citizens and peasants, and bleed and cup them without mercy. And when these sponges have sucked up enough, a higher hand squeezes them again, and throws them aside."

The instructor now led his pupil back to the saloons, and threw open the lid of a casket, filled with spectacles. "Of these state spectacles," said he, "we have three sorts. The first enlarge the object wonderfully; the gnat becomes an elephant; the silver penny a full grown dollar. With these magnifying glasses we arm the eyes of the subjects, when, for example, we wish them to take a log of wood that is given them for a whole forest, or a service equal to a grain of mustard seed for an immeasurable advantage. The second sort diminishes mountains to mole hills, and is, therefore, very serviceable in cases of honours and gifts conferred. The glasses of the third class change black to white, and throw a dazzling glare over every object."

"Invaluable spectacles!" cried the counsellor, and tried some of them with lively approbation.

The President's falcon eyes now scrutinized every corner of the apartment to satisfy him that he was not watched, and he proceeded in a low tone of voice. "These spectacles, particularly those which diminish objects, we recommend to members of the council, and sometimes, between ourselves, to his Highness's Royal use, without troubling the good man with a tedious explanation of their properties. We do this, for instance, when we are desirous that a certain *dip* into the public coffers should appear less palpable to the Prince than it would were we to suffer him to view these things with his own naked eyes."

"And that method is effectual?"

"*Probatum est!*" exclaimed Pakomus with emphasis; and they shook hands with cordiality.

"But what do you take this rose-coloured powder to be?" asked the old gentleman. "I suppose it is tooth-powder," was the reply.—"You guess wrong, Sir; how can you imagine that the state troubles itself about the teeth of its subjects and servants? It were better if they had no teeth at all; they would eat less."

"Well, what is it then?" said he, abashed. "Eye powder! a harmless dust that we occasionally throw

into the people's eyes. It has the same use as that sightly-sealed flask; it contains the famous blue mist."

"I must confess," said the counsellor, "here is excellent provision for benevolent blindness." Pakomus put on a crafty smile, and nodded his head affirmatively. Meanwhile his son observed a large velvet purse, and drew out of it a colossal golden tuning hammer, full an ell long, and proportionably thick. "Let it lie," said the old man, angrily, and wanted to throw the instrument aside; but the former held it fast, and pressed to know what extraordinary circumstances were connected with it.

The President was unwilling to bring it out; at length, however, he began his confession. "Some time ago a foreign power wished to obtain a certain favour of our royal master, but he was not disposed to grant it, dreading ill consequences to himself and his state. On that occasion I received this costly tuning hammer, with a courteous letter, in which I was jokingly requested to *tune* the inclination of my master in unison with the wishes of that court. Who can withstand such civilities? And who would not open the doors of his heart when knocked at with such a hammer."

"It is a matter of course," said the hopeful son.

Hereupon Pakomus shewed him a little cask of peas, and assured him that those harmless peas became sometimes more dangerous than musket balls in the hands of a malicious courtier. "But I ought to be tenacious of disclosing this roguery to you; I am afraid that one day, when you begin to think that I have been too long before your eyes, you will use it against me."

The son-in-law laid his hand upon his breast, and protested loudly that he was a man of honour.

"But you can take a joke," rejoined the old statesman. "None but an arch-knave makes use of these peas. He strews them in the Privy Council Chamber, in the Chancery Court, and particularly on the slippery floors of the Court-rooms, in order that they who are hateful to him, or stand in his light, may slide on them and fall. And that happens most frequently to those who walk straight forward, and imagine themselves in a security which renders precaution superfluous, when they walk firmly on the foot of a good conscience."

A shudder ran over me. I sighed out with the honest poet:—

"Court soups are racy, it is said,
Well-flavour'd and delicious;
But then, they're season'd with a dread,
Which makes them quite pernicious."

And suddenly the whole political armoury vanished away, together with the President and his son-in-law.

"Well, how do you like the LESSON?" enquired my hoary companion.

I shrugged my shoulders, and knew not what to answer.

"Do you think," continued he, "that I have led you hither, in order that you might learn to wear such robes, to polish deceptive glasses, and earn golden tuning hammers? God forbid! I have taught you to know the venom that you may avoid it; I have unveiled to you the hidden arts of *dishonest* servants of the state, to enable you to judge more prudently and justly than the blind crowd of the conduct of many a good and noble-minded prince, who strives in the paths of virtue and justice to reach the worthy goal of his people's happiness, but who, by the *ignes fatui* of wicked and unwise counsels, which his guileless mind takes for the true guides, is led astray into false paths, and conducted to a precipice. Curses await them, and blessings be showered down upon your head, if you serve faithfully the prince who lays his people's salvation upon your shoulders! Seize, with courage, on the machinery of selfishness and avarice, and bring it to a stand. But take heed, then, to avoid the peas, with which your path will be richly strewn!"

With the last echo of those words the silver-bearded figure dissolved like a mist, and I found myself at the foot of the tree where I had sought repose. I stood up—I fancied that I already felt the treacherous peas beneath my feet, and the idea robbed me of the courage and inclination to proceed on my journey. S.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PRODUCTIONS OF ART AND INDUSTRY IN THE LOUVRE.

Paris, Sept. 18.

Not to be behind hand in viewing this extensive and pompously announced collection, I entered the Louvre, a few days after the opening of the Exhibition, with a crowd of some thousand persons, and midst clouds of dust which rendered many of the objects almost invisible. After an hour's pushing and squeezing in a motley group of decorated knights, soldiers, peasants, and charcoal carriers, and become thoroughly convinced that it would be impossible for me in such a way to form an accurate and impartial idea of the treasures of French industry, I withdrew from the splendid saloons and felt heartily rejoiced when I had descended the magnificent staircase which forms so striking a contrast to the meagre architecture, and general appearance of the outside of this extensive building. Being, however, resolved to form my opinion of the Exhibition from personal inspection, and not from those interested and partial vehicles of information, the newspapers, I subsequently made interest to obtain an admission on one of those days when the public are only allowed to enter by tickets, and when, consequently, there is much less crowding than on the days in which the saloons are thrown open indiscriminately. Having succeeded in this endeavour, I again visited the Louvre on Friday last. The first room, which is on the ground-floor, is devoted to articles of wrought metal, and new inventions of hardware and cutlery. Considering the example which the French have so long had before them, and the number of English workmen, who, from distress or other causes, have abandoned their native country and taken refuge in France, it was natural to expect that this part of the Exhibition would display something in the way of improvement, calculated to make an Englishman, jealous of his country's honour and splendour, tremble for her future prosperity in a rivalry with a nation peopled by upwards of twenty-nine millions of civilized beings, and so situated as to present a fair prospect of becoming, by a proper application of intellect and industry, the mistress of the Continent of Europe by superiority in arts and manufactures. There is nothing however in this saloon calculated to alarm the most timid Englishman; the cutlery is of the most inferior description, and, thanks to the prejudices of the French, as *outrée* as ever in its appearance. One would really have thought that so many years of peace would have worked a wonderful change in this respect, but the knives, with few exceptions, are still the strange unmeaning implements that they always were, with long narrow points threatening destruction to the mouth if raised there, and of so admirable an edge that the work of dissection upon a fowl or a turkey is a matter of no great difficulty provided the animal be very young, very tender, half an hour or so over-roasted, and that the left hand be actively employed at the same time in the operation. So rare a collection, carrying us back in imagination to that good old period when the same weapon was indiscriminately used to rip up the belly of an enemy or of a capon, must present much amusement to a Sheffield or London manufacturer; and if he did not acquire information from the Exhibition, it would at least serve to put him into good humour with his own work, and therefore with himself, which is one of the greatest delights of existence. Amongst the various articles thus exposed to the admiring French (and here, by-the-bye, I would observe that the French are either the best natured, or the silliest people in existence, since they are always ready to admire the most ridiculous things if presented with something like an appeal to national vanity), were needles fancifully arranged upon cards to resemble suns and stars, with gold and silver eyes turned inwards, and forming the *nucleus* of these illustrious bodies. Hammers, chisels, saws, pincers, and other tools, with a collection of nails from a tenpenny nail down to a tin-

tack; and in one of the corners of the saloon, decorated with a large ticket announcing its dignity in the catalogue and the name of the wonderful inventor, a tea-service, of materials not liable to be broken. This *service*, which consists of only a tea-caddie and twelve egg cups, is made of lead, varnished and painted, and is offered at the very reasonable price of one hundred francs, or at the present rate of exchange something less than four English guineas. In England the same thing, if indeed any manufacturer would think it worth his while to make it, would cost a few shillings. I saw many Frenchmen, however, very complaisantly admiring the invention as one of real economy in the end, but just observing that it was *un peu cher* in the purchase. In no part of this saloon was a single tool or instrument of new invention which is really an improvement; not even a hand-saw upon the English principle is exhibited, although it is notorious that the saws used by the French carpenters perform only half the service, and require twice the labour of the English; one of the *new* things in this place is, a collection of saucepans announced in the prospectus, which is given by the inventor as the best and hitherto unknown method of protecting all articles of cookery from imbibing injurious qualities from the utensils in which they are prepared. Having read Mrs. Glasse, and that profound philosopher and physician, Dr. Kitchena, and having also dipped into the mysteries and revelations of that wonderful chemist, the author of "Death in the Pot," I had become a little nervous on the score of my living, and therefore turned with much real interest to this "new and hitherto undiscovered method of securing mankind from poison." Judge, reader, what I must have felt when I took into my hand one of these life-saving pots; what must have been my sensations of gratitude towards the philanthropic inventor. Just at that time, too, I thought of Spain and the war, of the Duke d'Angouleme, and his hosts destroying the lives of radicals and revolutionists. I saw those machines of death, mortars, and culverins, and swivels, broad swords, cutlasses, and daggers. What, at that moment, was the heir of France, with his warlike steeds, and the roaring of his cannon, and the shouts of the victors, compared with this philanthropist of pots, pans, and kettles? "In my mind's eye," as Shakspeare has it, "they were both before me;" the destroyer and the preserver. There stood the proud warrior flushed with victory, his eye flashing vengeance and desolation. Here the mild and benevolent philanthropist, distributing life and health to the multitude. Why are the delightful reveries and visions of our happiest moments to be destroyed? Why, in such a dream of bliss, was I to be awakened to the worldly calculations of man, and a cool mental disquisition on the comparative merits of the different methods of turning an iron saucepan? I had a two gallon saucepan in my hand, shining in all the brightness of a full-grown moon. I might have fancied it a moon, and then my reverie would have been complete, but my evil genius, and a cursed spirit of nationality, which but too frequently possesses me, and induces me to doubt the reality of every blessing which is not English, induced me to question the inventor on the process of his life-preserving apparatus. There was benevolence, pure benevolence in his answers, but the secret was of course a secret; after beating about the bush, however, for an hour, and pretending to know much more about the matter than I really did, I at length discovered that this important discovery, this new invention which had been thought worthy of Exhibition at the Louvre by a Royal Committee of Examination, was neither more nor less than a double tinned saucepan.

On leaving the room appropriated to articles of hardware, &c. we ascend the staircase, and enter a saloon in which are fitted up, with much neatness, a great number of places containing shawls, woollen drapery, laces, linen, and other articles in the same way. In order to judge of the improvement in the various manufactures of which these articles are specimens, a man should be well acquainted with the art, which I do not pretend to be.

According to my view of the matter, the Cashmere shawls, marked at 1500 francs each, were very dear, and I saw nothing in the room which is not publicly exposed in the shops in Cheapside and Oxford-street. With respect to the shawls, however, if I am to pronounce an opinion from mere complaisance and politeness towards others, with a deference at the same time towards public opinion, which I have never been remarkable for paying when in opposition to the evidence of my senses, but which, nevertheless, it is proper I am told that I should begin to shew, even though I may not feel it, I must confess that they are probably very beautiful and very excellent, since a great number of very well dressed persons, and who were of course judges of the matter, since they hesitated not to *express* themselves very decidedly and loudly pronounced them to be magnificent and incomparable; one of them adding, with much emphasis, *voyez si l'angleterre peut produire des pareils.* Of the woollen cloths, I must say, that many of them are very beautiful, and, considering the fineness of the quality, cheap. There are black cloths of superior texture and rich colour at fifty to sixty francs per yard, similar to which is not to be obtained in England at less than five pounds per yard; but, on the other hand, I consider that our black cloths at twenty-eight, or twenty-nine shillings per yard, are very superior to the French cloths of the same quality at forty francs. It is to be remembered, however, that the French yard is longer than ours, which brings things nearly equal. Perhaps if the use of very fine black cloth were to be general in England, it would be manufactured at as cheap or even at a cheaper rate than the French, since we have so many advantages of machinery; the only thing in favour of France is the lowness of wages, but this is much more than counterbalanced by the superiority which we derive from our engines; and it is a well-known fact, that for so much of the wool that enters into the manufactory of cloth as is native product, the English have a superiority, which may be estimated at the very lowest at twenty per cent. Agriculture has been too much depressed, and there is too little spirit in France, speaking in a general sense, to give any reasonable prospect of seeing such a cultivation of the growth of wool from crossing the breeds, &c. as would place France, for at least fifty years to come, upon a footing with Great Britain. In articles manufactured from fine Merino wool the French are evidently our superiors, but they are much dearer than similar articles would be in England if they were there general. There are many specimens in the Louvre for ladies' dresses, which are really beautiful, but the prices are from forty to fifty francs per yard, making a dress amount to more than five pounds sterling. It is a difficult thing to make comparisons between two countries in articles for which each is so exclusively famous. Take, for instance, our poplins; a poplin at ten shillings per yard, which is of course of very fine quality, is superior to the best that they have here at eighteen or twenty francs per yard. It is the same with our muslins, and with many other of our fine articles; but the difference is still more perceptible when we descend to articles of ordinary use, either in linen or cotton. Calicoes, for instance, which in London may be purchased at eightpence per yard, would here cost twenty-six sous, although at this moment they are nearly forty per cent. lower than they were a few years ago, in consequence of the great depression of manufactured property. In cotton handkerchiefs we get an article very good and pretty at about one shilling and sixpence to one shilling and ninepence; here cotton handkerchiefs, which are sold as low as three francs, are very common.—Even in silks I do not hesitate to assert, that the French are very little, if at all superior to the English; no good silk can be purchased here at less than seven or eight francs per yard; and after allowing the difference of measure it will be no falsehood to say, that this is not ten per cent. under the London price. Then, if we come to articles of mixed manufacture, the beautiful shawls, which are manufactured in England, from silk and cotton or

worsted, of other materials, are much cheaper than similar productions in Paris; the advantage in favour of England may be stated at thirty per cent. without at all offending against truth. In dimities there is nothing at the Exhibition which can be at all compared with those of England, either for price or for quality; and in cotton stockings at least twenty per cent. difference may be set down in favour of our own country. It is not to be denied, however, that some of the fine linen in France is very good, and perhaps a little cheaper than with us; but, on the other hand, they have nothing for general wear so cheap or so good as the English. It would be very curious, and, indeed, I think useful, if some person, partially acquainted with these things, were to devote a few days to an examination of the articles manufactured from wool, cotton, and linen, and furnish the public with a faithful estimate of the comparative improvement of the two countries. Such a proceeding might be attended with advantage to the government and to the manufacturers.

In the saloon where the articles above alluded to are exposed there are two or three exhibitions of hats, but nothing amongst them denotes much improvement in the manufacture of those articles. Generally speaking, the French are just where they were fifty years ago as to hats; and perhaps there is no nation on the Continent where they are so badly made. In the whole of Paris there are only two hatters who make decent hats, which are sold at twenty-nine and thirty francs each. These men, however, are far from rich, for hat improvement is not encouraged here as in England.

Passing from the woollen drapery and hats, we proceed to a saloon devoted to luxury and taste. On every side, and at every turning, splendid candalabras, services of porcelain and crystal, jewellery, and plated articles meet the sight. I should not be credited if I were to say that the porcelain and crystal are other than beautiful. France has been too long celebrated for these objects, which are among the few in which they carry on a trade with other countries profitably to themselves, to dread a successful rivalry; but it is worthy of remark, that there is little of improvement in the patterns or execution. It has long been matter of surprise that the French porcelain should continue to be so superior to the English, particularly as England is said to contain the primary substance necessary for the manufacture, and French artists are to be had at a very low rate for the decorative part of the preparation, which is so much admired. Persons who understand more of the subject than I do may probably afford you some information, but it may be as well to caution the public against the old answer, "There is quite as good in this country." It is this spirit of prejudice and foolish pride which has kept France so long in the back ground as to some manufactures, which they might with care have imitated from the English; and, although not to the same extent, the feeling exists frequently amongst many of my own countrymen, whose education and habits ought to have protected them from a prejudice which is destructive to the interests of a commercial country. Wedgewood has probably come nearer to the French porcelain than any English manufacturer; but there is still a vast difference between that which he produces and the French. The white Wedgewood ware, in imitation of French white porcelain, has not the chaste transparency and delicate whiteness of the latter, and it is, besides, less useful under the hands of an artist, as he can never rely with certainty upon the action of the colours during the process of baking. Whilst England continues superior to France in all the essential manufactures, few men will, perhaps, be found to insist with much fervor upon the necessity of her being also superior in the ornaments and luxuries of mankind; but it should be remembered, that a commercial country can never be too superior to her neighbours in any of the articles, which bring trade and reputation to the national character.

The most beautiful articles in the Exhibition are several specimens of mahogany and other furniture. Oakley, and the most celebrated upholsterers and cabinet-makers,

excellent as the articles which they manufacture may be, are completely eclipsed by some of the Parisians. Angry at the success with which the English have imitated the French polish for mahogany furniture, so long a valuable secret in France, the Parisians have now introduced an entire new mode of polishing, which is called *plaque*, and is to wood precisely what plating is to metal. The wood, by some process of which I am ignorant, is made to resemble marble, and has all the beauty of that article with much of its solidity. I am even assured by persons who have made trial of the new mode that, with the exception of the actual strength of marble, it has no qualities superior to the imitation, upon which water may be spilled without staining, and the same attempts made to scratch it without success, as would be resisted by marble. But it is not only in the polish that French furniture is improved; its appearance is considerably altered for the better; the form in which they make their articles being a happy medium between the French and English style.—Amongst the articles exhibited at the Louvre are two arm-chairs, one of which is of mahogany, inlaid with pearl. I shall not attempt a description of this splendid ornament, because justice cannot be done to the manufacturer without personal inspection. It has all the elegance and grandeur of a throne, with the lightness and neatness of a common drawing-room chair. The cost, however, from the nicety of execution rather than the expensive nature of the materials, must have been considerable.

The articles of jewellery are not very numerous, and upon the whole they are infinitely inferior to some of English manufacture. The French jewellers, for many years, enjoyed an exclusive reputation for their jewellery, whilst the English could boast of nothing but strength in their manufactures. Things are now quite different. There are hundreds of English jewellers who work as neatly, and with more solidity than the French; and the complaints at one time so general of bad gold can now only be directed against manufacturers who have no reputation to lose, and who are comparatively few in number. I still, however, consider that the French law, prohibiting the manufacture of gold articles under a certain standard, is very excellent. Here we purchase with safety; in England only upon the reputation and assurance of the jeweller. If I purchase a gold chain in Paris, I inquire the price of the gold apart from the manufacture, and the vender is bound to give me a true answer. Thus I know what I am paying for the intrinsic material, and its preparation; and at any time the old gold will, according to the standard stated, call for its market value. Foreign governments are much more rigid in this respect than the English; but no where is it carried to a greater extent than in Holland. There, in order to discourage as much as possible (without an absolute decree of prohibition, which would be disgraceful) the importation of articles manufactured from inferior gold, a duty is levied, which is higher or lower according the quantity of alloy in the article. An Englishman, a few months ago, made a purchase of gold watches in Paris, which he took to Amsterdam on speculation. On arriving there his property was taken to the Assay-office, where it was subjected to the usual trial, and found to be manufactured from gold at the Swiss standard, which had been smuggled into Paris. In consequence of this circumstance, of which the Englishman was ignorant, he having purchased the watches at the Paris price, he had duties to pay of such an enormous amount, that, after getting rid of his goods at the best market in Amsterdam, he was a loser of more than thirty per cent., besides the expenses of his journey. The French government, aware of the extent to which the contraband trade in watches, between Paris and Geneva, has been carried, have very wisely adopted precautions which render the commerce more difficult, and, therefore, protect the public.

Amongst the jewellery articles in the Louvre there a few imitations of precious stones of recent invention, but they are inferior to articles of the same kind in England. A

few years ago a jeweller in the Palais Royal had, however, succeeded so far in imitating the diamond as to venture the sale of his false stones in the wholesale market amongst regular dealers in diamonds. As he acted with prudence, and took care to offer his articles only so far under price as would induce a purchaser to speculate upon the implied want of cash of the vender, he had carried on trade to an extraordinary amount; no less, it is said, than two millions of francs before the fraud was discovered. When the cheat was exposed he had still the presumption to insist upon these stones being real, and defended an action for the recovery of the money paid by a merchant for a tiara of these pretended diamonds On the trial more than twenty dealers in the article were called, who gave different opinions, so admirably had the inventor succeeded in his imitation. By order of the judge, one of the false diamonds was ordered to be broken, and then only was the real state of the case clear enough for a decision, which was of course against the vender. From that period imitation stones made upon the same principle are only allowed to be sold, with a full explanation of their being unreal; but their resemblance to the real diamond has much damped the market.

Two of the most curious and beautiful articles in the Exhibition are a drawing-room, in spun glass, or what is here called *fil de verre* (glass thread) and the model of a three masted-ship in steel, gold, and silver. The first-mentioned article is of extraordinary manufacture. In size it is about two feet square. The interior of the drawing-room is all shewn; on a glass table in the centre is a vase filled with flowers; on the chimney-piece are a dial and a set of ornaments; twelve arm-chairs in glass stand round the room, and in one part is a fine portrait of the reigning Monarch. In this manufacture, I may say, that the French are unrivalled. It is only a pity that so much ingenuity and industry should be bestowed to so little purpose as it respects any use to which the article could be applied. The model of a ship is superb. The hull is of gold, the cannons are of silver, and the deck of the highest polished steel. The masts and rigging are of gold and silver intermingled with pearls, for pullies and blocks; the sails are of silver, rendered beautifully transparent, and bent before the wind. The manufacture of this article must have taken at least six months, and the materials also are of no slight value.

On leaving the saloon in which these curiosities and elegancies are shewn, we enter the *salon des mathematiques*, which, to a contemplative mind, is of all the most worthy of attention; here are a great number of mathematical clocks, and some apparatus of a curious nature; but orreries and planetariums are the chief objects of attraction. In one part is a planetarium, which, when in action, would require a room for its exhibition of more than sixty feet square; and at another, one in a clock, beautifully made, which does not occupy the space of a common sized saucer. It is gratifying to see things of this nature so exhibited to the public, as the circumstance is calculated to instil a taste for the study of astronomy, which is very much wanted. In England, thanks to the spirit of the age, and the number of transparent orreries which have been shewn round the country, there are comparatively few persons ignorant of the first principles of this delightful and necessary science, but in France it is speaking more favourably of the intellectual endowments of the people than they merit to say, that one only in 20,000 knows any thing about astronomy. This is not to be wondered at when we consider that no attempt has been made by persons in power to inculcate this knowledge; on the contrary, indeed, the very essence of the government is opposed to its progress. Here every thing is in the hands of the priesthood, who sedulously contrive to monopolize all knowledge for themselves, and their fellow-labourers in the art of rendering the bulk of the people slaves in body and in intellect. A few good transparent orreries, like that which was exhibited at the English Opera House, in London, and a few lecturers, like Bartley, would do much to enlighten

the people, and expose in all its deformity the atrocious policy of the priesthood. I have resided many years in France without having once seen a transparent orrery in a public Exhibition, and I fear I may be many more years here without seeing one; for no sooner is any thing, in the way of civil, religious, or political improvement manifested, than the priests and their vagabond spies pounce upon the offender, and denounce him at once to the paternal government of the Bourbons, by whom he is oppressed, debased and persecuted.

The last saloon is that of models, but by the time I had entered it I was so much fatigued, that I had not time to bestow much attention upon the objects which it contained. I will pay another visit to it, and if I find any thing in it worth noticing I will make it the subject of another article.

G.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING, M.A.

MINISTER OF THE CALEDONIAN CHURCH, CROSS-STREET, HATTON-GARDEN.

Mr. Irving's voice is rich, full-toned, and powerful; in level speaking it does not appear endued with the variety which it really possesses; its lower tones are decidedly the best; the transition to these from the higher notes is extremely beautiful, for it is done naturally, without effort or affectation; the quiet inartificial pathos of these intonations goes directly to the heart, and when employed, as they frequently are, in giving audible existence to conceptions which illustrate or advocate the milder charities of our nature, and the gentler doctrines of our religion, have the effect of powerfully contributing to the success of his eloquence. When delivering sarcasm or irony, some of his lower tones singularly resemble those of Kean when he expresses the same feelings.

Mr. Irving's voice, when he is declaiming with great vehemence, occasionally becomes discordant; but if an analogous inference may be permitted, if the excellence which he has attained in managing its subdued intonations may be considered a criterion by which to estimate his capability of perfecting its higher inflexions, I am inclined to conclude, that in the burst of indignation, the taunt of contempt, in short, in all the sterner emotions, he is able to modulate his voice according to the laws which true taste and harmony impose. His action is in many instances ungraceful, is generally redundant, and sometimes unnecessarily violent; during the first part of a discourse it would be advisable for him almost to omit gesture, for as he then usually confines himself to that part of his subject which requires an unimpassioned delivery, it injures, rather than adds to the effect, as the principal charm of action consists in its appearing to be the consequence of an involuntary burst of feeling; he also frequently suits the action to the word, which is a habit, to say the least of it, in very bad taste; stamping with his foot, and distortion of countenance fall under the same censure.

His general deportment is animated, energetic, and impressive; he appears completely absorbed by the subject he is discussing; he abandons himself to the domination of the impulses which impel him; he resigns himself unresistingly to the guidance of enthusiastic feeling. This impassioned earnestness tends considerably to produce the rapt attention which is paid to Mr. Irving's discourses; the ardour and vehemence of the preacher indicate the intense interest which he takes in the success of his mission, and they simultaneously generate corresponding sensations in the breasts of his hearers. In reading, Mr. Irving's enunciation is deliberate and distinct, and his emphasis correct, while the deep unaffected solemnity

of his voice and manner renders it impressive. His doctrines have been upon every occasion that I have heard him strictly consonant with Scripture; when he confines himself to deductions from the Bible his inferences are always admissible; but when not derived from this standard, I regret to say, that he advocates some opinions without, I should presume, sufficiently examining the grounds upon which they are founded.

A blameable habit in which Mr. Irving indulges is, that he too frequently repeats a sentence; if this was done seldom, and only once, it would no doubt tend to increase the impressiveness of any thing sufficiently important to justify its repetition; but he sometimes iterates sentences which have no claim to this distinction, he does it several times during the delivery of a single sermon, and he often extends it to three distinct repetitions.

Mr. Irving's style displays both faults and beauties; it is occasionally obscure, which in the pulpit is peculiarly objectionable, as the mind of the hearer, if it fails to receive the idea when first presented to it, has no other opportunity of acquiring it. His sentences are sometimes too long, and involved one within the other, both of which have a very destructive influence upon the clearness of his style. Another of his errors is, that he indulges in an unnecessary iteration of epithets where one would be sufficient; he will employ several, without adding either to the force or beauty of the sentence. Diffuseness of thought and language is another of Mr. Irving's besetting sins; he multiplies words when it is not essential, and ramifies ideas into such a diversity of forms, that their pristine brilliance is dimmed, their original strength enfeebled; by this means he impedes the operation of his own intellect, and in a manner neutralizes its influential character. He is also blameable for not paying stricter attention to the connection and classification of his conceptions, which are sometimes disjointed; and instead of that regular concatenation of ideas, which suffers by the removal of its minutest part, he displays an indefinite vagueness, and a kind of shadowy indistinctness detrimental to, if not subversive of perspicuity.

He is likewise sometimes guilty of carrying his metaphors too far, and of mixing them; it is here that the pernicious results accruing from the want of perspicuity I have alluded to are peculiarly recognizable; obscurity almost annihilates the beauty of all figurative language, which should be clear and definite, and its application instantaneously apparent to the mind it is addressed to. Mr. Irving's metaphors, on the contrary, are too often confused in their arrangement, and are destitute of that unity and simplicity of design and execution so indispensible to their perfection. He is also frequently censurable for his use of words and phrases which are both inelegant and obsolete, when, by adopting those which have had their right of currency stamped by their admission into the purest models of verbal excellence, he would acquire refinement and grace of expression without compromising originality and force.

The whole of Mr. Irving's faults are excesses; this remark is applicable to the management of his voice, to his gesture, and to his style; he possesses the natural qualifications necessary to constitute a preacher of no common rank, but the erroneous operations of a vitiated taste, and a perverted judgment, concur to dim the lustre of inherent intellectual excellence. I am aware that many of Mr. Irving's faults of style are attributable to the necessity which exists for him to compose two discourses for every Sunday, each of which occupies an hour and a half or very little less in delivery, and when to all this is added the consideration of the time he is obliged to devote to the private duties of a Christian Minister, and to the acquirement of knowledge, he is possessed of a powerful apology for inaccurate composition. Notwithstanding the faulty arrangement and construction of many of Mr. Irving's sentences, still they contain much to excite admiration; he has an unlimited controul over language; this absolute command of words completely prevents the slightest approximation towards

tautology of expression. He combines words in a manner indicative of talent; for a tame succession of common-place phrases he substitutes those which have novelty and vigour for their characteristics. His metaphors and similes are often felicitously imagined, but it very rarely happens that his words do justice to his ideas; with him, to borrow one of his own beautiful expressions, "All language is a pale reflection of thought, whose faint lustre imperfectly represents the brilliance of those conceptions which it attempts to embody."

The tone of Mr. Irving's mind is bold, spirited, and independent; it is unshackled by the trammels of prejudice, and bows obedience only to the dictates of conscience, to the laws of God. He is fearless and undaunted in the prosecution of his duty, and pursues it regardless of the obstacles which may be thrown in his way to interrupt his progress.

There is a class of thinkers and writers, who have the dread of doing wrong so incessantly and vividly before them, that they never do right; they are oppressed and cramped with a species of mental cowardice, which paralizes their best efforts; to this class Mr. Irving is decidedly and determinately opposed; he never sacrifices a principle at the shrine of interest or timidity; he unsparingly reproves vice in all its ramifications, and exposes error in all its disguises and delusions. This lofty independence of feeling he sometimes carries to excess, and does not permit his mind to be passive to the objects it encounters, but to mould them according to its own moods. I do not say that is invariably the case, otherwise he would never advocate any truth that was not in unison with his own peculiar prepossessions. His imagination is inventive, and rich even to exuberance; its creations often exhibit those connections and associations of ideas which are the certain manifestations of intellectual fertility; it is to this extreme luxuriance of fancy that the ornateness of his style is referable; he is capable of multiplying metaphors and similes so profusely, that the very faculty, which is calculated by its strength and power to call into existence the loveliest forms of the mind, becomes, by its facility of employment, the instrument of occasionally vivifying incongruous masses of thought, which, though they contain the germ of beauty, are nearly allied to extravagance, in consequence of wanting that curb which a fine imagination imperiously and incessantly demands. Whenever Mr. Irving does submit to this restraint its advantages are instantaneously apparent; his ideas start into being, redolent with beauty, and they will endure the severe ordeal of analytical examination. Mr. Irving is not an indolent thinker, he tasks his intellect to the very utmost; he does not allow any one of its powers to remain unemployed, but calls them forth into successive and vigorous exertion.

He is not trifling and superficial, or satisfied with skimming the surface of a subject, but endeavours and often succeeds in drawing from their depths the richest treasures of reflexion and of thought. He possesses a warmth of feeling which communicates an indescribable charm to his eloquence, but which is much easier to admire than to define; in the same manner as bright hues of the airy bow of Heaven are palpable to the sight, and yet mock the most elaborate efforts of the painter to delineate them. It is when advocating the nobler sympathies of our nature, such as devotion and benevolence, that this warmth of feeling, by its fervor and intenseness, so effectually co-operates with his arguments, in awakening in the breasts of his hearers the dormant sentiments of religion and virtue. When he is expounding scripture it is impossible not to admire the critical acumen he evinces; he reconciles the apparent discrepancies of the sacred writings, and seizes immediately on the correct meaning of the passages he is considering, whether it is attainable by a cursory but penetrating glance, or is accorded only to the researches of laborious investigation. Mr. Irving never omits an opportunity of exposing and refuting the errors and anomalies of Unitarianism; he resolutely and skilfully unravels the

web which it has spun around Christianity, and displays its close affinity to Deism.

Whatever may be the object that the mind of Mr. Irving comes in contact with it is certain to elicit, by the collision, that brilliance which talent alone can supply. In mental painting he has very few equals; the deep tinge of poetry with which his spirit is embued communicates to his pencil the power of tracing all that is grand in outline, or beautiful in colouring. In reasoning he would be more forcible if he was more concentrated; he is so anxious in an argument to avail himself of every aid, whether direct or collateral, which may support his cause, that their number counteracts and diminishes their cogency and conclusiveness; he would be more likely to win conviction by limiting his attention to his stronger positions, as the minds of his hearers are liable to become confused in following a long consecutive chain of evidence, however close may be the dependence of its several links. Still, after all this is conceded, he will frequently be found an irresistible champion of truth; he intrepidly meets every difficulty half way; he looks undismayed upon all that his opponents can urge in their defence, and then detects and proves the fallacy of their assumptions. To accomplish this purpose he unreservedly surrenders every power of his intellect; when he considers a subject his mind revolves completely upon its axis, and seeks, by making the entire circle of its faculties, to draw from them whatever may tend to establish the particular truth he is endeavouring to establish. One of the causes, that have produced the variety which characterizes Mr. Irving's discourses, is, that he has familiarized himself with general knowledge, by this means he has avoided that monotonous train of thought so inseperable from confinement to one line of study.

He is likewise deeply read in the pages of the human heart; he tears open its secret recesses, and traces to their source all its mazes and windings; but it is rather with human nature in the abstract that he is conversant, than, as it appears, when moulded by circumstances; this will be corrected almost insensibly to himself by a longer residence in, and a more intimate acquaintance with the world, and the different forms into which human nature is moulded by the influence of social institutions. His irony is keen, caustic, and pointed; it is in his hands a formidable engine, which demolishes the entrenchments of those who oppose him. There are some men, who whatever may be their efforts, however strenuous and unremitting, can never attain to a high grade in the profession they have selected, in consequence of their minds being destitute of the elements of greatness; not so Mr. Irving; his ultimate failure or success depends, humanly speaking, upon his own exertions; let him but be just to himself, and he may defy the shafts which envy and malice hurl at him in such plentiful profusion; the high and diversified powers of his mind are sufficient to produce results equally honourable to himself and beneficial to the age in which he lives. His principal errors are, that his mind relies too implicitly upon its own strength, and that his taste and judgment are frequently incorrect, all of which are remediable. Mr. Irving is endowed by nature with the qualities most essential in the formation of an orator; he unites the lofty imaginings of the poet with the resistless deductions of the logician. Indefatigable in his researches he never leaves a subject till he has exhausted it, till he has distilled the latest drop of spirit which it affords. He traverses creation to its boundaries, and brings back all its endless varieties in aid of the great cause to which he is devoted; ardent in pursuit, no difficulties can repress his industry; determined in resolve, his consistency is untainted by tergiversation; he employs his intellect to bend opinion to the controul of religion and virtue, and labours to turn the stream of thought into a channel, where no error shall sully its purity and cause it to spread ruin and desolation instead of beauty and fertility in its progress.

CRITICUS.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

By John Flaxman, Esq. R.A.

How often does it occur that while the ears of the public are stunned with the praises of mediocrity, excellence is allowed to exist wholly unspoken of. In the Fine Arts especially, how frequently does empiricism succeed in calling the attention of the world to productions which, if not absolutely worthless, are nevertheless of very inferior value; while the works of true genius, in the absence of the just notice to which they are entitled, remain in comparative obscurity. It is one of the most imperative, and at the same time one of the most pleasing duties of the press, to redress, as far as it is capable of redressing this wrong. Its efforts to do so must of necessity be spontaneous; because there is a combined delicacy and pride accompanying merit of the highest class, which forbids any immediate appeal to criticism.

Happening the other day to stroll into the shop of the celebrated goldsmiths and jewellers, on Ludgate-hill, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, among the many gorgeous and valuable articles by which we found ourselves surrounded, our admiration was singularly excited by a magnificent shield, which, although of silver gilt and of large dimensions, and consequently very ponderous, was so nicely balanced on a massy and elegant stand ingeniously constructed for the purpose, as to admit of its being turned about, and examined in every part, with the greatest facility.

Every body knows the politeness with which Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, and the several members of their unrivalled establishment, gratify the curiosity of their visitors. From them, and from other sources, we collected various particulars respecting this splendid production, which, together with a few of our own observations upon it, we hope may prove not unacceptable to the readers of the European Magazine.

The shield, the circumference of which is no less than nine feet, and the convexity six inches from the plane, has been executed from drawings and a model, by Mr. Flaxman; which occupied that able sculptor, at different times, for a series of years, and were finished in January, 1818. It is intended to represent the shield forged by Vulcan, "the artist of the skies;" and presented by Thetis to her son, Achilles, to supply the place of that which he had lent to his unhappy friend Patroclus. As any description which we could give of the multifarious subjects introduced must necessarily be feeble and imperfect, compared with Pope's harmonious though somewhat decorated translation of the close of the eighteenth book of the Iliad, we subjoin the passage:—

"Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd;
Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' etherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymenial rite;

Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound;
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide;
The witness is produc'd on either hand,
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands.
On seats of stone, within the sacred place
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
And rising, solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare;
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march, by Pallas and by Mars made bold;
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour; these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round
Rush sudden, hills of slaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear,
They rise, take horse, approach and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seemed to blush with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast;
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead.
Now here, now there, the carcases they tore;
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
A field deep furrow'd, next, the God design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side:
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the soil,
Behind the rising earth in ridges roll'd;
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper train;
Here, stretched in ranks, the level'd swaths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the ground.

With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
The rustic monarch of the field descries,
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade,
The victim ox, the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines,
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow,
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place,
And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads;
(Fair maids and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd,
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable flood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye, the art of FLAXMAN leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds; such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dedalean art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft cymars of linen drest;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest.
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd,
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well-taught feet; now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze;
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring;
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circles tost,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend;
And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete, the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round;
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

The skill and application necessary to complete so extensive and so complicated a composition, consisting of upwards of a hundred human figures, besides animals, &c. must have been very great. Nothing similar to it, ancient or modern, is, that we know of, in existence. Mr. Flaxman must, therefore, have relied upon his own unassisted imagition and judgment; and we congratulate him on a happy opportunity, thus afforded him, of condensing into one comprehensive space all the professional knowledge, which he had acquired during a long and laborious life from the study of nature, and of the sculpture and literature of the Greeks. It is a production which, if any thing were yet wanting for that purpose, would set the seal upon his fame. Amidst so much beauty and excellence, it is difficult to select any particular objects of admiration. If, however, we were absolutely required to do so, we should name the personification of the Sun, by the spirited *alto relievo* of Apollo in his chariot, in the centre of the shield; and the manner in which the various subjects of war, the attack by the Lions on the Herd of Oxen, and the Marriage Festival, are treated. Of the representation of war especially, in which Mr. Flaxman's anatomical knowledge is finely displayed, it may with perfect truth be said,

"That each bold figure seems to live or die."

Nor, in the attack upon the herd, can any thing be more admirable than the energetic ferocity of the monsters of the forest, who have fastened on the bull, the desperate efforts of that noble animal to disengage himself, and the vain attempts of the herdsmen to urge their fierce but alarmed dogs to further resistance. To these scenes of contest and death, the beauty, elegance, and sprightliness of the nuptial procession, with all its classical accompaniments, form a delightful contrast.

It appears that, highly to the credit of the taste, discernment, and liberality, of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, this has been entirely a speculation of their own; no other person having any interest or concern in it whatever. They gave the original order to Mr. Flaxman, and paid him for the drawings and the model the sum of six hundred and twenty pounds. Four casts, in silver gilt, each of the value of two thousand guineas, have been finished from them: the first for his Majesty, who, with his characteristic liberality and love for the arts, ordered a cast even before the model was finished; the second for his Royal Highness the Duke of York; the third for the Earl of Lonsdale; and the fourth, which is the one we had the gratification of seeing, for the Duke of Northumberland. Each cast, with the necessary and elaborate chasing, &c. all of which has been performed in the most masterly manner, under Messrs. Rundell and Bridge's superintendance, and to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Flaxman, has occupied two experienced workmen for a whole twelvemonth.

We are surprised that this splendid specimen of British genius and enterprize has never been publicly exhibited. We are persuaded that a faithful and spirited engraving or etching of it, of a size sufficiently large to enable justice to be done to its merits would be extremely attractive; not merely to the classical scholar, but to the public generally.

EXHIBITION OF THE NORTHERN SOCIETY AT LEEDS.—Instituted in 1809.

The Exhibition of paintings, patronized by this Society, becomes annually more interesting. This year, the productions of different artists are more numerous than formerly, and merit has increased with numbers. The number this year is 342.

No. 7. *Interior View of York Cathedral. View of the East Window.* T. Taylor.—Those who have visited York Minster, and contemplated the scene presented to the eye from the West door to the East window, must acknowledge the vista to be magnificently grand, and almost

to defy the imitation of the artist. But Mr. Taylor has attempted and succeeded beyond expectation. The minute tracery of the window and the roof must have been a work of laborious industry.

No. 43. *Christ healing the Sick in the Temple*, from a picture by the late B. West, P.R.A. H. Corbould. —Is strikingly expressive. Gratitude in the subject healed, surprize in some, and malice in others, are all depicted in a lively manner.

No. 60. *The Death of Moses in sight of the Promised Land.* E. Chatfield.—Is on a large scale, but a physiognomist would certainly conclude from the face of Moses that he did not possess all those mental qualities mentioned of him in Scripture. The attendant Angels have too much of human appearance for celestial beings.

No. 84. *The Alehouse.* G. Milnes. —Is in mediocrity, but the scene is too disgusting and has a tendency, by being publicly exhibited, to blunt the moral faculty in its aversions from vice. Society suffers an injury when the Fine Arts are cultivated at the expense of decency.

No. 90. *Dead Pheasants and Jay.* H. P. Parker.—This is a rich painting and an accurate imitation of nature, and would undoubtedly be a suitable ornament to the sportsman's sitting-room.

No. 110. *Fox and Hounds.* C. H. Schuanfelder. — Is exceedingly animated. The fox is in the posture of defending himself in the last extremity, as mentioned by naturalists. He is perhaps too small for the relative size of the hounds.

No. 140. *Vase of Flowers from Nature.* Ann Kelly.—Is exceedingly brilliant, and rendered quite natural by the lively-appearing butterflies upon them.

No. 160. From Æsop's Fable of the *Ass laden with Provisions and the Thistle.* E. Landseer. — The much abused quadruped, which is the subject of this painting, appears quite in style, bending under its load; the nostrils inflated and the hair handing in tatters.

No. 195. *The Vision of Zachariah.* W. Brokeden.—This picture was painted at Rome, and publicly exhibited in the Pantheon there in April and May last. The scene represented here is very sublime. The contour of the Prophet's face is indicative of the masculine boldness for which the Jewish Prophets were signalized. The sombre hue of the drapery is quite appropriate. The agitated appearance of the atmosphere is well pourtrayed; but the horses and chariots, which are a part of the vision, are too much in the back-ground; indeed, some of them are scarcely visible. The Angel is too much of an earthly being. His eyes are not celestial and his fingers too workmanlike. There is an error in the Catalogue, which quotes the fourth instead of the sixth chapter of Zachariah's Prophecy.

No. 200. *May-Day. Time of Queen Elizabeth.* C. G. Leslie, A. R. A. —This brilliant painting is a lively illustration of some of the scenes related in Kenilworth. The elevated May-pole; the motley groups; the clown in his scarlet dress, with pyramidical hat and long toed shoes; the various amusements; the promiscuous gambols of men, women, children, and dogs; the serenity of the atmosphere; and the Queen beholding them with royal complaisance; exhibit a specimen of English novelty in the days of "Good Queen Bess."

No. 206. *Homer reciting his Iliad; Sun-Set.* J. R. Walker. — The splendour of this painting gives it as great a superiority over its adjoining contemporaries, as the brilliancy of gold exceeds the appearance of the common metals. The setting sun has put the heavens in a blaze, and tinged the elegant buildings on each side of the river, which form a dazzling vista. The rich foliage of an eastern climate, burnished with the deeply tinged rays of the departing luminary of day, presents to our imagination a a paradisiacal state, where

"Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appeared, with gay enamell'd colours mixed;
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God had shower'd the earth; so lively seemed
That landscape."

In the fore-ground the poet is reclining and singing his Iliad to a few bystanders. The whole is a *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Walker. If there be any fault it is that the subject of the painting appears subservient to some of the accompaniments.

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS.

Method of preserving Paintings.—The following is an extract from a letter which we have received, and which we think may be in some degree useful, although the method is not, we believe, unknown to artists, and is considered by them impracticable. "As nothing is so much wanted as durability, to render the master pieces of painting invaluable, permit me, through the medium of your widely circulated magazine, to propose the following method: (which, if not attended with complete success, may probably induce others more competent to devise something better). Cause two plates of glass of the same size, somewhat larger than the painting, to be prepared, the one ground, the other ground and polished; having laid the former in a horizontal position, place the painting on it with the face up, the polished plate to be laid on that, the edges of the plates are then to be united by the blowpipe, except at a very small portion, that to be formed into a tube, and connected with an air-pump: when the air is exhausted from between the plates, by working that apparatus, let the tube be closed in the same manner as the other parts; thus the painting will be placed in a vaccuum, enveloped in glass, the excess of glass forming a margin wide enough to prevent the increased temperature from affecting the picture, may be let into a groove, or rabbit in the frame, leaving no other than the usual appearance."

British Academy at Rome.—We have already mentioned the design of establishing a School of Drawing and Painting at Rome, destined exclusively for *British artists.* The idea of this Institution arises wholly from a few individuals. The subscription, began a short time since, already amounts to 935*l.* it will, no doubt, rapidly increase; and in the mean time, the managers are occupied in forming the regulations and conditions of admittance.

Discovery of an ancient Painting.—In cleaning the south wall of the church at Wootton Basset, Wilts, which is a more ancient part than the rest of the structure to which it is now united, the workmen accidentally brought to light a very curious painting, executed in the rudest style, but evidently illustrating the subject which it represented; the murder of Archbishop Beckett. The four knights in complete armour are in the act of assaulting the Archbishop. The figures of the knights are nearly perfect; the two latter in the act of drawing. The Archbishop is leaning before the altar; between his hands, which are raised in a pious attitude, is the wafer; the cup and the book are placed on the table before him; the crosier and mitre are by his side. His Cardinal's red robe, with golden bands, is distinct. His features are a good deal obliterated; but there is sufficient to distinguish that his head is turned round in sudden surprise. This painting is evidently very curious, both from the subject and rudeness of the execution. The picture is evidently painted on the first coating, as the bare stone is immediately underneath. The entrance by the folding-doors is also rudely represented, and, below, is sketched what seems intended to signify the cathedral itself. The picture is highly worthy the inspection of the curious.

The Statue of his late Majesty George III., which, a short time ago, was taken down in the Royal Exchange, was found to be so much out of repair, that the Gresham Committee have given orders to an eminent statuary to complete a new one, which will then be put up in the same niche.

Burns' monument, at Ayr, is completed, by the tripod being raised on the summit. Fifteen mason lodges walked in procession, besides yeomany, and a vast number of persons were present at the ceremony. The monument is about seventy feet.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Histoire et Description des Iles Ioniennes, &c.
History and Description of the Ionian Isles, from the fabulous and heroic times to the present time. By Colonel Bory de Saint Vincent.

THE first legislators of Greece, who undertook to civilize mankind, in order to soften their manners, appealed to their imaginations through the charms of melody and verse. The lyre, says Isaac Vossius, governed the ancient Helladeans, formed heroes, exterminated monsters, created liberty, and founded those immortal republics which will be the admiration of ages. Religion, law, and politics, music and poetry, animated every part of public instruction; and sages, separated from the multitude, by this means gave to their lessons an authority which had something divine in it. The commands of the gods, the oracles that decided public cases, for they were never consulted by individuals because of the hecatombs and gifts it was necessary to offer to the priests of the Hierons, and social compacts, even in the time of the Dorians, were sung and presented traditionally in families. Thus perpetuated, and passing from age to age, they were collected like the writings of the Hebrews after the captivity, with a crowd of recollections, which Hesiod has preserved in a language undoubtedly more harmonious than that of the gods, to which they were attributed. It is not so much to the barbarism, says *M. Bory de Saint Vincent*, or negligence of the first ages, that we ought to attribute our doubts on the subject of remote antiquity, as to the misfortunes occasioned by time and the ravages of the destroyers of Greece. Though it is said that the divine Orpheus overcame tigers, attracted oaks, mountains, and rocks, and suspended the course of rivers by the sound of his lyre, yet we know nothing of the chronology or geography of his poetry. An opposite consequence may be deduced from Homer's poetry, for he undoubtedly knew of facts anterior to the siege of Troy, and which the chronologist, geographer, and historian, may also be masters of when capable of understanding them.

After these general facts, which are succinctly explained in a preliminary discourse written in a graceful and concise style, *M. Bory de Saint Vincent* gives a particular history of the Ionian Isles, with a great deal of real talent, and all the close attention of a monk of the congregation of St. Maura. "If this kind of work," says the learned writer, "requires less talent than history, it demands, perhaps, more erudition: it is equally susceptible of every ornament of style, it supplies reflections no less profound; and it is, perhaps, as glorious to attain fame by great learning as to immortalize oneself by the ascendancy of genius. To give a complete history of the Ionian Isles is to awaken recollections dear to the whole learned world."

Corcyra, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithaca, Zacinthe, Cythera, were kingdoms or flourishing states, at those great historical periods, when the importance of a people was measured, not by the surface of the ground they inhabited, but by the civilization,

arts, sciences, and glory they were surrounded by. With these claims to notice, the Ionian Heptarchy holds an honourable place in the annals of Greece; and if Corcyra did not act according to the rules of honour in neglecting to be at the battle of Salamis, that is a no greater reproach than the one due to the Ionians of our days, who failed to take part in the battles of Chios and Tenedos, where the insular marine of the Ægean sea have performed prodigies, no less astonishing than those of the best ages of Greece. Political faults ought never to be attributed to whole nations, who generally are but the expiatory victims.

There is still something divine in the Ionian Isles, and to their enchanting territory our imagination is involuntarily turned when we would cite a noble action. Suza, Babylon, Nineveh, have not been able to preserve the honour of the illusion attached to the unknown gardens of Alcinous. Time, which has reduced to cinders the superb monarchies of the East, has respected Greece, and, when her Isles are mentioned, imagination immediately restores its cities, temples, trophies, and monuments. More than one traveller still, like Homer, praise the hospitality of the peasants of Corcyra, in whose dwellings the proscribed of Parga, more unfortunate than Themistocles, found an asylum, when, sold to Ali Tebelen, they were obliged to abandon the tombs of their fathers. Other comparisons we might also make, by recalling the time when Aristotle a fugitive, and Alexander the Great persecuted by his step-mother, sought refuge, the one to escape from the fury of faction, the other under pretext of visiting his master in Corcyra always ready to receive the miserable. Tacitus relates that Germanicus and Agrippina there landed the cinenary urn, containing the remains of the best of husbands.

M. Bory de Saint Vincent's account of the other Ionian Isles would supply us with many quotations relative to the times when Greece was free, or when conquered by the Romans. But we refer the curious reader to the book itself, assuring him that he will be fully satisfied with the historical part of the author's work. We will proceed to the time when religion first began to emancipate the world from the slavery of military tyranny; at that time the Ionian Isles received the doctrines of Christianity, through S. S. Sosipatre and Jason, one of them Bishop of Tarsis, in Cilicia, and the other of Iconium, in Cappadocia. The first altar raised by these two disciples of St. Paul was constructed on the Island of Pythia, now the island of Vido, where they landed, and dedicated it to the martyr St. Stephen. But a prosecution having arisen, Saint Sosipatre was shut up in a brass bull, and suffered martyrdom, but the whole islands after this were converted to Christianity. The Ionians nevertheless remained faithful ever after to the Roman emperors, fighting under their banners wherever they were raised. They celebrated the death of Nero, by striking a medal in honour of Galba, who had delivered the world from such a monster; they gave Titus, conqueror of the Jews, the spectacle of a mock sea-fight, and overcame the prejudices he had conceived against the Ionians; and they had the good fortune to escape from the persecutions of his brother Domitian, who, as well as Diocletian, respected the church of Corcyra.

The Corcyrians have no monument of Hadrian's Journey to the Ionian Isles, nor of any of his victories or travels, though they have paid homage to Nerva, and Trajan, and Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, and even Faustinus, who have had medals struck there in honour of them.

It would be necessary to transcribe the whole of M. Bory de Saint Vincent's rapid narrative, in order to follow the Corcyrians through all their political phases, up to the time of the removal of the Roman Empire to the borders of the Bosphorus, where Constantine transported the senate, without being able to fix the altar of his victory. This was a fatal blow to the Roman people; their destiny was accomplished; and Julian himself, whom M. de Saint Vincent considers as a restorer of the Rome of Fabricius and Scipio, could not,

if he had lived, have arrested the irresistable progress of events. The course of the world was turned into a fresh channel. The empire was destroyed by the oppressed, and eternal justice must be appeased. The dark ignorance, which then enveloped the known world, was the result of the military government that had so long debased it, by keeping the people under the yoke of the Roman legions, and by preferring the arts of war to a civilization, which could not include Emperors taken from the class of *hunters of men*, by whom they were chosen and saluted as Cæsars. Rome deserves, in many respects, to be admired, but it never inspires regret in those who are persuaded, that when military glory oversteps the bounds of legitimate defence, it becomes a crime against social order.

The Ionian Isles deprived of their poetical names, and changed into Corfu, Santa Maura, Thiaki, Zante, and Cerigo, fighting during the fall of the Eastern empire, would only inspire a feeling of commiseration, did not some splendid actions remind us of their ancient origin. After many and long convulsions, it is delightful to find the pious archbishop Arsinius, calling the inhabitants of Corfu to victory by a self-devotion, perhaps, more sublime than the heroism of Regulus. Corcyra was on the point of being a prey to the barbarians who were approaching to ravage the island, when Arsinius, devoting himself for the public safety, gave himself up to the pirates, who retained him and delayed the signal for devastation in the hope of gaining an enormous ransom. As soon as this generous action was known by the Corcyrians, they determined to attack the Corsairs, which they did, and gained a complete victory; for which the deliverance of their bishop was a sufficient recompence.

Arsinius, in those calamitous times, was appointed by providence to watch over his countrymen. A person sent by Constantine Porphyrogenetes, counteracted in his avaricious views, accused at the foot of the throne the Corcyrians of rebellion and their magistrates of felony. Thus, sent for to Constantinople, where they had every thing to fear from the suggestions of a perfidious minister, they saw in their prelate a means of averting the threatened danger. Arsinius undertook, in spite of his great age, the fatigues of a long and painful journey; he repaired to the barbarous court of Constantine VII., and re-established his fellow-citizens in that Prince's opinion; but on returning with a free pardon he expired at Corinth, only regretting that he could not breathe his last sigh in a country he had twice saved. This episode, borrowed from the history of the Ionian Isles, is that of the last of those noble Greeks, who then felt their heart beat at the name of their country; for the Heptarchy and Naxos, which the author includes in his narrative, passing under particular chiefs, lost all consistent policy. The Latins seized Constantinople, divided the empire, and introduced the feudal system into the provinces that fell to their lot. Attica, Laconia, Corinth, Messenia, Arcadia, and Achaia, became so many fiefs, and the great men of antiquity were replaced by Counts and Barons, who, though courageous, were as illiterate as the most primitive heroes. This period of humiliation is the subject of the fourth book of the history of the Ionian Isles, from the middle of the twelfth century to the death of Solimon El-Canoûni in 1566. During this time, Alexis I. Duke of Corfu, conspired against Alexis II., Emperor of the East, and dethroned him; then allied himself to William, King of Sicily, against Adronicus, who reduced him to captivity, and, after having been delivered by his successor, devised new plots, and did not cease to intrigue till he was driven into a monastery, then the receptacles of the ambitious.

From 1237 to 1822, M. Bory de Saint Vincent details the minor revolutions, which successively ranged the Ionian Isles under the Dukes of Anjou, the Venetians, the French, the Russians, and lastly, the English, who now reign there with as much contempt for the inhabitants, as the chiefs of the East India Company had for the Hindoos at the beginning of the present century. This narrative, sometimes sterile and incomplete, is contained in the sixth

book, and, continued up to the present times, terminates with the author's wishes for an emancipation which it would be madness to attempt, unless such an event could be obtained through that philanthropy which has ameliorated the fate of the Indians, and caused the Slave Trade to be abolished.

Des hommes célèbres de France, au dix-huitième siècle.
The celebrated Men of France in the eighteenth century, and the State of Literature and the Arts during the same period. By J. Wolgang Goethe. Translated from the German into French, by M. M. de Saur and de Saint-Genies.

This work of M. Goethe, say the translators in their introduction, was composed by him in 1805, and appeared at the same time with a German translation, (printed at Leipsick) of the *Neveu du Rameau*, a posthumous and unedited work of Diderot, then entirely unknown in France, and which the author had formerly sent to a person of high rank in Saxony. This precious manuscript having been communicated to M. Goethe, he solicited and obtained permission to partake with his countrymen the lively pleasure, which he had experienced in reading this remarkable work, by one of the greatest writers of the last century. The author and translator are worthy of each other, and it is not astonishing that this translation obtained a brilliant success in Germany.

M. Goethe's design in this work is to appreciate justly the genius and writings of the most celebrated men living in France, during the eighteenth century, to discuss interesting questions on philosophy, and those views on the theory of arts, scattered through this dialogue by Diderot; and this important and arduous undertaking has been completed in a manner worthy of him. The work will contain biographical notices on the most celebrated French writers, such as Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Piron, Dorat, Destouches, &c. It is preceded by an Essay on the life and writings of Goethe, and accompanied with notes by the translators. The same translators intend shortly to publish a translation of two German works. One, a book by M. Goerres, entitled "The Holy Alliance, and the People at the Congress of Verona," the other an historical novel, called "*Les Etoiles et les Perroquets*," by M. Varnhagen d'Euse, a minister plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia; one of the most distinguished writers of the present period.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Campaign of the Left Wing of the Allied Army in the Western Pyrenees and South of France in the years 1813 *and* 1814, *under the Field Marshal the Marquis of Wellington.* By Captain Batty, of the Guards, F.R.S., &c. 4to. pp. 185. 2*l.* London. 1823.

There is an idea very prevalent amongst, we believe, critics and authors as well as amongst people in general, that the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war, are so calculated to excite curiosity and to rouse our passions, that an author of but ordinary talents is pretty sure of attracting attention, and of acquiring fame if his theme be the adventures of well-fought fields with all their vicissitudes of hope, fear, disaster, and success. For our parts, we are of opinion that the Bella, the *horrida Bella*, are subjects which require no common degree of skill and judgment to render attractive in the pages of a book. The operations of campaigns, if considered in relation to politics, become mere matters of history, and form not the most interesting parts of history; if they be related scientifically, they are not even intelligible but to the military profession, and they become interesting to the general reader only when they are judiciously related in detail, so as to exhibit personal adventure, the heroism of some gallant bands, and the breathless hopes and fears of parties or of individuals in feats of noble daring and of brave resistance. To

these sources of interest we must add the sketches of military habits, the soldier's life in camps, the bivouac, the surprise, the triumphant entry into captured towns, and with all their kindred associations as felt by the individual soldier. These form the amusement of military works, but they must be confined almost to individual feelings, for when such points of interest are generalized and applied to large armies, they cease to be points of interest to the feelings, and become mere matters of historical knowledge.

Captain Batty's work now before us relates to but one wing of the Duke of Wellington's army in Spain, and the scale of operations which he describes is therefore easily comprehended by general readers, and his narrative is enlivened by frequent accounts of the heroism and fate of isolated bands, and which he generally sets forth, if not in a vivid, at least in a clear and distinct manner. His volume bears that stamp which is so common in a highly cultivated state of society, it bespeaks the author to be a scholar and a gentleman; but to this we must in justice add, that it evinces much judgment and intelligence, and of course a professional or technical acquaintance with the subject on which he writes. Captain Batty is also free from those gross prejudices against our gallic opponents and their late celebrated chief, which disgrace many of the works which have lately issued from the English press, and even where he is embued with prejudices, the expressions of them is mollified by his rank in society, and by the *ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*, so that we are not amazed by much of vituperation, or very much by partiality; and we bear witness to these meritorious features of the work with great pleasure, because the military profession is calculated to confine rather than to enlarge the ideas upon national subjects; whether relating to the enemy or to domestic measures.

Captain Batty tells us in his preface, that whilst serving as an ensign with his regiment, (third battalion of foot guards) in the left wing of our Peninsula army, it was his habit to take sketches of surrounding scenery, to make notes of every material operation and occurrence, and finally to take trigonometrical surveys of such portions of the country as were accessible to him; and he speaks of the possibility, "perhaps at no great length of time, for a British army again to occupy its old positions, and to gain fresh laurels in the mountain passes of the Pyrenees." In this last sentiment Captain Batty has been guided by the feelings of a gallant soldier and an enlightened Englishman, rather than by a learned spirit of human dealings and a knowledge of the narrow principles which have unfortunately guided the measures of our Cabinet, with respect to the late unjust invasion of that country, which Captain Batty saw liberated by British heroism, to be so soon over-run by a meaner foe, and brought under a despotism worse than that from which our arms had liberated her. The result of Captain Batty's trigonometrical surveys we have no doubt will, upon some future occasions, be of great use, as they relate to a country which is so frequently the arena of conflicts, but relating solely to science they are not included in the work before us, which relates solely to the notes and to the views he took during his campaign. These views are very numerous, and have been etched by Captain Batty with a high degree of talent. Several of them give but an indistinct, if not a confused idea of the objects to be represented, but others appear to us to be of great merit, and of such beauty as to enhance the value of the work to every lover of art, as well as to every lover of beautiful and magnificent scenery.

The narrative opens after the battle of Vittoria, on the 21st of June, 1813, which, says Captain Batty, was fought by Joseph Buonaparte for the purpose of covering the conveyance of all his treasure into France. We doubt whether this is a very liberal, or a very sagacious estimate of the Ex-King of Spain's motives for risking the battle of Vittoria; but Captain Batty further commits himself in the same page,

by observing, that "thus in the short space of one month the influence which the French had held over the Peninsula, during several years, was brought to a fatal crisis." Now, it is obvious, that the destruction of the French influence in the Peninsula was the result of the Duke of Wellington's exertions, (not of one month) from 1809 to 1813, and of the unconquerable obstinacy of the Spanish people, and more than both these, of the Emperor Napoleon's reverses at Moscow and Leipsig.

However, the battle of Vittoria ended in the most disorderly flight of the enemy, and the Duke of Wellington immediately directed his left wing of his army under Sir Thomas Graham, to press upon Tolosa, in order to intercept the French division under General Foy. This object failed, but Sir Thomas Graham drove the enemy from Tolosa, and on the 2nd of July pushed his advanced guard to the banks of the Bidassoa, other divisions of the British army pressed upon Tudela, in order to cut off the retreat of General Clausel, who evaded us by taking the direction of Saragossa and the pass of Jaca.

Our army now invested Pampluna and St. Sebastian's, and, on the 30th of July, the garrison of Passages surrendered, which made that port the *entrepôt* of all the supplies for the allied army. Marshal Soult had at the beginning of July been appointed to the command of King Joseph's broken forces, and, re-organizing the army with his wonted ability, projected the relief of Pampluna and St. Sebastian's, and the re-occupation of the line of the Ebro. Our author now gives us a clear statement of the positions and manœuvres of the contending armies, which led to Marshal Soult's driving us to within a few miles of Pampluna, and of the Duke of Wellington in his turn becoming a victorious assailant, and re-occupying the passes of the Pyrenees. St. Sebastian's subsequently yielded to the combined naval and military forces of England; and the efforts of Marshal Soult to relieve that place were defeated by the Duke of Wellington.

The fall of St. Sebastian's, and the arrival of reinforcements from England, enabled the British to penetrate into France, and on the 7th of October, 1813, they crossed the Bidassoa. The passage of our troops through Irun, their mode of surprising the enemy, the view of the battle on crossing the river, of our attack upon the enemy's strong position at Urogne, and our finally establishing ourselves in their lines of defence, are given with great vividness and animation, and we regret that our limits prevent our affording our readers any extract from this part of the volume.

It is in Captain Batty's narration of the entrance of the British forces into France that the reader first discovers discrepancies between cause and effect, and which a reader of intelligence will, upon reflection, find to arise from a want of candour and impartiality. Captain Batty tells us, that the French army had been re-organized by Marshal Soult, and that it was under the immediate command of that experienced and most able officer. Europe had had but too fatal an experience of the courage of the French soldiery, and yet Marshal Soult with such troops takes up the strongest positions, fortifies himself with consummate skill and sagacity, and yet is invariably defeated by the Duke of Wellington. Now without detracting from the high discipline and decided courage of the British army, and allowing the Duke his full praise for skill and prudence in the strict sense of those words, the inquiring mind will naturally seek for some cause of the *invariable* success of the Duke over such a man as Marshal Soult, commanding such an army and stimulated by the spirit of defending their country from the first ingress of hostile foreigners since the revolution. The cause of this invariable success must have been well known to Captain Batty, and he ought in candour to have stated it. The situation of the Emperor Napoleon in the North of France had obliged him to withdraw all his veteran and disciplined troops to that frontier. Marshal Soult's army was therefore both numerically weak, and composed in

a great measure not only of recruits, but of recruits of a secondary description. So completely was this the fact, that the Marshal never had any hope or design to prevent the Duke of Wellington's entrance into France. He was obliged to confine himself to the object of rendering the Duke's advance as late, dilatory, and dangerous to him as possible, and this office he performed with admirable skill and talent, by successively taking up the strongest positions in the line of operation, and by defending them in a manner which made their assault by the British always to be attended with great loss. The Duke crossed the Bidassoa on the 7th of October, 1813, and the battle of Toulouse was fought on the 10th of April, 1814. Six months having been occupied by the Duke in advancing the intermediate distance of about 150 English miles, which at once proves either great talents in Marshal Soult, or proves him to have had a force at his disposal superior to what any English writer has ever asserted. A military man like Captain Batty ought also to have spoken of Marshal Soult's great skill in occupying the Duke of Wellington's attention so long upon the frontier, and drawing him in the direction of Toulouse, thereby preventing his advance into the interior in the direction of Paris, an advance which must have been absolutely fatal to the Emperor Napoleon, in the situation in which he was then placed with respect to Marshal Blucher and the Prince of Schwartenburg. The Duke of Wellington's merits are of too high an order to receive any fame from injustice done to the cause of truth and candour.

On the 31st of October the French garrison at Pampluna surrendered for want of provisions, and the Duke of Wellington being reinforced by the arrival of the blockading division, and finding his quarters near Urogne to be of the most inconvenient description, resolved to cross the Nivelle to enter further into France, and to take up a more commodious position. This was effected on the 6th of November, by a false attack or feint on the right of Marshal Soult's position, which he had rendered strong by art, and by a real attack on the French center and right. The result of these attacks was the driving of the enemy from their position at St. Jean de Luz and the lower Nivelle; the capture of fifty pieces of cannon and about 1500 men. These operations are detailed by Captain Batty with military precision and with technical details, and yet in a manner that warms the fancy and produces a sort of dramatic effect upon the feelings. In the course of this part of the narration, Captain Batty tells us of a blacksmith who suffered grievous wrong at the hands of the British; "His looks of despair," says Captain Batty, "*are* (were) beyond description, when he beheld some *artificers* (robbers) mercilessly *plundering* his machinery of its most valuable iron cramps and staples for the construction of the temporary bridge at Endarlacha. He pleaded, but without effect; swore, but to no purpose, and at last wrung his hands and called on a host of saints to the protection (to protect) of his little property on which the maintenance of his family depended." So much for this little picture of lawless violence, but who would have thought that Captain Batty would have finished this affecting scene, by observing, that "Individual hardships of this kind, severe as they are, and unjust as they may be considered, are unavoidable in a state of warfare." Now we beg leave to observe, that all such cowardly acts of theft are easily avoidable by the simple means of reimbursing individuals out of the military chest for any injuries, which the exigencies of the army may render it necessary to inflict upon the peaceful inhabitants of a country. Inconsistently with this anecdote is Captain Batty's assurance in the next page, that the Duke was so intent upon preventing such aggressions, that he sent home many officers who refused to restrain their men from such outrages, the Duke declaring, with a sort of Hibernianism we suppose, that "the commander of the forces is determined not to command officers who will not obey his orders." Very likely, and wonderful was the effect

of the promulgation of this truism, for, says Captain Batty, "from this time the most rigid discipline was observed." In the storming of the lines at this passage of the Nivelle, Captain Batty tells us, that "the enemy by a tenacious defence of one of his redoubts, in the center against a most daring attack on its front by the 52d regiment, under Colonel Colborne, gave time for the troops under Marshal Beresford to get so far in its rear that retreat became impracticable, and the result was the capture of a whole French battallion of the 88th regiment, nearly 600 strong. The indignation of the French on finding themselves prisoners burst forth in the most violent and indecent exclamations; one of the serjeants in particular, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, raved at being captured in a —— redoubt after having been present in (at) the splendid victories of Austerlitz and Wagram." In spite of the far-famed reputation of the soldiers for their attention to the ladies, we cannot but think them a most ungallant set when Captain Batty tells us, that in crossing the Neville "many of the soldiers' wives were seen wading through the river, and dragging themselves through the muddy banks and swampy ground of the opposite shore by the sides of the companies to which their husbands belonged."

Some of Captain Batty's narratives are highly picturesque and interesting, as well from the nature of the subjects as from his mode of describing them. The following passage forms a perfect picture of the sort, "Whilst the left wing remained in camp on the heights in front of Urogne, an event occurred which, though trifling in importance, excited considerable interest in the troops that were witnesses of it. A French gun-brig was discovered by one of our cruizers coasting the bay between the mouth of the Adour and St. Jean de Luz. It was a beautiful morning. The plains of France were visible to a great extent, and the Bay of Biscay was gently ruffled by a light breeze. The English squadron could be discerned in the offing, but a schooner had contrived to beat up within gunshot of the enemy, and a brisk cannonade was kept up for a considerable time from both vessels. All eyes were turned eagerly to witness the result of this little combat, which took place within view of both the hostile armies. The result was cheering to the allied troops, for, after the firing had been kept up for some time, the French took to their boats and set fire to the vessel to prevent its falling into the hands of the English. As the flames continued to spread, the guns which had been left loaded, got heated and fired off from time to time; at length she blew up scattering masts and spars to a great distance around. The smoke caused by the explosion assumed the singular appearance of a large tree with roots, stem, and umbrageous branches. It was so dense that the light breezes were a long time in dispersing it. The disparity of force between these two vessels, and the disgraceful result of this little exploit, must have proved highly mortifying to the French army."

After our army had passed the Nivelle, our head-quarters were established at St. Jean de Luz until the weather became better adapted for military operations, when the Duke resolved to establish the right wing of his army between the Nive and the Adour. On the 7th of December the army received the news of the reverses sustained by the Emperer Napoleon, of the restoration of Hanover to Great Britain, and of the Dutch having declared for the House of Orange. On the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of December, continued and severe fighting took place between the French and the English armies, and the determined valour of the French gave them the advantage upon some insulated points of contest, but the grand result of the whole conflicts was the Duke's establishing his right wing on the left of the Adour. These severe contests with the alternate success and defeat of each party, are given by Captain Batty in a manner which almost makes the reader wish he had been a soldier. So severe had these conflicts been that the rank of general was no sinecure; "Major-General Byng attacked the

enemy in the most gallant style, himself carrying the colours of the 66th, and planting them on the hill forming the enemy's position, under a hot fire of musketry and artillery." Speaking of a most severe conflict in which the guards ably sustained their high reputation, Captain Batty says, "Captain Watson, the Adjutant of the third guards, was one of the first who fell; he had early in the morning remarked what abundance of laurel grew around the house of Barouillet to deck the graves of those who should die in the field of glory; and fate struck him off the first." Of an opposite description to this is the anecdote that the roads were so bad that "a little drummer belonging to the third battalion of foot guards literally stuck fast in the mud, and was obliged to be lifted out, and carried for some distance, by a couple of soldiers." In the fight, two Dutch regiments in the French service came over to the English army.

In consequence of this successful fighting on the part of the Duke, Marshal Soult withdrew his right wing into the fortified camp of Bayonne, and the English were enabled to go into cantonments during the inclement season. The Duke d'Angouleme arrived about this time at St. Jean de Luz, and his partisans distributed addresses to the French army, but the Bourbon cause was not publicly countenanced by our Commander-in-Chief. Captain Batty in this place mentions the invincible disgust which all orders of the French entertained at our system of corporal punishment of our soldiers. On the 23d of February, Bayonne was invested. A pontoon bridge was forming upon the Adour, but Colonel Delancey and other staff officers contrived to throw a body of troops over to the right bank of the Adour on pontoon rafts. Their passage was obstructed by some French gun-boats which were, however, eventually driven from their position by the discharge of Congreve's rockets. "The effect of the rockets," says Captain Batty, "was very remarkable, darting through the water like fiery serpents, and piercing the sides of the boats, burning apparently even under the water with undiminished force." There was also a brisk attack made by our artillery against a corvette on the Adour. The day was fine, and all the inhabitants of Bayonne came out to witness the conflict from the heights. The issue of this conflict is not stated by Captain Batty, but by induction we must suppose that it was unsuccessful on our part. Whilst the attention of the enemy was engaged by such conflicts, a gallant band of six companies of the guards, and two companies of the 60th regiment, amounting to about 500 men, had been ferried over to the right bank of the Adour between Bayonne and the sea. The French on discovering them sent two battalions, consisting of 1300 men, to effect their destruction. One officer, Major-General Stopford, stationed his troops with their right on the Adour, the left on the sea, his line forming the base of a triangle, the other sides of which were the river and the sea, the apex of the triangle being the point of land at the entrance of the Adour. A few rocket men were hastily sent across the river and posted on the sand hills, and two guns of the horse artillery were placed on the left bank of the river, so as to fire across the river and take the French in their left flank in their advance. "The enemy came on a little before dusk of evening, with drums beating the *pas de charge*, and driving before him the piquets sent out by Colonel Stopford to reconnoitre. The guards awaited the approach of the French columns until within a short distance of their front, and then commenced a well-directed fire; the guns on the left bank began to cannonade them, and the rockets on the sand hills were discharged with terrific effect, piercing the enemy's column, killing several men, and blazing through it with the greatest violence. The result was the almost immediate rout of the French, who, terror-struck at the unusual appearance and the effect of the rockets, and at the immoveable firmness of the little corps, made the best of their retreat back towards the citadel, leaving a number of killed and wounded on the ground. The gal-

lant little combat closed the events of the day;" the troops during the night sought shelter in the wood, "where, by felling trees and kindling large fires, the soldiers endeavoured to protect themselves against the piercing cold. It was a most brilliant moon night, and its stillness was uninterrupted except by the murmur of the waves of the sea breaking on the sandy beach. The contrast between the remarkable stillness of the night and the active scene of the preceding day was exceedingly striking." This is an excellent little military picture, drawn by the hand of a master.

Our navy succeeded in entering the Adour, and at length a pontoon bridge was thrown over the river, and Bayonne was closely invested. The bridge in question is described with clearness, and appears to have been a work of great ingenuity, capable of sustaining the passage of artillery, keeping open a communication between the blockading force and the center and right of our army, and protected from fire-vessels and other species of attack by able contrivances. Sir John Hope completed the investment of Bayonne on the 25th of February, 1814, and the Duke by his manœuvres had completely divided Marshal Soult's left and center from his right, now shut up in that citadel, and our left wing blockading Bayonne became also an isolated corps.

The Duke of Wellington, on the 23d of February, with the right and center, drove the Marshal from Hastingues on the left of the Gave de Paw, and on the next day the English effected their passage of the Gave D'Oleron, turning the left of the French army, which therefore retreated in the night to Orthes, behind the Gave de Paw, and there took up a very strong position. On the 27th of February, the Duke won the battle of Orthes. Captain Batty tells us, that "the enemy obstinately contested his ground, shewing more than ordinary spirit in resisting the impetuous and well combined attacks of the allies," and Marshal Soult retreated upon St. Sever, "retiring in perfect order by divisions in succession, and at each step contesting the ground." But a manœuvre of Sir Rowland Hill's at length converted this retreat into a disorderly flight; desertions from the enemy's ranks took place to a great extent, and many of their men threw away their arms.

At Bayonne the attention of the army was attracted by an immense flight of eagles, which kept hovering in the air and continued in sight for several days; at length these assembled multitudes rose high in the air and flew off to Orthes; directed perhaps either by instinct, or by their experience that a cannonade was always followed by a number of carcasses. For months after the battle of Vittoria, eagles frequented the scene in such numbers as to make it dangerous for any man to roam singly over the field.

So pregnant with danger was the blockade of Bayonne, that the troops from its first investment to the cessation of hostilities were never suffered to sleep undressed. The accuracy of the French artillery surpasses any thing we ever heard of. A sentry of the German Legion accidentally placed one leg beyond a building by which he was protected, and in a moment after it was carried off by a cannon shot. Another sentry placed behind a breast-work, with orders only to take an occasional look over it, chose by way of bravado to jump upon it, and he was instantly cut in two by a cannon ball; and a similar accuracy was displayed by the enemy in firing at a drummer of the guards standing on the top of a sand hill.

Marshal Soult retreating in the direction of Toulouse left the road to Bourdeaux unprotected, and Marshal Beresford entered that city on the 12th of March; the inhabitants and police guard displaying the white cockade, but the troops, fortresses, and vessels adhering to the Emperor Napoleon. On the 3d of April our naval force completed the destruction of every thing on the river Garronne up to Blaye. In the mean time Marshal Soult issued a proclamation at Tarbes, complaining of the Duke of Wellington's fomenting civil war by his countenancing the Bourbon cause, and Captain Batty makes some very unjustifiable remarks upon the occasion

The fact is, that the Duke of Wellington well knew that the allied sovereigns were then in treaty with Napoleon as the sovereign of France, and that therefore it was most unjustifiable either for our Cabinet, or for our Commander-in-Chief to encourage any efforts of the Bourbons to create a civil war in the South of France. What degree of positive support was given by us to the Duke d'Angouleme, it is impossible to ascertain, but as this Prince evidently could not have appeared in the South of France but in consequence of its occupation by a British force, his presence ought to have been prohibited during the negociations at Chatillon. Marshal Soult's proclamation was, we conceive, highly justifiable.

Captain Batty pretends to take the welcome reception of our army, by the people in the South of France, as a barometer of their feelings in favour of the allied cause, as if such apparent welcome of victorious troops is not always given in the hopes of conciliating their favour, and appeasing their austerity. He draws the same inference from the numerous desertions from the French army, as if an army of young recruits and of foreigners would not necessarily suffer by desertion, after a series of discomfortures and of disastrous retreats. If the feelings of the French nation were so strongly in favour of the Bourbons, by what means could Napoleon have effected his almost miraculous re-conquest of the throne.

On the 10th of April, the Duke of Wellington won the severely contested battle of Toulouse, having dislodged the enemy from Tarbes on the Adour, on the 20th March. On the 12th of April, Marshal Soult withdrew from Toulouse, and the city was taken by the British, and on the evening of that day the news arrived at Toulouse of the abdication of Napoleon. The arrival of this intelligence eight and forty hours sooner would have prevented the battle, and have saved the lives of about eight thousand brave men.

Captain Batty gives us a very clear account of the memorable sortie made by the garrison of Bayonne on the 14th of April, and in which the enemy were in every respect successful: "This severe conflict began at three in the morning, and we were not altogether unprepared, two deserters having brought us intelligence that the garrison was under arms. Sir John Hope and his staff at the beginning of the attack rode forward to ascertain the enemy's movements, and, as the shortest way to his object, he entered a *chemin encaissé*, a narrow cross road, enclosed by almost perpendicular banks on each side. He had not proceeded far before he discovered, by a glimmering light, that the road was already in possession of the enemy, and that he was riding into their lines. Himself and his staff immediately faced about and galloped from the scene of danger, when a sudden discharge of musketry was made upon them by the enemy. Three balls entered the body of Sir John's horse, and the animal fell dead, entangling his rider's foot between his side and the earth. Two aid-de-camps dismounted to his assistance, one immediately fell wounded, and a ball directly after shattered the arm of the other. The General himself received a wound in the arm, and the enemy came up and made them all prisoners; they were only able to extricate Sir John Hope by withdrawing his leg from his boot, and as the French were conducting their prisoner into the town, he was again struck by a ball in the foot, supposed to be from one of our own piquets. Our troops fought with great obstinacy, and when the morning came the enemy, in traversing the glasis on their return to the town, suffered severely from our destructive fire. We lost 500 killed and wounded, and 300 prisoners." "It would be almost impossible," says Captain Batty, "to convey an idea of the effect produced by the numerous flashes from the cannon, and the sparkling light from the musketry, or of the confused noise from the war of cannon, the bursting of shells, and the cheers of the soldiers, intermingled with the piercing shrieks and groans of the dying and wounded. At times the darkness was in part dispelled by

the bright blue light of fire-balls thrown from the citadel, to show the assailants where to direct their guns. Some of these fire-balls and shells fell in the midst of the depôt of Fascines, which instantly caught fire and burnt with great fierceness. Several houses caught fire; and two in particular burnt for a time with great violence, and casting a lurid light under the vaulted clouds of smoke which rose to the skies. Towards the close of the action the moon had risen, and as dawn broke over the scene of battle, we began to discern the dreadful havoc that had been made." But the guards had been ordered to lie down, in order to avoid the destructive fire, and at a given signal, "rising *en masse* rushed forward with an appalling shout." The French fled with speed and scrambled through the hollow lane in which Sir John Hope had been taken, and which now fell again into our possession. We re-occupied our former line of contravallation; and what rendered this sanguinary night-conflict the more lamentable was the subsequent arrival of the news, that Napoleon had abdicated, and that hostilities had ceased. Upon our officers expressing to the enemy their regret at so useless an effusion of blood the French, with their usual and revolting levity, treated it with *nonchalance*, declaring it was only a *petite promenade militaire*.

After relating these events, Captain Batty gives one chapter, descriptive of the country around Bayonne and Bordeaux, and of the country of the Landes with its *stilled* inhabitants; and he describes the peaceful march homeward of our troops through France, with the return of the Spanish and Portuguese prisoners of war from France to their respective countries. This chapter, although not the most instructive, nor the most entertaining chapter of the volume, forms a delightful conclusion to the horrors of war, with which the preceding pages are filled.

Captain Batty may be said to write like a gentleman of business, affording the general reader all the pleasures that can be derived from a cultivated mode of treating his subject, and supplying professional persons with all the detail of operations sufficient to give them an accurate technical knowledge of the campaign. We have noticed one or two instances of our author's prejudices, and to these we shall now only add his omitting, when he praises the discipline of our army, to mention the dreadful severity by which the Duke of Wellington effected that discipline. When Captain Batty reiterates the vulgar boast, that the Duke of Wellington had overcome every French Marshal that had been sent against him, he must have known that the assertion was not true. Massena unquestionably drove the Duke from Busaco, and conquered all Portugal except the capital, which was protected by the lines of Torres Vedras, and fed by supplies from England and the Brazils, and by other means totally distinct from the Duke's military operations. Captain Batty is often guilty of coining words, and sometimes of misapplying those which are of standard authority. He should, for instance, know that the word strata is a term of geology, and not to be used in topographical or military descriptions of a country. We have only to repeat that the volume we have been reviewing has afforded us much pleasure, and that its graphic illustrations considerably enhance its value.

The Way to preserve Good Health, and a Treatise on Domestic Medicine. By R. Thomas, M.D. 8vo. London, 1823.

We certainly do not *generally* consider it necessary to notice works of this description for various reasons: to the general reader they would be in many cases unintelligible, always uninteresting, and for those interested in this particular branch of science there are several periodical publications set entirely apart; but in this age of medicine, when probably there is more *imaginary* ailment in one month than our forefathers knew of in a long life, works of this description become of a certain degree of consequence: in short, although this, as well as most countries in civilized

Europe, is inundated with medical men, it is seldom you can enter a family but what some work, upon what is *pleased* to be termed Domestic Medicine, stares you in the face; as if every individual of a debilitated or melancholic habit should have an opportunity of frightening themselves into a belief of the existence of some *dreadful disease*, for which sufficient remedies are taken in the twenty-four hours to make the imaginary complaint a real one; and should you venture into a *country* family, in which some unfortunate hypochrondriac *really* exists, you find the table perfectly loaded with the works of Buchan, Reece, Solomon, Scudamore, &c., &c., &c., with a host of family nostrums, handed down, not from father to son, but from grandmother to grand-daughter through ages, like the recipes of the Arabs to Hippocrates.

The work in question it is our wish to treat with as much attention as the subject will allow, from the respectability of its writer; Dr. Thomas being the author of a practice of physic, which is considered by our first medical men as a standard work of reference: and sincerely do we wish, instead of giving us, upon the same principles as that work, a description and treatment of the most complex diseases, he had confined himself to those trifling maladies that might be with safety treated by the unskilled; which plan would have not only avoided descriptions injurious to the valetudinarian, for

——— "We are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body;"

but also the now existing absolute necessity for the heads of families keeping the work in question under lock and key because the vernacular index, he has been pleased to give, includes the most loathsome diseases. Not that we mean to say a work of this description would *entirely* meet with our approbation, since there would still exist the same *insurmountable* difficulty, viz., the power in the inexperienced to comprehend diagnosis.

It will naturally be observed, how is that power obtained. Is it by books? We are ready to grant, that well stated facts do most materially assist the young and well-grounded practitioner in sooner arriving at that description of knowledge so highly useful to mankind, particularly in those diseases where the infrequence of their occurrence renders it probable that sufficient experience might never be obtained, even in the first medical schools of this large metropolis; but *experience* is, and *always will* remain, not only the best, but the only means of understanding disease. Really, in taking up a work on "Domestic Medicine," we should be inclined to think that diagnosis must be considered as the most simple and defined science the human mind can imagine, not that our first authors have declared their total inability to describe the peculiarities even of an ulcer, and that varieties of the same disease may be compared (as is done by one of our best writers) to the shades in colours; it being as difficult to describe disease under certain peculiarities, as it would be the depth of colour among the various greens of nature. Surely it ought to be written as in the works of Lavater, who, after the most elaborate description of certain features, has a perpetual salvo, "This and the rest agreeing", which generally leaves the student much in the same state of information as it found him.

The errors we have heard of having been committed on this score, by the comparatively well-informed part of the community, really makes us shudder, when we reflect on the *thousands* of instances which *must* have taken place among the ignorant; but we forbear giving any examples, wishing to spare the feelings of persons whose mistakes have arisen from good intentions. Much do we rejoice that the use of calomel, a practice among youth the most dangerous of all fashionable empiricism, has long been on the decline, notwithstanding which we daily and hourly witness its baneful effects upon the constitutions of the rising generations, particularly in the higher circles; indeed to such a pitch was it carried, that we have known a lady of the first rank,

boasting of the enormous dozes of this baneful drug her children, *from habit*, were able to swallow, administered *not* by the *experienced*, but by the *caprice* of a fashionable mother.

In the first part of this work, dedicated to the means of obtaining a "Healthful and long life," Dr. Thomas has taken nearly the same view of the subject which has been so ably described by the sage Cornaro, and upon which Mr. Abernethy has founded a considerable part of his interesting lecture on this subject; nor is there the slightest doubt, that, were those principles adhered to, greater longevity, and, from equanimity of temper, comparative happiness would be the result: but much is it to be feared, *mankind* must be remodeled ere that result can take place. Those who have *professionally* recommended this system through a number of years, and in cases holding out the greatest inducements, are obliged to acknowledge that they have found *few, if any*, persevering disciples. Although, to a certain extent, the author goes hand in hand with Mr. Abernethy (allowed by all to be the most *attentive* observer on *this* subject), we find him at page 18, diametrically opposite in his opinion, relative to the use of liquids. Thus we have

"Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, and gives the chyle so soon
to flow."

Here he assumes as *fact*, that which has long been a most disputable point, it being the opinion of some of our leading physiologists, that the use of liquid to any extent with our food is wrong, upon the principle of its diluting the gastrick juice, and thereby decreasing its soluble power. Now, nothing can be more evident than, if digestion *is* retarded by the dilution of the gastrick juice, the flowing of the chyle must be effected in at least an equal ratio, and arguments might be adduced to prove in a much greater.

One of the most powerful facts, brought against the use of liquids with our food, is, that animals living in a state of nature do not drink while eating. It is not intended to include under this head pampered ladies' lap-dogs. Again, in the following page:—

"In all cases the proportion of drink should exceed that of our food." However numerous may be the opponents of Mr. Abernethy's system, we will venture to say, few will go this length with Dr. Thomas, since surely it must be acknowledged, there are many situations in which abstinence on this score is particularly recommended.

Thus far have we gone, not so much against Dr. Thomas's book as against the principle of works on Domestic Medicine, when medical aid can be obtained; but we owe it to the author to say, when such works *are* found necessary (particularly in vessels not carrying surgeons) we should decidedly recommend the work in question, as combining a clearness of statement with the best of practice. He has also added a list of questions to be put to patients, which part we should recommend to the particular attention of all persons *acting* the physician, more especially where their practice is amongst the poor and ignorant, since even the most experienced find here the greatest difficulty from the want of powers of description in the interrogated.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AFRICA.

Senegal. — The agricultural establishments on the banks of the Senegal afford the most satisfactory results. Plantations of the colony, began by persons without any experience, have nevertheless succeeded. All European vegetables support the climate, and are so productive, that many of them seed twelve or thirteen times. Those esculent plants, which were almost unknown in the country, increase abundantly in the establishments. Success with the colonial plants has surpassed all hope; at the end of eight months in the garden of Richard Toll, which twelve months before was covered with wood, were yews seven feet high, tall sugar canes, pine-apple trees bearing fruit, bannanas putting forth their buds, more than two thousand young citrons, coffee sown and rising up; all these plants grow admirably without shelter, promising a rich produce.

POLYNESIA.

Otaheite.—The government of Otaheite has adopted an organization, founded on the gospel; and, no doubt, this example will be followed by other islands of that Archipelago. We shall give some extracts from the new code of laws printed by order of King Pomario, and exposed to public view in each district of his kingdom, that the inhabitants of the island, most of whom can read, may instruct themselves in their duties as fathers and citizens. In the preamble to this code, after the royal salutation addressed to the people, Pomario thus expresses himself. "God in his great mercy has sent us his word. We have received this word to be saved. Our intention is to observe his commandments. And in order that our conduct may become that of people who love God, we enact that the following laws be observed in Otaheite." This first promulgation contains nineteen heads of laws. 1. Upon murder; 2. on theft; 3. on depredations committed by hogs; 4. on stolen or lost goods: also, on the observation of the Sabbath; provocation to war, marriage, bigamy, adultery, &c. One of the articles appoints 400 judges, establishes courts of justice in the different districts of Otaheite and Eimeo; and enjoins the chiefs to enforce the execution of their decrees. The punishment of death is inflicted on murderers. Experience will certainly produce many changes in these laws; but, such as they are, they give an idea of the actual condition of these nations, formerly savage, and amongst whom the missionaries have wrought so much good in so few years. We shall now give three of these laws. *The Law on Buying and Selling:*—If any one makes a purchase, it is his business to well examine what he buys before paying the money. As soon as the purchase is concluded, and the goods delivered, the bargain cannot be annulled without the consent of both parties. If one of the objects bartered is found to have any fault, not perceived before the exchange, the bargain may be broken; but if the fault was known the bargain is good. If the exchange is made in the name of a sick person, it is not consummated till the sick person has seen and accepted the goods in his own name; should he not then, they may be given back. No one must endeavour to depreciate another man's property, it is a wicked action. No one ought to interfere in bargains which do not concern him.—*Law on the Observance of the Sabbath:*—It is a crime in the eyes of God to work on the Sabbath. All which is conformable to the word of God must be observed; all that is not must be abandoned. Therefore no one, on the Sabbath, may build houses, construct canoes, cultivate the earth, or do any other work; no one may even travel. If any one wishes, on this day, to go and hear a missionary at a distance, he may do it; but that must not serve as a pretext for other affairs; in that he will do wrong. It will be better for him to go on the Saturday evening to the place, where he desires to spend the Sunday. The first transgression of this command will be followed by a reproof, and should the offender persist in infringing the law, he will be condemned to certain public works, assigned by the judge.—*Law relating to false Witnesses:*—The person who accuses another of murder, blasphemy, theft, or any other crime, commits a great sin. His punishment shall be to work on the roads, and to make a road four miles long and twelve feet wide, in every respect to be a good road. The person whose false report relates to less heavy crimes, shall

make a road two miles long and twelve feet wide. The road once constructed shall be kept up by the proprietor of those lands, which it passes through, and he shall also keep it higher in the middle, that the water may run off more easily in the wet season. The relations of the criminal may assist him if they wish it. The chief of the district shall maintain him during his work: but he shall neither ill-treat him nor force him to work without relaxation. Finally, false witnesses shall not be punished for trifles.—The missionaries affirm that this law will be felt in a striking manner.

AUSTRALASIA.

New South Wales.—The news from this country continues to be highly satisfactory. The experiments made by the inhabitants of Port Jackson, in the interior of New Holland, give still greater confirmation to the ideas already conceived of the excellency of the soil and climate. The new governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, successor to Macquarrie, is president of an agricultural society. At the first dinner of the institution he proposed a subscription, which produced £1,500. The new colony of criminals at Port Macquarrie is in a prosperous condition; they have coals, and wood fit for building, in abundance. An article in a late Sidney Gazette informs us, that oranges may be gathered and bought for sixpence the dozen; a few years since, that price was given for one only. Bees have been imported without suffering from the voyage, and are doing well. Mr Blaxland, of London, presented to the Society of Trades in Paris the first specimens of the Australasian vines, and has obtained a medal. Sheep brought over to Van Diemen's Land thrive well.

CHINA.

Literature. — A well-bred son never lies in the middle of the apartment, never sits on the middle of the mat, never passes through the middle of the door-way. A son imbued with filial piety hears his father and mother without their speaking to him, and sees them without being in their presence. A son, when living with his parents, possesses nothing of his own. He cannot even expose his life for a friend. The murderer of your father must not remain under the same sky with you; you should never lay down your arms while that of your brother still lives; and you ought not to inhabit the same country with that of your friend. A son, who walks with his father, keeps a step in his rear; and only follows him. A younger pays the same respect to an elder brother. At the earliest crowing of the cock, the children and the daughters-in-law enter the chamber of the father and mother; present them with water to wash, give them their clothes, beat up the bolsters, roll up the mat, and sprinkle the room with water. When the father and mother wish to go to bed, the children and the daughters-in-law hasten to assist them. The eldest son presents the mat, and asks them on which side of the apartment they prefer reposing. The youngest son unrolls the mattrasses and bedclothes. A son, who is in employment and who lives separately from his father and mother, comes every morning to ask them what they would like to eat. At sunrise he goes to attend to his business, but at night he returns to salute his father and mother. When they are at table their children and daughters-in-law are all by their sides, and remain there until the end of the repast, for the purpose of serving them. If the father is dead, the eldest son takes the lead of the others in serving his mother.

IONIAN ISLANDS.

In each of the seven islands, Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, St. Maura, Cerigo, Ithaca and Paxo, independent of many private schools, there is a central school of mutual instruction in modern Greek. Cephalonia has two, one at Argostoli, the other at Lixuri. The general direction of these elementary schools is confided to Dr. Athanasius Politi, a learned chemist, full of zeal for learning and the true interests of his country. It is hoped that the University of Corfu will be opened this autumn; the Chancellor is Lord Guilford, who is an enlightened friend to the public good, and has given particular attention to the organization of this Institution. The total population of these islands is about 200,000 souls, 60,000 in Corfu, 60,000 in Cephalonia, nearly 40,000 in Zante, &c. The salutary influence of liberty, the progress of instruction, agriculture, industry, and commerce, must soon create an increase of inhabitants and a greater development of the elements of prosperity; especially if Greece become free and independent, and entertain reciprocal relations with the neighbouring states and with the republic of the seven islands, Italy, Malta, Egypt, and the South of France.

ITALY.

Professor Gazzeri has invented a new syphon, which he calls *the perpetual*, because it always preserves the faculty of making liquids pass from one vessel

to another, even after the vessels are empty and the action ceases. This syphon has two unequal arms; after entirely plunging it into any liquid, in order that it may be filled, and taking care that both orifices are constantly immersed, each extremity of the syphon is introduced into a small vase or reservoir, filled with the same liquid, in which is plunged each end. Thus, the immersion of the two extremities is constant, and the entrance of the air and escape of the liquid are equally prevented; the syphon, always full, is in continual action, by only immersing one of its branches, without the aid of air, opening and shutting cocks, &c. What is remarkable in this invention is the fact, that as soon as one vessel is empty it is filled again from the other, and so on continually.

M. Angelo Mai, Librarian to the Vatican, is about to publish a second edition of the *Fragments of Frontonius*, which he discovered in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and considerably augmented by new discoveries among the treasures of the Vatican. The literary world will have great pleasure in learning, that among these additions are more than 100 letters of Marcus Aurelius, Frontonius, &c. &c. This edition is dedicated to the late Pope.

SWEDEN.

Influenced by the example of so many other capitals, Stockholm has also this year a public and gratuitous Exhibition of National Industry; in which are seen various works in steel, glass, delft ware, and cloth; all excellent. Dyeing of silk and linen ought to be more attended to; no linens have been exhibited from the northern provinces, but it is said they do not yield in quality to any others.

The Academy of Sciences at Stockholm has published a part of its Memoirs for 1822. Professor Cronstedt has enrished them with observations and astronomical explanations on the Indian epochs of the world. M. Berzelius has inserted an analysis of the mineral waters of Carlsbad. In the annual sitting of 22d of December last, the Royal Academy gave the prize of eloquence to Colonel Nordfors. The prize of poetry has not been awarded; but the second medal was given to M. de Becker for his poem on the Statue of Charles XIII.

DENMARK.

Remarkable Meteor at Kiel.—On the 25th of last May, at 10 P.M. a luminous meteor was observed in this place which bore a great resemblance to the phenomena formerly called *flying dragons*. The circumstance of its being at the same time visible at Copenhagen, which is sixty leagues distant in a direct line, renders it so particularly remarkable. From this circumstance we may form an idea of its magnitude and velocity, which, though perceptible, did not appear to be very great. At Kiel it seemed to have a direction from south-west to north-west, and an elevation of 30°. This meteor was visible ten seconds, and on its disappearance threw out an immense number of sparks, which illumined its path.

POLAND.

The government, amongst other works, has undertaken to clear and render navigable the following rivers; Pilica, Niemen, Kaminka, and Radomki, and also to strengthen the banks of the Vistula near Vinnicia, Iffianowice, and Brzyscam, in the districts of Sandomir and Radom.

GERMANY.

On the 2nd of April last, the Academy of Sciences at Munich celebrated the anniversary of its foundation. In 1819 it had proposed, as a prize subject, a question very important to the history of Germany, which was to determine what had been the administration of justice in Bohemia in the most ancient times. No memoir had yet appeared satisfactory to the academy; but when the subject was again proposed in 1821, the abundance of essays was so great, and the question was treated in such a superior manner, that the choice was for a long time doubtful between four authors, and at length the academy divided the prize between them in the following proportions: the prize medal being valued at 100 ducats; M. Louis Maurer had one of 60 ducats; M. Bückner, and M. de Freyberg each, one of 20; and M. Steiner, one of 12.—The prize for the first class of this academy in 1824 is to be awarded to the best dissertation on the comparison of the ideas of Plato and Aristotle, relative to the government of public affairs. The memoirs must be written in Latin, and sent in before next 28th of March; but the academy will not pronounce judgment before the following 12th of October. The prize is 500 ducats, besides the cost of printing.

Wurtzbourg.—The Orthoepist Institution, founded many years ago, and which is, perhaps, the first and the only one of the kind in Europe, contains now 33 individuals of both sexes and different ages, who have come from

France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, &c. to undergo a treatment for personal deformities, and especially that of the dorsal spine. The activity and perseverance of Dr. Heine, founder and director of this institution, have been encouraged by the King and Queen of Bavaria, and t e Regency of the country. Dr. Heine's collection of instruments, some to remedy the deformities of the body, others to cure the fractures or dislocations of the bones, merit particular attention. A work of Dr. Heine will soon be published, presenting a complete view of the formation, present state, and cures of this institution.

Ratisbon—Longevity. M. Neumark has just published a curious work, *on the means of attaining an advanced age*. The examples quoted by the author of persons, who have lived till between 90 and 100 years, are, for each of these years, from 12 to 20. Those from 100 to 115 are still more numerous; the number diminishes from 116 to 123, being only from 4 to 9. The examples of persons aged more than 123 years are, of course, much more rare; M. Neumark cites but one who arrived to 200, two to 297, and one to 360; the old man who attained this last age was John de Temporibus, esquire to Charlemagne; and he died in Germany in 1128. It is remarkable that amongst the centenaries are few of a high rank, and few medical men; Hippocrates and Dufournal (the latter died at Paris in 1805, aged 115), are almost the only instances. Amongst the monarchs, except Frederick II. aged 76, few have exceeded 70 years; amongst 300 popes, but 7 have attained to 80; amongst the philosophers of a great age are reckoned Kepler, Bacon, Newton, Euler, Kant, Fontenelle, &c.; among the poets, Sophocles, Pindar, Young, Haller, Voltaire, Bodmer, Goethe, &c. The greatest number of examples of longevity are furnished by Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Hungary, and Great Britain.

Wurtemberg.—The Bible Society of this city has distributed from the 24th of October, 1820, to the 14th of September, 1821, 42,949 Bibles, and 25,235 New Testaments; of which 7,510 Bibles, and 4,822 New Testaments were for other provinces; part were given gratis, part at a very moderate price, that of a Bible about 10½d.

The great progress of learning among the Hungarian youth is worthy of remark. Presburg alone contains 3,929 scholars, 190 pupils in law, and 214 in philosophy, compose the Royal Academy. The Gymnasium is frequented by 604 pupils; the Evangelical Lyceum has 245 in philosophy and theology, and 256 in grammar. The Normal School, 496; the School of the Hospital, 204; the establishments by the name of *Trivialschulen* (popular schools) 1690; to which may be added those in the Jewish Schools, 100. Pupils of schools in the rest of the kingdom are follows:—At Ofen, 528; Gran, 372; Neutra, 380; Waiz, 329; Bries, 49; Karft, 42; Kolotska, 133; Kremnitz, 186; Saint George, 87; Ketschkemel, 181; Levenez, 228; Neusohl, 150; Pesth, 879; Privitz, 104; Schemnitz, 200; Solen, 244; Skalitz, 131; Trentschi, 181; Tyrnau, 438; amounting to 4,863, besides those independent of Presburg.

FRANCE.

The city of Strasbourg is distinguished for its noble philanthropy, which has given birth to several establishments, worthy of imitation. A committee had been formed to improve the morals of prisoners, and had succeeded in a degree; but it had not been able to follow them into the society to which they were restored; a new association has been formed to watch over this department; its purpose is to offer to those young persons who have been set at liberty, and who have given signs of true repentance, and who, on leaving the prison, find themselves entirely destitute, the means of completing their moral regeneration, and of resisting the fresh temptations of misery and want, by apprenticing them to honest tradesmen, who give opportunities of instruction, and who exercise over them, from the moment of their emancipation, a severe, though paternal attention. By these means, it is hoped, that the victims of ignorance, seduction, and vicious education may be restored to society, and become good men and useful citizens. Numerous donations have already afforded the society some opportunities of making the experiment; and the conduct of two of the young men thus liberated give great hopes, that the benevolent intentions of the society will succeed.

An inhabitant of Chaumont, whilst ploughing his field, turned up with the ploughshare the cover of an ancient earthen pot, containing about 4,000 Roman coins, chiefly bronze; they bear the effigies of many emperors of the third century, from 250 to 260, some of which had only been acknowledged by the armies they commanded. These are those struck by Gallienus, Victorinus Major, Posthumus Major,

Maximus Mammurius, Flavius Claudius, Salumna the wife of Gallienus. These coins appear never to have been in circulation, and are in good preservation.

Paris.—The art of assisting the memory, which so much employed the thoughts of the ancients, no less occupies the attention of the moderns. Many attempts succeeded during the last age, and if they were not crowned with great success, still they went to prove that the end might be attained by patience and perseverance. It appears, however, that M. Frederic Côme has nearly attained the point in contemplation. The meeting which took place on the 15th July, in the Mnemonic Society, and in which he produced surprising effects before a numerous assembly, will leave profound traces in the minds of those who think. The nine *chefs-d'œuvres* of Racine, contain about 15,000 verses, and that gentleman could tell, when questioned, *the number of each verse, or the verse to each number*, which appears almost incredible.

SWITZERLAND.

The government of Valais is actively proceeding with that part of the road of Simplon, which goes through their territory. It is to be hoped that Piedmont will also appreciate the great advantages which this communication renders to commerce and to travellers, and that they will not suffer the extremity of the road to be neglected, as the expense would not be great.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare has appropriated a Museum at Malmsbury, distinct from Stourhead, solely as a depositary for valuable antiquities, collected by himself, both in this country and in Italy. The celebrated Bristol Cross, known to all antiquaries, Sir Richard considers one of his most valuable gems.

Immediately after the adjournment of parliament, Sir James Macintosh attended the Marquess of Tichfield to Welbeck, to examine the archives of the family, which had not been opened for many years. Sir James, it is said, there discovered some invaluable letters and state papers, which will materially tend to illustrate that portion of his History of England, to which they belong.

Mr. Roscoe is rapidly advancing with his variorum edition of the Works of Pope, to which he will prefix a New Life.

Mr. Britton has published his Illustrations of Fonthill Abbey. There are in all twelve highly-finished engravings, shewing the elevation of the Abbey from various points of view, and the most attractive parts of the windows and galleries within. They are engraved from original drawings by distinguished artists, in a style of beauty and correctness seldom equalled. The letter-press contains a circumstantial history of the rise and progress of this building, and many of its matchless decorations, with a circumstantial history of the Beckford family. There are two very pretty poems, written by Mr. Beckford, inserted.

A handsome monument has been recently erected in the parish church of Henley-on-Thames, to the memory of the late General Dumouriez.

The new edition of Shirley's Works, notwithstanding the severe indisposition of the editor, Mr. Giffard, is in a state of great forwardness. We believe all the Plays are printed, and a portion of the Poems. The Life of Shirley only remains to be written.—A new edition of Ford's Plays are in preparation for the press by the same editor. Mr. Giffard is said to have been stimulated to undertake the latter work in consequence of the slovenly manner in which the edition by Weber was produced.

Sir John Coxe Hippisley is making experiments at Cowes, with a large boat, which is moved through the water, at the rate of ten miles an hour, by means of six paddle-wheels worked by a hand-winch, for the purpose of proving how far this description of mechanical power is applicable to use in gaols; in order to do away with the tread-mill.

Method of preserving Corn and Bread from damage by Mice.—Mr. Macdonald, of Scalpa, after sustaining considerable loss from the depredations committed by these animals, thought of placing at the bottom, in the middle, and at the top of each heap of corn, some branches of wild thyme, and since that his stock has been untouched. He found the same success in preserving cheese and other provisions. It may be concluded from hence, that it will be easy to drive mice from bake-houses and places where they do mischief, by sprinkling some drops of oil of thyme (peppermint), which produces a stronger smell than the plant itself.

The regular publication of the Encyclopædia Edinensis will be resumed, and the work completed within the original limits. Part XIX. will be ready in October.

The sixth edition, in octavo, of the late Dr. Denman's Introduction to the Practice of Midwifery, is in the press, with a Recommendatory Preface by James Blundell, M.D. Lecturer on Midwifery and Physiology at Guy's Hospital; and a Biographical Sketch of the author written partly by himself, and completed from authentic documents supplied by his family.

Dr. Graham, of Croydon, will shortly publish an Essay on the Nature and Treatment of the prevailing disorders of the Stomach and Liver; the object of which is to prove, first, that the great majority of what are vulgarly called bilious and liver complaints are in reality disorders of the stomach and bowels; and, secondly, that calomel, so far from being necessary to their cure, is in the common mode of administering it an active poison.

The Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Charts, the Secretary's Assistant, &c. is preparing a Dictionary of English Quotations, in Three Parts. Part the First, containing quotations from Shakspeare, will appear in a few days.

Early in October will appear, Whittingham's French Classics, vol. 3, containing Charles XII. By Voltaire. 1 vol. in 12mo.

Blackstone's Commentaries—a Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Sentences, Phrases, &c. which occur in the above work, and also in the Notes of Christian, Archibald and Williams, will be published in the course of this month.

Nearly ready for publication, Elements of Arithmetic, for the Use of the Grammar School, Leeds, and adapted to the general objects of education. By George Walker, A M. late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Head Master of the Grammar School, Leeds. Second edition.

Museum Worsleyanum; or a Collection of Antique Basso Relievos, Bustos, Statutes, and Gems, with Views of Places in the Levant, taken on the spot in the years 1785, 1786, and 1787. This work will be published in Twelve Parts, which will form two very handsome volumes, of the size of Imperial Quarto, at 1*l.* 1*s.* each Part; and Twenty-five Copies only will be taken off, possessing the first Impressions of the Plates, on the finest India paper, at 2*l.* 2*s.* Every Part will contain about Thirteen fine Engravings, taken off on French paper, with letter-press descriptions. The first Part will be published on the 15th of October, 1823, and a Part will be published every 15th of succeeding months until completed.

A very neat Map of the River Thames, from London to Margate, has lately appeared at the small price of 1*s.*; it is printed from stone and coloured. It will be found a useful companion to steam-boat travellers on the River Thames.

A new Work from the pen of Miss Porter, author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, Scottish Chiefs, &c. will shortly appear in 3 vols. 12mo. entitled Duke Christian of Luneberg, or, Traditions from the Hartz. Dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty.

Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, &c. &c. has nearly ready for publication the first portion of his English Flora.

A Geognostical Essay on the Superposition of Rocks in both Hemispheres. By M. de Humboldt, and translated into English under his immediate inspection, will appear next month in 1 vol. 8vo.

Captain A. Cruise, of the 84th Regiment, has just ready for publication in 1 vol. 8vo. a Journal of a Ten Months Residence in New Zealand.

An interesting Tale will shortly appear in 1 vol. 12mo. entitled, The Stranger's Grave.

James L. Drummond, M.D. Surgeon, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Belfast Academical Institution, has in the press a duodecimo volume, entitled First Steps to Botany, intended as popular illustrations of the science, leading to its study as a branch of general education. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts.

Hurstwood; a Tale of the Year 1815, in 3 vols. 12mo. is in the press.

A third edition of Body and Soul; consisting of a Series of lively and pathetic Stories, calculated to excite the attention and interest of the Religious World, will be published in a few days.

A Novel is in the press, entitled Country Belles; or, Gossips outwitted.

The Night before the Bridal, and other Poems, by Miss Garnett, is about to appear in an octavo volume.

The Eighth Volume of the Annual Biography and Obituary, comprehending Memoirs of most of the celebrated Persons whose Decease has taken Place, or may take Place, within the present Year, is in Preparation; and will be published on the 1st of January, 1824.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

The Farmer's Directory, and Guide to the Farrier, Grazier, and Planter; with the Domestic Instructor. By Leonard Towne. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 720, with fine engravings. Price 1*l.* 10*s.*

GEOGRAPHY.

Parts I. to III. of a New Geographical Dictionary, containing a Description of all the Empires, Kingdoms, States, and Provinces, with their Cities, Towns, Mountains, Capes, Seas, Ports, Harbours, Rivers, Lakes, &c. in the known World; with an Account of their Natural Productions, &c. By J. W. Clarke, Esq. Second edition, 4to. with maps and plates.

DIVINITY.

A new edition of the Psalms and Paraphrases of the Kirk of Scotland, with Introductory Remarks to each Psalm. By the late Rev. J. Brown, of Haddington; and to each Paraphrase by his Son, the Rev. T. Brown, of Dalkeith.

A third and enlarged edition of the Rev. Jos. Fletcher's (of Stepney) Lectures on the Roman Catholic Religion. 8vo. 9*s.*

The old Doctrine of Faith, asserted in opposition to certain modern innovations, including Strictures on Reviews of the author's Sermons on Repentance and Faith, published in the Eclectic Review for April, and Edinburgh Christian Monitor for March, 1823; and also an Essay on Faith by Thomas Erskine, Esq. Advocate. By the Rev. James Carlile, Assistant-Minister, in the Scots Church, Mary's Abbey, Dublin.

MEDICINE.

The Results of Experience in the successful Treatment of Epilepsy; pointing out a safe and effectual Remedy for this distressing complaint. By T. J. Graham, M.D. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Working Bee; or Caterer for the Hive. Containing a great variety of interesting articles, calculated to blend instruction with delight. One vol. 8vo. pp. 768. Price 12*s.*

Whittingham's French Classics, Vol. II., price 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed, containing Elizabeth, ou les Exilés en Siberie. Par Mad. Cottin.

A translation of "Les Hermites en Prison," (the last, and, perhaps, the most interesting of all his Essays) of Mon. Jouy, the French Addison, will be published in the course of a few days. This work was written in the prison of St. Pélagie, where the author with his friend M. Jay was recently confined for a political libel.

Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from childhood to the age of nineteen; with Anecdotes descriptive of their Manners and Customs. To which is added, some Account of the Soil, Climate, and Vegetable Productions of the Territory Westward of the Mississippi. By John D. Hunter. A new edition, with a portrait.

A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa and adjoining provinces, with the History and copious Illustrations of the past and present Condition of that Country; with an original Map, Tables of the Revenue and Population, a Geological Report, and comprehensive Index. By Major Gen. Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B, K. L. S. Two vols., 8vo. Price 1*l.* 12*s.*

In 8vo., Price 5*s.* 6*d.* boards. Remarks on the External Commerce and Exchanges of Bengal, with Appendix of Accounts and Estimates. By G. A. Prinsep, Esq. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

No. XIV, completing the seventh volume of the Investigator; or, Quarterly Magazine, is just published, 6*s.*

The New Mercantile Assistant General Cheque Book, and Interest Tables: being Calculations adapted to the Purposes of Commerce. By Wm. Wright, Accomptant. Royal 12mo. 9*s.*

The East India Military Calendar; containing the Services of General and Field Officers of the Indian Army. Under the Sanction of, and dedicated by express Permission to, the Honourable the Court of Directors of the Affairs of the East India Company, By the Editor of the Royal Military Calendar. 4to. Price 2*l.* 10*s.*

Whittingham's Pocket Novelist, Vols. XIV. XV. and XVI, containing Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress. By Miss Burney, 3 vols., 9*s.*, boards.

NATURAL HISTORY.

An approved edition of Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature, in 4 vols. 8vo., with coloured plates.

POETRY.

Part V. of Whittingham's Cabinet Edition of Elegant Extracts in Poetry. By R. A. Davenport. Esq. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Preparatory to the opening of this Theatre, which takes place on the 1st of October, the day of publication of our present number, considerable expense has been bestowed in cleansing and beautifying the interior. The improvements that were presented to the public, during the last season, were gay and handsome, but they had been hastily effected, and the rapidity of the performance prevented them from receiving that finish and stability, which are always most desirable. Since the close, the managers and mechanist have been occupied in endeavouring to give a general polish to the alterations they so prosperously commenced. Two new water tanks have been placed over the roof, in addition to the two already there, but which were not deemed competent to effectual service. The planking of the ceiling had shrunk considerably from the work being new, or the timber green, and prior even to the close of the season vacuities, which had the appearance of rents, were palpably visible. This has been remedied, the interstices having been filled, and the ceiling fresh coloured and gilded. Additional embellishments have also been inserted in the divisions, at a distance from the centre, consisting of a honeysuckle with a scroll on either side to each partition. The chandelier has been dismounted, and assumes a different shape. The lights are removed considerably closer to the ceiling. The whole of the drops, of which, we believe, there are about 20,000, are to be formed into a kind of bell, having the appearance of a dome inverted; the lights will be inside, so that if well constructed there will not only be a perfect radiation, but the offensive gas will evaporate without inconveniencing the audience, or tarnishing the embellishments. The corners of the Upper Gallery have been reduced, and the view from that part will consequently be improved. The second circle of Boxes above the dress has undergone considerable changes. Two Private Boxes have been formed on each side, and a species of basket has been added to the backs of the others, bringing the back of that tier to the distance at which it stood from the stage prior to the alterations of last season. To the back of the first circle six Private Boxes have been added, similar to those already known in the Dress Circle A tier of chandeliers is also to illumine this circle, and, very judiciously, wax-candles will be in requisition, and not gas. In the Dress Circle we are aware of nothing new; indeed no alteration could have improved it in comfort or elegance.—The Pit has experienced some slight improvements, which are calculated to facilitate the entrance and exit of the audience. The seats throughout the house are to be fresh covered, and the embellishments retouched. The alterations in the ceiling have been effected by the use of a scaffold extremely neat, convenient, and economical: it confers considerable credit on its ingenious inventor. In the mechanism behind the scenes there is nothing new; two new drop scenes have been painted, one resembling an immense picture in frames; and the flies, wings, and the rest of the scenery have been relieved and strengthened. The Saloon has been fresh painted and ornamented, and we apprehend that the entrances, &c. will undergo the same renovation.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

This Theatre, during the recess, has undergone very great improvements, and together with its distinguished rival Drury Lane opens its theatrical campaign on the 1st of October.

The entrance has been beautified, the saloons and lobbies have been throughout repainted and re-embellished and a very convenient staircase has been erected from the lobby of the first circle to the saloon on the second, which has been decorated with considerable elegance. The statues still remain, and the blocks on which they stand have been veined with infinite taste and delicacy. The marble imitation on the pillars standing at either side is unnecessarily bold

and glaring. The embellishments of the lower saloon appear finished, tasty, and in perfect accordance with the principal decorations of the rest of the house: indeed this admirable discretion has been generally observed, and with a few trifling exceptions the effect produced by the fresh arrangements is uninterrupted and unique. The whole of the interior has been re-decorated. The ceiling has assumed an entirely novel appearance. That strange contrivance, or shoot, which had been affixed to it for the purpose of drawing off superabundant gas, has been swept away, the pannelling removed, and the whole surface reduced to a plane. The chandelier resembles many of the thousands which have preceded it, and from its size and richness will have a brilliant effect. A small circle is struck around the centre of the ceiling, which is ornamented with lyres, produced on a dark field colour. The surface within the grand circle represents the sky; the edge of the principal embellishment which encompasses it is ornamented with the thistle and shamrock, while the centre of the embellishment is occupied by the rose. There are other circles of gilding still more distant from the centre, one of which is remarkable for great delicacy and neatness of execution. It is a species of fancy net-work, but its beauties, from their minuteness, are hardly discernable at a distance. The pigeon-holes have been fitted up by a handsome curve of pannelling, formed from the ceiling to the upper part of the slips. This alteration has improved the general appearance, and, if possible, added to the effect of the proscenium, which has so often attracted unqualified admiration. The hollow of the proscenium, in accordance with the ceiling, is an imitation of sky; the embellishments are rich but chaste; and from the art of the painter, added to the exquisite taste and finish of the architect, the entire has a most beautiful appearance. The second and first tiers of boxes remain in form and size as last season; they have been repainted and newly lined. The dress circle has been reduced in depth, and brought to convenient dimensions; backs also have been added to the seats; chairs would have been more convenient and more enticing. The fronts of the boxes have been altogether newly ornamented; the field colour is bright yellow, the embellishments of the upper circles consist of masks, circles, mouldings, &c. and, in those of the lower circle, the three national emblems are the most striking objects. The effect is light, rich, and varied. Backs have been given to the alternate seats of the pit, which are covered in uniformity with the general colour of the backs of the boxes, &c. which is, as it was before, red. The stage doors have been removed. If we may judge of the future from the judgment and liberality displayed in what has already been done, it may be confidently expected that no slight negligence will be allowed to mar the general effect, or to raise a doubt of the supreme excellence of Covent-garden in all that appertains to "scenery, machinery, and decoration."

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

THE managers of this Theatre, before the appearance of our present number, will almost have brought their labours to a close for the present season, and we cannot help expressing our most decided approbation of the liberal and judicious manner in which they have catered for the public amusement, and their exertions, we are also happy to add, must have been most productive to their treasury.

Amongst the various revivals of esteemed dramas, the managers have produced, during the past month, two new pieces, *The Great Unknown*, and *Fish out of Water*; the former not having been approved by the public we shall pass over, that we may more fully describe the latter, which has been eminently successful. The chief merit of *Fish out of Water*, which is a translation, or rather an *adaptation* from the French by Mr. Lunn, author of *Family Jars*, consists in its situations, which, though they cannot boast of much variety, are exceedingly comic. *Charles Gayfare* (Mr. Vining), the son of a London Alderman, is in love with *Ellen Courtly* (Miss Love), the daughter of a Baronet, who is appointed ambassador to Denmark. The lovers are of course in despair at their approaching separation, but as Cupid never deserts his votaries, especially in plays or novels, he suggests an expedient to the enamoured pair. *Sir Charles Courtly* is in want of a Secretary, and *Charles* resolves to apply for the situation. But *Sir Charles* is also in want of a cook, and from this circumstance arises the humour of the scene. *Samuel Savoury* (Mr. Liston),

a professed cook, applies for the latter office, but through the mistake of the Steward, who is authorised to make both engagements, he is invested with the more dignified post of Secretary. Shortly after, the young gentleman arrives, and rather than be separated from the mistress of his affections, he accepts the only vacant situation, which is that of cook. The two novices are soon brought into action, *Charles* is ordered to prepare some chocolate for breakfast, and *Savoury* to write a diplomatic dispatch. They are equally awkward and incompetent in the performance of their respective duties, but by changing parts for a moment the difficulty is overcome. Unhappily for poor *Savoury*, his letter is much approved of, and the manner in which he receives the Baronet's compliments on the occasion, affords a high comic treat. But this state of things could not last long; *Savoury's* ignorance is discovered by his bad spelling in another letter dictated by his master, and the young folks are married to the satisfaction of all parties. Mr. Liston's part is the most prominent, and his exertions were crowned with the most decided success. His terror on proceeding to the fatal effort of penmanship, by which he is discovered, was truly ridiculous, and his agony on being attacked with a pain in the jaw, when commanded to write a word of three syllables, threw the whole House into a roar. Mr. Vining displayed a good deal of vivacity. Mr. Williams, as the *Steward*, acquitted himself as he always does, with judgment and humour; and Miss Love, who had little else to do than sing a few charming airs, sang them in a style which reflects credit on her talents.—Upon the whole, we have seldom seen an afterpiece more powerfully supported, or more agreeably written. The dialogue is easy and unpretending, and the characters, though not remarkable for novelty, are well contrasted.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The managers of this pretty little theatre have been indefatigable during the last month in providing variety if not novelty to procure the public favour; and we are happy in being able to state our belief, that the close of their season is as beneficial to their treasury, as their unwearied endeavours to please the public taste amply merit. Among the numerous revivals of dramas curtailed into one or two acts, we cannot omit mentioning the following, which the excellent acting of Matthews, Miss Kelly, Rayner, &c. rendered very attractive, and compensated for the remorseless severity of the *pruning knife*.- Mrs. Centlivre's Comedy of *Marplot in Spain*, the sequel to the *Busy Body*, has been curtailed into a two act operatic entertainment, called *Too Curious by Half*. That Lady's *Bold Stroke for a Wife* has also been metamorphosed into a two act opera, entitled *Guardians Outwitted*, in order to afford the managers an advantageous opportunity of displaying the versatile talents of Mr. Matthews in the character of *Colonel Fainwell*.—*Killing no Murder* has also been cut down to a one act piece, under the title of *A Day at an Inn*. Among the revivals we must notice *the Wags of Windsor*, *the Highland Reel*, and *Hit or Miss* with the character of *Dick Cypher* by that unequalled comic actor Matthews.

An original operetta called *A-Dun-a-Day* has been produced, and it has experienced considerable success.

We are sorry we cannot find room for the plot of this new piece as usual, for it is one of the liveliest pieces which we have seen at this lively theatre. It pretends not to wit; but, in comicality of situation, and constancy of pun, it excels. The character of *Plush* is very amusingly drawn—illustrations from the "shop-board" are laughable, and Bartley took care not a single point should be lost. His dress, somewhat *à la Liston*, had a good effect, and his "full round belly, with good *cabbage* lined," bespoke him the jolliest of tailors. The scene in which he appears as *Old Rakely*, and endeavours to put on the gentleman, as he would put on an ill-fitting coat, was highly comic; and his last scene, where all his hopes of remuneration are destroyed, was equally good. Baker played *Young Rakely* with more ease and animation than he usually exhibits. The part of *Shirk* was supported in a very pleasant manner by Mr. W. Chapman. Mrs. J. Weippert was a very pert and a very agreeable *fille de chambre*. Her lightness of motion and volubility of tongue formed an amusing contrast to the modest, staid, and sober demeanour of Miss Carr, who appeared as *Caroline*.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

THE affairs of Europe and of America have assumed, during the last month, an aspect highly interesting to the speculative politician. In Spain, the Bourbon troops have had an uninterrupted course of success, except in Catalonia, but their successes appear to have no effect upon the ultimate result of the struggle, which, it would seem, has more relation to the public feeling of the country than to military operation. Corunna and Pampeluna have been taken by the French, the whole of the patriot forces in Galicia have surrendered, and the fort and Peninsula opposite Cadiz, known by the name of the Trocadero, have been taken by a brilliant *coup-de-main*. Ballasteros continues at the head of his army in the North-east of Castile, without the submission to the enemy that his reported treason had led us to anticipate; but, at the same time, without attempting any military operations in favour of his country. In Catalonia, the French are evidently reduced to defensive operations. After various petty successes over the French forces, Milans has fought one great battle with Moncey in person; the forces on each side were estimated at about ten thousand men, and the issue of the contest was the defeat of the enemy by a simultaneous charge of the bayonet along the whole line, the French losing about 1700 men, and the Spaniards acknowledging a loss of about 600. This battle is of immense importance, as it establishes the fact, that the Spaniards have at length brought their armies to a state of discipline and confidence which enables them to fight in large bodies, and to practice manœuvres on an extended field of battle. If the Spanish troops in the other provinces could be brought to an equal state of discipline, the war would assume a totally different aspect. Negociations have been carrying on between the Duke d'Angouleme and the government of Cadiz, but without leading to any pacific result, and the enemy purpose an attack upon the Isla and Citidel; which, however, there is every reason to believe, they will not commence unless they previously succeed in seducing some of the Spanish Commanders from their duty by means of bribery. The views of the Spanish Regency, and the ultra party in Spain are evidently diametrically opposite to those of the Cabinet of Paris; the French ministers feeling convinced of the necessity of moderating arbitary principles to the more liberal spirit of the times, whilst the desire of the Spanish royalists is to establish the extremes of political tyranny and of religious intolerence. This contradiction of views may lead to important results, but it would be useless to speculate upon the future destinies of Spain, when, in all probability, one month more will put the public in possession of more certain and extensive data for reflection.

It is known to our readers that Mr. Blaquiere, the patriotic and intelligent author of a History of the Spanish Revolution, had been despatched by the Greek Committee to the Morea, for the purpose of ascertaining the real state of affairs in Greece. That gentleman, having returned from his mission, has published two reports which put the public in possession of much useful information respecting the war between the Greeks and Turks. The Greek Constitution is now settled upon the representative principles of those of England and North America. Five of the representatives form the executive government, with the addition of a minister for foreign affairs. The whole male population of the Morea is drilled for the purpose of defence against the Turks, but such is the want of arms and of money, that not above one-third of these brave people can be rendered efficient in the field. The patriotic soldiers serve without pay and merely for their subsistence; they have been often destitute of shoes, of clothing, and almost of food, and yet these brave men, inspired by their love of freedom, have sometimes marched forty miles a day, have successfully fought against the most formidable armies of the Turks, and have inflicted on those armies a loss of about 100,000 men; finally rescuing from their oppressors the whole of the Morea or Peleponnesus, the whole of Attica, Bœtia, Phocis, Doris, Locris, a part of Epirus, and most of the larger islands of Greece. M. Blaquiere represents the navy to consist of 20,000 excellent seamen, and to be in a condition to maintain a supremacy at sea, but that its operations are often delayed or frustrated for want of adequate funds. The finances of the Greeks are

in a most deplorable state, their revenue is derived from the farming out of national lands, but, owing to the state of the war, it appears that, of the two most material tracts, the one has for some time laid fallow, and the other has yielded but a precarious and diminished return to the public treasury. The fleet and army have therefore been supported by the voluntary contributions of wealthy individuals, principally in the Islands; and it appears that the triumph of the Greek cause can be retarded or injured solely by the want of funds to call forth the national forces, and to maintain them in the field against the enemy.

We are sorry to have to record, that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, assuming upon their superior force, have proceeded to the most palpable violation of all inter-national law and public justice, by dictating to Bavaria, to Wirtemberg, and to Switzerland, and to other independent states, several measures of a nature to check every reform of abuses and all improvements of public institutions; their system being that of establishing the most thorough despotism, by keeping mankind in a state of absolute ignorance and vassalage. The mere fact of powerful sovereigns prescribing even measures of police to thoroughly independent states at once abolishes every moral and intellectual bond of national existence, and reduces the whole European system to a mere exertion of lawless violence and brutal force. But a short period will enable us to expatiate more fully on this important topic.

In America the hopes of mankind assume a brighter aspect; Mexico is now treating with the mother country on the basis of thorough independence. The clandestine and unjustifiable assistance afforded to the royalists in Venezuela by the French, has enabled Morales barely to disturb the public peace, and to retard the progress of civilization in that province; but so little apprehensive is the government of Columbia of his power, that they have sent a considerable part of their army to the assistance of the patriotic cause in Peru.—The Portuguese have at length been obliged to evacuate Bahia, and thus the whole of the Brazils are not only independent of Portugal, but really form the more powerful kingdom of the two, having inflicted severe losses on the Portuguese fleet upon its leaving Bahia. The son of the King of Portugal continues at the head of the Brazilian government as an independent sovereign; but the people of the Brazils are now, firm in their demands of a settled constitution, and the triumph of republicanism appears to us to be fast approaching. We much doubt whether the Emperor of the Brazils will not be obliged, ere many months, to join his family in Lisbon. So constrained is he to yield to public opinion, that he has already been under the necessity of condemning all the practices and principles of his father's government of the Brazils, and to vituperate those persons with whom he himself formerly acted. Great Britain continues to with-hold her acknowledgment of the independence of the Spanish-American Republics; but His Majesty's government must obviously have powerful motives for a delay which has so materially injured the commerce of the country, and which is so little in unison with the feelings of the more intelligent of the people. The foreign relations of our government are so complex, that we ought not hastily to condemn measures because they are contrary to the wishes of the community, or because they appear discordant to enlarged principles of policy, or even to the principles of justice.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Balfour, at Whitehouse, Burntsfield, Scotland
Viscountess Newport, at Castle Bromwich
Lady Cawdor, at Longleat, still-born
The Right Hon. Lady Foley, in Grosvenor sq.
Lady Jane Neville, at Billingbear, Berks
The Marchioness of Chandos
Lady Barham, at Barham Court
Lady Wigram, at Connaught-place
Lady Synge, of High Cliff-house, Dorsetshire
The Lady of the Hon. Mr. Anthony Denny
The Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Mercer, of the 3d Guards
The Lady of Joseph Phillimore, LL.D. & M.P.
The Lady of George Evelyn, esq. in Gloucester-place
The Lady of Major De Bathe, of the 85th Light Infantry, at Malta
The Lady of Major Crowe, of the 32d Regiment, at Corfu
The Lady of Col. Freese, Acting Commander of Artillery, at St. Thomas's Mount, Madras.

DAUGHTERS.

Lady Sophia Macdonald, still-born
The Lady of Charles Shaw Lefevre, esq. at Hickfield-place
The Lady of William Curtis, esq. in Portland-pl.
The Lady of George Sinclair, esq. late M.P. for Caithness
The Lady of the Rev. Bartlet Goodrich, at Great Saling
The Lady of the Rev. James Evans Phillipps, at the Rectory, Boyton, Wilts.
The Lady of James Woodforde, esq. in Devonshire-street, Portland-place
The Lady of Sebastian Smith, esq. of Weymouth-street, Portland-place
The Lady of James Stuart, esq. at Tunbridge Wells
The Lady of John Madocks, esq. at Glanywern, Denbigh
The Lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, esq., of Bedford-square
The Lady of William Reynolds, esq. at Milford-house near Lymington
The Lady of W. B. Gurney, esq. of Essex-street
The Lady of Octavius Greene, esq. in Devonshire-street, Portland-place
The Lady of P. Brown, M.P. at Totteridge
The Lady of Dr. Darling, in Russell-square,

MARRIAGES.

Armstrong, John, jun. esq. of Lancaster, to
Hannah, third daughter of Abraham Crompton, esq. of Lune Villa.

Baldwin, Charles Barry, esq of the Inner Temple, to
Frances Lydia, third daughter of Walter Boyd, esq.

Bevan, Richard, esq. son of Sylvanus Bevan, esq. of Fosbury, Wilts, to
Charlotte, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Hunter, of the 19th foot.

Burroughes, the Rev. Ellis, jun. at Binfield, Berkshire, to
Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Francis Wilder.

Bethel Otley, the Rev. Charles, Rector of Tortington, in Sussex, to
Maria, youngest daughter of the late J. Delafield, esq.

Bowden, Henry Sparks, esq. of Bradninch, Devonshire, to
Eliza Packman Sharpe, daughter of the late Samuel Sharpe, esq. of Clapham-common.

Bridges, John William, esq. of Great Coram-street, London, to
Harriet, fifth daughter of John Hanson, esq. of the Rookery, Woodford.

Buckle, Noah John Neale, esq. of Chacely-House, Worcestershire, to
Penelope, eldest daughter of Captain Thomas Martin, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

Clarkson, Frederick, esq. of Doctors' Commons, to
Frances Hodgkins, daughter of the late Rev. George Hodgkins, of Stoke Newington, Middlesex.

Covey, the Rev. Charles, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, to
Mary Rogers, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Coxwell, of Cheltenham.

Davis, Francis Henry, esq. of His Majesty's Remembrancer Office, to
Lucy Clementina, only daughter of Lord Maurice Drummond.

Duncombe, Philip Pauncefort, esq. of Buckhill-Manor, Bucks, to
Sophia Frances, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Foulis, of Ingleby Manor, Yorkshire.

Dundas, the Hon. Thomas, eldest son of Lord Dundas, to
Sophia Jane, sister to Sir Hedworth Williamson.

Dowdeswell, G. esq. late a member of the Supreme Council in Bengal, to
Miss Mary Ann Rose Egerton.

Fould, Achilles, esq. of Paris, to
Henrietta, daughter of L. A. Goldschmidt, esq.

Franklin, Capt. N.R., to
Eleanor Anne, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Porden, esq. of Berner's-street.

Gilpin, William, eldest son of the late William Gilpin, esq. of East Sheen, Surrey, to
Lucy Eliza, eldest daughter of William Fowler Jones, esq. of Ashurst-Park, Kent.

Hesketh, Henry, esq. only son of Henry Hesketh, esq. of Newton, Cheshire, to
Margaret, second daughter of the late James Hilton, esq. of Pennington Hall, Lancaster.

Jolliffe, Gilbert East, esq. to
Margaret Ellen, daughter of Sir Edward Banks.

Jenkinson, Captain Henry, R.N. eldest son of Lieut.-General Jenkinson, to
Miss Acland, sister to Sir Thomas Dyke Acland.

Knight, Lieutenant James, R.N. at Richmond, to
Catharine, eldest daughter of the late Thos. Christmas, esq. of Whitfield, county of Waterford.

Lechmere, Sir Anthony, bart. of the Rhyd, Worcester, to
Villiers, Miss, bar-maid at the Hop-pole-inn, in the city of Worcester.

Montagu, Henry Seymour, esq. at St. Mary-le-bone, to
Long, Maria Miss, niece to Sir Charles Long.

Montague, Captain W. A., R.N. and C.B., to
Anne, third daughter of Sir George William Leeds, of Croxton Park, Camb.

Martineau, Joseph, esq at Bath, to
Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Parry, of Bath

Macleod, Captain, of the 1st. batt. 18th regt. N.I., to
Searle, Ann Emma, at Seringapatam.

Perry, Mr. Daniel, Examiner in the Government Office, Madras, to
M'Carty, Mrs. Mary Euphemia.

Stirling, James, esq. Capt. R.N., at Stoke, to
Ellen, daughter of James Mangles, esq. of Woodbridge, near Guildford.

Smith, H. Vincent, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to
Esther, only daughter of Andrew Lovering Sarel, esq. of Upper Cadogan-place.

Tupper, Daniel, esq. third son of the late Daniel Tupper, of Haute-Ville, esq. to
Maria, youngest daughter of the late Major-General John Gaspard Le Marchant, the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military College.

DEATHS.

At his seat, Broomham, in the county of Sussex, Sir William Ashburnham, bart in the 85th year of his age.—Gilling, near Richmond, Yorkshire, the Rev. Richard Mozely Atkinson, M.A. one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the North Riding of that county, and Vicar of Whatton-cum-Aslockton, Nottinghamshire.—At Eastbourne, near Midhurst, Sussex, the Rev Samuel Arnott, perpetual curate of that parish, Rector of Linch, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, 37.—At Kensington, Gideon Ardisolt, esq.

In Guilford-street, Russell-square, Eliza, the second daughter of the late William Bagster, esq. of St. Alban's, Herts.—At Homerton, Mrs. Elizabeth Berger, widow of Lewis Berger, esq. late of the said place, 71.—The Rev. Dr. Boys, Rector of Stratton, in the county of Gloucester, and Radcliffe, in the county of Bucks, 69.—Of apoplexy, at St. Martin's, Shropshire, the Rev. J. W. Bourke, M.A. Vicar of that parish and of Oswestry.—In Finsbury-place, Mrs. Elizabeth de Bernales, wife of J. C. de Bernales, esq.—At Cobham-lodge, Surrey, General Buckley, Governor of Pendennis Castle.

At Margate, Emily, the youngest daughter of Charles Clarke, esq. of Upper Woburn-place, Tavistock-square.—At Richmond, Surrey, Isabella Frances Crispin, only daughter of John Crispin, esq. British Consul at Oporto, 17.—In Guilford-street, John Cowley, esq, in the 77th year.—At Bill-hill, near Wokingham, in Berkshire, Catherine, the wife of Geo. James Cholmondeley, esq., 51.—The Rev. John Cayley, of Low-hall, Brompton: he was the Vicar and Rector of Terrington, near Castle Howard, which living he held nearly sixty years, 83.

At his apartments, Trinity-square, Tower-hill, the Rev. Thomas Davies, formerly Minister of Queen-street Chapel, Cheapside.—At Totness, Mrs. Diston, widow of the Rev. Mr. Diston.—At Deal, Kent, Mary Ann, the wife of Captain Frederick Dolge, late of the King's German Legion.

At Middleton Cheney, near Banbury, the Rev. Edward Ellis, A.M. Vicar of Chippenham, and Under-Master of Westminster School, 38.—At Bath, Edward Eyre, esq., of Lansdown Crescent.

At Cuddalore, Madras, on the 1st of April, William French, esq. of the Madras Civil Service.

At his house, Southville, Wandsworth-road, Samuel Godfrey, esq. for upwards of thirty years member of the Stock Exchange.—On the 22d of March last, at Calcutta, John Gilmore, esq., in his 60th year.—Mr. Goodall, forty years master of the ceremonies at Salisbury, 78.

After a very short illness, Robert Houghton, esq., of Conduit-street.—At Newington-green, in his 78th year, Benjamin Hutton, esq.—At Stewkley, Bucks, after a lingering illness, William Hedges, esq., of Newbury, Berks, 35.—At Paris, the Earl of Hopetoun.—At Bideford, Dr. Hammond, M.D.

Very suddenly, after returning from an airing in his carriage, the very Rev. Caley Illingworth, of Scampton, near Lincoln, D.D. and F.R.S. Prebendary of Liddington, and Archdeacon, of Stow, in the diocese of Lincoln.

At Dawlish, Devonshire, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Rev. D. Jenks, of Aldbury, Hertfordshire.

At Weston Green, Thames Ditton, Surrey, John Kaye, esq., late Accountant-General to the East India Company, at Bombay.—Lately, at Cologne, Louisa, the wife of Mr. Edward Knobel, of Charles-street, Berkeley-square.—On the 13th of July last, at Shaw-park, in the island of Jamaica, deeply regretted, Captain George King, of the merchant ship, James Laing, 27.—At Worthing, Frances, wife of the Rev. John Kirkby, Rector of Gothom.

Alexander Leigh, esq. of Leeds, and brother to Sir Robert Leigh, of Whitley, in Lancashire.—At the Parsonage, at Ashe, in Hampshire, the Rev. J. H. G. Lefroy, of that place, and of Ewshot-house, 42.

At Clapham, Richard Meldey, Esq., 82.—At New Orleans, in Louisiana, Thomas Mather, esq.

At his house, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, George Naussa, esq., 67.

At Glasgow, William Scott, esq., 47.—At his house in Upper Brook-street, Major Sned.—At Quebec, Laughlan Smith, esq.; was supposed to be upwards of 100 years of age; had served in Gen. Wolfe's army at the taking of Quebec.

At Gelling, near Nottingham, the Rev. Wm. Smelt, A.M.—At Kelvedon, in Essex, Robert Torin, esq, 61.

At his house in London-street, Fitzroy-squ., John Wolfe, esq., 71.—At Ewell, Surrey, Thos. Williams, esq., 85.—In Tavistock-square, James Williamson, esq., 57.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To William Harwood Horrocks, of Portwood within Brimington, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer, for certain methods applicable to preparing, cleaning, dressing, and beaming silk warps, and also applicable to beaming other warps.—Dated 24th July, 1823.—six months allowed to enrol specification.

To Richard Gill, of Barrowdown, Rutlandshire, fellmonger and parchment-manufacturer, for his method of preparing, dressing, and dyeing sheep-

skins and lambskins with the wool on for rugs, carriages, rooms, and other purposes.—24th July.—two months.

To William Jeaks, of Great Russel-street, in the parish of St. George, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, for his apparatus for regulating the supply of water in steam-boilers, and other vessels for containing water or other liquids.—24th July.—six months.

To William Davis, of Bourne, Gloucestershire, and of Leeds, Yorkshire, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for shearing and dressing woollen and other cloths requiring such process —24th July.—six months.

To Henry Smart, of Berners-street, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, piano-forte manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of piano-fortes.—24th July.—six months.

To Miles Turner, and Lawrence Angell, both of Whitehaven, Cumberland, soap-boilers, for their process to be used in the bleaching of linen, or cotton, yarn, or cloth.—24th July.—two months.

To John Jackson, of the town of Nottingham, gun-maker, for certain improvements in the construction of locks used for the discharge of guns and other fire-arms upon the detonating principal.—29th July.

To Joseph Bower, of Hunslet in the parish of Leeds, Yorkshire, oil of vitrol-manufacturer, and John Bland, of Hunslet aforesaid, steam-engine manufacturer, for their improvements in such steam-engines as condense out of the cylinder, by which improvement or invention the air-pump is rendered unnecessary.—31st July.—two months.

To John Bainbridge, of Bread-street, Cheapside, London, merchant, who in consequence of a communication received by him from a foreigner resident in the United States of North America, merchant, is in possession of certain improvements upon machines for cutting, cropping, or shearing wool, or fur from skins; also for cropping or shearing woollen, silk, cotton, or other cloths and velvets, or any other fabric or fabrics thereof respectively, whether made or composed entirely of wool, silk, cotton, or other materials of which cloth or velvet is made, or of any mixture or mixtures thereof respectively; and also for the purpose of shaving pelts or skins.—31st July.—six months.

To Louis John Pouchee, of King-street, Covent-garden, Middlesex, type-founder, who, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, is in possession of certain machinery or apparatus to be employed in the casting of metal types.—5th Aug.—six months.

To Robert Dickinson, of Park-street, Southwark, Surrey, esq. for his improvement in addition to the shoeing or stopping and treatment of horses' feet.—5th Aug.—six months.

To James Barron, of Well-street, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bonne, Venetian-blind manufacturer, and Jacob Wilson of Welbeck-street, in the parish of Mary-le-bone, upholsterer, both in the county of Middlesex, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacturing of window blinds.—11th Aug.—six months.

To William Wigston, of Derby, engineer, for certain improvements on steam-engines.— 11th Aug. — six months.

To Henry Constantine Jennings, of Devonshire-street, in the parish St. Mary-le-bonne, Middlesex, esq. for an instrument or machine for preventing the improper escape of gas, and the danger and nuisance consequent thereon. —14th Aug.—six months.

To Robert Rogers, of New Hampshire, in the United States of America, but now of Liverpool, Lancashire, master mariner and ship-owner, for his improved lanyard for the shrouds and other rigging of ships and other vessels, and an apparatus for setting up the same.—18th Aug —two months.

To John Malam, of Wakefield, Yorkshire, engineer, for his mode of applying certain materials hitherto unused for that purpose to the constructing of retorts and improvements in other parts of gas apparatus.—18th Aug.—six months.

To Robert Higgins, of the city of Norwich, shawl-manufacturer, for his improved method of consuming or destroying smoke.—18th Aug.—six months.

To George Diggles, of College-street, in the parish of St. John, Westminster, Middlesex, for his improved bit for riding horses, and in single and double harness.—19th Aug.—six months.

To Matthias Archibald Robinson, of Red Lion-street, in the parish of St. George the Martyr, Middlesex, grocer, for certain improvements in the mode of preparing the vegetable matter, commonly called pearl barley, and grits or grots made from the corns of barley and oats, by which material when so prepared a superior mucilaginous beverage may be produced in in a few minutes.—20th Aug.—six months.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

From TUESDAY, AUG. 19, to SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Daniels, A. Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, diamond-merchant.
Frost, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.
Braim, Rev. T. Much-Wenlock, Shropshire, manufacturer of earthenware.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

Kenning, G. Church-street, Spitalfields, silkman, from Sept. 2 to Sept. 16.
Steward, M. H. Long-lane, Bermondsey, pump and engine-maker, from Sept. 6 to Sept. 20.
Bond, J. Cawston, Norfolk, farmer, from Sept. 16 to Oct. 21.
Norton, jun. R. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-sq. paper-hanger, from Sept. 6 to Oct. 11.
Welchman, H. Long-acre, linen-draper, from Aug. 26 to Sept. 13.
Simpson, R. Watling-street, warehouseman, from Sept. 9 to Oct. 28.

BANKRUPTS.

Andrew, P. P. Brighton, grocer. (Willoughby, Clifford's-inn.
Aldersey, P. Liverpool, grocer. (Chester, Staple-inn.
Barnes, W. Newhall, Worcestershire, cow-dealer. (Windus, Bartlett's-buildings.
Biles, J. Cranborne, Dorsetshire, blacksmith. (Hillier and Lewis, Middle Temple-lane.
Batterbee, P. F. Norton, Suffolk, brandy-merchant. (Golding, Salisbury square, Fleet-street.
Broughall, R. Little Ness, Shropshire, farmer. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.
Bisp, D. Shirehampton, Glocestershire, dealer. (Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.
Coleman, R. Liverpool, baker. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn.
Caton, H. Beaminster, Dorsetshire, draper. (Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street.
Cogger, T. Haymarket, glassman. (Young, Mark-lane.
Crisp, C. and J. Harris, Bristol, shoe-makers. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.
Dighton, G. Rochester, draper. (Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street,
Funston, R. Cambridge, dealer. (J. Robinson, Half-moon-street, Piccadilly.
Fox, T. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, woollen-draper. (Bolton, Austinfriars.
Fleming, R. Great Yarmouth, wine merchant. (Daniell, Sewell, and Daniell, Essex-street, Strand.
Fisher, C. York, sculptor. (Walker, New Inn.
Fell, H. Princes-street, London, merchant. (Hodgson and Ogden, St. Mildred's-court.
Grange, J. Piccadilly, Covent-garden-market, and Kingsland-road, fruiterer. (Barber, Serle-street, Lincoln's inn.
Graves, J and H. S. Graves, Langbourn Chambers, merchants. (Fisher, Bucklersbury.
Garside, J. High-street, Whitechapel, butcher. (Gray, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road.
Govett, R. and John Leigh, both of Stringstone, near Bridge-water, Somerset, tanners. (Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand.
Hunter, J. Halifax, dealer. (Walker, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn.
Howell, J. Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, linen-draper. (Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-inn.
Holman, R. Crown-street, Finsbury-square, hatter. (R. M. Annesley, East India Chambers, Leadenhall-street. K
Hill, R. Stafford, silversmith. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.
Hartwright, T. Kinver, Staffordshire, victualler. (Farlow, Ely-place, Holborn.
Hone, J. W. Brixton, draper. (Wilde, Rees, and Peacock, College-hill.
Horn, H. Cherry-garden-street, Rotherhithe, merchant. (Birket, Cloak lane.
Johnson, W. Liverpool, merchant. (Battye, Chancery-lane.
Jennings, J. Keynsham, Somersetshire, saddler. (Burfoot, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Kirkpatrick, W. E. now or late of Lime-street, London, merchant. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
Knowles, Brighthelmstone, stable-keeper. (France and Palmer, Bedford-row.
Lowndes, J. H. Liverpool, merchant. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.
Lee, H. T. Gravel-lane, Ratcliffe-highway, slop-seller. (Wilde, Rees, and Peacock, College-hill.
Myers, Haymarket, tailor. (Morgan, Great James-street.
Martin, J. Bolton, Lancashire, manufacturer. (Willet, Essex-street, Temple.
Matthews, J. jun. Brixham, Devon, coal-merchant. (Collett and Co. Chancery-lane.
Marchant, J. late of Freshford, Somersetshire, innkeeper. (Mason, Crescent-place, New Bridge-street.
Meilheim, L. I. De, Arundel-street, Strand, merchant. (Taylor, New Inn, Strand.
Maundlers, J. Upper Ground-street, Christ Church, Surrey. (Ware and Young, Blackman-street, Borough.
Maxwell, Boston, Lincolnshire, tea-dealers. (Chester, Staple Inn.
Mitchell, W. Norwich, silversmith. (Gale, Basinghall-street.

Maddy, W. Leeds, linendraper. (Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden.
Oldreive, L jun. late of Dartmouth, Devonshire, tallow-chandler. (Fox and Prideaux, Austin-friars.
Phillips, D. Cold-Blow, Pembrokeshire, victualler. (Callen, Pembroke.
Perrell, King-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer. (James, Bucklersbury.
Roche, Liverpool, tobacconist. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
Ryder, R. Edale, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. (Ravenhill and Crook, Prince's-street, Bank-buildings.
Reed, T. High Holborn, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane.
Rigg, R. and R. Rigg, Whitehaven, common-brewers. (Lowden and Holder, Clement's-inn.
Silcocks, D. Road, Somerset, clothier. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
Skiller, E. Rochester, victualler. (Blakiston, Symond's-inn.
Smith, J. Doncaster, grocer. (King and Son, Castle-street, Holborn.
Tabberer, B. Monmouth, currier. (Jenings and Bolton, Elm-court, Middle Temple.
Tedford, J. and W. Arundell, Liverpool, drapers. (Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street.
Underwood, C. Cheltenham, builder. H. J. W. Bowyer, Old Jewry.
Wilson, R. and F. Oxford-street, linendrapers. Stephens, Sion College-gardens, Aldermanbury.
Wibberley, G. Liverpool, merchant. (E. Chester, Staple-inn.
Watts, E. Spencer-street, Goswell-street-road, merchant. (Evitt and Rixon, Haydon-square, Minories.
Worth, J. and J. Worth, Trump-street, City, warehousemen. (Phipps, Weavers' Hall, Basinghall-street.
Watson, T. Longsight, Manchester, dealer. (Makinson, Temple. K
Watt, C. Sidney-street, Goswell-street-road, pen-manufacturer. (Butler, Watling-street.

DIVIDENDS.

Andrade, A. and T. Worswick, Lancaster, bankers, Sept. 25.
Amery, J. and R. Kitchen, Liverpool, tailors, Sept. 24.
Airey, J. Liverpool, soap-boiler, Sept. 23.
Butler, J. Milk-street, Cheapside, merchant, Oct. 6.
Blyth, J. Newcastle under Tyne, draper, Oct 3.
Burton, G. Knottingley, Yorkshire, vessel-builder, Sept 10.
Bidwith, Bagginswood, Shropshire, farmer, Sept. 26.
Bird, J. and H. Poultry, jewellers, Sept. 23.
Broughall, R. late of Shrewsbury, grocer, Sept. 30.
Banton, W. Northwich, Cheshire, grocer, Oct. 16.
Bowman, J. Lancashire, dyer, Oct. 9.
Cotterel, J. Worcester, timber-merchant, Oc. 21.
Coburn, T. Witney, Oxfordshire, woolstapler, Sept. 27.
Clark, G. D, Strand, merchant, Oct. 4.
Dicks, J. London-street, Tottenham-court-road, carpenter, Aug. 30.
Denman, C. R. Fetter-lane, ironmonger, Oct. 7.
Denziloe, Bridport, stationer, Oct. 9.
Davies, S. and P. Drayton-in-Hales., Shropshire, bankers, Oct. 7.
Evans, T. Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, innkeeper, Sept. 30.
Edwards, E. Conway, Carnarvonshire, merchant, Sept. 27.
Evans, T. B. Strand, wine-merchant, Sept. 27.
Ford, W. Black Prince-row, Walworth-road, linen-draper, Nov. 1.
Frood, W. Castleton, Lancashire, flannel-manufacturer, Oct. 3.
Gribbell, N. and M. Hellyer, East Stone-house, Devonshire, builder, Oct 10.
Gill, W. C. Melksham, Wilts. linen-draper, Sept. 13.
Garnett, J. Liverpool. linen-draper, Sept. 29.
Groove, G. and H. Wilkinson, Liverpool, ironmongers, Sept. 16.
Havard, F. Hereford, wine-merchant, Oct. 13.
Hornsby, T. jun. Kingston-upon Hull, grocer, Oct. 3.
Husband, R. Plymouth, mercer, Oct. 7.
Harvey, J. Bull-head passage, Leadenhall-market, poulterer, Sept 23.
Higgs, D. Chipping-Sodbury, Gloucestershire, liquor-merchant, Sept. 25.
Hinde, T. Liverpool, merchant, Sept. 17.
Hughes, J. Cheltenham, wine-merchant, Oct. 6.
Harris, W. Birmingham, button-maker, Oct. 13.
Hopkins, J. jun. Cholsey, Berkshire, farmer, Oct. 13.
Higginbotham, N. Macclesfield, Cheshire, malt-merchant, Oct. 1.
Haddan, W. Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, tea-dealer, Nov. 29.
Jones, J. late of Corely, Salop, lime-burner, Sept. 27.
Inchbold, T. Leeds, bookseller, Sept. 29.
Jarvis, T. Adderbury, Oxfordshire, fellmonger, Sept. 17.
Jones, W. Shoreditch, china-man, Oct. 4.
James, G. Liverpool, merchant, Oct. 13.
Ketcher, N. Bradwell near the Sea, shopkeeper, Nov. 8.
Martin, F. Tewkesbury, wine-merchant, Sept. 15.
Mawhood, R. jun. Wakefield, Yorkshire, money-scrivener, Oct. 6.
Marshall, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, miller, Sept. 16.
Minchin, T. A. Carter, W. G. and A. Keily, jun. late of Portsmouth, bankers, Sept, 23.
Niblock, J. and R. S. Latham, Bath, woollen-drapers. Oct. 8.
Pilling, J. Huddersfield, currier, Sept. 17.
Passmore, J. Farnham Surrey, linen-draper, Oct. 25.
Palfrey, W. Hinchwick, Gloucestershire, farmer, Sept. 10.
Quinton, W. and J. Basford, Nottinghamshire, timber-dealers, Oct. 9.
Roundell, J. Skipton, Yorkshire, grocer, Sept. 29.
Ridley, J. Lancaster, merchant, Sept. 25.
Rangecroft, J. Bingfield, Berkshire, grazier, Sept. 16.
Robinson, P. Kendal, Westmorland, mercer, Sept. 3.
Russell, G. Birmingham, merchant, Oct. 13.
Smith, J. Liverpool, merchant, Oct. 7.
Stevens, R. Soulbury, Ducks, dairyman, Sept. 16.
Sylvester, W. New Woodstock, Oxfordshire, draper, Sept. 24.
Salmon, S. Regent-street, stationer, Sept. 13.
Saunders, W. Beckington, Somersetshire, school-master, Sept. 16.
Squire, L. Earith, Huntingdonshire, tanner, Sept. 25.
Suffield, W. late of Birmingham, printer, Oct. 11.
Tolson, P. and R. Leeds, merchants, Oct. 6.
Tomlinson, T. Winterton, Lincoushire, corn-merchant, Sept. 23.
Wood, G. Glocester, marble-mason, Oct. 14.
Wood, P. Kingston, Surrey, gardener, Sept. 20.
Winscom, J. Andover, linen-draper, Sept. 10.
Ward, J. Lowestoff, Suffolk, twine-spinner, Oct. 2.
White, A. Aldermanbury, factor, Aug. 30.
Wilson, W. Bridgefield, Lancashire, tanner.
Wood, J. Walsall, Staffordshire, factor, Sept. 19.
Worrall, S. Pope, A. and J. Edmunds, Bristol, bankers, Sept. 10.
Yeates, W. Bristol, baker, Sept. 15.

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—Season, 1823, 1824.

Voys.	Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Tons.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be afloat.	To be in the Downs.	When sailed.
2	Macqueen	Beng. & China	1332	John Campbell	James Walker	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	1823 18 Nov	1824 8 Jan.	
2	Duchess of Atholl		1330	W. E. Ferrers	E. M. Daniell	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
2	Berwickshire ...		1332	S. Marjoribanks	J. Shepherd	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
4	Duke of York...	Bomb. & China	1327	S. Marjoribanks	A. H. Campbell	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
6	Castle Huntly...		1200	J. H. Gledstanes	H. A. Drummon	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
4	Thomas Coutts..		1334	S. Marjoribanks	A. Chrystie	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
6	General Harris .	St. Hele. Bencoolen & China	1200	James Sims	G. Welstead	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
2	Sir David Scott.	Beng. & China	1342	Joseph Hare	Wm. Hunter	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	17 Dec.	5 Feb.	
4	Canning		1326	(Company's ship)	W. Patterson	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
5	Earl of Balcarras		1417	(Company's ship)	P. Cameron	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
4	London.....	St. Hel. Bomb. and China,	1332	(Company's ship)	J. B. Sotheby	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
4	Dunira	Bomb. & China	1325	George Palmer	M. Hamilton	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	31 Dec.	20 Feb.	
6	Marquis Camden		1200	H. Morse Samson	Thos. Larkins	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
6	Lady Melville...	Madr. & China	1200	Sir Rt. Wigram	R. Clifford	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
2	William Fairlie .		1348	Joseph Hare	K. Smith	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
4	Orwell	China.	1335	Matthew Isacke	W. E. Farrer	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	28 Feb.	18 April.	
3	Thames		1330	Henry Blanshard	W. Haviside	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.

From August 26, to September 24, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, Cornhill.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.
26	29·98	65	S.	Rain	6	30·03	58	S.W.	Fair	17	29 86	60	S.W.	Fair
27	39 06	66	S.	Fair	7	30 08	61	N.E.	Ditto	18	30 27	56	N.	Shwy.
28	30·14	62	S.W.	Ditto	8	30·21	55	N.E.	Ditto	19	30·24	48	S.	Fair
29	29·99	66	S.W.	Ditto	9	30·16	57	N.	Ditto	20	30·09	57	W.	Ditto
30	29·94	60	N.E.	Ditto	10	30·16	52	S.W.	Ditto	21	29·46	60	S.W.	Ditto
31	30 15	62	S.W.	Ditto	11	30 19	60	N.E.	Ditto	22	29·26	65	S.W.	Rain
1	30·19	62	S.W.	Ditto	12	30·07	61	N.E.	Ditto	23	29·87	48	S.W.	Fair
2	30·03	65	S W.	Ditto	13	29 83	65	S.W.	Ditto	24	29·79	55	S.W.	Ditto
3	29·99	67	S.W.	Ditto	14	29·43	69	S.W.	Ditto					
4	30·03	69	S.W.	Ditto	15	29·33	65	S.W.	Ditto					
5	30 07	64	S.W.	Ditto	16	29 79	59	S.W.	Rain					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

September 20, 1823.

	Per Share. £ s.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.		Per Share. £. s.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.
Canals.			*Bridges.*		
Ashton and Oldham	140	5	Southwark	18	—
Barnesley	206	12	Ditto, New	55	7½ pr. ct.
Birmingham (divided)	312	12	Ditto, Loan	100	5
Bolton and Bury	112	5	Vauxhall	27	—
Brecknock and Abergav.	100	5	Waterloo	5	—
Carlisle	—	—	*Water-works.*		
Chesterfield	120	8	Chelsea	—	—
Coventry	1100	44	East London	123	4
Cromford	270	14	Grand Junction	64 10	2 10
Croydon	3 3	—	Kent	36	1 10
Derby	140	6	London Bridge	58	2 10
Dudley	59	3	South London	35	—
Ellesmere and Chester	63	3	West Middlesex	68 5	2 10
Erewash	1000	58	York Buildings	28	1
Forth and Clyde	480	20	*Insurances.*		
Grand Junction	263	10	Albion	51	2 10
Grand Surrey	47	—	Atlas	6	6
Grand Union	19	—	Bath	575	40
Grand Western	4 15	—	Birmingham Fire	350	25
Grantham	160	8	British	50	3
Hereford and Gloucester	60	—	County	43	2 10
Lancaster	27	1	Eagle	3 3	5
Leeds and Liverpool	377	12	European	20	1
Leicester	315	14	Globe	161	7
Leicester & Northampton	77	4	Guardian	15	—
Loughborough	4000	170	Hope	4 10	6
Melton Mowbray	240	11	Imperial Fire	121	5
Monmouthshire	175	8 10	Ditto, Life	11 5	8
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	Kent Fire	75	2 10
Neath	320	13	London Fire	21 10	1 5
Nottingham	240	11	London Ship	21 10	1
Oxford	745	32	Provident	20	1
Portsmouth and Arundel	25	—	Rock	3	2
Regent's	40	—	Royal Exchange	270	10
Rochdale	90	3	Sun Fire	212	8 10
Shrewsbury	170	9 10	Sun Life	23 10	10
Shropshire	125	7	Union	40 10	1 8
Somerset Coal	135	9	*Gas Lights.*		
Ditto, Lock Fund	135	5 15	Gas Light and Coke (Chart Company	78	4
Staffords.& Worcestershire	800	46	City Gas Light Company.	128	6 16
Stourbridge	210	10 10	Ditto, New	73	3 12
Stratford-on-Avon	20	—	South London	140	7 10
Stroudwater	600	26 0	Imperial	33	—
Swansea	195	10	*Literary Institutions.*		
Tavistock	140	—	London	29	—
Thames and Medway	22 10		Russel	9	—
Thames and Severn, New	26	—	Surrey	—	—
Trent & Mersey	2150	75	*Miscellaneous.*		
Warwick and Birmingh.	232	10	Auction Mart	23	1 5
Warwick and Napton	210	9	British Copper Company.	28	—
Worcester & Birmingham	34	1	Golden Lane Brewery	8	—
Docks.			Ditto	5	—
London	118	4 10	London Com.Sale Rooms	16	1
West India	192	10	Carnatic Stock 1st class	94	4
East India	145	8	Ditto, 2d ditto	79	3
Commercial	80	3 10			
East Country	26	—			

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th Aug. to 24th September, 1823.

Days. 1823.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	3½ P.C. I. bds.	2 P. day E. bills	Consols. for acct.
Aug.											
25		83⅝ ⅜	82¾ 3	96¼	100⅞ 101	101¾ 2	21 5-16 ¼	.....	59p	30 35p	82¾ 3
26	226½ 6	83⅜ ⅜	82¾ 3	96¼ ½	100⅞ 101	100¾ ⅞	21 5-16	263¾	59 61p	31 35p	82⅞ ⅜
27	225¾	83⅜ ⅜	82⅞ ⅝	96½	101 100¾	101⅞ ⅝	21 5-16 ¼	263¼	64 62p	31 35p	82⅝ ⅝
28	226	83⅜ ⅜	82⅝ ⅜	96½	100⅝ 101	101⅞ ⅞	.....	.....	64 63p	31 36p	83 2 7/16
29	226	83⅜ ⅜	82⅝ ⅜	96½	101 100⅞	101¾ ⅜	21 5-16	.....	63 65p	34 35p	83 2⅞
30	226½	83½ ¼	82⅝ 3	.....	101 ¼	101¾ ⅝	21 5-16 ¼	264¼	65 66p	35 37p	83 ¼
Sept.											
1	226¾	83⅝ ⅜	82⅞ ½	.....	101 ⅛ ¼	101⅞ ⅝	21⅜ 5-16	264¼	65 62p	34 37p	83⅛ 2⅞
2	Holiday.										
3	226¼	83 ⅜	82¾ ¼	96 ¼	100⅞ 111⅛	101⅝ ⅛	21¼ 5-16	264	64 61p	34 37p	82⅞ ⅜
4	226½ ¾	83 ¼	82¾ ⅜	96½ ⅜	101⅛ 100¾	101½ ¾		263½ 4½	62 60p	38 35p	82⅞ ⅜
5			82¾ ⅜	96 ⅜		101⅝ 2		.....	61 63p	35 38p	82⅞ ⅜
6			82¾ ⅜	.....		101¼ 2¼		265	63p	35 38p	82¾ ⅜
8			82⅝ ⅜	.....		102 1⅞		265	62 64p	35 37p	82½ ⅜
9			82½ ⅜	96⅞ 7⅛		102 ⅜		264½ 5½	63p	35 38p	82¾ ⅜
10			83 2¾	97⅛ ¼		102¼ ¼		.....	64 63p	37 35p	82¾ 3
11			82⅞ ¼	97¼ ⅜		102⅜ ¼		264¾	63p	35 38p	82⅞ 3⅛
12			82⅞ ¼			102⅜ ¼		.....	62 58p	37 35p	83 ⅛
13			82¾ ¼			102⅜ ¼		.....	55 57p	33 37p	83 3
15			82⅞ 3			102¼ ⅜		.....	58p	34 37p	83 ⅛
16			83 ¼			102¼ ⅜		.....	58 59p	33 36p	83 ⅛
17			83⅛ 2⅞			102¼ ⅜		266	59p	33 36p	83¼ ⅜
18			83⅛ 3			102¼ ⅜		.....	60p	34 37p	83⅜ ⅜
19			83¼ ⅜			102⅜ ⅜		.....	59 60p	34 37p	83¼ ⅜
20			83¼ ⅜			102¼ ⅜		.....	61 64p	35 38p	83⅜ ⅜
22			83⅜ 3			102⅜ ⅜		.....	65p	35 38p	83⅜ ⅜
23			82¾ 3⅛			102⅜ ⅜		265¼ 6	64 65p	35 39p	83⅛ ⅜
24			82⅝ 3⅜			102½ ⅜		265 ½	64 61p	35 39p	83⅛ ⅜

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to July, 1822, have been advertised to be paid off.

JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE, FOREIGN FUNDS, &c.—SEPT. 25th, 1823.

Amsterdam, c. f.	12	10
Ditto ..... at sight	12	8
Rotterdam	12	11
Antwerp	12	9
Hamburgh	38	2
Altona	38	3
Paris ..... 3 days sight	25	90
Ditto ..... 3 months	26	10
Bourdeaux	26	10
Frankfort on the main	159	
Petersburgh, per rble.	8¾	3 Us
Berlin cur. dolls.	7	10
Vienna, effective 2 m. Flor.	10	24
Trieste ..... ditto	10	24
Madrid	36½	
Cadiz	35¾	
Bilboa	36¾	
Barcelona	35¾	
Seville	36¾	
Malaga		
Gibraltar	30½	
Leghorn	46½	
Genoa	43¾	
Venice, Italian Liv.	28	10
Malta	45	
Naples	39	
Palermo .... per oz.	117	
Lisbon	53	
Oporto	52½	
Rio Janeiro	48	
Bahia	46	
Dublin	9½	
Cork	9½	

Austrian Bonds	*In London Exc.*
Chilian Bonds	73¾ 4
Ditto, for the Acct.	74
Columbian Bonds	57 13/16 6 13/16
Ditto, for the Acct.	57½ 7¼ 6 13/16
Danish Bonds	91¼ 90¾ 91
Do. Marks Banco	
Neapolitan Bonds	
Do. for the Acct.	
Peruvian Scrip.	
Poyas Bonds	
Prussian Bonds	
Do... 1822.	86¼
Do. for the Acct.	
Russian Bonds	83 37/64 7/8
Do. for the Acct.	83 19/64
Spanish 5 per Ct. Consols.	35 13/16 13/16 ¼
Do. for the Acct.	35 5/8 ¼
Do. 170 and 255 Bonds	37 3/8
Do. 85..Do.	40
Spanish 5 per Cent. Consols, 1823	29¼ 8⅞ 9½
Do. for the Acct.	
French Rents	
French Scrip.	2½ 2⅛ pm.
Do. Bank Shares	
Russian Inscription	
Do. Metallic	
Spanish Bonds, 1820	
Do. for the Account	
Spanish National 5½ per Cent.	

BULLION AT PER OUNCE.

Portugal Gold in Coin	£ 0	0	0	New Dollars	£ 0	4	9
Foreign Gold in Bars	0	0	0	Silver in Bars, Standard	0	4	11
[illegible]	3	15	6				

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

OCTOBER, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING, M. A.
Minister of the Caledonian Church.

CONTENTS.

Original Essays.

	PAGE
Memoir of the Rev. Edward Irving ..	291
To Departed Mary	293
Symptoms of Winter	291
The Rose Queen	297
Epistles of Mary Queen of Scots	303
Observations on Shakspeare's Hamlet ..	305
The Prize in the Lottery	310
Felix and Mariaquita	313
High Life	316
Mary Gray	324
The Reviewers Reviewed	329
Sketches of Popular Preachers—Rev. Isaac Saunders, M.A	333
On Mounting the Terestial Globe	334
Observations on Palaces	336

Fine Arts.

The Diorama—View of Trinity Chapel, Canterbury; and Valley of Sarnen, Switzerland	337
Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts	343

London Review.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

History, Manners, and Customs of the Inhabitants of Persia	345
Essay on the History of Music in Italy ..	345
Life of Frederick de Schiller	349

ENGLISH BOOKS.

	PAGE
Memoirs of the History of France, during the Reign of Napoleon, dictated by himself to General Gourgaud	350
View of the past and present state of Jamaica. By J. Stewart.....	358
Transactions of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh	367

Science and Literature.

Foreign;—Germany—Spain—France —	366
English:—Literary Intelligence—Works in the Press.....	368

The Drama.

Drury Lane Theatre	371
Covent Garden Theatre	372
Haymarket Theatre.....	373
English Opera House	374
Political Digest.....	374
Commercial Report	377
List of Patents	377
Births, Marriages, and Deaths	378
List of Bankrupts and Dividends	380
East India Shipping List	382
Meteorological Table	383
Price of Canal Shares, &c.	383
Prices of Stocks.....	384
Courses of Exchange	384
Foreign Funds	384

LONDON:

Published for the Proprietors,

BY LUPTON RELFE, 13, CORNHILL,

And Sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

"*The Complaint of Despair,*" will appear in our next. If the author has not as yet yielded to that fate which he seems so anxious of meeting; if he has ceased to feel the subduing influence which not only despair, but contending elements seem to have exercised over him: if "the star of his hope" has once more beamed upon him, and given back the raptures of his happier days, we should be extremely happy to be favoured with a continuance of his communications.

"*The Half Hang it,*" in our next.

C. S. will receive a private communication *from us in a few days.*

"The Song of the Gathering," will appear *as early as possible.*

"*Locked in, or Dramatic Horrors,*" and the "*Blind Widows Son,*" are under consideration.

Minvane, in our next.

Edw Irving.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

OCTOBER 1823.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. EDWARD IRVING, A. M.

(With a Portrait taken from life, engraved by James Thomson.)

The subject of our present memoir is the most popular preacher of the day, and yet there is evidently no preacher whose intellectual powers and style of eloquence are less understood. Whatever may be our opinion of his merits as an orator, we deem it our duty to gratify our readers with his portrait, because we consider that the most popular characters are always the most interesting subjects for painting, whether their popularity be the result of real merit or usurped reputation; for it is a curious phenomenon in human nature, that whoever, or whatever once succeeds in attracting public attention will continue to attract it after it has been demonstrated over and over, that the original cause of attraction had never an existence. Mr. Irving owes all his popularity to his supposed merits as an orator; but let it be ever so clearly demonstrated that these merits are merely imaginary, that his taste, and style, and thoughts, and language, are equally false, yet the Caledonian Chapel would be more frequented than any other in London; for even he who felt convinced that his eloquence is of a spurious character would still feel desirous of seeing a man of whom so much has been said, both in public and in private.

We have observed in our Number for July, that Mr. Irving "is rather less than thirty years of age, about six feet high:" we have since been informed that he is six feet, two inches; a difference which, though trifling in itself, is not trifling as regards those who have never seen him; for every man endeavours to figure to himself a correct image of a celebrated character or writer, "with other particulars," as the Spectator observes, "of the like nature, which conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." We have noticed many other particulars of him in the number alluded to, which it must be unnecessary to repeat here.

Of his life and parentage, we can only say that he is the second son of a respectable family at Annan, in Dumfrieshire. His parents are still living, and enjoy, no doubt, all those pleasing and gratifying emotions which parental affection naturally derive from the celebrity of their offspring He has a younger brother, who is, at the present moment, studying in the London hospitals, and four sisters. His elder brother we understand died lately in India. We know not whether mathematical knowledge has any necessary connection with divinity, but Mr. Irving, though originally intended for the ministry, has deemed it either a science fitted to relax the severity of his religious labours in his retired hours, or an auxiliary in developing, illustrating, or demonstrating the

sacred truths of the gospel. Accordingly we find, from his early proficiency in the science of demonstration, that he had been appointed to conduct a mathematical school at Haddington, in his seventeenth year, by the Professor at the University of Edinburgh. He resided at Haddington three years, whence he was removed to Kilkardy, to co-operate in the higher classes of literature. He was,—we are not exactly certain how many years after,—appointed assistant to Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow. The Rev. Mr. MacNaughton having been removed last year from the church of the Caledonian Asylum, in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, Mr. Irving was invited to London by the elders, but met with some opposition from his ignorance of the Gaelic, it being required that a sermon should be preached every Sunday afternoon in that language. It was so arranged, however, that Mr. Lees was appointed to fulfil this part of the duty, and an engagement made with Mr. Irving for five years, at £150 a year in addition to the seat-rents. Though this engagement could not be considered lucrative, Mr. Irving eagerly embraced it, his chief object being a residence in the Metropolis: whether this desire arose from a consciousness of his own merits, and the fame which he anticipated from the exercise of strong intellectual powers, or whether he perceived that the fame of an orator did not arise solely from the possession of these powers, and that there were other means of gaining the attention, and commanding the admiration of an audience, or whether he was exclusively governed by a thirst for the salvation of souls, and considered London the best field for the exercise of his apostolic fervor and religious zeal, or whether motives of a private nature influenced his determinations, we neither dare nor can venture to assert; but certain we are, that whatever may have been the motive, Mr. Irving made a most happy, and successful election. His success has far exceeded all that his most sanguine wishes could anticipate, unless he had indulged in wishes which spurned the ridged confines, within which reason and probability love to encircle themselves. One of the most curious features in his character appears to be, that he belongs to that species or order of spirits which can neither be analyzed nor explained. No one knows what to make of him. To some he appears to be clothed in raiments of light, and the glory of the highest heavens seems beaming around him: to others he is an angel of darkness, hurling penal fire, and destruction, and desolation around him. What kind of man then must he be whose character is so inscrutable, so involved in the labyrinths of metaphysical obscurity? Is he one of those great characters whom Dr. Johnson says, "we admire but cannot love?" It would seem so; for there is something fearful in a character that cannot be analyzed; and fear, according to Burke, is the true source of the sublime, and sublimity always commands admiration. But how are we to dispose of a question which naturally presents itself on this occasion, namely, whether it be the character of the Gospel to terrify us into virtue, or to gain us over to its mild dominion by unfolding its charms, by displaying all the kinder emotions, fonder sympathies, endearing affections, inspiring raptures, divine recollections, hallowed determinations, serene, tranquil and divine composure of mind which it awakens or establishes in the breasts of its votaries. These are feelings;—this is a state of mind which never has and never will be felt by him who is terrified into virtue; who avoids evil, not because he dislikes it, but because he is fearful of the consequences. Into such a bosom the sacred glow of virtuous emotions has never entered: he is neither a favourite of God or man. If, then, it be not the character of the Gospel to terrify us into virtue, if it loves rather to gain us over to it by dwelling on its milder and ennobling attractions, what are we to make of all these terrific denunciations, of all that mysterious and fearful language in which Mr. Irving is said to clothe the sacred truths of the Gospel? Is this the character of his eloquence or is it not; and, if it is, ought it be his character? These are questions which we have not seen discussed by any of the numerous commentators who have either enthroned him on a height above all

height, or sunk him into "the lowest deep." We shall, however, make it our business in our number for January or February to determine, if possible, the true character of Mr. Irving's eloquence; and to point out, at the same time, how far his style, sentiments, imagery and general manner, are calculated to promote the great ends of his apostolical labours.

TO DEPARTED MARY.

I WISH,—my earthly hopes to crown,—
  To part this fleeting breath;
I wish that I could lay me down,
  And sleep—the sleep of death:
For what is now this earth to me,
  Since, Mary, thou art fled?
Its dearest bliss I'd give to be
  Within thy narrow bed!

Oh, Mary, thou art blest above,
  And hast thou not the power
To send an angel for thy love,
  To share thy blessed bower?
At least thou could'st thyself descend,
  And set my spirit free.
Oh! would this weary life would end,
  That I might rest with thee.

Why do I speak? She heeds me not;
  Now cold and dull's her ear:
Why do I listen? Cruel lot!
  Her voice I must not hear.
Why do I see? Closed with the dead
  Is now her eye divine.
Why do I breathe? Her breath is fled,
  'Twill never mix with mine.

Yet, yet thy form still flitting by
  My fever'd fancy sees;
I view thee in the spotless sky,
  I hear thee in the breeze:
Delusion then my soul enwraps,
  And I converse with thee;
But ah! too soon my blissful lapse
  Is crush'd by memory.

Oh, Mary, all my hopes to crown,
  Take, take this fleeting breath;
For much I wish to lay me down,
  And sleep—the sleep of death:
For what is now this earth to me,
  Since, Mary, thou art fled?
Its dearest bliss I'd give to be
  Within thy narrow bed.

G. L A.

SYMPTOMS OF WINTER.—October the

Jam clarum mane fenestras
Intrat.

Ten, A.M.—woke and wondered what o'clock it was—heard my hall clock strike and counted—doubted whether I had counted right, was sure it could not be ten—heard my fat house-keeper, Jane, trembling along the passage, and rap at my door—recollected how Ariosto describes silence.

"Ha le scarpe di feltro, e'l mantel bruno."

I wish Jane had *le scarpe di feltro*, i. e. *felt slippers*—sleep fairly frightened, and at last driven away by the bell of a confounded manufactory at the back of the house—resolved to rise, and put out my foot on one side of the bed to feel the state of the weather; just as Mr. Green or Mr. Graham sends up a pilot-baloon ere they let go the large one—found it half-frozen, and drew it in again—determined to make an effort, and, after having counted ten, jumped up with as much magnanimity as Cæsar did into the Rubicon—shivered a little, but determined not to think it cold—determined not to be bullied by an element, or frightened by frost—found a thin coat of ice over the water-pitcher—did not care a tobacco-stopper—peeped out of the window curtain—every thing certainly looked frosty, and people went about blowing themselves, and breathing like tea-urns—such effeminacy is disgusting!—shaved—found my hand so benumbed, that I gave myself a gash about two inches long—put a piece of sticking plaister on it, and went down to breakfast with a very Munchausen-like appearance.

Eleven, A.M.—Cannot see the use of grates in summer and autumn—merely recalling unpleasant recollections—told Jane to take the straw out—she asked me whether she should light a fire—"No," said I, "not for this month,"—Jane bounced out of the room, and banged the door to so hard, that she flew out and jangled step by step down the kitchen stairs—she is certainly too saucy—an axiom for London servants—bad, old, fat, saucy, and honest; or good, thin, pretty, attentive, and *dis*honest—resolved to discontinue light trowsers till next summer, but not to wear flannel for a month or two—got a little warmed by breakfast, and determined to take my walk without even a great coat.

Twelve.—Just as I was going out, in came Ned Chilly—"Dear me," said he, "hav'nt you got a fire! Good bye, I had rather walk than sit in the cold."—Ned is a mere chicken—I wonder people can sit over a fire in the way they do, stewing themselves, making their cheeks purple, their eyes bloodshot, their noses *mealy*, singing their shin bones, and rendering their whole skin nervous and irritable—No, give me the natural glow that springs from hardy exercise—let me "sweat in the eye of Phœbus," and feel all my limbs in full play, and my muscles in full tension.—Went out—stepped upon a boy's *slide* a yard from the door, grazed the skin from my ancle, and smashed my nose against the round iron knob of the cover of the coal-cellar—great rejoicing and riot amongst the little boys—limped back again, told Jane to bring me some brandy and brown paper, to strew some ashes all over the steps and pavement, and wrote a letter to the Morning Post on the wickedness of these young urchins—hesitated whether to sign it "*Peripateticus*," or Tumble-down-Dick, but resolved upon the former to make it more solemn.

One, P.M.—Had a weak wish for a fire, so determined to try again my walk—crumpled over the ashes without injury, and walked into St. James's Park—a great nuisance in autumn—the stunted trees poking out their deformed branches without leaves, which fill the wet walks

—tried to get warm—flung my arms about, hackney-coachman-like, but could not succeed—saw a man sitting on one of the benches, in a pair of faded nankeen trowsers, he certainly looked devilish cold—went out of the park at a half trot, and so on to the Strand.—Met a friend at Northumberland House — "Very cold, is'n't it?" said he, "Do you find it so?"—"I don't feel it cold at all," said I, shivering. "Don't you," "replied he, "you *look* like a blue icicle! good bye!"—set him down for a rude fellow.

Two, P.M. — Walked into my bookseller's—a set of old women of both sexes, huddled round the fire, roasting their pantaloons and petticoats—magnanimously set myself at the other end of the room—kept blowing my fingers—took up a volume of Shakspeare—opened it by chance in Richard III.

"*Now* is the winter of our discontent"——

threw it away in a rage, and took up a paper—nothing but advertisements of lamb's-wool gloves, comforters, fleecy blankets, and receipts for curing chilblains—*News from Spain*, "Winter is now beginning in all its horrors"—threw it away in disgust, and walked out of the shop.

Three, P.M.—Walked down to the Temple to an old friend's chambers—quite deserted—"all messages to be sent to the Porter"—cursed myself for having come up so soon from the country, and my friend for *not* having done so—in the country a man can do fifty things, ride, course, shoot, hunt, but in London all he can do to amuse himself is to watch "the faces in the embers."

Five, P.M.—Went to the ordinary—every body remarking how cold it was, and three or four of the party coughing ready to kill themselves - conversation about the King and Windsor—Knights of the Garter and the nights drawing in—the price of coals, and enquiries about my fall and patches—the usual abuse of the dinner and determinations to set up another table—my hands were quite red, and I could scarcely cut up the goose—every body I observed had great coats—recollected that obstinacy was as bad as effeminacy, and resolved to wear one tomorrow—took coffee.

Seven, P.M.—Did not care to return to my fireless parlour, and went to the play—could find none of my friends in the house—scarcely twenty persons, who had paid their five shillings—all orders—nothing but apprentices, who kept a continual chattering—and so did my teeth—walked into the saloon—never saw any thing look so melancholy—these large rooms should certainly *always* have a fire—returned to my box, which I found occupied—walked out of the house in high dudgeon—extremely cold it must be confessed—could not stand it, and called a coach—jumped in, drew up both the windows, and drove home—stumped about the parlour, then rang the bell, and gave Jane the following directions:—"Get me a glass of strong brandy and water, quite warm, do you hear—tell Betty to light a fire in my bedchamber, and to warm the bed immediately — and, Jane, have the kindness to air a flannel jacket for me in the morning."

LAUNCE.

OBSERVATIONS ON MONUMENTAL STATUES.

There is not a greater absurdity in modern art than that of representing the principal figure on monuments naked, the ostensible pretext for which is the formality of modern costume; but the real one is to gratify the artist's vanity in shewing how well he can draw the figure—now, as Englishmen neither live, fight, or die naked, it is too glaring a falsity to represent them so in their own portraits; every artist knows that the dress a person usually wears becomes a part of his portrait, and it would therefore be almost as great an untruth to paint the King bald-headed, as it would be to place a wig on the Duke of York. With respect to the formality of modern costume, let any one look at the common little bronze figure of Buonaparte in his regimentals, and with the military cloak on the supporter, and say whether it is not both graceful and dignified; let him look at Flaxman's monument of Lord Mansfield, in his robes in Westminster Abbey, or at Chantrey's spirited and graceful representation, in St. Paul's, of General Hoghton, in his regimentals, and then contrast them with specimens of the opposite taste around him; every traveller, almost, has seen in Canova's workshop a colossal figure of Buonaparte quite naked, which was immediately rejected as too familiar, out of character, and as having no meaning but that of shewing a fancied display of skill in anatomy; no sculptor can be answerable for fashion, it is his business to contend with, and overcome these little difficulties in his profession, to make the best of them and be satisfied with that; he may shew his individual taste in his own compositions, and exhibit them in the Academy where they will meet with the admiration they deserve; but let him design professed portraits in the habits and dress of Englishmen. The public have a right to have their taste consulted a little; it is true that they in general are no judges of the principles upon which a portrait or landscape is painted, nor can it be expected they should, but they are always judges of what looks natural and interests their feelings; if the story is well told it will be interesting, though the language may not be the most elegant or classical; would any one now wish Chantrey to strip General Hoghton, or Flaxman to alter Lord Mansfield, because a judge's wig happens to be ridiculous and his robes heavy and ungraceful, and some artists would wish that he had nothing on but their usual fig-leaf and towel; they seem to forget sometimes how near the sublime is to the ridiculous; setting aside the glaring falsity of the circumstance, is the death of Wolfe or of Nelson rendered more or less pathetic by their being represented stark naked, and yet that is the case, the former being in Westminster Abbey, and the latter in the Exchange-square, Liverpool: artists may study anatomy as much as they please, but this is making a learned parade of their skill on all occasions, whether called for by the circumstances or not—few persons would have expected that Nelson's figure would bear being stripped under any pretence; the English dress being tight would surely have shewn his figure sufficiently, and where the figure is colossal the error is magnified, and the absurdity only made more manifest—it looks like nothing human, and the public, skilled or unskilled, are not to be surprised into admiration, either by a monster, angel, or Neptune; they may stare at them as they would at a sphinx, and be just as much interested about one as the other. Another apparent absurdity is, that of designing one person in the character of another, as the portrait painters used to draw lusty ladies in the character of Diana, &c.

W. R. H.

THE ROSE-QUEEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

General von Lindenkron had given up his commission, and retired to his estate. His residence, Lindenkron, the ancient mansion of the family, lay in an enchanting situation; the peasants were prosperous and happy, and distinguished themselves by their morality and good conduct above other country people. This superiority was the work of their pastor, an exemplary man, who, for the space of twenty years, had laboured faithfully at the improvement of his little flock. For nearly so long a period had the General been separated from his tenantry by campaigns, journies, and the pleasures of the Capitol: but his feeling heart, which had neither hardened in battle nor cooled at court, remained fully alive to the beauties of nature. His estate, therefore, at which he arrived with blooming May, afforded him a grateful and happy retirement.

Nevertheless, in a few weeks time, a certain apathy stole imperceptibly upon him, which he knew not what to make of or how to describe. He took it to be a bodily disorder, and sent for his physician.

"Your pulse is regular, General," said the Doctor; "it is probably nothing more than an attack of the country epidemic, *ennui*. Divert yourself; invite some of your friends in the Capitol to visit you, and the medicine of your accustomed society will speedily restore your mind to its proper tone. A man of the world, like you, who has scarcely passed his fiftieth year, is not yet ripe for a hermit."—"Nor do I intend to become one," answered the General, "but I have bid adieu to the court life for the whole summer at least."—"Then amuse yourself in some way among your country folks," rejoined the physician; "give them rural fêtes and amusements."

The proposition pleased the General; he had always considered the Rose-fêtes as a pleasing invention, and he resolved instantly to establish one.

The following day he called the chief personages of the little village together, and addressed them to this effect. "My dear friends and countrymen, I am resolved to establish an annual Rose-fête in the village. This custom comes originally from France, but has already been adopted here and there in Germany. It consists in this:—the most virtuous maiden of the place is publicly crowned with roses and rewarded with a handsome present. The latter I take upon myself alone; but it rests with you to decide who is most deserving of this great honour, and I give you and your wives three days to determine the point. Then we will hold a festive election. Every respectable house-keeper is entitled to a vote, which he must give according to conscience. The majority decides it."

With hasty steps the fathers hied them home to their wives and daughters, and announced, breathless, the important news. Conceit and scandal now established their courts in the most wretched hovels. Every girl, who had not been guilty of a notorious aberration from the right path, reckoned upon receiving the reward of virtue; every mother held her favourite daughter singly and solely deserving of the Crown of Roses.

When the election was proceeding under the auspices of the General and the Minister, the first voter, following implicitly (as in duty bound) the command inculcated by his wife, timidly, and with downcast eyes, uttered the name of his own daughter. The good man, however, was given to understand that parental love had here no right of vote, but that each must give his suffrage in favour of some maiden not related to him. This declaration caused no small confusion and perplexity, for many others, among the voters, had the names of their own daughters upon their tongues. This small error being rectified, Evelina, the schoolmaster's adopted

daughter, received the greatest number of votes. She was unquestionably the most virtuous maiden in the little community, and everybody loved her because, though an uncommon beauty, she was withal as modest as if she had never looked in a glass. The umpire, therefore, instantly proclaimed her Queen of the Fête. "I protest against it," exclaimed Mr. Muffel, the overwise barber and tooth-extractor of the village. "Upon what grounds?" demanded the umpire. "*Pro primo*," answered Muffel; "Miss Evelina is not a native of the hamlet."

"Who asserts that?" spake the Minister; "the records of the church attest the contrary."

"And were it not so," said the General, falling in, "Mr. Muffel has no authority to make a law which has not yet been thought of. Nevertheless it is but right and just that the Rose-Queen should have been born in the village, and it may, therefore, stand as a law for the future."

Mr. Muffel, who would fain have seen the election fall on his own little ugly daughter, drew a second arrow from his quiver. "*Pro secundo;* though I would it were far from me to say any thing ill of the all-be-praised Evelina, yet she is, in point of fact, too charming and attractive to have escaped entirely pure and unspotted, amid the many temptations to which beauty is invariably exposed: since virtue is a fragile glass that is easily cracked, or at least loses its polish."

"How strange and offensive this language!" exclaimed the General with indignation. "Then, in the opinion of Mr. Muffel, beauty and virtue are incompatible with each other? A very false and injurious notion. Who can advance no better arguments may hold his peace."

The barber was silent, other objections were not started; the General appointed the following Sunday for the fête, and the electors dispersed.

"But who is this Evelina?" inquired von Lindenkron of his clerical friend when they were alone. "I have already, General, been in fear of that question," replied the Pastor. "I know the maiden's origin; but it is a secret that was confided to me under the seal of concealment. All I now dare say is this:—About seventeen years ago Evelina's mother was delivered with the utmost privacy, and then went abroad, having first entrusted her infant to the care of the schoolmaster and his wife, depositing with the worthy couple a considerable sum of money to defray the expenses of her nurture and education. She has since maintained a regular epistolary correspondence with them, and her last letter announces her intention of coming shortly to claim her daughter." The General contented himself with this half answer, and the Minister rejoiced to come off so easily.

The preparations for the fête were now carried on with alacrity. In order to form an appropriate *salle de danse* the General caused the grass plot before the castle to be cut and rolled smooth, and the surrounding birch trees hung with an infinite number of lamps; the castle itself was to be illuminated with equal splendour and taste. The cook found himself immersed to the ears in *official* business; the whole village was to be feasted, and from the neighbouring *Residence*,* which lay only three miles distant, uninvited guests were to be expected; for it might be presumed that the report of the intended novelty would presently reach there, and entice friends and acquaintances of the General to honour him with a visitation on the occasion. Yet he was not much pleased at the thought. He rather feared that the licentious gaiety of the Capitol would ill harmonize with the serious tone of the ceremony, and might tend to sophisticate and destroy the natural purity of his happy tenantry. A guest of this description, a nobleman named Saloni, arrived at Lindenkron on the eve of the fête. The General had ridden out for an air-

* The name given to the chief town of a petty principality, where the Prince holds his Court, and commonly *resides*.

ing, so by way of killing time, the great enemy of the profligate, he entered into conversation with the domestics, and inquired very opportunely about the Rose-Queen. They drew a rapturous portrait of Evelina. Burning with desire to behold so perfect a beauty he immediately inquired the road to her dwelling, and posted away thither.

The schoolmaster and his wife were gone to the neighbouring town to provide several necessaries for their foster child on the occasion of her triumph: Evelina was alone in the school-house. Saloni, accustomed to the sight of beauty heightened by coquetry and art, and rendered more dazzling by the accessories of princely pomp and courtly splendour, started involuntarily at the sight of this simple but lovely pattern of it. She too shuddered to behold Saloni, for, in spite of the furrows that fifty years or more had graven on his forehead, there glistened in his eye an unhallowed fire, a something plainly indicating that he was no saint among the sex. He enquired for the schoolmaster, adding, as a reason, that he was desirous of viewing the church. Evelina replied, that her father was not at home, and that the church did not contain any thing interesting or worthy of the least notice. "It rests with you, Miss, to make it interesting."—"How so, Sir?"—"By having the kindness to conduct me to it. I am a passionate admirer of churches, and the smallest house of worship is sure to possess some attractions for me."—"But it is nearly dark."—"Your eyes will light us," replied the courtier. In short, she might excuse herself how she would, he had always a ready and complimentary answer to every objection. She found it impossible to rid herself of his importunity. At length, the desire to escape his persecution determined her to comply with his request. She would fain have taken a third person with her as a safeguard, but the solitary situation of the house rendered it impracticable. She was compelled to accompany the dangerous man alone, and too soon her fears were verified: the sanctity of the place, the exposed and defenceless situation of the timid maid, which alone would have ensured her the protection of every honourable man; all failed to check the impetuous tide of lawless passion. She escaped, however, from his unhallowed touch, sprang out of the church and locked him in. He, the most timid of mortals, was horror-struck to find himself encaged in the still, dark church. The corpses of the interred arose out of their graves before his eyes, and pointed at the hoary sinner; the Apostles of stone around the walls became animated, and their eyes flashed indignant at the profanation of the holy sanctuary. His coward heart sickened and shrunk within him as the recollections of past and unavenged offences crowded upon his mind. He flew to the door and thundered until his hands were sore with bruises. But these signals of distress were heard by none but Evelina, who, dreading his importunity and vengeance, formed the resolution to keep him close until her parents returned. This happened not till after a full hour. The schoolmaster heard with consternation the strange and unaccountable noises, as he passed; Evelina ran to meet him with the keys of the riddle and the church.

The good man commended her conduct, sent her home, and opened the prison door himself. Saloni came out imprecating curses, and threatening to complain to the General of the treatment he had received. He did so, but found no compassionate hearer. Von Lindenkron, who had little esteem for him, said, with a smile, "I don't pity you Saloni; you men of fashion and intrigue imagine that every pretty country lass is a fruit cultivated expressly for your eating. I rejoice, therefore, that one rustic beauty at least has undeceived you. She has proved herself, thereby, doubly deserving of the crown which is awarded to her, and I shall add ten to the fifty ducats which I had destined for her promised present, in token of my admiration of her virtue and courage. The Kammerherr was too cowardly to resent this unexpected reproof. He proposed to himself, however, to punish Evelina the following day.

The morning of the important

day broke forth in splendour, and it was still early when the General was surprised by the beating of a drum in front of the castle. Repairing to the window he beheld with astonishment a little troop of the oddest soldiers he had ever seen drawn up before the castle-gate. It consisted of about twenty very old, tottering, bandy-legged little men, a true body-guard of death. They swam in enormous grenadier's coats; wore, all of them, large wigs with bag pigtails, surmounted by lilliputian hats of the Guy Fawkes fashion. Their appearance, nevertheless, was ludicrously formidable, for they were armed in a terrific manner with muskets, naked sabres, pistols, and daggers. A crook-backed ensign supported their colours, inscribed with the words "Conquest or Death," and near him was their Captain, a barrel-shaped dwarf, mounted on a diminutive donkey, richly caparisoned. After surveying this extraordinary regiment for some time, the General sent a servant down with the question, "What their marching into his territories signified?"—"This paper will explain," replied the leader, drawing a letter from his holster-pipe. Von Lindenkron immediately recognized the hand-writing of his facetious friend, Colonel Solmitz, who wrote him as follows: "Bravo, Comrade! It is well that you are resolved manfully to stand forth in the defence of virtue, while in other places she is trampled under foot. But, however, as it is notorious that she has many and powerful enemies, you will require a considerable force to be present at the ceremony of her coronation, for her protection and the keeping of order and the King's peace. I have therefore selected a handful of choice and trusty fellows, who served with distinction in the army of the Pope some years ago, and, being disbanded, have wandered to Germany; and I promise myself from you, who were always so proud of commanding a regiment of picked men, the most unqualified approbation. Of the cost of enlistment and equipment of this band, we will talk in half an hour."

The General had scarcely perused this letter before the Colonel came. The former, out of civility, pretended to be amused with his friend's joke, yet forbade, in decided terms, the appearance of the soldiery at the fête, because it must bring the whole into ridicule and contempt. The Colonel insisted, however, that his chosen band,—which he had made up, with the exception of the Captain and Ensign, of the most decrepit objects the invalid house could furnish,—should, at least, mount guard at the castle, and he instantly assumed the command of the garrison. The General was obliged to submit to this, and to witness the field movements of the corps, which the Colonel commanded from the window. He hunted the old warriors about the court-yard in quick and double-quick time, made them fire blank cartridges, and laughed heartily as some of the weakly heroes of the front rank, who had to fall on one knee, were unable to raise themselves from that posture without assistance. The General turned away from the window, saying "Enough! friend, enough. You give the young people below an example destructive of good morals. They will learn of you to ridicule old age, which they ought to venerate."—The poor soldiers were halted and marched to the kitchen, where the campaign closed much to their satisfaction. Many guests arrived in carriages and on horseback from the residence, and among them several young libertines whom the General welcomed with secret disgust.

A serene sky favoured the fête, which commenced as soon as the sun, having withdrawn his vertical rays from the earth, allowed her to feel the refreshing influence of the western breeze. The villagers formed themselves into a procession to conduct Evelina to the castle.—A simple robe of white muslin, upon which her brown and silken tresses hung down in rich luxuriance, formed her sole attire; and she was wonderfully beautiful. Younger maidens strewed flowers before her; the General and the venerable Pastor supported her on either side, and the former restrained the young townsmen who crowded round with many a severe glance. Arrived at the green plot chosen for the coro-

nation, the Minister delivered a short oration in praise of the worth and blessings of virtue. The greater part of the country people were moved to tears; but it excited laughter only in the profligate part of his auditors, and some of them even endeavoured to cajole the prettiest of the village maidens out of the treasure which had just been so highly extolled and recommended to them as their greatest happiness. The General, after a suitable encomium on Evelina's courage and prudence, placed the fragrant crown upon her head, and the Magistrate, a venerable and dignified personage, presented her with the more substantial, and not less honorary reward of sixty ducats on a silver waiter. The procession then entered the castle; the music struck up merrily, and the General danced the first dance with the Rose-Queen. The whole village was content and happy; Muffel and his daughter, only, were absent. However, his assertion, that beauty is beset with temptations and dangers was again verified in the instance of Evelina. She found it necessary to keep as close as possible to the General for protection against the freedoms of his fashionable guests. In this she succeeded pretty well for the first hour, and she was grieved to see her guardian withdraw to an upper chamber of the castle and seat himself at a card-table, where to stay would be intrusion. Shortly afterwards a servant whispered in her ear that a lady, who was among the visitors, desired a private interview with her for a few moments. She followed him to a distant apartment on the ground-floor. Here she found a female figure seated on a sopha, who begged her, in a lisping tone, to take a seat beside her. She obeyed, and in an instant, a pair of nervous arms thrust from under the silken mantle grasped her waist. She struggled and uttered a loud scream, when instantly a scuffle ensued between the servants who kept sentry at the door, and Erich, the General's Jager,* who loved Evelina, and had followed her when she was called away from the company. He overpowered his opponents, and, bursting into the room, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "What is here?" The lady relinquished her prey and concealed her [illegible] Erich, not satisfied with this, insisted upon an answer, but before he received it he found himself surrounded by ten armed skeletons, whom the servants had called to their assistance. They advanced gallantly to the charge, but the Jager entreated them, compassionately, not to compel him to crush their venerable bones and tumble them one over the other like card-houses. During this moving representation the commandant of the garrison, having received due notice of the affair, made his appearance. "What is all this?" demanded his powerful and authoritative voice. Erich answered, "That the dumb figure upon the couch had offered violence to the Rose-Queen."—"Is that true?" cried Solmitz to the mask. The figure sprang up and attempted to make his way out; but the Colonel held him fast, and delivered him over as a prisoner to his attendants, who conducted him to an empty apartment, and placed a guard at the door.

Von Lindenkron, informed of the circumstance, rose from the table in anger to examine the criminal. All his male guests followed him; the ladies only were restrained by decorum. Meanwhile the "gentle lady," had become transformed into the ungentle and unmanly Kammerherr Saloni. Disentangled from his masquerade attire he stepped forth with a smiling countenance, as if he had intended nothing but a harmless joke. But the General thought very differently; his brow was knit into a tremendous frown. "You allow yourself, Sir, unwarrantable liberties in my house," said he, "and shew yourself a general disturber of peace and tranquillity. You have given the lie both to the courtier and the gentleman, who never oversteps the bounds of deco-

* Jager, a soldier, or confidential servant armed, attached to persons of distinction.

rum, and shuns every action that can render him troublesome to society. I now see that it was a foolish attempt to establish a fête of this kind, whose object is the encouragement and reward of virtue, in the vicinity of a large town. Not your conduct alone, Sir, but also that of other gentlemen present has convinced me of this, who, at the very moment that a just eulogium was being passed on virtue, the chief, the worthiest ornament of the female sex, went round the circle of youthful innocence, with the base attempt to sow the seeds of vice!"—Here he was interrupted by a servant who whispered a message in his ear. "I must leave you for an instant, gentlemen," said the General, "but you shall not lose the remainder of my lecture," added he, smiling and making a sign with his finger.

It was announced to him that a strange lady, travelling across the country, requested an audience. He found, in a chamber to which he was conducted, a veiled female, who answered his inquiries after her name and her commands by raising her veil. The countenance was that of a lady of about five and thirty, bearing evident marks of former beauty; it seemed familiar to him, yet he confessed that he could not recollect who she was.

"Have you quite forgotten Charlotte Walter?" inquired the lady in a tremulous voice. "Charlotte!" exclaimed the General, while a deep blush crimsoned his manly face. "My dear Charlotte!—Is it possible? Do we again meet after you have concealed yourself from me for more than seventeen years?"—"Shame and remorse," she replied, "drove me into exile from my native land, but the anxious longing to see my daughter and you again has brought me back."—"Then the dear pledge of our affection lives?" said Lindenkron, while joy sparkled in his eyes. "She lives, and is called Evelina." Conceive his astonishment!

Charlotte, the orphan daughter of a poor country curate, had been adopted at the age of fifteen by the General's mother. He saw, loved, and conquered the too charming maid. The Baroness died just as the detection of her crime appeared inevitable. The unhappy lover, called suddenly to the field, presented her with 2,000 dollars, and was compelled to leave her to herself. She turned towards Lindenkron where she had spent the preceding summer with her benefactress, and had formed a favourable opinion of the schoolmaster's wife. After her recovery she attached herself to a lady of quality as travelling companion. With her Charlotte spent about sixteen years in visiting most of the countries of Europe, and became at length so weary of this unsettled mode of life, that she was glad to accept a favourable offer of marriage that was made to her in one of the capital towns of Germany. She had acknowledged to her husband that she had a daughter, and he joined in her desire to have her home.

This proposition she now made to the General. "Let us talk of it to-morrow," said he, "wait the conclusion of the fête without suffering anybody to recognize you; then follow Evelina to the school-house and discover yourself to her there. I have a strong reason for requesting this."

And who does not guess this reason? He dreaded ridicule and derision, because at the very moment that he was reading a moral lecture to his guests, he was himself reminded of a youthful offence. The threatened continuation of the sermon was omitted, and the guests gradually disappeared.

Early the following morning the General surprised the mother and daughter at the school-house, and embraced Evelina with parental tenderness; they seemed, however, rather sorrowful than joyous. He inquired the cause, the maiden was silent, but the mother betrayed her secret. "The dear child," said she, "can hardly relish the idea of being the daughter of a nobleman; and, on the other hand, she is fearful lest she should be compelled to abandon a poor friend."—"Who is this friend?" inquired Von Lindenkron. "Erich, the Jager," answered Charlotte.—"I rejoice to hear *that name*," continued the General; "Erich is a noble youth, and worthy of your love, my daughter. He was attached to my person, and

soon raised himself to my friendship, for he once saved my life in an engagement, at the imminent peril of his own."

Evelina's heart bounded out of all bounds; and at this moment Erich himself entered. He started when he saw the General; but the latter called to him, "You come *a-propos*, my good fellow; I have long reflected on the means of recompensing your gallant preservation of my life in a suitable manner, and I at length possess them. Here is your reward!" So saying, he led him to Evelina. Erich stood immoveable and quite petrified when he was informed that his mistress was the daughter of his General. However, having recovered his senses, he threw himself, hand-in-hand with Evelina, at the feet of the generous father, and wept with rapture in his embrace. S.

EPISTLES BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Epistle from MARY *to her* UNCLES, *June.*—1567.

No. XII.

How ills on ills my trembling steps pursue!
Lov'd Lords, the tale of violence is true;—
Bothwell alarm'd, lest France should disapprove
His bold aspiring to his Sovereign's love,
Watch'd my return from Stirling's distant walls,
And bore me captive to his castled halls.*
His treacherous daring, though by love inspir'd,
My inmost soul with indignation fir'd;
Yet, I must own, when he before me bow'd,
And of his daring guilt abhorrence vow'd,
I pledg'd that hand for which such crime he dar'd,
And for the nuptial rites my heart prepar'd.
Ask you why thus such hasty ties I sought,
Know dread of shame the resolution taught;
For days confin'd, alas! in Bothwell's power,
From morn's first rays to evening's closing hour,
Oblig'd his passion's daring vows to hear,
No female friend, or loyal champion near,
What could my threaten'd fame but marriage save?
And thence my mournful, forc'd consent I gave.
But this conviction cheer'd me, that consent
I knew would many a noble heart content,

* "If we may rely (says Robertson) *on the letters published in Mary's name*, the scheme had been communicated to her, and every step towards it was taken with her participation and advice."—Here again the forged letters, though Robertson speaks with an IF, are brought forward to condemn Mary, and, if justly, are proofs, not only of Mary's contemptible and unnecessary artifice, but of her consummate folly. What need was there for her to resort to a stratagem which could blind no one, in order to excuse her forming a marriage to which her own nobles and counsellors had by a written document earnestly conjured her to consent? Why should she hesitate to marry Bothwell if she really loved him, when she had been told by those to whose opinion she bowed, that he ought to be the husband of her choice?

Surely it is only consistent with common candour to allow, that if Mary had loved Bothwell she would at once have accepted his addresses, and that his ruffian violence was the consequence of his dread of losing her.—"Having the Queen's person in his hands, he instantly commenced a suit, in order to obtain a divorce from Lady Jane Gordon, the Earl of Huntley's sister."—*Robertson.*

Since Scotland's Lords had Bothwell's worth proclaim'd,
And him fit husband for their Sovereign nam'd.
I will not, *dare* not tell what other cause
Might bid my wounded heart no longer pause,
Suffice, my fame I panted to redeem,
And e'en by loss of peace regain *esteem.*

Then blame me not,—yet Oh! I ask in vain—
You feel the blighted honour of Lorraine;
Your hopes of high alliances are fled,
Since with a subject Mary stoops to wed.
But *there,* my Lords, your proud regrets confine,
Though at your wrath my heart of hearts repine,
Each angry charge 'gainst Bothwell now forbear,
No tale of calumny must reach my ear;
Howe'er I might the lover's frailties blame,
They now are hidden by the husband's name.
Restor'd to freedom, my unbiass'd voice
Proclaim'd Earl Bothwell Mary's instant choice;
And know, howe'er your noble hearts may chide,
Your once lov'd Mary *now* is—*Bothwell's bride.*

Epistle from Mary *to her* Uncles, *June*—.1567.

No. XIII.

New wrongs! new woes! the trumpet spreads alarms,
And lo! rebellious subjects spring to arms!
Hark! the shrill clarion, and the doubling drum!
Against their Queen the lawless legions come!
Come to avenge, they cry, my Darnley's death,
On him, alas! whom their united breath
Declar'd was guiltless of that sacred blood;
On him, by whom array'd in arms they stood,
While, as the dauntless champion of the land,
For him they dar'd to ask their Sovereign's hand.
Oh! matchless baseness! when the historic page
Shall tell its horrors to each future age,
When truth through slander's mist shall force its light,
And give the story of my woes to sight,
How will posterity those sorrows mourn,
And o'er my wrongs with indignation burn!
But hark! I'm summon'd! for the trumpet calls!
Farewel, Dunbar! I leave thy castle walls!
I go the dangers of the field to seek,
But no reluctance pales this glowing cheek.
Let death's dread agents round this bosom fly,
Misery has taught me that 'tis sweet to die.
Then if, lov'd Lords! some heaven-directed blow
On Scotland's Queen an early grave bestow,
Ye tender friends of Mary's youth, forbear
To shed for her the unavailing tear.
No—let the stain of grateful praise arise,
If told, on death's still bed your Mary lies,
Since, on the earth from every comfort driven,
To her the only place of rest was Heaven.

OBSERVATIONS ON SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET.

BY GOETHE.

LITTLE is known in this country of the multitudinous and multifarious works of the "illustrious Goethe," except his Werther and Faust; which, although sufficient to establish the reputation of an author, form scarcely one-twentieth part of the publications of this extraordinary genius. He has written, either expressly or incidentally, on every subject which can interest man, and in almost all he has displayed a degree of facility, which at once bespeaks a vastness of erudition and talent, a profundity of thought, and an originality of genius, scarcely paralleled in any one individual either living or dead. He is as familiar with the literature of almost every country and age, as with the authors who have illustrated them; and assumes the manner and style of almost every one of them with as much success, and *seemingly* with as much ease, as if he had spent a whole life in the exclusive study of their several productions. To be convinced of this truth, one need only compare his *Egmont* with his *Tasso*, his *Goltz von Berlichingen* with his *Iphegenie*, his *Clavigo* with his *Tancred*, and his *Faust* with them all.

Who would have ever supposed that the author of *Werther* should also have written *Winkelman and his Age;* that he, who could condescend to write a farce like *Jery and Bätely*, should possess the knowledge and genius contained in the work on *Art and Antiquity*, *&c.* and in the Doctrine of Colours; in which it has been said he successfully refutes—do not startle, gentle reader! even Newton! and that he who possessed the erudition, which appears in his *West-eastern Divan*, should have bestowed his valuable time on the composition of a light poem such as *Herman and Dorothea*, or of novels such as *The Affinity of Choice; or*, *William Meister's Apprenticeship*. But even in these, as, indeed, might be expected, the hand of the master is discernable. Few similar productions offer a greater share of learning, philosophy, and just knowledge, with due appreciations of human character, and withal a high degree of excellence. This is peculiarly the case with the last mentioned novel, the beauties of which fully compensate for its truly German length and breadth; and we have no doubt that a spirited translation of this work would be gratifying to the British public.

It is not our intention at present to commence a review of this work, but to confine ourselves to a few extracts, which must be peculiarly interesting to the British reader, as conveying Goethe's sentiments, at least so it may be fairly presumed, on one of our greatest writers, Shakspeare, and one of his best productions, Hamlet.

In order to be intelligible, however, a hasty sketch of the subject of the novel will be necessary. Let it, therefore, be known, that William Meister, the hero of the tale, is the son of a common-place, money-getting German merchant; but far from following the footsteps of his mercantile father, he becomes an ardent votary of the tragic muse; he secretly frequents the theatre, and the shrine of a young and handsome actress; and at last, when he is sent by his father about the country, to transact some business, he gives the old gentleman the slip, and joins a band of strolling players. His adventures, while he associates with this motley groupe, are highly interesting and instructive. We are introduced to Princes, Counts and Countesses, Barons and Baronesses, without number, and are made acquainted with a series of characters such as could only be traced by a masterly hand like Goethe's. Among these are two most extraordinary beings, a mad harp-player and a half-mad little girl, the latter of whom William rescues from the hands of a barbarous rope-dancer, and one of whose songs "Know ye the land where the citron blows" even Lord Byron did not disdain to imitate in the opening of one of his

admirable poems.* Subsequently William becomes connected with a better class of actors; but soon getting tired of acting and actors altogether, and his father, who has died during his absence, having left him a considerable fortune, he retires from the stage for ever. He arrives at the castle of a Baron, where he meets with several persons whom he had seen before, and here several obscure passages of his life are explained. During this period he is induced to believe a charming little boy, whom he had met among the actors, to be his own, as the son of the pretty actress, whom he had known in his native town, and who had since died. Notwithstanding which awkward circumstance, the sister of the baron, a lady of extraordinary beauty and worth, consents to marry him, and so the story ends.

We now proceed to our extracts. One of William's conditions on going on the stage had not been admitted by Serlo, the stage-manager, without difficulty. He had required that Hamlet should be performed in its entire and unmutilated state, to which singular demand the latter had only consented as far as it should be *possible*. Upon this point then they had hitherto had many a difference; for their opinions on what was possible or not, or on what might be omitted in the play without its being mutilated, were not easily reconciled.

William was yet in that happy age when we cannot conceive the possibility of a defect in a woman we love, or an author we esteem. Our feeling with respect to them is so perfect, so much in harmony with itself, that we are also compelled to imagine an equal harmony in them. Serlo, on the other hand, was fond, nay, almost too fond of making distinctions; his acute understanding led him to consider a work of art only as being more or less imperfect as a composition. He thought that in the state in which plays were found, there was no occasion to be very ceremonious with them, and thus he also ill-treated Shakspeare, and especially Hamlet. William would never listen when the former spoke about separating the chaff from the grain. "It is no mixture of chaff and grain," he would exclaim, "it is a stem with branches, twigs, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits. Do they not subsist with each other, and by each other?" Then the former would say, that we do not bring the whole tree upon a table; that the artist ought to present to his guests golden apples on silver salvers. They exhausted themselves in similies, and their ideas seemed to recede more and more from one another.

Our friend's indignation, however, was at the highest, when, after a long debate, Serlo once advised him, as the simplest means, to take up the pen boldly, strike out from the tragedy whatever was impracticable, join several persons into one; and, in case that he should not have sufficient experience or courage for such a task, to leave it to him, who would soon get through it.

"That is against our agreement. How can you possess so much levity with your correct taste?"

"My friend," said Serlo, "you will acquire it too. I know but too well that it is a scandalous practice, which, perhaps, existed on no other theatre yet; but where is there one so neglected as ours? The authors compel us to this disgusting mutilation, and the public permit it. How many pieces have we, then, which do not exceed the quantity of actors, scenery, stage-mechanism, time, dialogue, and physical powers of the performer, and yet we are to play, play continually, and always play something new. Shall we then not take our advantage, if mutilated pieces will do as well as when they are complete. The public themselves give us the advantage! Few Germans, and, perhaps, but few individuals, of all modern nations, can judge of a whole work of art; they praise and blame only in parts; they fall only in raptures in parts; and this is very lucky for the actor, since the stage is always only a thing put together at random."

* "The Bride of Abydos."

"But," replied William, "must it then remain so? Must every thing remain as it is? Do not persuade me that you are right; for no power on earth shall induce me to keep a contract, which I should have concluded under the grossest delusion."

Serlo gave a different turn to the conversation, and requested William to consider again their debates on Hamlet, and to think of some means, himself, of giving it a successful turn.

After a few days spent in solitude, William cheerfully returned. "If I am not much mistaken, I have found out how to remedy the whole; nay, I am convinced that Shakspeare himself would have managed it so, if his genius had not been too much bent on the principal object, or, perhaps, been misled by the romances from which he wrote."

"Let us hear," said Serlo gravely, seating himself on the sofa; "I shall listen calmly, but for that very reason I shall be a more severe critic."

William replied, "I am not afraid; do but listen. After the strictest examination, and the most mature reflection, I distinguish in the composition of the piece two things:—the first consists in the great internal relations of the persons and events, the mighty events arising from the characters and actions of the principal figures, and these are, individually, excellent and exquisite in the order in which they are made to appear. They cannot be destroyed by any kind of treatment, nay, they can scarcely be disfigured. It is these which every one wishes to behold, which no one dares to touch, which penetrate deep into the soul, and which, as I understand, have almost all been brought on the German stage. A fault, however, was committed, in my opinion, by considering, as too insignificant, the second thing observable in this piece; I allude to the external relation of the persons, by which they are brought from one place to another, or, by certain accidental events, are in some way or other linked to each other, and which were only slightly touched upon, or even entirely omitted. It is true these threads are thin and loose, but they run through the whole piece, and keep together that which, without them, would fall asunder, and actually does so when they are cut off, and nothing but the ends left. Amongst these external relations I reckon the troubles in Norway, the war against young Fortinbras, the embassy to the old uncle, the settling of the dispute, the expedition of young Fortinbras to Poland, and his return at the end; likewise the return of Horatio from Wittemberg; Hamlet's desire to go there; Laertes' journey to France and his return; Hamlet's mission to England, his captivity among the pirates, and the death of the two courtiers after the fatal letter: all these are circumstances and events fit to enlarge a novel, but which are very injurious to the unity of the piece in which the hero in particular has no plan.

But these faults are like the hasty supports of a building, which ought not to be removed till they are supplied by some solid masonry. I propose, then, not to touch at all those great situations mentioned at first, but to preserve them in the whole as well as individually; on the other hand to throw away entirely all these external, disjointed, scattered, and diverting motives, and to substitute only one for all the rest....and this is, the troubles in Norway. This is my plan:—after the death of Hamlet's father, the lately conquered Norwegians begin to stir. The governor of the country sends his son Horatio (an old school-fellow of Hamlet's, but who has outstripped all the others in bravery and experience) to Denmark, in order to urge the dispatching of the fleet, which however is much delayed by the new King devoted to pleasure. Horatio knew the old King, having assisted in his last battles and enjoyed his favour; a circumstance rather favourable to the first ghost scene. The new King, however, after having given an audience to Horatio, dispatches Laertes to Norway, with the intelligence that the fleet should soon arrive, whilst Horatio is commissioned to forward the fitting out of it; on the other hand, the mother will not allow Hamlet to go to sea with Horatio, as he wishes.

"Thank God," cried Serlo, "thus we shall also get rid of Wittemberg and the University, which was always a great objection. I entirely approve of your ideas, for the audience need only *think* of two great distant objects, Norway and the fleet; all the rest they *see*, being all performed, whilst otherwise the imagination is hurried about all over the globe."

"You easily see," continued William, "how I can now also keep together all the rest. On Hamlet informing Horatio of the crime of his father-in-law, the latter advises him to go to Norway, assure himself of the army, and return at its head. At the same time Hamlet becoming too formidable to the King and Queen, they see no nearer means of getting rid of him than by sending him to the fleet, giving him Rosencranz and Guldenstern as spies on his conduct; and Laertes in the mean time coming back, they intend sending this enraged youth after him for the purpose of dispatching him. But the fleet is retained by unfavourable winds; Hamlet returns, his walk in the church-yard may perhaps be successfully managed; his meeting with Laertes in Ophelia's grave is a great indispensable moment. Then the King may consider that it might be better to rid himself of Hamlet immediately; a fête is given in honour of his departure and his feigned reconciliation with Laertes, accompanied by a tournament, in which Hamlet and Laertes fight. Without the four corpses I cannot conclude the play, they must all die. Hamlet in dying, the people again obtaining their right of election, gives his vote to Horatio."

Having finished the new adaptation of the play, he read it to the company. They expressed themselves highly pleased with it, particularly Serlo, who made many favourable observations.

"Amongst others," he said, "you have felt very justly that extraneous circumstances accompany this piece, and that they ought to be simpler than the great poet gave them to us. That which happens off the stage, which is not seen by the audience, and which they have to imagine, is like a back-ground, before which the performing figures are moving. The great simple prospect of the fleet and Norway will greatly add to the piece; if you take it away altogether, it is only a family scene, and the great idea of a whole royal house being destroyed through internal crimes and improprieties, is not represented in its dignity. But if that back-ground itself remains, various, moveable, and confused, it would injure the impression of the figures."

William now again defended Shakspeare, and shewed that he had written for islanders, for Englishmen, who themselves are accustomed to see in the back-ground nothing but ships, voyages, the coast of France and pirates; and that a representation, which to them would appear quite familiar, would divert and confuse us. Serlo wished him to unite Rosencranz and Guldenstern into one.

"God keep me from such abbreviations, which destroy both sense and effect," replied William; "What these two men are and do, cannot be represented by one. In such trifles we perceive Shakspeare's greatness. This sneaking, this bending and bowing, this cringing, caressing and flattering, this dexterity, this sycophancy, this universality and shallowness, this legal rascality, this incapacity, how can it be expressed by one individual? There ought to be at least a dozen of them, if they could be had; for they are not only something in society, they are society itself, and Shakspeare was very modest and wise for introducing only a couple of such representatives. Besides, I want them in my arrangement, as a couple to contrast with the one, excellent Horatio."

.....

"Shakspeare," said William, "introduces the actors for two purposes. First, the man, who recites the death of Priam with so much emotion, makes a deep impression on the *Prince* himself; he sharpens the conscience of the wavering young man, and thus this scene becomes the prelude to the other, in which the little play has so great an effect on the *King*. Hamlet feels shame on seeing the actors so strongly sympathising with the woes of

others, and those woes feigned; and thus the idea of making in this manner an attempt on the conscience of his father-in-law is excited in him."

.....

Serlo had undertaken the part of Polonius. "One evening," he said, good humouredly, "I promise to give you a good character this time. I shall introduce the necessary tranquillity and security, shallowness and importance, gracefulness and absurdity, freedom and watchfulness, blunt mischievousness and feigned candour, wherever they should be. I shall perform and represent such a grey-headed, honest, persevering, time-serving half-rascal, in the politest manner; in which performance I shall avail myself of the somewhat rude and coarse touches of our author. I shall talk like a book when I am prepared, and like a fool when I am in good spirits. I shall be absurd in order to speak to every body's fancy, and be always so cunning, as to take no notice when people make a fool of me."

.....

One day the conversation turned upon the respective merits of the novel and the drama, of which the following was nearly the result:

In the novel as in the drama we see human nature and action. The difference of the two compositions is not merely in their external form, not in the circumstance of the persons speaking in the one, whilst in the other they are generally the subjects of a narrative. Unfortunately many dramas are but novels in dialogue, and it would not be impossible to write a drama in letters. The novel is principally to present *sentiments* and *events;* the drama, *characters* and *deeds*. The novel must proceed slowly, and the sentiments of the principal figure must, in some way or other, impede the progress of the whole towards its development. The drama must run, and the character of the principal figure must press forward to the end, only being impeded in its progress. The hero of a novel must be passive, at least not active in a high degree; of that of the drama we require action and deed. Grandison, Clarissa, Pamela, the Vicar of Wakefield, even Tom Jones, if not passive, are at least *impeding* persons, and all the events are, in a certain measure, modeled after their sentiments. In the drama the hero models nothing after himself; every thing resists him; and he either removes the impediments out of his way, or he sinks under them.

Thus they also agreed that in the novel much might be allowed to the effects of chance; which, however, should always be turned and guided by the sentiments of the persons; but that fate which urges man, without his co-operation, by means of unconnected external circumstances to an unforeseen catastrophe, can only be admitted in the drama; that chance might produce pathetical, but no tragical events; that fate, however, must always be terrible, and becomes eminently tragical by bringing guilty and innocent actions, though independent of each other, into one disastrous combination. These reflections again brought them to the strange Hamlet, and the peculiarities of the play. The hero, they said, has in fact only sentiments too; he meets with events, only on which account the play has something of the prolixity of the novel: but fate having traced the plan, the piece proceeding from a horrid deed, and the hero being constantly urged on to a horrid deed, it is eminently tragical, and suffers no other than a tragical issue.

"But are you inexorable? Must Hamlet die at the end?" asked Serlo.

"How can I let him live," said William, "since the whole piece presses him to death."—"But the public desire his life."

We also wish that a good useful man, dying from a chronic disease, might have lived longer. The family weep and conjure the physician, who cannot give him life; and as little as he can resist a natural necessity, can we command an acknowledged necessity of the art. It is a false condescension to the multitude, by exciting in them the feelings that they *wish* to have, and not those which they *ought* to have.

He who brings his money may demand the commodity according to his fancy in some respect; but the public has a right to be respected,

and not to be treated like children, to get their money. Let us gradually impart to them, through good performances, a taste for what is good, and they will bring their money with increased pleasure, since neither reason nor prudence can blame them for such expense. We may flatter them, as we flatter a favourite child, in order to improve and ultimately to enlighten it; not as we flatter the rich or great in order to perpetuate the error by which we profit.

A. B. Z.

THE PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY.

I PAID a visit, a short time ago, to a very worthy and intelligent mechanic, residing in a neighbouring town, of which I had myself been formerly an inhabitant. The man received and entertained me in a very friendly way, and related to me, as we sat at the open window of his little parlour, the most important changes that had taken place since I had ceased to be a member of the community; pointing out many a house, whose tenants were no longer the same that I had left there. On a sudden he drew my attention to a poor woman with a countenance expressive of deep sorrow, who was walking along the street with slow and weary steps. That she was poor her dress, which though extremely clean was abundantly darned and washed almost to shreds, too plainly indicated, and its whole appearance shewed it to be a remnant of better days, with which it had faded. Her face was pale, her gesture sad, and her obeisance to a few passengers who met her bashful, and strikingly humble. As she wished us a good day, I thought I saw a feature of gratitude to my host mix with the expression of deeply rooted sorrow in her look.

"What do you think of her?" said the man, when she had passed.

"Perhaps a victim of seduction? Yet no!" said I, instantly correcting my judgment, "or she must have fallen under excusatory circumstances. With the expressive grief and helplessness, which seemed to implore compassion and relief, her large blue eye spoke innocence and dignity. But unfortunate she surely is."

"Yes," rejoined he, "unfortunate and poor through gaining a Prize in the Lottery."

I expressed curiosity; the man closed the window, and proceeded to relate the following.

"This unfortunate woman was once among the number of the sprightliest and most beautiful maidens our little town could boast of. Her parents, distant relations of mine, were industrious mechanics, and maintained themselves with decency and comfort. Sophia's elegant figure, her beauty and enchanting modesty, gained the affections of young Sillner, an excellent cabinet-maker. For some months he was continually in her company, and I observed with delight the sincere and timid attachment of these young people. They will make a happy pair, thought I, for one is worthy of the other. And nothing was wanting to their happiness but the performance of the ceremony.

"One evening I found a man at the house of Sophia's parents, whom I am always sorry to meet anywhere. This fellow had sacrificed his reputable and lucrative employment to his idle and roving disposition, and resorted to all manner of low and indirect methods of gaining a livelihood. He was a broker and a match-maker; he angled a few hours in the day; bred young birds and taught them to pipe tunes; now and then he sent up an air-balloon, or discharged a few rockets for money, and did every thing, in short, but what he ought. That evening he stood at the table with a handful of tickets of a foreign lottery, which, in despite of a very wise and salutary law, he was endeavouring to sell for his own benefit, and he talked a great deal, with a honied tongue and a persuasive smile, of how unusual it was to lose, how many opulent people in the world

owed their fortunes entirely to the Lottery, and how great the pleasure must be to draw the capital prize! Young Sillner looked grave, and I expressed my opinion earnestly, though with calmness. 'I must tell you that I am very much against Lottery Schemes. I have known so many people, who have lost all through them; property, reputation, virtue, and peace of mind. The constant hope and reliance on a thing uncertain, and beyond our controul, causes us to give up, at length, the confidence in oneself, the building upon a sure foundation, upon skilful industry and resolute economy. We throw away what is within our grasp, and snatch at that which a hundred hands are stretched out to seize; we abandon our wholesome food, and amuse our hunger with the promise of delicacies to come; and, if they do not come, we grow desperate. It is a lamentable condition to be happy only in vain expectation. And if the expectation is fulfilled, I tremble at becoming suddenly rich. They, who are descended of opulent parents, are for the most part educated for the management of property; and they, who grow rich by industry and perseverance, will be enabled by those qualities to make a right use of their well-gotton fortunes; but he, who, either by inheritance or the gaining a prize, is plunged at once into affluence, is in great danger. I have known but few who have been benefitted in the end by what thus fell into their pockets without their knowing how it came there. I have seen many die away, prematurely, upon a rich inheritance, and many who have rioted in luxury for a few years, in defiance of all warning and remonstrance, and then been reduced to beg in the streets for a wretched subsistence.'

"All this I impressed upon them as well as I could, but a scrap of paper upon which a Lottery Scheme is printed, and which is equivalent to a piece of gold, has, over some hearts, an indescribable charm.

"The smiles of the man with the Tickets, and his shrugs at my short-sightedness, aided by the cool assurance with which he affirmed, that hundreds would be glad to enjoy the advantage which he thus offered purely out of friendship, got the better of my arguments, in the minds of Sophia's parents. To these, too, it was answered, that the produce of the Lottery was to be appropriated to some charitable institution. I don't recollect which the fellow named to me. 'I respect every good intention,' I replied; 'but I can nevertheless, see, that this or that means, which is employed, is not the fittest. If I, for example, were to entice the children of the wealthy into my house, and then for a little fruit, or an almond cake, or merely by a promise of toys and playthings, were to persuade them to give me their jackets and hats to clothe poor children with them, you surely would not call that a benevolent institution?' —'Oh! your comparison will not hold!' they all exclaimed. I maintained that it did hold good, as comparisons generally do, that is, in its main features.

"So we argued and disputed a long time. At last the fellow with the tickets resolved to go; but before he did so, Sophia's parents also resolved to go,—to the bureau, namely. Every thing there in the shape of money was collected together, even to the contents of the grandfather's money box; some old coins, and various pocket-pieces with rings, which the man readily offered to change, were diligently rummaged out. The scrap of paper was now laid in the place of the savings of years—and would to God it had ever remained there! Probably the usual result would have taught them an useful lesson for the future; but conceive how unfortunate. In a little time we heard a great uproar, and the neighbours thundered at my door to announce that the ticket had been drawn a prize of above two thousand pounds.

"Sophia's parents, accompanied by the man, who, being the founder, was, of course, the participator in this good fortune, and who, from this time, became the chief friend and adviser of the family, met me with shouts of triumph. I rejoiced, as I could, certainly rather coldly and timidly. 'Cousin is envious,' said they, after my departure; but they were mistaken. When a man

sits down to his work with pleasure, and to his simple meal at noon and his bread and cheese in the evening with perfect contentment, he envies no man's lot. It is true that I may have looked angry, for I could not help observing the melancholy air with which Sophia regarded her lover from time to time, while her parents treated him with contempt, and often checked his sensible remarks with great asperity.

"What I foresaw happened. The new friend and privy counsellor of the family courted Sophia on behalf of a merchant, whom he recommended as he had done the ticket, but whose proposal rested upon the condition that he should receive the whole amount of the prize by way of dower, because he happened to be in want of precisely that sum to re-establish his credit. People who seek to raise themselves above their station in life will submit, if need be, to the meanest humiliations to further their ambition; and so it proved in this instance. That the new suitor wanted nothing but the money, was clearly enough expressed. Sophia wept and lamented, and wrung her hands for Sillner, whom she loved; but her entreaties, and my remonstrances, supported by those of other friends, availed nothing—the parents had set their hearts upon the match, and they completed their own ruin by the extravagant preparations which they made for celebrating their nuptials.

"I saw Sophia led to the altar, and I shall never forget that day. Pale, and wan, and emaciated, she appeared as a lady lately risen from the bed of labour. What do I say? No; in such a case, there is a ray of joy and happiness that brightens up the pain-worn countenance; a look of triumph and of maternal love—but Sophia's eye betokened only distress, and anxiety, and dread.

"While Sillner found his happiness in the possession of another young woman, his equal in life, Sophia's marriage, in which love had no part, became a grievous yoke. For a few years her outward circumstances were tolerable. The intercourse with a man, who cared little about her, could not give her contentment or peace. Then followed the sudden downfal of his establishment, which had been only propt up by the dower. Her husband, who had long since destroyed his constitution by irregular living, died last winter. His creditors pressed upon her from all sides; the effects that remained were inadequate to the payment of half their demands, and Sophia would now be a beggar, but that she supports herself, in spite of her broken health, by the labour of her hands. Fatal Prize in the Lottery!"

As the man uttered this ejaculation we heard a disturbance at a little distance; from the window we could see nothing but a crowd of people collected in front of a house. However, my host's little daughter soon came running in breathless, and related the particulars. "Alas, poor widow! Think, father; an ill-natured, wicked woman, to whom the deceased merchant owed a trifle, ran up to her in the street and threatened her with blows, calling her a proud cheat, and I know not what names besides. The unfortunate woman clasped her hands over her head and swooned away. Just as I came up they carried her into a house, and Sillner, who lives close by, came running to the spot, spoke to the furious woman, and became security for the few pounds. Poor innocent woman!"—"She is innocent, my dear," said the father; "I will go to her again to-day, and do what I can for her. Who knows how great her distress may be again. Dear, amiable Sophia, what a treasure have you lost in Sillner, through that cursed Prize in the Lottery."

S.

FELIX AND MARIAQUITA.

AN EPISODE.

From the "War of the Isles," a Poem, in Ten Cantos, now in the press.

WHERE Guadalquiver rolls its limpid stream,
  Near to thy ancient Corduba, Oh! Spain;
Where nature showered its bounties, Sol his beam,
  And all was smiling as the golden reign,
Which blessed the shepherds of Arcadia's plain,
  Young Mariaquita dwelt,* of Spanish girls
The fairest blossom in their lovely train;
  The fairest of the land, where beauty twirls
The castanet, and love his silken flag unfurls.

Sweet are the days of youth, and sweet the hours
  Of rural mirth, and innocence, and ease,
When hope leads fancy to her sylvan bowers,
  Where naught but fragrant perfumes fan the breeze;
And Time has not impregnated disease
  Into the pores where care with age soon creeps—
And young desire with Iris-plumage flies,
  As the brisk bee from flower to flower, and steeps
His lips, all honeyed o'er; then on as blithely leaps.

Such were the hours that Mariaquita knew;
  And love had lately brushed her with his wing,
And whisper'd in her ear a tale more true
  Than he attunes, oft, in his wandering;
And had infused his sweets without his sting,
  Stealing upon her heart as summer's air,
Which stirs a bed of roses blossoming;
  Pure as the orison of childhood's prayer;
Fond as the mother's breast who clasps her infant care.

And, Oh! the blushing half-averted cheek,
  When Felix met that lustre-gemed dark eye,
Timidly tender. Then would its glance speak
  Those thoughts of teeming sensibility,
Which o'er the aspect of the features fly
  More strong than all that language could express;—
Nor did the heart of Felix marvel, "why?"
  At those soft tell-tales of her tenderness,—
He too had questioned love, whose soft reply was "yes."

* Among the many sorrowful tales, which the history of the Spanish war (when the country was invaded by Buonaparte) could furnish, I have selected the present. Every circumstance is as it too frequently happened. It was told me by a Spanish Hidalgo, at a small town, called Naval Moral, a short distance from the Bridge of Almaraz. To those who are unacquainted with the brutalities, which the army of France committed during the war in Spain, I would recommend the perusal of "Felix Alvarez," which spirited and pleasing account has been much admired; and with whose accomplished author it was my good fortune to be during a great part of the campaign.—AUTH.

Oh! who can watch the eye where beauty shines,
  Nor thrill in fondness 'neath its lovely gaze;
Nor wish to bend him at so fair a shrine,
  Adore the vision bright where Heaven's light rays,
The cheek's pale rose-dyed sheen, the smile which plays
  Sweetly impressive o'er the features' cast,
As the soft tender glow of autumn's days,
  Leaving a sweeter memory as it passed,
As flowers, whose essence breathed, have fragrance to the last.

And in the vale they dwelt in, all was mirth;
  Oft had they heard of, but ne'er dream'd that war,
(Which had o'errun the fairest climes on earth,)
  Would shortly turn its hot malignant star
Towards their peaceful homes, and drive its car
  Scorching, like Phaeton, the abodes of men;
Ah! then the drum would drown the soft guitar,
  And anguish, death, and discord make a den
Of their now peaceful vale,—contentment's denizen.

Dark treason soon supplied what force could not;
  Ambition's slave (whose curse had lately drown'd
Europe with blood and tears) with heinous plot
  Now seized possession of Hesperia's ground:
Little he deemed that some would there be found
  Patient in woe, and patriot-like in mind;
But that the portent of his name's dark sound
  (Borne like the thunder-clap upon the wind)
Would awe their hearts to bend to slavery's yoke resign'd.

But soon was leagued full many a mountain-band—
  What! though the foe had rush'd from East to West,
And let his eagles loose upon the land,
  Devouring and destroying? some possessed
Of daring minds, and fired with freedom's zest,
  Fled to their Sierra's fortresses and hold;
And, 'mongst the few, young Felix with the rest
  Could not look tamely on, with spirit bold,
To see oppression's chain around his country rolled,

The vale he loved, the friends so softly dear,
  And that fair form in which his heart delighted.—
Ah! luckless fate, how often dost thou sere
  Our fairest hopes! how often hast thou blighted
Youth's most devoted vision, too short-sighted;
  Gone, as a meteor or a summer's leaf;
Tearing asunder those whom love united:
  Who could have seen thee, in a space so brief,
Turning those smiles to tears! that merriment to grief!

Oh! he who fosters hope will often find
  The smile he coins but glistens to deceive;
And he, who pictures pleasure in his mind,
  Will often lack its joys; he who will weave
Fair visions of the brain and can believe
  The flitting colourings of his fancy's beam,
Will ever have a host of ills to grieve.
  Joys are not lasting as their shadows seem,
And we oft stamp as fact what fancy did but dream.

And oh! that farewell, parting hour was come,
  Tears, sighs, and all that sorrow doth respire,
Tokens of love were her's; even that home
  She would have flown from; but alas! her sire
Grown old, infirm with years as to require
  All that a child's attention should bestow!
Here filial love silenced at once desire,
  Striving to soothe her tender heart of woe
With thoughts, that happier days would recompence the blow!

And two revolving moons had passed away,
  Since Felix from his love and home had gone;
Tidings were brought of feuds, each coming day,
  Yet they were doubtful or but little known;
At length the cloud of war came thickening on,
  Darkening o'er Andalusia's verdant plain;
Already were Morena's summits won,
  And the loose foe, whom nothing could restrain,
Bringing dismay, and death, and havock in his train.

Brief be my tale, where grief it's burthen is;
  One morn the foe broke in upon the vale,
Making that peaceful spot a dark abyss
  Of every horror that can well assail;
The shriek of death, the matron's, virgin's wail,
  The riot of intemperance and hate;
A childless parent's or an orphan's tale
  Soon had to grieve at the dark deeds of fate,
And curse the hardened fiends that could such scenes create.

But to my sequel,—how shall words describe
  What Mariaquita and her sire befell?
Behold some ruffians of that lawless tribe
  Broke in upon that bower where love did dwell,
And seizing her with a lascivious yell
  Tore her (while clinging) from her parent's arms;
He, in his frenzy rushing to repel,
  Was struck to earth, and life's last spirit warms
To curse the hands that now defiled his daughter's charms.

And passion sated, there it left her form,
  Pale, fallen, and faded—all but life now fled;
Even as a rose-bud, blasted by the storm,
  Struck by the whirlwind to its parent bed,
Where yesterday it rose its lovely head
  Fragrant and fresh, and glittering in the dew;—
Ah! whither hope? Ah! why deceit thus spread,
  That, like the Dead Sea's fruit art fair in hue
But inwardly all dust and ashes to the view.

For oh! she never woke to reason more!
  Sorrow and suffering had subdued her mind;
That ray of nature's light was clouded o'er,
  And left a frame all tenantless behind;
Even as a ruined structure, where the wind
  Murmurs with strange and confused sound; devoid
Of sense thus thought flits loose and unconfined,
  'Till day on day left nature unsupplied;—
This could not last—she sleeps by her loved parent's side.

Muse! twine a cypress garland round thy lyre;
  Maids! weep the fairest of thy sister-band;
She, who could once the smile of mirth inspire,
  In grace, in look the loveliest of the land,
Nipt like a flower by fate's untimely hand!
  And Felix came to find a desert-spot
Where every charm once glowed, as if the wand
  Of some destructive power had chosen to blot
Its charms from nature's face, and seal its mournful lot?

O'er that green sod, which marked the tenement
  Where she, he loved, in sleep eternal lay—
An oath of vengeance 'gainst the foes he sent,
  Who tore her in her loveliness away!
By secret stealth, or contest's open fray,
  Revenge looks only to the end it swore;
And well did he their deed of blood repay;
  He lived to hurl the foe to Hades' shore,
To see Gaul fly his land and peace her smiles restore.

Canto V. Stanza 6.

HIGH LIFE.

The eccentric and dissipated Lord Baltimore had exhausted all the pleasures of life, nearly ruined his constitution, and involved his estates in great difficulties before he reached the age of thirty. His friends saw that nothing could save him from ruin and an early dissolution, but a marriage, which might unite the double advantage of weaning his mind from the love of pleasure by the prospect of domestic felicity; and repair the injury, sustained by his fortune, by a great addition of wealth. The immensely rich daughter of a London banker was the lady, whom his friends selected to reform his manners and repair his fortune. Negociations were secretly opened between the friends of Lord Baltimore, and the father of his intended bride, some time before that nobleman or the lady were made acquainted with their views; and nothing was wanting to complete the match, but an opportunity of placing the wealthy heiress before his Lordship's eyes at a moment, when considerable losses at play and a long course of exhausting pleasure should have left his mind in a state of alienation from his follies, and have inspired him with an appetite for change. An opportunity of this nature soon presented itself. Fifteen successive nights of deep play, and the loss of thirty thousand pounds, were followed by a consciousness, that neither his constitution nor his fortune could for any length of time sustain such debilitating efforts. While he was in this temper of mind, and on a certain morning after he had spent the whole night at a gambling house, he was visited by his uncle, who had been the chief negociator of the marriage. He found him sitting at his breakfast table, pale, emaciated, dejected in spirits, and evidently under the influence of great uneasiness. As soon as his uncle beheld him, he was conscious that no opportunity, more favourable than the one then present, was likely to occur; and he prepared himself to enter upon a course of friendly admonition. The young Lord soon gave him an occasion of developing his schemes, by representing to him the great losses which he had lately sustained; the trouble and uneasiness of his mind; the disgust he felt for those dissipated habits, by which he had

been, for such a length of time, enthralled; the absolute necessity of repose to his constitution, and of economy to his finances. "These are mere trifles, my dear boy," said his uncle, "and may all be repaired by a successful marriage,"—"Speak not to me on that subject," said Lord Baltimore, "I am tired of the sight of women. The very name of marriage alarms me with the apprehension of some overwhelming evils, from which no exertion or good fortune could ever extricate me. If you wish to make me happy, inform me of some one, who will lend me a hundred thousand pounds to enable me to surmount my present difficulties, and make one final attempt to recover those vast sums of which the better fortune of my friends has deprived me."—"I know such a person," replied his uncle, "who will not only lend you one, but two, three, or even more hundred thousands, if you will give me a commission to treat with him."—"You make me the happiest of men," replied Lord Baltimore, rising up and seizing him by the hand. "I consign to you the power of negociating the business for me. Consent to any interest, any terms, any conditions, provided I can have the money immediately."—"The conditions, my dear Lord," replied his uncle, "are extremely favourable to yourself: you have only to consent to ——"—"I will consent to any thing," added Lord Baltimore hastily."—"You have only to consent," rejoined his uncle, "to marry his daughter, and the sum of three hundred thousand pounds will be paid as the dowry of the lady."—"Death!" cried Lord Baltimore, "are these the conditions? Is there no way of obtaining the money without being subjected to the constraint of a repulsive marriage? Perhaps the old fellow will take fifteen, twenty, or thirty per cent; any thing, any thing, my dear uncle, but the marriage." "Remember your difficulties," said the uncle. "The marriage! the marriage!" replied Lord Baltimore. "Recollect," said his uncle, "how enormous are your debts, and how deeply you are engaged in honour to pay them. Remember the exalted rank you hold in society, which cannot be supported without an income adequate to its dignity. Forget not the duty you owe to your posterity, to transmit to them your title and estates as perfect and unincumbered as they were when you received them from your ancestors." Lord Baltimore felt the force of his uncle's reasoning, and requested to have three days and nights to consider of it. The nights were passed in the deepest play, and the days, or at least the greater part of them, in bed. He could not make up his mind to marry. The thought of it was horrible. He could not continue in the same course of irregular pleasures and expensive habits without the prospect of endless and irretrievable difficulties. Some retirement from the frequency of debilitating pleasures was necessary to preserve him from an early grave. Marriage, ruin, death, were three monsters which continually haunted his imagination; he was obliged to embrace one; and marriage, notwithstanding all its disadvantages, appeared the least dreadful of the three. In a moment of impatience and vexation, he wrote a note to his uncle, and empowered him to negociate for the hand of the wealthy banker's daughter. He professed himself prepared to sacrifice his liberty to the welfare and dignity of his family; and demean himself by a marriage with a citizen's daughter, bringing him three hundred thousand pounds as a dowry, that the ancient estates of the Baltimores might continue whole and unincumbered to his descendants: but he begged to be relieved from the toil and tediousness of making love, and hoped that no farther courtship would be expected from him than just to ask the lady's consent. The whole business was soon arranged. The banker thought the words "my Lady Baltimore," were each of them worth a hundred thousand pounds, and his daughter was captivated with the thought of being united to one of the most exalted titles of the kingdom, and charmed with the prospect of the merit of being able to reform one of the most dissipated of noblemen. Lord Bal-

timore was soon introduced to his intended bride, and submitted himself with more patience than was expected, to the disagreeable inconvenience of a courtship of half an hour. The lady was prepared to accept his offer, and approve of whatever day he might fix for their marriage. They were soon united, and became, almost immediately after their marriage, remarkable for a cold and regular politeness to each other, which never aspired to love or descended to hatred. During the two years which elapsed between the marriage of Lord Baltimore and his death, he was scarcely ever seen in her company; and was never heard to mention her with any approbation, except when he was made acquainted with the birth of his daughter and only child. A fever carried him off in his thirty-first year, and terminated a life which had continued without advantage, and ended without regret to any one.

Lady Baltimore had derived so little comfort from her first marriage, that she felt no inclination to involve herself in new vexations by a second. Although solicited by numerous suitors, she had the prudence to remain a widow, and devote her chief endeavours to the welfare and education of her child. Nothing could exceed the care and attention with which the young Countess of Baltimore was reared and educated. She was trained to refinement by a succession of delicacies which attenuated both her person and intellect. Known to be the richest heiress in the kingdom, she was early taught to regard herself as a personage of much importance, and to assume airs of dignity and consequence. The flatteries and attentions which she received at home were exceeded by those that were paid her abroad. She had scarcely attained her tenth year, when the heads of many noble families aspired to an alliance, which by its wealth and dignity would aggrandize the most illustrious youth of the kingdom. The moment of her first appearance in public was watched by hundreds of young men, who were preparing their tenderest sighs and their softest words to pour into her ear. The poets of the day were retained to celebrate her opening beauties. The public prints teemed with elaborate descriptions of her person, accomplishments, wealth, and estates. At last the happy moment arrived when she appeared in public, and, like the sun in its meridian splendour, gave light and animation to all. Wherever she turned she beheld numerous youths bowing with reverential love before her. No aversion—no coldness—no indifference ever met her eye. Mankind appeared to be made of the most gentle and tender materials, and those who had seen her pass through the crowds of submissive suitors, who watched every movement of her person, might have concluded that she was some supernatural being, whose approach had banished from society every rough and uneasy feeling. The letters, poems, petitions, which were addressed to her, surpassed calculation. They all breathed the same sentiment, love; and were together a singular monument of protestations without sincerity, passion without feeling, ardour without warmth, and tenderness without emotion. In truth, the young Countess of Baltimore was of all ladies of her day the one, who was most sought after, and the least beloved; for her immense wealth was a quality of such power, that it totally excluded the interference of any other sentiment except avarice; but so admirably did that passion imitate the feelings of real love, that it would have required a person of much greater experience and acuteness than was the Countess of Baltimore to have discovered the deception.

Some one, we believe Swift, says that the happiness of life consists in being agreeably deceived, and the Countess of Baltimore was, unfortunately for her, at that age when we are little disposed to question the assertions of people, and when we listen with the most implicit faith to the protestations of pretended love. She was incapable of distinguishing what portion of the immense reverence she received was paid to her person, and what to her wealth; and being a young lady of moderate capacity, and accustomed

to early and extravagant praise, she very naturally received the adulations of her admirers as just tributes paid to her superior charms and endowments. Her friends, however, considered the amazing influence she possessed in society in its proper light, and justly attributed it to the charms of her prodigious wealth. It was their endeavour that she should use that wealth as the means of purchasing the greatest advantages, or, in other words, that she should accept of no alliance which would not confer upon her the title of the highest dignity which a subject could reach. There was, nevertheless, considerable difficulty in deciding upon what eldest son of the different Dukes the choice should fall. The Duke of A——'s son was a Catholic. The Duke of B——'s son was an idiot. The Duke of C——'s son was so exceedingly poor, and so deeply involved in debt, that a considerable portion of her fortune would have gone to clear him of his encumbrances. The Duke of D——'s son was deaf. The Duke of E——'s son was blind. The Duke of F——'s son was lame. The Duke of G——'s son was insane, and the Duke of H—— had no son at all. They then examined the list of Marquisses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and found that there were among the sons of these noblemen seven minors, six idiots, eight cripples, two and thirty spendthrifts, three blind, two misers, and one fine and gallant young nobleman, who, when it was hinted to him that he might espouse the Countess of Baltimore, replied, that he was quite satisfied with his paternal estates, and that he never would descend to court any woman on account of her wealth.

While these considerations occupied the attention of the friends of the young Countess of Baltimore, she had already fixed her affections upon the Marquis of Clairfait. He was one of the young noblemen included in the list of spendthrifts, and might be said to be the Grand Almoner of profusion. He was lively, handsome, dissipated, and fond of play. To win the affections of the richest heiress in the kingdom; to excel all his rivals in the arts of address; to unite the blood of the Clairfaits and the Baltimores; to surpass the rich in wealth, and the splendid in costliness, were attainments which charmed his ambition. He followed the young Countess with unwearied assiduity; whispered the softest vows in her ears; presented her with gifts which, in taste and richness, surpassed whatever had been seen. To-day, an Arabian, fleet as the wind, whose silken and glossy coat glittered in the sun like a diamond, pawed the air in her presence, and seemed ambitious of her attention. The housings, trappings, were studded with the purest gold; and a paper, written by the hand of the Sheriff of Mecca, and certifying the illustrious pedigree of the animal, was borne in a gold box, richly beset with diamonds, by a native Arab, who fell prostrate at her feet and presented her the noble animal, the box, and himself, as the gift of the munificent Marquis. To-morrow a Shetland poney trotted before her admiring eyes, accompanied by a prodigious mastiff, which frolicked at his side and seemed to caress him as his puppy. Her drawing-room swarmed with parrots, paroquets, mackaws, and every description of rare and beautiful birds which could be procured from the South Pacific Ocean. These were all the gifts of the noble Marquis. The connoiseurs in china, and jewellery, were employed by him to select and purchase the most striking and rare specimens of art. By such attentions as these, combined by his natural and acquired advantages, he carried away the heart of the wealthy Countess from all his competitors. Arrangements were soon made for their marriage. Some months, however, were necessary to complete the vast preparations requisite for so important an union. The opinions of the first lawyers of the kingdom were consulted respecting the marriage settlements. The tradesmen of the metropolis, who were most eminent for their skill and taste, were employed in providing for these children of fortune those articles of life, which were necessary to their high rank and prodigious wealth. Great impulse was given to trade. Bustle,

assiduity, dispatch, were visible in the shops of all who had the good fortune to be employed upon this great and happy event. The shop of the coach-maker swarmed with multitudes, who were gratuitously invited by advertisement to view the twelve beautiful new carriages, that were built for the happy marriage of the Marquis of Clairfait to the Countess of Baltimore. The plate was to be seen at Hamlet's. The china at Barr and Kight's. The jewels at Rundle and Bridge's. The Marquis's wedding suit at Stultz's, and the Marchioness's dresses at Mrs. Arthur's. Gillow's provided the furniture, and Milton selected the carriage horses. The happy day, that day which was about to unite two young people most eminent for their rank, wealth, and beauty, at length arrived. The Archbishop of Canterbury, surrounded by many illustrious families of the kingdom, performed the ceremony. A dejeuné, rich with a profusion of delicacies, amused the languid appetites of the admiring beauties and criticizing beaux. The morning was beautiful. Musick wafted the softest and most delicious airs to the listening ears. A most elegant chariot, drawn by four beautiful bays and rode by two boys, selected for their symmetry and elegance, galloped up to the door, and every bosom was agitated by admiration or envy, when the fortunate Marquis handed into his carriage the lovely and elegant bride.

The high water mark of human felicity is a happy marriage; a marriage where fortune and love form a wreath to ornament the temples of two devoted lovers. The years, which precede this epoch of human life, seem to be merely the preparation which nature is making for the great banquet of mortal happiness. The years that follow are not unlike the days which succeed a fast, when we consume the scraps, the residue of the great banquet, until we return to that homely fare and moderate state of enjoyment which constitutes the capital of human pleasures. These reflections have sprung out of this marriage, not in reference to it.

The Marquis of Clairfait no sooner possessed the person and the wealth of his wife, than he found, that it was not in the power of beauty to rivet his affections, or of wealth to furnish him with perpetual enjoyment. Her presence often imposed a restraint upon him, to which he had never been subjected previous to his marriage: and the Marchioness, conscious of her rank and wealth, considered herself entitled to that deference and attention, which those are apt to exact who think that they have conferred a favour. During the first two months after their marriage they passed much of their time together, a circumstance which is often fatal to the happiness of those who have lived much in the gaiety and bustle of the world. A state of exalted passion, great intellectual resources, or minds of dull and passive stupidity, are the three only circumstances which can render the constant intercourse of two persons perpetually agreeable. The Marquis and Marchioness of Clairfait were in neither of these states. Their love was ambition and avarice on his side, vanity and girlish fancy on hers; and their minds were of that middle sort, which, although free from the humility of the grub or worm, aspires not beyond the butterfly activity which flits just above the surface of things, and dips into the gaudy pleasures of existence. They began to be conscious that they were never happy unless a third person were present, who might relieve them from the tedium and discontent which sat so heavily upon their hearts when they happened to be alone. "This retired life," said the Marquis to the Marchioness, after a long conversation of bickering ill-humour, "is disagreeable to me. Let us return to London and mix again with those scenes of gay and lively pleasure which are suited to our dispositions."—"With all my heart," replied the Marchioness, "No one can be more anxious than I am to receive the homage of that circle, of which I was considered as the grace and ornament." Preparations were immediately made to return to the metropolis, and the cavalcade soon moved with rapidity through the country; the Marquis

separate chariots, and not in the same as they had arrived at Clairfait Castle. They came to London in time for dinner, which was no sooner over than they hurried away in their separate chairs, the one to Boodle's in St. James's Street, the other to her box at the Opera House. The Marquis soon forgot the Marchioness in the passion of deep and extravagant play. A run of luck in the early part of the night gave him confidence in his good fortune, and, being hurried on by his own thoughtlessness and the encouragement of his companions, he lost before he quitted the house in the morning the sum of fifty thousand pounds. This was a mere trifle; he smiled when he wrote the check, and, throwing it carelessly on the table, invited any one of the party to set an equal sum againt it, to be won or lost by a single cast of the dice. The Marchioness, on her part, had gone after the Opera was over to the party of the Duchess of O——, the wife of the Russian Ambassador, where she had been unsuccessful and had lost above eight thousand pounds. This was at bagatelle; the Marchioness kept a separate bankers' account from her husband, and therefore was not under the necessity, like many ladies, of applying to her husband for the money requisite to pay her debts of honour. When the Marquis and Marchioness met in the morning, each related his loss with the greatest indifference. They had been amused at the places where they had passed the night; and the loss of fifty-eight thousand pounds seemed to them a sum well expended, since it had divided them from each other, and relieved them from the misery of yawning through an evening together.

It was at this time the very height of the season in London, and preparations were soon made by these young people to give their first grand party. "Let it surpass in magnificence and expense," said the Marquis to his steward, "whatever imagination can conceive or the palate can desire." The reader knows the price of peaches, grapes, apricots, peas, young potatoes, and other rarities in the month of March; but, if he does not, he may enquire at Grange's or Gunter's, and then he will be able to form some estimate of the vast expense of the first grand party of the Marquis and Marchioness of Clairfait, at which there were three thousand peaches alone. Antony and Cleopatra could not have acquitted themselves better in their taste for expensive profusion. The guests were thunderstruck; such taste, splendour, and munificence were never before united. Every one may conceive the exquisite pleasure felt by these young people when they read a detailed and circumstantial account in the newspapers of their most magnificent entertainment, in which more money, it was said, had been expended than constituted the annual revenue of some of the smaller states of Germany.

The Marquis and Marchioness soon became the very best specimen of fashion. His manner of taking snuff; of tying his neckcloth; of putting on his hat; of smiling, walking, talking, swearing, standing, bowing, was observed and copied by the young men of the best fashion. The Marchioness was not held in less estimation among the ladies, and every article of her dress, as well as every attitude of her body, was admired and imitated.

Nearly the whole of every day was employed by these young people in making preparation to be admired, and in enjoying the fruits of that preparation. They were no sooner awake in the morning than they began to consider in what new dress they should strike the admiration of thousands. They knew that a hat with a brim the tenth of an inch wider than what was worn the day before, a cravat tied a little more carelessly than usual, a bonnet trimmed with purple or red ribbon, the form of a cuff or a collar, the length of a spur, the quality of a muff, the pattern of a waistcoat, or the form of a button, were things of the most important consideration; and that the whole fashionable world was looking to them with impatient anxiety for example in dress which they might humbly adhere to. It is not therefore surprising that a walk, a ride, or a party, was preceded by some hours of laborious,

investigation into the methods of adjusting or placing in the best manner each article of dress which they put on. The Marquis would often try on fifteen waistcoats, and tye as many handkerchiefs round his neck, before he could please the fastidiousness of his taste. The Marchioness was equally particular in her choice, and equally slow in deliberating on the colour, or hat, or bonnet, which best suited her complexion; and her maids have been known to faint under the fatigue of dressing one, whose delicacy of constitution could scarcely bear the ascent of a staircase, yet seemed to undergo, with renovated power, the debilitating fatigue of a toilet which lasted three or four hours. The reader may form some estimate of the great influence possessed by the Marchioness, in the fashionable world, when he is informed that the young Countess Gaylove, who was regarded as a star of the second magnitude, had bribed her own maid to bribe the maid of the Marchioness of Clairfait, to inform her if it were really true that the Marchioness intended to re-introduce the wearing of feathers, which had for some years been entirely abandoned. The answer returned was, that the Marchioness was determined to appear at the Duchess of Broadback's party in feathers. This was enough; the Countess Gaylove ventured to appear at the party in feathers. Some astonishment was manifested at her entrance, but it was supposed that she had the sanction of greater authority, until the Marchioness of Clairfait entered the room in a plain head-dress, when the poor Countess Gaylove was overwhelmed with confusion, and hastily calling for her chariot, retired amidst the tittering and contempt of her enemies, and the pity and condolence of her friends.

There were, however, two things in which the Marquis was surpassed by other noblemen; his collection of pictures was inferior to that of some who were below him in rank; and his library, although very extensive, was deficient in Editiones Princepes, and black-letter copies printed by the early hands of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde. It was the Marquis's ambition to repair this deficiency. He dispatched two messengers, one to Italy the other to the Netherlands, with orders to buy up the choicest specimens of art; and in a few months he had the pleasure to hear the Clairfait Claudes, Poussins, Rembrants, Potters, more celebrated than all others. He had one Corregio which cost him eight thousand pounds, and had purchased a small sketch of Reubens for a thousand guineas, lest it should fall into the hands of the Marquis of S——. He had more Raphaels and Julio Romanos than any other nobleman; and, although his collection had cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, he still seemed to be desirous to expend more money. Three or four booksellers, of great judgment and experience, had a general commission to purchase whatever of scarce and rare editions could be contended for at sales, or ascertained by research; and the Clairfait library was in a short time inferior to none but the Althorpe.

By such profusion, extravagance, and losses at play; by the dishonesty of servants and stewards; by a thoughtless generosity, which bestowed without discrimination; and by a total disregard of all exactness and regularity in accounts, the Marquis expended, in the short space of one year, nearly six hundred thousand pounds. The Marchioness had contributed her share of exertion to waste this prodigious sum; for, although they disagreed in almost every thought and wish, they completely coincided in one particular, the love of expense and waste. A taste for pleasure, which, when kept within moderate bounds, renders persons amiable, was become in them a perpetual and restless thirst, which could be satiated only by constant draughts of luxury, alike debilitating to the mind and body. The Marquis and Marchioness seldom met. They would occasionally catch a distant glimpse of each other when they both chanced to visit the same party, but they rarely spoke, except for the purpose of keeping up that decent appearance of conjugal affection which is now considered to be necessary towards forming that character of polished hypocrisy,

which, in this age of refinement, has superceded the rough and homely virtues of our ancestors. A state of indifference between two young married people in high life is generally the immediate precursor of infidelity. The temptations to error in high society are great and frequent; the heart is there more susceptible and more alive to the impressions made by those elegant and alluring habits, which improve the loveliness of the lovely, and make seduction more seducing. The necessity also of an exact and prudent conduct is not so immediately felt in high life as in low; for rank and fortune repair and conceal the errors of indiscretion, console under misfortune, take from the hideousness of vice, and save from contempt by presenting to the eye some objects of attraction, which soften or nullify the errors which have been committed.

The Marquis entertained an affection for a celebrated actress; a capricious, haughty, dangerous, extravagant woman: one whose profusion would have delighted to have imbibed dissolved jewels, or have ignited fires with bank notes; a creature of such misplaced generosity and economy that she would, in the same morning, give a guinea to a beggar who accosted her in the streets, and then hasten to Flint's to save three-pence in the purchase of two yards of ribbon. This woman governed the Marquis, directed all his actions, inflamed his extravagance, checked the few inclinations he felt to be virtuous, and impelled him to every indulgence in vice. He was returning with her one night from the theatre, and, having desired his coachman to stop at one of the subscription houses in St. James's Street, was accosted by a confidential servant at the door, and informed by him, that the Marchioness had suddenly left Clairfait House in company of Colonel Marrison, and it was supposed had taken the road to Dover, with intention to repair to France. There is a sort of ignominy attached to a married man whom his wife has abandoned, which makes him a little shy of seeing his friends just at the moment of the discovery, and therefore the Marquis hurried back to his chariot to inform his mistress. They repaired to her residence, when the lady endeavoured to console him by assurances that the elopement of his wife was the most fortunate circumstance that could occur. From this time the Marquis of Clairfait abandoned whatever principles of discretion had hitherto feebly influenced his conduct. Every day was marked by some extravagance and folly which involved him deeper in distress. His noble library and his superb collection of pictures were sold to answer momentary and urgent expenses. His mornings were devoted to interviews with jews, sharpers, clamorous tradesmen, attorneys, mortgagees, bill-brokers, and the whole flock of wolves and birds of prey that descend and feed upon the shattered remnants of an immense but broken fortune. His evenings were devoted to his mistresses, and his nights to the gambling houses. His carriages, horses, and every article of plate and furniture which could be seized by his creditors, were taken from him; and, being driven at last from all society by his distresses and that contempt which accompanies folly, he repaired to Clairfait Castle in company of his favourite actress, where he lived for many years neglected and almost forgotten—trusted by no one, and a prey to vexation and disappointment.

The Marchioness retired with her lover to Italy, and subsisted on her marriage settlement. Her house was the resort of poor musicians, artists, gamblers, opera dancers, who robbed her of her money by their flatteries or deceptions. Her follies were numerous, which increased with her age; and she died about three months before the Marquis, a miserable object of repentance.

Sh——.

MARY GRAY.

A TALE FOR HALLOW EVE.

> "But Merran sat behint their backs,
> Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
> She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
> And slips out by hersel;
> She thro' the yard the nearest taks
> An' to the kiln she goes then,
> An' darklins grapit for the banks,
> And in the blue clue throws them,
> Right fear't that night."
>
> Burn's Halloween.

'Twas Hallow Eve when round the hearth
A gay and youthful party sat,
And passed the time in social mirth,
And merry tales and friendly chat.

Each customary trick and charm
They tried to cheat the fleeting night,
And free from guilt nor fearing harm,
The hours flew by in gay delight.

The fairest of the maidens there
Was Mary, William's destin'd bride;
Beauty had moulded her with care,
And ev'ry winning grace supplied.

How fondly on her lovely face
William, enraptur'd, fix'd his gaze
What bliss his future path to trace
With her along life's sunny ways.

Oh! wherefore, Hope, dost thou supply
Thy magic tints to future views,
When Fate has fix'd her deadly eye,
And wrapp'd them in her darkest hues!

And now the witching hour of night
From the old church was heard to toll;
A signal for the prison'd spright
To break away from earth's control.

Just then was heard a hollow blast,
Mix'd with a raven's boding cry:
The startl'd party look'd aghast,
And terror fix'd each youthful eye.

The blast grew loud and louder still,
While hoarsely rush'd the neighb'ring stream;
The casement shook, and, high and shrill,
Thrice was the raven heard to scream.

But when the breast with bliss is fraught,
When Hope illuminates the eye,
The heart admits no gloomy thought,
The eye can see no danger nigh.

And so it was with Mary Gray,
Who mock'd her young companions all,
As thus they sat in mute dismay
To hear the raven's boding call.

"I wonder," cried her lover, then,
"Since Mary seems to mock us so,
To the old kiln above the glen,
I wonder would she dare to go;

And, casting in the dark abyss
A worsted ball, hold fast the end,
And, waiting till 'tis held—say this,
Who holds my ball—a foe or friend?"

"This spell is not"—gay Mary said,
"For me, your destin'd bride, to prove;
'Tis meant for some unplighted maid,
Who'd wish to know her future love:"

And then she turn'd her laughing eye
To where two maidens sat apart—
"Here's Jane and Bessey, both may try
To angle for some simple heart.

But let them heed who pulls below,
And answers to their timid call,
For on this witching night we know
There's one abroad, the foe of all.

Who knows,"—she added in a tone
Of mystery affected well—
"Who knows but 'twas the evil one
That made just now that fearful yell.

'Tis certain that he must be nigh,
For look! how bluely burns the light;
Heav'n shield us all, good folks, say I,
We're met upon an awful night."

And awfully her head she shook,
And glanc'd mysterious round the room,
Then laugh'd outright, as ev'ry look
About her wore a deeper gloom.

But William still pursu'd his jest,
And, bent on frolic, thus exclaim'd,
"I've put her courage to the test,
And only see how soon 'tis tam'd.

She hopes by thus awaking dread
In others to conceal her own.
And sooner would she lose her head
Than venture out to night alone.

Bless us! how quick her little heart
Would pant at ev'ry sound she'd hear;
And then—how fearfully she'd start,
Should any living thing appear.

She'd surely faint in sudden fright
If in her way an ass should be,
And certainly she'd die outright
My grandmother's white calf to see."

With rising heat then Mary cried,
"It is not that I *fear* to go,
And stand upon the old kiln's side,
To cast into the depth below

A worsted ball—if I were free,
Your challenge should not be in vain;
But,"—and she paus'd—"your wish may be,
That we should *both* be free again.

If so," (she added with a tear,
  Which with a smile she strove to hide)
" I'll find a bridegroom, never fear,
  As soon as you will get a bride."

" Nay, Mary dear, 'twas but a joke,"
  Her lover cried, " I meant no more ;"
From Mary's eyes forgiveness broke
  Her little flush of feeling o'er.

" I see"—she cried—" you all believe
  I durst not venture forth alone,
And make my way this fearful eve
  To that same heap of mould'ring stone:

And there cast in a worsted ball,
  And boldly cry, who holds below?
But, gallants, I will shame you all,
  For by my life I'll surely go."

The sprightly Mary left her chair,
  And ran to where her knitting lay,
And wound a ball of worsted there,
  And snatch'd her cloak without delay.

In vain her young companions sought
  To check her purpose, smiling gay
She darted forth as quick as thought,
  And fearlessly she took her way.

'Twas then that William, with a smile,
  His plan disclos'd—" if she should dare
To face, indeed, the ruin'd pile,
  A nearer path shall bring me there.

Down the dark glen I mean to go,
  While she pursues the way above,
And, standing in the kiln below,
  Her boasted courage I will prove."

The joke was humourous and good,
  And all around approv'd the plan;
And William in a merry mood,
  To put it into practice ran.

The wind had now subsided quite,
  But in the gloomy sky were seen
Dark clouds, that veil'd the placid light
  Of silent night's celestial queen.

Yet now and then as rolling by,
  The clouds pass'd from her deep and slow,
A flood of light came down the sky,
  And silver'd all the scene below.

Pursue we now the maiden's flight
  Along the way that she is gone;
Behold her in the chequer'd light,
  Like a fair phantom gliding on.

Yet, pausing, oft she stops to view
  The moon its weary course to win,
Struggling through clouds of deepest hue,
  Like Virtue in a world of sin!

Meanwhile young William bent his way
  Along a path well known to him,
And by the moon's uncertain ray
  He reach'd the river deep and dim.

Yet not undanger'd did he pass
  That rolling, dark and troubl'd flood;
He cross'd a board as false as glass,
  Which barely made his footing good.

His ruling star he ought to thank,
  Which sav'd him from a watery grave;
One false step on that brittle plank
  Had plung'd him in the fatal wave.

But he has reach'd the kiln—and soon
  Conceal'd he stands beside the wall,
And sees full clearly in the moon
  His Mary tossing down the ball.

He waits the time, when nearly wound,
  To snatch its last ascending thread;
Which, when the startl'd Mary found,
  Away she'd fly in sudden dread.

Then for the joke! along the dell,
  With double speed, to hasten back,
And join the group, and hear her tell
  Some story of *a man in black.*

He sees her shadow on the wall,
  With timid haste and beating heart
She's winding up the magic ball;
  But Mary—why that sudden start?

The thread is fast—'tis held below—
  She turns to fly—yet trembling cries,
" Who holds my ball a friend or foe?"
  " *'Tis I!*"—a hollow voice replies.

Of wings she had but little need,
  For off she flew without her cloak,
While William, with redoubl'd speed,
  Ran laughing back to tell the joke.

But Mary, when her loss she found,
  Soon check'd her flight, and pausing then
She listen'd—did she hear a sound
  Proceeding from the narrow glen?

'Twas like a voice imploring aid,
  It mingl'd with the water's roar;
" Oh! God of mercy,"—cried the maid,
  " What cry was that?"—she heard no more.

And nothing stirr'd save the deep stream,
  That rushing foam'd and flash'd below,
Yet now again a fainter scream—
  And more remote—another?——no.

Mary knelt down, and then her eye
  To Heav'n she rais'd in fervent pray'r;
" Oh, God!" she cried, " hear yonder cry,
  And save the wretch that's struggling there."

But while she linger'd timely aid
  Might, if extended, life restore;
Quick at the thought the pitying maid
  Flew even faster than before.

Meanwhile the group around the fire
  Employ'd the time in laugh and song,
And when their mirth began to tire
  They thought the lovers tarried long.

And many a joke, to raise their cheer,
They pass'd, but some their fears begin;
When footsteps quick arrest each ear,
And breathless Mary darted in!

She sank exhausted in a chair,
And plac'd her hands before her eyes,
Her deadly cheek and alter'd air
Soon check'd the laugh about to rise.

Her young companions gather'd round,
And anxious ask'd the matter, when
Faintly she cried—" there's some one drown'd,
Oh hasten—hasten to the glen."

Fore-bodings now and dread surmise,
The party feel in silent woe.
" Why this delay?" poor Mary cries,
" Where's William? *he* will fly I know.

My God, I do not see him here;"
She cried and wildly gazed around;
No answer came to quell her fear,
And Mary dropp'd upon the ground.

Lights in the dell were seen to gleam,
Reflected from the rapid tide;
A broken plank came down the stream,
And on its wave a hat was spied.

By hope and fear alternate led,
All night they search'd the gloomy tide;
But never from his watery bed
Came William back to claim his bride.

There is a calm when grief o'erflows,
A refuge from the worst of woes;
It comes when pleasure's dream is o'er,
And Hope, the charmer, charms no more.
'Tis where the heart is wrung till dry,
And not a tear bedews the eye;
'Tis where we see the vacant gaze,
While not a smile the lip betrays.
'Tis there—behold that wand'ring maid,
Wreathing a melancholy braid
Of cypress mix'd—to mark her lot
With the blue flow'r, " forget me not."
Wasted and wan a blighted thing,
For her in vain the breath of spring
Shall waft it's sweetness—can the flower,
That feels within a cankering power
Feed on it's vital part, display
A freshness to the rising day?
Oh! no—it bends to it's decree,
And needs must die upon the tree.
A vacant eye and wither'd brain,
Where Reason has resign'd her reign,
And phantacy usurps her place;
A wasted form and pallid face,
That looks despair and breathes decay:
Are all now left of Mary Gray.

G. L. A.

THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

(Continued from page 233.)

We shall fulfil the intention, we expressed in our last, of noticing a few of the most material of the remaining errors in the fifty-sixth number of the Quarterly Review. We devote this short article to the continuation of the subject, because that number has, we conceive, been made more completely a vehicle of politics than almost any other of the series; literature has been made completely a secondary consideration; and the whole number, with the exception of three articles, is nothing more than a collection of political pamphlets or essays, if, indeed, it be not degrading to politics to bestow that term upon writings, which treat of political subjects with all the virulence and meanness of party and spirit, instead of discussing them on the basis of philosophy and of general principles. We may be allowed further to remark, that even those articles, the subjects of which are foreign to politics, are yet made the vehicles of political invective; and the foreign works are reviewed, not in an honourable spirit of national rivalry, but in the meaner temper of national jealousy, or of contempt and hatred.

The third article in the fifty-sixth number of the Quarterly Review is upon the recent Scientific Voyage round the world, undertaken by the command of the French government. The work professed to be revieved is the volume of familiar letters upon the subject, published by Mon. Arago, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of draftsman. The reviewer scarcely criticises the work so much as he ridicules the author; and he ridicules the author not as a writer, but as an individual, or rather not as an individual, but as a Frenchman. The reviewer tells us that the author's "book, indeed, is so frivolous, so full of ridiculous blunders, even in his own way, that neither his own reputation nor that of the expedition would have suffered had his one hundred and sixty-four letters been buried," &c. We are again told that the book is "totally destitute of every species of information," &c., and after a vast deal more of such contemptuous condemnation of the volume, the reader is naturally inclined to ask upon what possible grounds could the great national reviewer of England consume seventeen of its pages, and burden its readers with so long a notice of a work condemned in the outset as absolutely worthless. This obvious question the reviewer anticipates, and he answers it by assuring the world that the book is noticed only "as a record of the *general* state of literature in France, for, by the French critics, we perceive, Mon. Arago is called *un homme de lettres*." And is French literature of so recent an origin, is it so circumscribed in amount, or is its character so inferior, so equivocal or so little known, that its "general state" can be characterised by the one single volume of a Mon. Arago? We shall make no further remarks upon this article, but merely assure our readers that the remainder of it fully accords with this specimen we have given of the reviewer's candour, integrity, and judgment.

The fourth article of the Quarterly is on the Poor-laws; a subject, the complexity of which is of a nature to excuse all the errors, the absurdities, and contradictions which the reviewer has committed. The fifth article is a favourable critique upon Mr. Mill's Imaginary Travels of Theodore Ducas; and this is followed by that sort of review upon Captain Franklin's Journey to the Polar Sea which requires no knowledge in the reviewer, but that of the art of book-making; it consists of little more than extracts from a work, from which it would be difficult to extract any thing that was not instructive or entertaining. But even in this most humble of literary duties, that of selecting and [illegible]nating passages, the reviewer has made several errors which really astonish us. For instance, he extracts from Captain Franklin's work a story of an Indian, whose fond anxiety for his infant was such, as

to produce a supply of milk from the breast for the child's support, as soon as the mother had died, in the third day after her labour. In relating this story, the reviewer asserts, that "we scarcely know what to say" of it. We apprehend that there is no physiologist or anatomist, from the most experienced professor to the most juvenile student or humble practitioner, that would for an instant hesitate to pronounce the story absurd and impossible. It might, perhaps, admit of a question, if the male subject were possessed of any latent, imperfect, or any organization whatever, similar to the lacteal system existing in the female ubera and mammae. In this case, such organization might possibly be excited by the strength of the passions to an imperfect and temporary secretion and discharge of the lacteous fluid, but no such organization at all existing, the story related by Captain Franklin is obviously impossible; and it is truly astonishing that any persons, exercising the high functions of critics and editors, should not be aware that in physiology, as well as in all other sciences, there exists between questions a specific difference, as well as a difference of degree; and that they should not perceive, that the present points involve a difference of the former description. Atheists have been guilty of maintaining the absurdity that, in the course of ages, strong animal propensities would engender organs of gratification, but not the most infatuated and visionary atheist has ever ventured even to hint that momentary passions could produce a secretion without any secretory organs, or that they could, *instanter*, create, much less mature, any organic system whatever. But miracles and wonders must always have a climax, and we are, therefore, told that the left breast of this Indian, even in his old age, "retained the unusual size it had acquired in his occupation of nurse." We must not forget to do Captain Franklin the justice to say, that he gives this story only as an *on dit*, although the reviewer would have it taken as a fact.

We will proceed now to the eleventh article, upon the Cause of the Greeks, which occasionally evinces considerable eloquence; but the whole of which is marred by erroneous ratiocination, and by the reviewer's want of original thought and of all powers to rest his subject upon the unchangeable basis of general principles. To these faults must be added very many mistatements of facts, as well as of those points which most materially affect the question of Greek emancipation; and there are also several data assumed which appear to us unreasonable, and many of which are notoriously at variance with recent as well as remote experience. We shall endeavour to shew that these are not gratuitous assertions on our part, although our limits will not allow us to enter at length upon such a subject, or to do more than merely to support our case by a few references of at best but moderate length. We will, however, by pointing out a few of the reviewer's faults of omission, as well as of commission, awaken in our readers that chain of thought, that will, we have no doubt, produce a concordance with our views, on a perusal of the eleventh article in the Quarterly Review. An article which, we believe, is intended by the higher authorities conclusively to influence the judgment, and to give the desired tone to the feelings of the country upon this interesting subject. The reviewer assumes, as a point of absolute wisdom, that Great Britain has not participated in the war between the Greeks and what he calls their masters. This may be true; but surely the question ought to have been argued rather than assumed; and argued upon the great basis of humanity and justice, and not placed, as the reviewer has placed it, upon the ground of convenience or self-interest. But are there not numerous and diversified measures between those which we have actually pursued, and the measure of absolute hostilities? With the immense powers and resources of Great Britain, with her moral influence, and with the humane and generous sympathies of her people, there lies, indeed, a heavy onus upon those whose duty it is to prove that we could not have prevented the massacre of Scio, and the devastation of those beautiful

islands of the Grecian Seas, where the profuse bounty of providence seems calculated to excite a universal sympathy in their behalf. Might we not, either by ourselves or in conjunction with other Christian powers, have prescribed to the Turks some general principles of justice and of civilized warfare upon which she was to carry on the contest with the unhappy Greeks? and might we not have interfered with our naval supremacy to protect the oppressed against any strong violations of such principles? Might we not have acquired a temporary guardianship of those Islands, or even a possession of them, by means similar to those by which we have obtained possession of Corfu and its dependencies? Or might we not generously and justly have thrown a weight into the Grecian scale, by yielding our unnatural possession of the seven Greek Islands, as soon as the Turkish power over Greece was effectually disputed? These, and numberless such points of high importance to the subject, the reviewer totally eludes. But, whatever the crafty and frigid statesman may urge on the occasion, the page of history will blazon this great truth: that these deeds of slaughter were committed within the range of our very cannon: and where one broad-side, or threatened broad-side, from an English ship, would have prevented the extensive, the repeated, and the indiscriminate carnage! But, says the reviewer, the Greeks are now free; they highly esteem our national character; and the point to consider is, what course we are to pursue in order to diffuse happiness amongst the Greeks. The second point appears to us a wanton mistatement of truth. The Greeks admire some of our civil institutions, and they highly esteem many English gentlemen who have lately travelled through their country; but they neither esteem, nor is it possible that they could esteem our national character. Is it in human nature to love or esteem those who are deaf to our intreaties in the hour of distress, who, in the time of danger, when our wives and children are exposed to massacre, withhold from us that help which it is in their power effectually to bestow? But, besides this general law of nature, the Greeks have a source of antipathy to us in our conduct in Parga, and in our holding forcible possession of the Islands, which, in the late struggle, could have afforded them such material assistance. The Greeks must, in the nature of things, abhor us; and let us not lay any "flattering unction to our souls," at the expense of reason and Christian morality.

After thus eluding some points, and mistating others, the reviewer lays down a principle, that if emancipated nations should be made absolutely free, but by slow degrees, it would not be a blessing to them, but a temptation to disorder and a stimulus to violence. We like not those doctrines, the object of which is to retard the progress of human freedom; nor can we profess any respect for those who have that organic dislike to freedom, that they are always racking their brains to find out causes why men should not be more free than they are, and why, if freedom be within their reach, they should defer adopting it to some distant period. But undisputed facts are far better than either theories or predilections; and, unfortunately for the Quarterly Reviewer's thesis, recent history is directly against him. The United States of America were, almost at a tangent, thrown from a very limited state of freedom into a condition of more perfect liberty than any country, ancient or modern, ever enjoyed; and yet what violence or insecurity to property did this transition produce. But the strongest instance of this sort is afforded in St. Domingo, where the population was almost instantaneously thrown from the most absolute slavery into a state of perfect freedom, and yet, amidst the evils of a contested supremacy between rival chiefs, and in despite of the invasion of the French, the blacks of St. Domingo have, within the last twenty years, made more rapid strides in every social and intellectual improvement than any nation on earth. But the case is equally borne out by the examples of Buenos Ayres, Columbia, Chili, Peru, Mexico, and the Brazils, where the white population, and, to a certain extent, the black, have

been suddenly liberated from the most odious state of slavery into a state of complete freedom, and no material excesses have been produced by the transition. The revolution of 1812 in Spain, and the more recent revolution in Portugal, are equally strong proofs of our opinions. Why then should any reviewer, in the face of such notorious facts, address himself so erroneously to a people at once intelligent and disposed to rational enquiries and calm deliberations? If his intentions be good he defeats them, and he loses all influence as the champion of the cause which he is engaged to defend.

But the Quarterly Reviewer asserts, that "had Great Britain declared herself the champion (the friend and assistant) of the Greeks, they would proportionably have relaxed in their own exertions." If this argument prove any thing, it applies equally against every case of affording assistance to an oppressed power in a state of resistance. Did Washington and the Americans relax in their exertions because France and Spain afforded them assistance in their resistance to Great Britain? Or did Great Britain say to the Spaniards, when they applied to us for aid against Buonaparte in 1808, "if we assist you, you will proportionably relax in your own efforts," &c. We do not like attributing errors, however gross, to worse sources than intellectual deficiencies, and we will not, therefore, suppose that an author who writes thus must of necessity write for the purpose of supporting private views at the expense of justice and truth. The reviewer, within the space of one paragraph, eulogizes and unwittingly defames our country. He asserts, that had Great Britain assisted the Greeks, "they would, in fact, only have changed masters;" insinuating, if it mean any thing, that this country would have rapaciously possessed herself of what she had professed only to defend from the grasp of another; an insinuation so derogatory of our national character that "we hold it not honest to have thus set down." In the second place, the reviewer eulogizes England for having, what he calls, "assumed the office of mediator." Now, unfortunately for the Greeks, for our honour, and for the cause of humanity, our intercession had not the desired effect in saving the oppressed from massacre and devastation; the Greeks have gained nothing but by their own valour, patriotism, and perseverance; and, if we really did use any efforts at mediation, it is as certain as an abstract demonstration that we were deficient either in sincerity, wisdom, or in power, to a degree that rendered our mediation abortive. The Quarterly Reviewer then proceeds to an effort to depreciate the value, and in part to destroy the character of the Greek Committee; we regret so singular an effort on the part of an authorized writer, because, whatever the Greek Committe may be, it is certain that one feature of its efforts was decidedly that of humanity. But the reviewer discusses the best mode of our promoting the moral, intellectual, and political improvement of the Greeks, and recommends our efforts to be directed to the establishment of schools, and to the sending out of travellers, &c. We may be allowed to observe, that such secondary efforts as these would be almost nugatory when applied to a distant nation; and, if used at all, they may be applied with far more effect at home. There is one thing, and only one thing, necessary to render the social and individual improvement of Greece rapid, certain, and considerable, we mean absolute freedom. Where individuals are not interfered with by the tyranny, the injustice, or even by the supererogatory cares of governments, men always improve most rapidly by the means of those desires to improve our condition, which the Deity has impressed so indelibly upon our nature. The reviewer finally recommends, that the Greeks should assimulate the division of their territory and the form of their future government to their ancient division and polity; a system highly absurd, inasmuch as such division was arbitrary, and pointed out by no geographical features of the country, and by no social convenience whatever; and as to the ancient forms of government, they were so dissimilar, so numerous and discordant, so irregular and tumultuary, from their

ignorance of the modern principles of representation, that we are not a little surprised that any author, with the *mens sana* should think of passing such a reverie off for a practical and adviseable measure. We will not, however, bestow more attention upon this article, having, we conceive, done enough to show the want of information, and of reasoning powers, in its author. How valuable such an article might have been had it been written upon sound and general principles, and had it been written in a spirit, not of party, but of philanthropy and of truth!

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

THE REV. ISAAC SAUNDERS, A.M.

Mr. Saunders is Rector of the united parishes of St. Andrew, Wardrobe, and St. Anne, Blackfriars. This gentleman is dignified, and almost graceful in his deportment, especially before he enters the pulpit; but, when arrived there, he very soon bids farewell to grace, in his anxiety to assume the appearance of passionate earnestness: by using the word assume I by no means wish to insinuate that he does not feel what he says; I merely intend to assert that he sacrifices elegance at the shrine of energy. If these two qualities were incompatible with each other, of course, Mr. Saunders would be right in selecting the latter as his distinguishing characteristic; but in him they are not necessarily divided. Some preachers, indeed, if they were to bestow the attention requisite to acquire a graceful demeanour, would become artificial and unnatural, but this excellence seems indigenous to Mr. Saunders, and to be divorced from him by determined violence. He is not in the pulpit either tame, monotonous or too vehement, while the composed stillness of his demeanour, in level speaking, harmonizes admirably with what he is delivering; but his constant habit of alternately rising and stooping when animated is in the very worst taste possible; indeed the whole of his action, when he is impassioned, is very generally ungraceful. His voice is rich, melodious, and powerful, even when elevated to its highest key it is full, firm, and never discordant; and the lower tones, when they first break upon the ear, are singularly beautiful; they might however be much better modulated than they are; nature has done more for them than art; in reading, he frequently allows them to sink so low that they are scarcely audible at a distance. In preaching, he is habitually betrayed into a species of sing-song uniformity, a repetition of cadences, that is extremely censurable; this defect is principally discernible when he is delivering those parts of his sermon which demand the manifestation of energetic feeling; on the contrary, when this is not required, he employs the fine lower tones of his voice, which, being well modulated, must always excite admiration in those who hear them. A great fault of this gentleman's reading is, that he permits a general languor to pervade his whole deportment. For what purpose does Mr. Saunders indulge in this, is it for the sake of contrast? Does he imagine that tameness in reading is a foil to set off the charm of animation in preaching? Impossible! There is, I am aware, a wide difference in the degree of energy required in the reading-desk and in the pulpit, but a sufficient portion of this quality is absolutely essential to the perfection of a reader, for its total absence is certain to occasion monotonous insipidity. Two additional defects which distinguish this gentleman's reading are, that his emphasis is not sufficiently pointed, nor his intonations varied; both of these errors he has the power, if he has the inclination, to correct. This gentleman is an extempore speaker, and at the same time a very fluent one; he is never at a loss for a word to express his meaning, while the occasional rapidity of his utterance sufficiently proves the facility with which he embodies his ideas. It would perhaps be unfair to criticise

extemporaneous language with as much severity as that which is precomposed, for it never can possess the same degree of polish and correctness; though, as the preacher is free to choose between the two, he becomes in some measure answerable for the faults of whichever style he adopts. Extempore speaking appears perfectly natural to Mr. Saunders, and not the result of study and habit. His general style is plain, flowing and clear; it is unadorned by the rich imaginings of a poetic mind, neither does it exhibit the forceful character, which peculiarly distinguishes the offspring of a vigorous intellect; it is censurable for its general want of elevation, for its diffuseness, and occasional approximation to insipidity. His figures, though seldom remarkable for originality, or new combinations of thought and language, are usually well conceived and executed, but it is not often that he has recourse to these ornaments of composition. Mr. Saunders's sermons discuss at great length the peculiar characteristics of our religion, which he enforces with zeal and earnestness: he is strictly speaking a Christian preacher. For motives to action, for determents to avoid what is evil, for encouragements to practice what is good, he refers to christianity alone; all collateral aids and subsidiary assistances he studiously rejects. He is not obscure either in his mode of thinking, or in his language; his ideas are distinctly defined to himself, and he has the power of making them intelligible to his hearers; he has likewise the merit of adhering to the subject of his discourse; he does not launch out into irrelevant digressions, and he always appears to have formed the plan of his whole sermon previously to his entrance into the pulpit. He is undoubtedly a man of talent, though not of the first order; he wants the depth, originality, richness, and force, necessary to constitute the highest grade of intellectual excellence; still he will always command a certain share of popularity; and, if his voice and his action were invariably modulated and regulated with reference to the principles of harmony and taste, they would operate as powerful auxiliaries to his eloquence, which, in consequence of being perfectly natural, easy, and unaffected, and the production of a mind which brings all its powers into action, must always render his ministerial labours of considerable importance to the sphere in which he is placed.

Criticus.

A NEW PLAN OF MOUNTING TERRESTRIAL GLOBES.

The Terrestrial Globe has of late years undergone considerable improvements in its geographical arrangements: but its appendages or mountings, though highly objectionable in many parts, have remained nearly the same for upwards of a century. It is manifest that when the pole is elevated for the latitude of a place, the horizon represents the horizon of an imaginary place at rest like itself, and not the horizon of a place on the earth's surface; for no place can possibly leave its horizon behind it, as this would appear to do when the globe is turned on its axis. On the other hand, when the pole is elevated for the sun's declination, instead of the latitude of a place, the wooden horizon becomes a terminator between the light and dark hemispheres, while the change of seasons is represented to arise from the pole's alternately approaching to and receding from the sun. For this reason, as illustrations make more lasting impressions on young minds than precepts, a preceptor's time will be occupied to very little purpose in explaining facts at variance with the representations of his instruments. In fact, it is universally acknowledged that the globe, with the appendages usually belonging to it, is quite inadequate to illustrate the phenomena arising from the earth's annual motion, and these phenomena form by far the most extensive and interesting part of this study.

The use of the globes is now considered an indispensible part of the education of both sexes; and, as much time is usually spent in studies of this kind, any thing calculated to

facilitate their usefulness must be acceptable to the public.

We have noticed the above defects, and made these remarks, from an idea that something of the kind led Mr. Christie, of Southampton-buildings, to the invention of an apparatus which appears to be well calculated to supply the deficiencies, and to become generally useful. It represents an artificial globe moving about an illuminated artificial sun, in a circle whose plane makes with the horizon an angle of $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ gradually descending that number of degrees below the level of the sun on one side, and ascending the same number above his level on the other; thus familiarly illustrating the earth's annual and diurnal motions, the diversity of the seasons, the sun's apparent progress in the ecliptic, his increase and decrease of declination, and the comparative lengths of days and nights at different times of the year on the same part of the earth, and at the same time of the year on different parts of the earth. Besides the illustrations, this globe being furnished with a terminator, a meridian, an horizon, and an hour circle, is calculated to solve all problems usually performed by a Terrestrial Globe.

The sun consists of a lamp on Argand's principle, covered by a hollow sphere of glass roughed like the glasses of the chamber-lamps. This artificial sun is attached to the top of a claw-feet pillar by a steel rod, which is bent near its upper end $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ from the perpendicular, a direction which it again resumes, so that the centre of the sun is over the centre of the stand.

The globe is supported by two parallel leavers, both of which move round the steel rod as their fulcrum, the one on the bent part and the other immediately under it. The hole in the upper lever for receiving the bent rod is widened transversely above and below, permitting the same side of it to continue upwards; and the hole in the lower is widened above and below longitudinally, permitting the alternate elevation and depression of its ends. The upper lever is furnished with a strong brass collar, which fits and moves on the bent part of the rod. This collar is furnished with two arms from its opposite sides. These arms fit lengthways into the lever, and their extremities or points move in centres fixed within it. The ends of the levers are connected by cross-pieces, on the principle of the connecting pieces of a parallel rule. The levers are exactly of the same length, and their arms are to each other as 2 to 1. A brass tube is fixed on the upper end of the piece, connecting the long arms, and a counterpoise on the lower end of the piece, connecting the short arms. The brass tube contains the axis of a Terrestrial Globe, lengthened about six inches at the south pole. The counterpoise balances the globe, and preserves the parallelism of its axis during its motion round the sun. On the bent steel rod, under the lamp, is fixed a board, declining from the level $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, representing in miniature the plane of the ecliptic, having the zodiacal constellations, the twelve signs, and the days of the month delineated on it. A pointer, which is attached to the brass collar in the upper lever, moves with the levers along the circumference of the board; it is used in adjusting the globe to a given day, and in pointing out the sun's longitude for the same.

The diurnal motion is produced by a silk line passing round this board, and round a pulley on the axis within the brass tube. An equal tension is preserved on the line by its extending round a pulley attached to the upper lever, after passing the pulley on the axis. This line is entirely concealed within a small brass tube, which conveys it from the board to the axis. The globe is furnished with a brass terminator, made a little concave towards the sun, to mark distinctly the boundaries of the enlightened hemisphere, by reflecting light where the direct light becomes faint. The supporters of the terminator, which are made of strong brass wire, extend from the tube containing the axis as high as the equator, where they receive two small pivots fixed into its opposite sides. From the lower part of the terminator, a circular wire extends 90° upward; on the top of which a pointer is fixed, representing a central ray from the sun, and indicating his declination, azimuth, amplitude, and place where he is

vertical at a given time. A circular wire is fixed to the top, and extends 90° downwards behind the globe, where it is attached by a vertical piece to the end of the upper lever, produced till the vertical piece becomes parallel to the piece connecting the levers. This contrivance keeps the face of the terminator towards the sun in all positions of the globe.

The meridian is a brass circle attached to the pole, with its flat surface towards the globe; it is graduated for finding the latitudes of places, and the sun's declination. A groove is turned, near the edge of the meridian, to permit a wire circle to move within it.

The horizon is a brass circle, fixed with its flat surface towards the globe to the moveable wire circle; consequently it may be adjusted to the latitude and longitude of any place, and it will retain its adjustment at pleasure. Both terminator and horizon are cut to permit their passing the axis at the south pole; it is divided into degrees and points of the compass. The hour circle is fitted on the axis below the globe, sufficiently stiff to retain its adjustment when set to the meridian of any place.

OBSERVATIONS ON PALACES.

An immense plain, barrack-looking line of building, with a long barn-like Grecian roof, and a thousand windows, in regular rows, is called a palace in France and most parts of Europe; this uniform and heavy taste is colossal at Versailles: it was copied in England in the royal palaces; even the picturesque Vanburgh adopted it at Blenheim, and also partly in his best and lightest work at Castle Howard, in Yorkshire. But, along with extent, a palace should have a splendid variety in the different parts, combined with richness of ornament. In this respect there is a great treat to the lover of picturesque architecture at Castle Howard; the magnificent dome and front wings to the south are ornamented with exquisite skill and variety; the other wings falling back to the north are less ornamented; and the numerous buildings to the east for domestics are plainer than the wings; so that the different parts of the palace may be said to be emblematic of the family; from the princely dome to the humble apartment of the shoe-boy. Had the stables been joined, and spread backwards on the west side of the house, as the inferior buildings are on the east, the whole would have looked still more like a palace in romance, with its numerous domes, towers, and turrets: in this manner the inferior buildings contrast with the superior parts, while they contribute to the general effect by spreading and retiring from the main front. It is astonishing what an unjustifiable prejudice country gentlemen in general have against stables being very near a house; they are always talking about a nuisance they would scarcely ever feel. As the fashion is at present, the splendid stables at a distance often rival the house, and the traveller is as often puzzled to know which is his object; there are some exceptions to this plan, where the stables are attached to the house, and the nuisances being inclosed in courts do not offend the eye, and the owner can look after his horses without having to walk a quarter of a mile perhaps in dirty roads.

There have at different times been abundance of drawings exhibited of a proposed palace for our Great Duke, most of them possessing merit; but it is much to be wished that government would offer sufficient rewards for a certain number of the best models and drawings, and let them be collected together as an exhibition till one was selected; models would be infinitely preferable to drawings, because they make the eye familiar at once with the proposed building; and, so far as general effect goes, a rough model would serve equally well with a more elaborate one; there is both taste and talent enough in the country, if the apathy of the government on the subject of Fine Arts did not keep back the proper encouragement.

Jack Sketch.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE DIORAMA.

"——————— Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

At this dullest of all dull seasons in London, when, to use the words of a lively contemporary, "who that has ever seen Bond-street in all its gaiety and glitter, in its days of clattering hoofs and sparkling equipages, when its centre forms an endless line of moving magnificence, and its gorgeous shops on each side reflect an ever-changing galaxy of belles and exquisites, would recognise the same place, deserted, silent, spiritless, 'so dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,' that it makes one 'as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear,' to take the same walk for five minutes, which a few months before would in less space of time, have evaporated the densest spleen, and possessed us with all bright, joyous, and spiritual fancies?"—At this sad and solitary season, when as little is stirring in the world of art as in the world of fashion, we actually began to be alarmed lest we should want a subject for our monthly notice of the progress of the Fine Arts, when we were suddenly tranquillized by a God-send, in the shape of an Exhibition, called the Diorama; an Exhibition which would be highly interesting at any period, but the value of which, to us at least, is increased a hundred fold by the comparative absence at the present moment of other attraction of a similar nature.

We will not pay our readers so ungracious a compliment as to suppose that many of them are old enough to remember De Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon, which was exhibited in this metropolis;—we decline, for certain personal reasons, to state how many years ago; it is sufficient to say that we saw it in our youth, and that the impression which it made upon our imagination was so strong, that were we now as old as Methusalem, that impression would remain in all its pristine vigour.

De Loutherbourg, in every respect an accomplished artist, was probably the greatest scene-painter that ever lived. Not content, however, with the efforts of his pencil alone, he set about devising a variety of contrivances by which the effects of nature might be represented with more truth and vivacity than had ever before attended any imitation of them; and in this object he completely succeeded. His Exhibition, which was originally in Panton-square, not only delighted the public at large, but absolutely astonished the whole body of his brother artists, with Sir Joshua Reynolds at their head, who daily visited his little theatre in crowds.

The ingenious author of an entertaining work, lately published, called "Wine and Walnuts," himself an artist of very superior merit, and possessing general talents and information of the most valuable kind, was intimately acquainted with De Loutherbourg, and knew all the processes to which he had recourse on the occasion we allude to. He has described the Eidophusikon so happily, and in a manner which accords so exactly with our recollection of it, that we will take the liberty of extracting a few passages from the chapter of his work in which the subject is introduced; premising that in the work itself those passages are mingled with other matter, which, though very amusing, is irrelevant to our present purpose.

"The stage on which the Eidophusikon was represented, was little more than six feet wide, and about eight feet in depth; yet such was the painter's knowledge of effect

and scientific arrangement, and the scenes which he described were so completely illusive, that the space appeared to recede for many miles, and his horizon seemed as palpably distant from the eye, as the extreme termination of the view would appear in nature.

"The opening subject of the Eidophusikon represented the view from the summit of One-tree Hill in Greenwich Park, looking up the Thames to the Metropolis; on one side, conspicuous upon its picturesque eminence, stood Flamstead-House; and below, on the right, the grand mass of building, Greenwich Hospital, with its imposing cupolas, cut out of paste-board, and painted with architectural correctness. The large groups of trees formed another division, behind which were the towns of Greenwich and Deptford, with the shore on each side stretching to the Metropolis, which was seen in its vast extent from Chelsea to Poplar. Behind were the hills of Highgate, Hampstead, and Harrow; and the intermediate space was occupied by the flat stage, as the pool or port of London, crowded with shipping, each mass of which being cut out in pasteboard, and receding in size by the perspective of their distance. The heathy appearance of the foreground was managed with cork, broken into the rugged and picturesque forms of a sand-pit, covered with minute mosses and lichens, and producing a captivating effect, amounting, indeed, to reality.

"This scene on the rising of the curtain was enveloped in that mysterious light which is the precursor of day-break, so true to nature, that the imagination of the spectator sniffed the sweet breath of morn. A faint light appeared along the horizon; the scene assumed a vapourish tint of grey; presently a gleam of saffron, changing to the pure varieties which tinge the fleecy clouds that pass away in morning mist; the picture brightened by degrees, the sun appeared, gilding the tops of the trees and the projections of the lofty buildings, and burnishing the vanes on the cupolas; when the whole scene burst upon the eye in the gorgeous splendour of a beauteous day.

"The clouds in every scene had a natural motion, and they were painted in semi-transparent colours; so that they not only received light in front, but by a greater intensity of the argand lamps, were susceptible of being illuminated from behind. The linen on which they were painted was stretched on frames of twenty times the surface of the stage, which rose diagonally by a winding machine. De Loutherbourg, who excelled in representing the phenomena of clouds, may be said to have designed a series of effects on the same frame. Thus, the first gleam of morn led to the succeeding increase of light; and the motion being oblique, the clouds first appeared from beneath the horizon, rose to a meridian, and floated fast or slow according to their supposed density, or the power of the wind.

"To illuminate the interesting scenes for this display of nature, the ingenious projector had constructed his lights to throw their power in front of the scenes; and this plan might be tried with advantage for spectacles, and particular effects at least, on the great stages of our magnificent theatres. The lamps on De Loutherbourg's stage were above the proscenium, and hidden from the audience. Before them were slips of stained glass; yellow, red, grey, purple, and blue; by the shifting of which the painter could throw a tint upon the scenery, compatible with the time of day which he represented, and by a single slip, or their combinations, could produce a magical effect; thus giving a general hue of cheerfulness, sublimity, or awfulness, subservient to the phenomena of his scene.

"The inventive schemes of the artist to give motion and reality to the scenes I have promised to describe, will display the endless resources of his original mind. The effect of a Storm at Sea, with the loss of the Halsewell Indiaman, was awful and astonishing; for the conflict of the raging elements he described with all its characteristic horrors of wind, hail, thunder,

lightning, and the roaring of the waves, with such marvellous imitation of nature, that mariners have declared, whilst viewing the scene, that it amounted to reality.

"Gainsborough was so wrapt in delight with the Eidophusikon, that for a time he thought of nothing else—he talked of nothing else, and passed his evenings at that Exhibition in long succession. Gainsborough, himself a great experimentalist, could not fail to admire scenes wrought to such perfection by the aid of so many collateral inventions. De Loutherbourg's genius was as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art,—the picturesque of sound.

"I can never forget the awful impression that was excited by his ingenious contrivance to produce the effect of the firing of a signal of distress, in his sea-storm. That appalling sound! which he who had been exposed to the terrors of a raging tempest, could not listen to, even in this mimic scene, without being reminded of the heart-sickening answer which sympathetic danger had reluctantly poured forth from his own loud gun—a hoarse sound to the howling wind, that proclaimed 'I too, holy Heaven! need that succour I fain would lend.'

"De Loutherbourg had tried many schemes to effect this; but none were satisfactory to his nice ear, until he caused a large skin to be dressed into parchment, which was fastened by screws to a circular frame, forming a vast tambourine; to this was attached a compact sponge that went upon a whalebone spring, which, struck with violence, gave the effect of a near explosion; a more gentle blow, that of a far-off gun; and the reverberation of the sponge produced a marvellous imitation of the echo from cloud to cloud, dying away in silence.

"The thunder was no less natural, and infinitely grand. A spacious sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, which, shaken by one of the lower corners, produced the distant rumbling, seemingly below the horizon; and as the clouds rolled on, approached nearer and nearer, increasing peal by peal, until, following rapidly the lightning's zig-zag flash, which was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a tremendous crash immediately overhead.

"The waves for his stage were carved in soft wood from models made in clay. They were coloured with great skill, and being highly varnished, reflected the lightning. Each turned on its own axis towards the other, in a contrary direction, throwing up the foam, now at one spot, now at another; and diminishing in altitude as they receded in distance, were subdued by corresponding tints. Thus the perturbed waters appeared to cover a vast space. One machine of simple construction turned the whole; and the motion was regulated according to the increasing of the storm.

"The vessels, which were beautiful models, went over the waves with a natural undulation, those nearest making their courses with a rate proportionate to their bulk, and those farther off moving with a slower pace. They were all correctly rigged, and carried only such sails as their situations would demand. Those in the distance were coloured in every part to preserve the aërial perspective of the scene. The illusion was so perfect, that the audience were frequently heard to exclaim, 'Hark! the signal of distress came from the vessel labouring out there—now from that.'

"The rush of the waves was effected by a large octagonal box, made of pasteboard with internal shelves, and charged with small shells, peas, and light balls, which, as the machine wheeled upon its axis, were hurled in heaps with every turn; accompanied by two machines, of a circular form, covered with tightly strained silk, which pressed against each other, and by a swift motion, gave out a hollow whistling sound in perfect imitation of loud gusts of wind. Large silken balls, passed hastily over the surface of the great tambourine, increased the awful din.

"The rain and hail were no less truly imitated. For the rain, a long four-sided tude was charged with small seed, which, according to the degree of its motion, from a horizontal to a vertical position, forced the atoms in a pattering stream to

the bottom, when it was turned to repeat the operation. The hail was expressed by a similar tube, on a larger scale, with pasteboard shelves, projecting on inclined planes, and charged with larger beads; so that, sliding from shelf to shelf, fast or slow, as the tube was suddenly or gently raised, the imitation was perfect.

"One of the most interesting scenes described a calm, with an Italian seaport; in which the rising of the moon, with the serene coolness which it imparted to the clouds, the mountains, and the water, was finely contrasted by a lofty lighthouse, of picturesque architecture, jutting out far into the sea upon a romantic promontory of broken rocks. The red glowing light of its spacious lantern, tinged the rippling of the water on one part of its surface, whilst the moon shed its silvery lustre on another, in sweet repose. Shipping in motion added to the interest of the scene; and a fleet in the offing, slowly proceeding on its course, melted into air. The clouds for this scene were admirably painted; and as they rolled on, the moon tinged their edges, or was obscured, at the will of the painter; for where he had loaded the colour to opaqueness, the transparent light of the orb could not penetrate. The clouds in front received sufficient illumination from the lamps, which were subdued by a bluish-grey glass; one of the slips before described. The moon was formed by a circular aperture of an inch diameter, cut in a tin box, that contained a powerful argand lamp, which, being placed at various distances from the back of the scene, gave a brilliant or a subdued splendour to the passing cloud, producing without any other aid the prismatic circle, with that enchanting purity which is peculiar to an Italian sky.

"But the most impressive scene which formed the *finale* of the Exhibition, was that representing the region of the fallen angels, with Satan arraying his troops on the banks of the Fiery Lake, and the rising of the Palace of Pandæmonium, as described by the pen of Milton. De Loutherbourg had already displayed his graphic powers in scenes of fire upon a great scale, at the public theatres;—scenes which had astonished and terrified the audience; but in this he astonished himself, for he had not conceived the power of light that might be thrown upon a scenic display, until he made the experiment on his own circumscribed stage. Here, in the fore-ground of a vista, stretching an immeasurable length between mountains, ignited from their bases to their lofty summits with many-coloured flame, a chaotic mass rose in dark majesty, which gradually assumed form until it stood, the interior of a vast temple of gorgeous architecture, bright as molten brass, seemingly composed of unconsuming, unquenchable fire. In this tremendous scene, the effect of coloured glasses before the lamps was fully displayed; which, being hidden from the audience, threw their whole influence upon the scene as it rapidly changed; now to a sulphurous blue, then to a lurid red, then again to a pale vivid light; and ultimately to a mysterious combination of the glasses, such as a bright furnace exhibits in fusing various metals. The sounds which accompanied the wondrous picture struck the astonished ear of the spectator as no less preternatural; for to add a more awful character to the peals of thunder, and to the accompaniments of all the hollow machinery that hurled balls and stones with indescribable rumbling and noise, an expert assistant swept his thumb over the surface of the tambourine, which produced a variety of groans, that struck the imagination as issuing from infernal spirits.

"Such was De Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon. Would that it were in being now, when the love of the Fine Arts has spread in so vast a degree! — that knowledge which could have appreciated its merits having increased a thousand fold since the period when the greatest scene-painter in the world was induced to dispose of his wondrous little stage, because the age could not produce amateurs sufficient, after two seasons, to make an audience to pay for lighting his theatre."

It may not be uninteresting to add, that after De Loutherbourg had parted with his Eidophusikon, it was exhibited in all the principal provincial towns in the kingdom,

and then brought back by its proprietor, in a sadly deteriorated condition to London, where it was ultimately consumed by an accidental fire, above twenty years ago.

We have been thus minute in our description of the Eidophusikon, both because the subject is in itself amusing, and because we were desirous, in common justice to a deceased man of genius, to shew that the Diorama, however admirable, is by no means a novel idea; but that, on the contrary, it is founded on only a part of that curious and complicated invention which De Loutherbourg carried into effect with such extraordinary success.

The Diorama has, we understand, been for some time the wonder and delight of Paris. Its projectors and proprietors conceiving, and, as we hope and have no doubt it will prove, justly conceiving, that it would constitute a very attractive Exhibition in London, have erected a magnificent and spacious building for its reception, on the north side of the New Road, nearly opposite to Portland-place. Although the exterior of the edifice is still unfinished, it is said that no less a sum than 10,000*l.* has already been laid out upon it; an expenditure that could be justified only by the extraordinary claims to public patronage, both with regard to what it is, and much more with regard to what it may be rendered, which it unquestionably possesses.

The present Exhibition, which was opened for a private view on Saturday the 27th of September, and to the public on the succeeding Monday, consists of two pictures; the dimensions of which, as well as the deceptive circumstances under which they are seen allow us to judge, are probably about fifteen feet by twelve. The subject of one is the beautiful and romantic Valley of Sarnen, in the Canton of Underwald, in Switzerland; that of the other, the Chapel of the Trinity, in the ancient and venerable Cathedral of Canterbury. These pictures are viewed singly, from an apartment resembling a small theatre, divided into an amphitheatre or pit, and a small tier of boxes, handsomely decorated, at an elevation of three or four feet above the amphitheatre. The ceiling is circular, richly ornamented with transparent devices, and surrounded with a series of medallions, being the portraits of eminent painters and sculptors of "the olden time." About every quarter of an hour, a signal being given by the ringing of a bell, this apartment begins to turn on a pivot; the spectators slowly revolve with it, and by this contrivance one picture is gradually shut up, and the other as gradually opened to view. At the expiration of the next quarter of an hour, the movement is reversed, the second picture disappears, and the original one is again exposed. The spectators are in no way hurried; but are permitted to remain during as many of these alternations as they please to witness.

We will endeavour to render the difference between ordinary pictures and the pictures of the Diorama as intelligible to our readers as we can. An ordinary picture is, as they know, painted on an opaque ground and lighted on its surface. The pictures of the Diorama are painted on transparent media, with colours partly transparent and partly opaque, and are lighted both on their surface and behind; generally, or partially, according to the purpose contemplated. That the vividness of the light is infinitely greater than even that prince of splendour, Rembrandt, could ever produce on an opaque ground, lighted only on its surface, will be obvious to any one who recollects the brilliance of the lights even in the most commonly-painted window-blind; and to this is to be added what a window-blind entirely wants, when looked at from the interior of a room, namely, the direct light thrown on the surface; and thrown at the Diorama in such a manner, by a judicious concealment of its source, as to produce an effect of chiaro-scuro, (aided by the comparative gloom of the apartment in which the spectators sit) of which it it not too much to say, that it absolutely rivals that of nature. In one of the pictures now exhibiting that effect is permanent, in the other it is variable.

Such is the mechanism of the thing. It is evident that the suc-

cussful application of this mechanism must depend principally on the talents and knowledge of the artists who are employed to paint the pictures. We will speak separately of those under our consideration.

And first of the Chapel of the Trinity, in Canterbury Cathedral. This is really a very skilful work of art. It is difficult even for an artist, and it must be incomparably more difficult for a general spectator, whose eye is uneducated, and who is wholly unable to detect those nice distinctions and differences which at once strike a professional man, to believe that he is not looking at a model rather than at a plain surface. The perspective, both linear and aërial, is very accurate; and the light and shade are true, and, owing to the causes to which we have already alluded, singularly powerful. To add to the perplexity of the beholders, some steps, near the fore-ground and leading to the aisle, are represented as undergoing repair. They are dilapidated in various places, and have planks laid over them for the convenience of the workmen, two of whom, it being the hour of relaxation from labour, are asleep in a corner. Some slabs of marble, heaps of mortar, pitchers, tools, &c. lie close by; and we have no doubt that many a visitor to the Diorama will innocently conceive that all these things are real, and belong to the edifice in which he stands, and do not form any part of the picture at which he is gazing. Indeed, it is said that a gentleman the other day was so convinced that the two workmen were actually flesh and blood, that he threw some halfpence at the lazy fellows to rouse them, and was surprised to find no other result produced than that of his own very proper exclusion from the room. A friend of ours too declares, that he overheard a pretty Parisian ask her *Maman*, with great *naïvaté*, as she pointed to the mason's litter which we have just described, "*Pourquoi met-on toute cette cochonnerie-là devant le tableau?*"

The Valley of Sarnen, although very respectably painted, is not, in our opinion, by any means equal to the Chapel. Nevertheless, in consequence of the change of effect to which it is subjected, it will probably be the more popular production of the two. Its first appearance is that of a beautiful and picturesque landscape, possessing every advantageous accompaniment of mountain, wood, and water, and seen through the bland atmosphere of a soft, delicious, serene summer's day. While the eye is busily engaged in tracing and admiring its various features, the horizon becomes overcast; not with the gloom of night, but with that of an approaching storm. The darkness gradually encreasing, advances, first to the middle distance, and then to the fore-ground, involving the whole scene in a murky tempestuous tone; with the exception of some of the high lights on the edges of the clouds, which, on the contrary, receive an accession of slendour. Presently, the reflection of those lights is seen in the lake, which assumes a golden hue; and it is thence transferred to a rivulet that runs through the centre of the piece, and subsequently to various small pools of water, which were originally almost invisible. A partial gleam of sunshine on a snow-capped mountain in the extreme distance is at this instant strikingly fine. By degrees (perhaps somewhat too hastily) the storm passes away, the general obscurity is dissipated, the sky clears, the landscape smiles again, and every thing is restored to its primitive harmony and tranquillity.

From what we have stated, it will be seen that of the principles which entered into the construction of the Eidophusikon, the Diorama has hitherto borrowed only the double light, in front and behind; and the consequent power of obscuring or illuminating any portion of the picture at pleasure. The introduction of actual substances of various and transient hues, warm, cold, or neutral, of imitative sounds, and above all of appropriate motion, has hitherto been abstained from. There is one exception to the last remark, and, in consequence of its being but one, an injudicious exception. We allude to the "bubbling rivulet" in the fore-ground of the Valley of Sarnen, to which, in the language

of the descriptive catalogue, "the inventors of the Diorama have succeeded in giving all the apparent animation of a living stream." The effect, considered by itself, is very good. But the question immediately and naturally arises,—why is this the only moving thing? Especially as the storm comes on, why do not the trees wave? Why is not the lake agitated? Why are not the clouds hurried forward in dense and voluminous grandeur? Either the current of the brook should be arrested, or, which would be infinitely better, motion should be imparted to every object in the scene that is susceptible of it. We have no doubt that ere long, among other matters, this will be accomplished. The Exhibition at present is excellent, as far as it goes. With the extraordinary facilities which the possession of so lofty, and extensive, and well-situated a building gives to the proprietors of the Diorama, and with the liberal disregard which they seem to have for expense, we confidently anticipate the time, and that at no very distant period, when they will gratify the town with a revival of the Eidophusikon, in all its extraordinary varieties, improved by the numerous scientific discoveries which have been made since the days of De Loutherbourg, by its being executed on a much larger scale, and by the important circumstance of its being exhibited by the light of day. One word of friendly advice to them however. If they engage in such an undertaking, and if they select English scenes for representation, let them strengthen themselves by the suggestions and assistance of some of the most experienced of our artists, who are familiar with the peculiar and beautiful effects of which the haziness and fluctuation of English atmosphere are so productive. Unless the thing be done admirably, it had better not be attempted. In unskilful hands it would degenerate into a mere child's galantee-show, from which De Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon was as remote as the acting of Garrick from that of the wretchedest mummer at Bartholomew-fair, or as "The Last Supper" of Raphael Morghen, from the coarsest wood-cut ever prefixed to a St. Giles's ballad. But, let them engage some able and expert mechanists, fruitful in expedients of all kinds; let them prevail on such a man as Turner, or Callcott, or Collins, or Martin, to lend them the benefit of his correct and tasteful eye; let them make numerous experiments, and try a variety of devices, until they have united all the heterogeneous parts of their apparatus, and mellowed them into a harmonious and perfect whole, and we will venture to say, they will produce an Exhibition which, to avail ourselves of a vulgar but significant and emphatic expression, "will astonish the natives."

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS.

It affords us great satisfaction to announce, that the Charter to incorporate the Irish Artists under the title of "The Royal Hibernian Academy" has passed the Great Seal of Ireland. We confidently hope that, under the influence of government, a School of Arts may now be formed there, which will, ere long, redound to the honour of Ireland.

A portrait of His Majesty George IV. engraved in the line manner, from a drawing by the late Mr. Edmund Scott, Portrait Painter to His Majesty, has just been published at Brighton, by Mr. Charles Scott, a son of the artist. The well-known talent of the late Mr. Scott, and the frequent sittings with which he was specially favoured by His Majesty, ensure a perfect likeness. This print possesses decision and sharpness of touch, without that harshness which is frequently to be found in the foreign schools. The vignette, with which this print is adorned, is very tasteful, and is remarkable for clearness and delicacy of execution.

M. Siqueira, the artist who executed the beautiful paintings in the new Lisbon Palace of the Ajuda, the designs for the elegant service of plate presented to the Duke of Wellington, and several other master-pieces of the modern school, has, we understand, taken up his residence in London, being compelled to leave Portugal on account of his political opinions.

A large cast-iron statue of a man has been landed at Waterford, from Dublin, and has been sent to be placed upon the middle tower of the three towers lately built at Newtown Head, the western point of Tramore-bay, in that county, with the left hand akimbo, and the right extended out, as a warning to vessels to keep off from that dangerous shore.

Mr. Flaxman is employed at present in designing a statue for a monument to the memory of Robert Burns, which, when sculptured, is intended to be erected in a conspicuous situation in the northern metropolis.

At a late sale of old lumber at Mr. Whitgreave's house, of Moseley, in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton, a full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth was knocked down by the hammer at 6*s.* 9*d.*, to a respectable tradesman of that town. The same picture has been cleaned and varnished, and sold by the purchaser for 45*l.*

The Venus de Medicis.—It is generally known that one of the fingers of the Venus de Medicis has been supplied by a modern artist. The *Giornale Enciclopedico*, published at Florence, gives the following curious account of the fact:—In the time of Cosmo III., Lord Ossory, being in Florence, was one day in the company of the Grand Duke, contemplating this wonderful statue, and offered him 100,000 livres for it, if he could be induced to part with it; asking two months' time to procure the money from England, and adding that a ship should be sent from thence expressly for the purpose of conveying it. The Grand Duke smiled at the proposal, but, without making any reply, turned towards the Marquis Malaspina, and desired him to note down his Lordship's name, and the affair ended as a piece of pleasantry. Lord Ossory had a red cornelian ring representing a cupid, which the Grand Duke having seen some days before, had admired so much, that his Lordship wished to make him a present of it. His Highness, however, would not accept of it; and upon this occasion the Englishman, with a delicate generosity, requested Cosmo, though he would not consent to part with the Venus, at least to permit him to marry her; to which the Grand Duke, having smilingly consented, his Lordship put the ring on the finger of the goddess, and fixed it as firmly as possible; thus finding means to gratify the Duke with the cornelian, without wounding his self-love. Cosmo, thinking the representative of cupid agreeable to the subject of the statue, suffered the ring to remain; and the statue would still have been adorned with it, had not a certain personage (the Italian journalist says a foreigner of distinction) wisely resolved to remove from the finger of Venus this heterogeneous addition, clandestinely entered the gallery one day, and attempted to appropriate the ring to himself. Being obliged to force it off, and fearful, perhaps, that he might be surprised, he, in his haste, broke the finger! He, however, failed in his attempt, although in what manner is not stated, since the ring is still preserved, appended to a little gold chain, in the crystal cabinet of the Royal Gallery.

Mr. J. De Ville having purchased the original moulds of busts, from the models made by the late Mr. Nollekin, of all the distinguished characters who honoured that artist with sittings for the same, has prepared casts from them, and also of the original busts (models by Roubiliac), of Hampden, Sydney, Cromwell, and other eminent men, which may now be had by the public. His large collection of busts and casts from nature, for the illustration of Phrenology, cannot fail to gratify every visitor of this establishment.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

La Perse, &c.
Persia, with the History, Manners, and Customs, of the Inhabitants; translated and extracted from the most recent accounts. By M. Nascisse Perrin.

THIS work is an interesting description of Persia; it is compiled from the travels of the most celebrated authors ancient and modern, who have visited this country and given descriptions of it, as Chardin, Tavernier, Monier, Scott Waring, Macdonald, Kinier, Malcomb, Jaubert, Ker Porter, Drouville, and others. The first volume contains situations of Persia, its climates and divisions; descriptions of the principal towns, ruins of Chapour, ruins of Nachti, Ronstau, Persepolis; account of the climate of the different provinces; character of the people who inhabit them; ancient history; dynasties of the Peychdadians, of the Kaïanians, Arsacides, Sassanides. The second volume contains the modern history, with the dynasties of the Traherites, Soffarides, Gaznevides, &c. Volume third, the dynasty of the Cadjars; of the king, of the harem, and the princes of the blood. Volume four treats of the great dignitaries of the state; on the administration of the finances; on the different religions of Persia. Volume five, of the army; character of the different classes of society; on the construction of their buildings; on caravansaries; on coffee and calioun; on divorces and widows. The sixth and seventh volumes are in the press.

Essai sur l'Histoire de la Musique en Italie.
Eur. Mag. Oct. 1823.

Essay on the History of Music in Italy. By M. Gregoire Orloff.

COUNT ORLOFF, who formerly wrote *Memoires sur le royaume de Naples*, now presents us with the *Histoire de la Musique en Italie.* All those who have once lived in this fine country can never forget it, and must participate in his recollections. "It is there," says he, "that this enchanting art was felt by me in all its power and beauty, and induced me to pay it a sort of homage by writing its history, and sketching its revolutions and progress."

The author begins with a learned introduction, of which the work may be considered as a commentary. He commences the history of music by endeavouring to give some idea of that of the Greeks, Etruscans, and ancient Romans. But as it would be useless to dwell long on this subject, after the sterile and tiresome discussions of his predecessors, he hastens on and takes up the history of the period when, deprived of the favours of the Pagan Gods, music seeks refuge under the shadow of the Christian religion; and, following its vicissitudes and progress, he finds it taken up by Constantine, then reformed by Saint Ambrose and Saint Gregory. Its progress was but slow till the 11th century, when the celebrated Benedictine Guido d'Arezzo invented or perfected the gamut.

From that time music took a rapid flight, and great advantages resulted from this fertile invention. The Italians were the first to profit by it; and stangers hastened to imitate their example. Thus Guido's school, developed more and more by the

labours of Marchetto of Padua, was in the 13th century established and spread all over Europe. This period may be assigned for the foundation of the musical schools in the other nations of Europe.

The author thinks that these new schools were in a state of prosperity whilst the ancient Italian school remained stationary or retrogade; this is also the general opinion. But if it be true that foreign schools eclipsed for a time the Italian school, their common mother rose from the declining state she had fallen into in the 15th century, and which has been often too much exaggerated. Being the first to disengage herself from the trammels, which the doctrine and authority of the ancients had consecrated, if we may so speak, she employed every effort to find out new methods, and she made such progress that all others were obliged to acknowledge her superiority and observe her laws.

M. Orloff, after having mentioned the different kinds of vocal and instrumental music, invented in the 16th and 17th centuries, carries us back to those happy days when the art, purified from the rust of the preceding centuries, shone in all its splendour on the theatres of Europe. Six periods seem to mark the birth, the progress, and the perfection of theatrical music: the first is the invention of *recitative*, under the composers Peri and Monteverde; the second, *the air*, under Cavall and Cesti; the third, *recitative obligato*, under Scarlatti and Perti; the fourth, *expression* and *truth*, carried to the highest degree of perfection by Vinci, Porpora, and Pergolese; the fifth, *force* and *depth*, under the greatest masters of the German school; and the sixth, under Haydn and Chambini, introduced the effect of *symphony* called dramatic.

In examining these periods, the author undertakes to give the biography of those authors, who, by their didactic works or musical compositions, have deserved such notice. He seems to wander from his object in giving us an idea of the French, Dutch, English, German, and Spanish schools. But how could we dispense with these excursions, as all European music is closely connected with that of Italy? How could we form a first and complete idea of the latter, without examining the influence it exercised over all the rest of Europe?

On entering the Italian school our author regards, with pity and indignation, those artificial voices called *soprano*. It is not the first time that despotism and barbarity have sought to multiply unnatural pleasures. It is painful to see religion itself contaminated by such criminal abuses.

But turning away from these remains of barbarity, alike disgraceful to the nation and the religion that tolerates it, let us console ourselves with the thought, that the Italians themselves cry out against this outrage of humanity.

The Italian school is so rich in masters, composers, and *chefs d'œuvres* of art, that it was necessary to make several divisions into particular schools. These schools might be characterised by the manner and taste of the masters who founded them, and by the number and merit of their pupils; but, as most of the Italian composers have so much originality that each is distinguished by a particular and individual character, there would be as many schools as composers. And if the history of the art was confined to a certain species of originality, and a certain degree of perfection, many artists would have been excluded, who have a right to figure in M. Orloff's history. He thought it, then, better to be a plain historian than seek to establish a system attended with so many inconveniences. He has taken notice of all those who, more or less, deserve it, comparing them and marking the difference between them.

The schools, which the author distinguishes in Italy, take the name of the place, town, or state where they flourished, and the number of the composers and their productions. Such as the Neapolitan, Roman, Bolognese, Venetian, Lombard, Florentine, and Piedmontese.

Either through the influence of local circumstances, or other motives, the Lombards seem more inclined to reason on the art than listen to the music; they have more taste for harmony than melody. They have more didactic than mu-

sical compositions, and, among the latter, more church music than operas. The Roman School, though it appears destined more than any other to the service of religion, is more famous, according to our historian, for the style of *accompaniment*. In the same manner the author attributes the *Madrigal* style to the Venetian, and that of the *Concert* to the Neapolitan School. But what may be precisely said on the local character of these schools, is, that they seem more disposed to dramatic music, and a preference to melody rather than harmony, as they approach the South.

The Florentine School first discovered the modern *Mellopeia;* but only gave the example and first direction to the other schools, leaving them the honour of bringing the invention to perfection.

The Roman, Venetian and Neapolitan Schools have disputed which should have the glory of it. By their productions it would appear, that they were equal in excellence. But the Neapolitan School, in number of composers, richness, and originality in their *chefs d'œuvres*, their principles and method of teaching, has gained such glory as to eclipse all the others; and, now, to speak of the Italian School is to speak of the Neapolitan School. Therefore it is not surprising that M. Orloff has devoted to it the greatest part of his work.

Though not able to enter into all the details of this work, we can at least assure our readers, that they will find in it all the elements indispensable to the history of the art; that the author has spared no pains to procure the necessary documents for his undertaking; and as he cites writers of acknowledged celebrity on the subject he treats of, we may presume, that what he advances is correct, although some faults may be detected inevitable in a work composed of such minute details; the mistakes, in truth, belong to those authors who have preceded M. Orloff, and who, strangers to the country and often to the art they treat of, have neglected to rectify faults derived from uncertain tradition.

We think the Italians themselves may be reproached for their unconcern towards the history of their music, for they have not even paid the homage of gratitude to the manes of the celebrated artists who have done honour to their country. Since J. B. Doni, no one but P. Martini has undertaken the history of music. It must be sought amongst the English, German, and French. We can only cite "The Elegy on Jomelli," written by a Neapolitan advocate, Mattei; the "Life of Correlli," by Maroncelli, the "Elegy on Tartini," by Camillo Ugoni; and some others. Piccini would have obtained the like honour if it had not been for Ginguenè. M. Quartremére has done the same justice to Paesiello, of whom little mention is made at Naples. But Durante, Guglielmi, Cimarosa!—Ought we then to receive from strangers this tribute of justice and gratitude? And is it wonderful that the biography of these artists is so little known?

We will make some observations on the state of Italian music in the 15th and 16th centuries, and on the origin of the modern Mellopeia. Count Orloff himself furnishes us with the means of sketching a part of this history, which has not always been treated with such precision.

An observation of Louis Gueeciardini, the nephew of the celebrated historian of that name, relative to the latter part of the 16th century, has been often repeated; he said, that "from this period music only flourished in the low countries, and that it was the Flemings who practised it, and taught it in most of the states of Europe and even in Italy." It has also been remarked that Lionel, Duke of Ferrara, and Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, entertained foreign singers at their courts. It is an incontestable fact, that Tinctoris and Villaert, both Flemings, taught music, one at Naples and the other at Venice. But is this sufficient to prove that the Italians had forgotten the doctrines of Guido and Marchetto, and that they no longer knew an art of which they felt the want, and knew the value of, more than any other nation? The concourse of foreign did not exclude the co-existence of national artists; it may even prove that they

were drawn to a country where the art was better appreciated, and where the number of towns and chapels attracted and required a proportionate number of professors and practitioners.

What would have been over-abundant in the low countries, or any other state, could not be so in Italy, where chapels and schools were maintained in most towns, as Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Ferrara, Urbino, Mantua, &c.

At the beginning of the 14th century Count Castiglione assures us, that music made an essential part of the education of every courtier. The ladies, whose talents were most conspicuous in this century, attended particularly to the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music. Gaspara Stampa, Elisabetta Gonzaga, Tullia d'Aragona, Maria Cardona, Tarquinia Molza, &c. worthy of imitation for their mind and talents, were admired as much for their knowledge of music as of literature.

But music was *more* than an object of amusement amongst the nobles. Leo X. to whom Poliziano had communicated his taste for the art, made it a study; he often employed himself with his favourite lute on the most difficult theories of harmony. We may easily imagine what influence the particular taste of this sovereign pontiff must exercise over the artists and learned men of his time.

Leonardo da Vinci was so expert in vocal and instrumental music, that it is said, Louis Sforza entreated him to come to Milan, and exercise his talent there. It is certain that he astonished all the courtiers and musicians, and even the foreign singers, entertained at the Court of Milan. It is also well known that this famous artist and mathematician gave new and better combined forms to his lyre, violin, and organ. Vinci was afterwards imitated by Parmegiano, Collini, Tintonetto, and one of the Caracci, all clever artists and musicians. Many other learned men and poets may be enumerated, who cultivated music with the same passion.

But those who made music their particular profession are almost countless. F. A. Doni left a list of them in his work upon music, and in his "Bibliotheca," but they only belong to the beginning of the 16th century. F. Patrizi mentions some of those who flourished at the latter part of the same century. We will enumerate a few of the most celebrated.

Franchino Gaffario, contemporary with, but not a pupil of Tinctoris, studied music at Lodi, his native country, and at Mantua; and though he went to Naples he learnt nothing there; he maintained in argument his own theories, and published in 1480 his first treatise upon harmony (*Theoricum opus harmonicæ disciplinæ*). From this period to the end of the 16th century the number of didactic treatises of this kind is extraordinary. Zarlino, the first restorer of music after Guido d'Arezzo, eclipsed all his predecessors. But how many works were published after his example? It seemed as if the most distinguished men employed themselves entirely in bringing music to perfection. As Orazio Tigrini, Lodovico Zocconi, Alcandro, Maurolico, Vincent Galilei, father of the great Galileo, F. Patrizi, G. Mei, Artusi, Botrigari, and many others whose names are honourably mentioned in the literary History of Italy. Some time before Gaffurio, about the middle of the 15th century, the art of music flourished amongst the English, French, Spanish, and particularly amongst the Flemings; but why are not their works published when so many Italian works of that period are reprinted? There are but two or three copies of the Dictionary of Music, by Tinctoris, which is considered as the first work of the kind ever printed, and if it was not composed, as M. Perne says, before the year 1478, it was only a year before Gaffurio's work, printed at Naples in 1480. There still exists a *crown* or collection of masses and anthems by old composers of foreign music, published at the beginning of the 16th century. But may not these pieces, allowing their authors the praises they deserve, give rise to the supposition that though their authors concurred with the Italians in propagating this study, they also

contributed to corrupt the art by elaborate counterpoint, which rendered it rather an object of labour than of pleasure? Did they not introduce into music what the Greeks from Constantinople at the same time introduced into philosophy?

It appears that the Flemish School remained stationary at this point, while the Italian School took the character of its climate, and developed itself more and more till the end of the 16th century. Almost all the musical and didactic compositions of this time bear the character of that spirit of invention which searches into, reforms, and creates This spirit may be found in the discoveries, or in the essays, of Vinci, Nicola Vicentino, Palestrina, Zarlino, Galilei, &c; and it caused the development of the *Mellopeia*. After the farces, mysteries, and feasts, celebrated in this country and every where else, music was introduced towards the end of the 15th century in all kinds of theatrical representation. It seems that some parts of the Orpheus of Poliziano, the first Italian pastoral performed before 1483, *was sung*. In the *Errore Femineo*, a tragic piece by Notturno, a Neapolitan poet, there are some anacreontic strophes certainly designed for singing. During the 16th century music was often employed in tragedies, comedies, and pastorals, and even in prose, but only in interludes, chorusses, or in a certain part of any particular scene. The music composed for the *Sacrificio*, by Beccari, for the *Egle*, by Giraldi, and several other tragedies, for the *Aminta*, *Pastor Fido*, &c., was never continued throughout the whole piece, but only at certain parts as we before mentioned.

But what was the first piece entirely sung throughout? Though this honour was given to the Orpheus of Zarlino, and it has been proved that the two pastorals set to music by Emilio del Cavaliere were entirely sung in 1590, it still remains to be determined what was the character of the music. Now it is incontrovertible that it was not only the music called *madrigal* and which, appropriated to such pieces, gave it the form of a continued series of madrigals, the length of which made the heavy and disagreeable style still more monotonous. The *Anfiparnaso*, by Oragio Vecchi, a poet and musician, represented at Venice before 1597, has been regarded by Muratori and others as the first modern opera; but there is not that regular declamation, and that rapid and expressive singing, which constitute the character of the modern *Mellopeia*. This discovery may be dated from the same period, but the honour of it is due to more composers than we have mentioned.

Grecian tragedy was entirely sung throughout. Of all the learned men of the 14th century, Francesco Patrizi demonstrated this truth in the best manner, and determined the character of the ancient *Mellopeia* of the Greeks. V. Galilei and G. Mei, with Count Bardi and Jacopo Corsi, both poets and musicians, wrote essays on this dramatic melody. The young poet Rinuccini, the secret lover of Mary of Medici, composed the *Daphne*; Caccini and Peri made the music to it, and this pastoral was represented at Florence in 1594. The success of this first essay soon brought out a second; and the fable of Euridice and Orpheus was performed in 1600 with much eclat. These may be said to constitute the new style of singing, called *representative* or *recitative*, and also some traces may be perceived of the airs and duos before observed in *Ariano*, a lyric drama composed by Rinuccini, set to music after the same principles by Claudio Monteverde, and represented at Mantua in 1608.

We have only mentioned the principal objects in M. Orloff's work. The details, which the amateurs of the musical art will read with pleasure and interest, will be found more at length in the book. We are obliged to Count Orloff for the care he has taken to interest us in the history of the Fine Arts in Italy.

Friedrich von Schillers Leben. Life of Frederick de Schiller. By Henry Dœring. 8vo. Weimar.

M. Dœring calls the hero of his biography *M. de Schiller*, as if this celebrated poet had need of the par-

ticle before his name to be illustrious. No one cares for his nobility; genius alone made him illustrious. The editor might then have dispensed with the ceremony of treating him as a mere noble. Besides the sources common to all the other biographers of Schiller, M. Dœring has taken advantage of the correspondence between Schiller and M. de Dalberg, published in 1819, which contains some interesting details upon the life, labours, and opinions of this tragic poet. The editor has inserted many anecdotes, some of which have been disputed by the German journals. The part of the biography devoted to an analysis of the poetical works of Schiller is very feeble. This poet is supposed, by the French, to have wished to overturn Aristotle's rules of poetry. Schiller thus expresses himself on this subject in these letters: "I read some time ago Aristotle's poetry; instead of discouraging and constraining, it has strengthened me. To judge by the restraint which the French attributed to him, I expected to find him a cold, strict, anti-liberal legislator, and was astonished to find him quite the contrary. He decidedly insists upon the essence of tragedy; but as to the form, it is as relaxed as it is possible to be. What he exacts from the poet are what must necessarily be done, and are conditions inherent in the nature of things. The rules of the Greek author relate almost exclusively to tragedy, for which he had a greater predilection than for any other kind of poetry. It is evident that he speaks from experience, and had been witness of a great many tragic representations. There is nothing speculative in his book and not a trace of theory; all is the result of experience; but the number of examples he cites, and the happy choice of models he has in view, give to his experimental observations the form of laws."

With respect to the unfinished romance of the "Visionary," recently translated into French, and announced in the Parisian journals as something quite new, though it was translated twenty years ago, M. Dœring thinks that the mysterious adventures of Cagliostro inspired Schiller with the design of this romance; but M. Dœring does not explain satisfactorily the reason why Schiller stopped at the very moment when the curiosity of the reader was most excited, and never finished his romance.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Memoirs of the History of France, during the reign of Napoleon, dictated by the Emperor, at St. Helena, to General Gourgaud, his Aid-de-Camp. Octavo. pp. 404. London, 1823.

In the comparisons, which have been so frequently drawn between the Emperor Napoleon and the two great heroes of antiquity, Alexander and Cæsar, it has often been observed, that however the modern phenomenon may surpass the ancient rivals of his fame, with respect to military genius and to the capacity for governing mankind, he had not, like Cæsar, evinced his possession of any high degree of intellectual powers at literary composition. For our part, although this observation has been made by men profound sagacity, we must confess that we have never considered it of any great weight; for the avocations of the Emperor Napoleon were so much more varied and numerous than those of Cæsar, that whatever might have been either his talents or his inclinations for literary or scientific pursuits, it was obvious that, during his political career, it was absolutely impossible for him to abstract his mind in any degree from the civil and military functions of his station. Had he, however, never possessed those opportunities which his imprisonment at St. Helena afforded him for study and reflection, his Code of Laws would have evinced, to the latest records of time, that his mind possessed the powers of tracing intricate subjects through their remotest ramifications, with the comprehensive faculty of generalising his ideas and combin-

ing the most numerous and complicated details with the most extensive results.

Cæsar, after he had achieved the conquest of Gaul, found his task at an end; and, except the vigilance necessary to protect the frontiers of his conquest from the incursions of the Causi, the Catti, and of other neighbouring tribes, and which, indeed, was the duty rather of his lieutenants than of himself, he was, if we may be allowed the *parvis componere magna*, rather like a commander in country quarters than a general in the anxieties of a campaign. His leisure was therefore spent in the elegant occupation of letters; but far different was it with Napoleon. From his leaving the Academy of Paris to his final surrender at Bourdeaux he was incessantly engaged in the most numerous, diversified, and important actions that ever occupied the human attention. Any subsequent attempts at composition that he might make during the leisure of his confinement would, therefore, derive their complexion solely from the natural powers of his intellect; for as to any study of the literary art, or of the higher models of literary eminence, it was precluded by the very circumstances of his intermediate career.

A mind, however, like his, the essence of which seemed to be the height of vigorous exertion, could never sink into lethargy or inaction; and it was therefore anticipated that when he arrived at St. Helena he would devote his energies to composing the history of his own life, or of some of those great events with which he had been so intimately connected. That anticipation has now been realised, and the world have before them what may be considered the literary works of this surprising character, and the first production of which we are now about to analyse.

This volume, as its title page announces, is the dictation of the Emperor, and it bears a most decided stamp or character of a peculiar genius. It is evidently the emanation of intellect, formed upon no study of models, nor deriving its complexion or features from any factitious associations, or from any intimate acquaintance with preceding works; it is the offspring of a mind intuitively conscious of its vast powers, and therefore never even thinking of rules of art, or of the roads by which others have attained to literary eminence, but depending solely upon its own strong conceptions and vast resources.

This work bears all the features of Napoleon's genius; a sort of characteristic association with his conduct. There is a continued and ardent pressing on to some great result; a powerful compression of facts; a contempt of epithets, and of every thing trivial or indifferent; but a judicious enumeration of all that leads to an ultimate result;—a style of this sort is the very soul of business.

General Gourgaud, in what he calls an advertisement, describes the manner in which the Emperor dictated this and other similar works. Too ardent and rapid in his conceptions to endure the tardy mechanism of writing his thoughts, he dictated to others like lightening, expecting them to transcribe his words with equal rapidity. He always corrected these transcripts, and, if they were not to his liking, would sketch the page a-new, by filling up the margins. These MSS. are now in existence, and put at rest any doubts as to the works which, like the present, pretend to be from his dictation. The public have long been imposed upon by the numerous anonymous publications that have pretended to divulge important facts relating to the Emperor, such works as the present will at least destroy all such impositions, and will throw that light upon the momentous transactions of the late eventful wars and revolutions, from which history must derive its complexion.

This first volume with which General Gourgaud has favoured the public is almost exclusively on military subjects, and although such technical matters may be, if not above, at least without, the pale of our literary acquirements and functions, yet, imitating the philosopher of old, we may avow such parts as we do understand to be so excellent, as to justify the inference, that equally excellent are the parts which

are beyond the sphere of our acquaintance.

The first fifty pages give us a clear idea of the celebrated siege of Toulon, the account of which developes the nature of Napoleon's talents, and presents us with a pretty accurate picture of the revolutionary management of that period. We have a very intelligible statement of the situations and objects of the French, and their opposing armies in Piedmont and in the neighbourhood of Toulon, as well as a rapid sketch of the face of the country, and of the fortresses on the south-eastern coast of France. We have also the characters of several of the commanders-in-chief appointed to command on this Italian frontier by the revolutionary government of 1792 and 1793; and, considering the gross ignorance of those who had assumed the helm of state, considering the absurdity of their plans, the inconsistencies of their military appointments, and the endless fluctuations of their measures, it is little less than miraculous that the genius of Buonaparte could have saved his country from the overwhelming force of foreign armies, and from the internal conflicts of opposing factions.

In September 1793, the royalist party delivered up Toulon to the English, and the harbour and town were immediately occupied by our fleet under command of Lord Hood, and by a combined force of English, Spaniards, Sardineans, Neapolitans, &c. under General O'Hara. This great French naval depôt then contained thirty-one ships of the line, numerous other vessels, an immense quantity of cannon, ammunition and stores, with the most extensive docks and buildings of every description requisite to the first naval establishment of a great nation like France. General Cartaux was marched to recover this important cession, and, beating the English on the 10th of September, at the passes to the west of Toulon, his army took up a position on the west of the town. It was about fifteen days after this that Napoleon, a chief of a battalion of artillery, was sent to command the besieging engineers. He found the grossest ignorance and the most ruinous disorder prevalent at head quarters. Points of attack absurdly chosen, positions badly taken up, and batteries erected without science, and often further from the objects of attack than the range of cannon shot; and yet with such officers, and with such misrule, France had withstood the attacks of all Europe; an irrefutable proof of what has so often been asserted, that the continental governments of that period were rendered impotent by corruption and abuses. Napoleon saw the inutility or almost hopelessness of retaking Toulon by a regular siege laid against its defences. He therefore proposed to drive the English from a peninsular eminence, which, from its strength, they had called Little Gibralter, and which was at so considerable a distance from Toulon that his proposal was laughed to scorn. But Napoleon calculated that this position would command the whole anchorage, and that if the whole mass of French ordnance could be brought to play upon the fleet, the English, whose objects were principally naval, would abandon the town to its fate. The French officers, impervious to these shrewed calculations, would not listen to the proposal until after a month's discussion, and when the English had so entrenched themselved, that the capture of this peninsula became a matter of great difficulty. At last Napoleon's plans were adopted, but in total ignorance of their ultimate object; for the Little Gibraltar was to be taken, only as a preliminary to a regular advance to the out-works of the town; and it was in vain that Napoleon assured them that the occupation of this point would prevent the necessity of any further siege whatever. Two days, said he, after we gain this point, Toulon will surrender at discretion. At length a siege was commenced against this Little Gibraltar; but the government of Paris, no more than the General-in-Chief, could conceive the utility of attacking a point so very distant from the town; and in such despair of success were the commanders of the army that they wrote to Paris, strongly advising that the siege should be raised, and the army

withdrawn. On the 18th of December, however, Napoleon captured the Little Gibraltar, by a night attack; and, bringing the whole of his cannon next day upon this promontary, Lord Hood resolved immediately to abandon the town. His Lordship humanely took with him all the royalists who chose to depart, and, carrying away such of the fleet as were ready for sea, he destroyed as many of the remainder, with the forts and buildings and stores, as it was possible to set fire to. Napoleon, with a beautiful conciseness, describes the magnificent spectacle of the burning ships, and the more moving spectacle of the despair and terror of the Toulonese, who, but a few hours before, had judged from the distance of the besiegers, that their town was not even in danger. Not more, however, than two of the unfortunate royalists fell a sacrifice to republican vengeance. Napoleon was created for this service a Brigadier General of Artillery, and appointed to the chief command of the artillery of the army of Italy. We cannot conceive a finer promise of a career of glory, than that of a young officer, commencing his service, by not only correcting the errors of his veteran superiors, but by introducing a sort of new species of warfare; for so completely ignorant of Napoleon's principles of attacking this distant point were all his commanders, that to the last they viewed their possession of it only as a means of facilitating a regular approach to the town, according to the old rules of art.

Napoleon joined the head quarters of the army of Italy at Nice, in March, 1794, and, rapidly surveying the country, he immediately laid before his commander an exposure of the causes of those disasters which had hitherto attended the French army, and he proposed the taking possession of the Col di Tende and of other positions, as the means of driving the enemy beyond the High Alps, and putting the French in possession of impregnable points, which could be defended by few men, and thus leave larger bodies disposable for offensive operations. His plans were adopted by General Dumerbion, Commander-in-chief, and on the 8th April, (1794) Massena carried them into execution, occupying, after several conflicts, Oneglia, Loano, Ormea, and the whole road to Turin. The position of Saorgio, which had cost the Piedmontese so much blood to maintain, was now turned and abandoned, and on the 7th of May, they were driven from the Col di Tende. By these manœuvres the French had taken sixty pieces of cannon, and had possessed themselves of all the higher Alps. The remainder of the year was employed in strengthening the line occupied by the French, and in May, 1795, Napoleon resigned his command, and returned to Paris. He had previously escaped the danger of the guillotine, for one of his military duties had been construed into a plan favourable to the Royalists.

At Paris, he refused a command offered to him in the army of La Vendée. The Italian army, after his leaving it, had been entrusted to General Kellerman, who, by the end of June, contrived to lose every advantageous position, which it had before acquired. Napoleon's talents were again put in requisition, he was summoned before the committee of government, and, by his advice, the army was made to take up the line of the Borguetto, from which the Piedmontese forces in vain attempted to dislodge it. This position saved the whole coast of Genoa. Kellerman was superseded by General Scherer, who beat the enemy at Loano, but lost the opportunities which his victory gave him of conquering Italy. These operations, with a sort of Essay on the defence of coasts, fill up the first fifty pages of the volume.

There is now a great chasm in the volume. Napoleon's first campaign as Commander-in-chief, and his conquest of Italy, are omitted, as well as the expedition to Egypt, and the next chapter opens with his return from Egypt, and his landing at Frejus, on the 9th of October, 1799. We have then a long and highly interesting account of the Revolution of 18 Brumaire, by which Napoleon acquired the Consulate. The history of this event, given to

us here from Napoleon's own dictation, is remarkably coincident with the account of the Revolution, which appeared in our Memoirs of Bonaparte, in our number for April last. The account in the volume before us comprises numerous details, with several ingenious speculations upon government, and with Napoleon's opinions of many of the leading characters of the times. The immediate operations upon the 18th are told with great spirit, and the whole narration has a brilliant dramatic effect upon the reader, which would be lost or diminished by any abridgment within the compass of our limits. The narrative abounds with Napoleon's opinions of the celebrated actors in those perturbed times, and which, we apprehend, can always be implicitly relied on; they seem so devoid of spleen, resentment, or partiality of any sort. In this revolution, Napoleon tells us that he could not win over Bernadotte, he was so strong a jacobin, and that, on the very day of the contest, Bernadotte left him, and went over to the demagogues of the Manege; and now this Bernadotte is a Royal Prince of Sweden, a great abhorrer of liberal principles, and a leaguer with the Holy Alliance, to suppress the free spirit of the times, and to support the divine right of Kings. Such is human nature! Augereau, Jourdan, Marbot, were partisans with the jacobin Bernadotte, and yet few of the Marshals have been more devoted to the arbitrary principles of Louis XVIII. than this Augereau. The Consul, Ducos, "was a man of narrow mind and easy disposition." Moulins, was "a worthy man, and a warm and upright patriot." "Gohier was of exalted patriotism, a man of great integrity and candour." Sieyes was the author of the celebrated pamphlet, *Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat*, which put France into a flame. "He was not a man of business, knowing but little of men, he knew not how they might be made to act, all his studies having been given to metaphysics; he had the fault of metaphysicians of too often despising positive notions; but he was capable of giving luminous and useful advice at any momentous crisis. To him France is indebted for the division, not departments, which destroyed all provincial prejudices; and, though he was never distinguished as an orator, he greatly contributed to the success of the Revolution by his advice in the committees. He had been of great service in checking the progress of the *Societé du Manège*, he was abhorred by that faction, and fearless of bringing upon himself so powerful a party he courageously resisted the machinations of these men of blood, in order to avert from the Republic the evil with which it was threatened." We believe that this celebrated character affords the only instance of an individual boldly and resolutely opposing a course of abstract justice and theoretical purity, against the sanguinary and furious measures of the different parties, without falling beneath the guilottine. He lived to the age of ninety-two, and witnessed the return of the Bourbons. Barras had consented to betray the Republic to the Bourbons, stipulating for his pardon, and for 12,000,000 of livres, the sum which he calculated he would make by his corruption during the two years of his directory; it is difficult to say whether the bribers or the bribed were the most infamous in such a transaction. Moreau and Macdonald succombed to Napoleon's higher genius; Moreau's confidence was so great that he offered his services to Napoleon without even requiring to be let into the secret of his designs. Fouche's services, as well as those of other infamous characters, were rejected. After the revolution was effected, the danger of a counter revolution by the deposed directory was, in the view of Sieyes, extreme, and he strongly advised Napoleon to arrest the forty principle leaders of the opposite party. "I swore in the morning," exclaimed Napoleon, "to protect the National Representation, I will not this evening violate my oath." This magnanimity on his part had nearly cost both him and his brother Lucien their lives, in the succeeding agitation in the Council of Ancients and of Five Hundred.

The next chapter upon "Provisional Consuls," is extremely in-

structive; it is an *exposé* of the state of parties in France, and of the system of government and condition of the nation, after the overthrow of the Directory. It is from this chapter, to use the words of Pope, that "Posterity will take their books." The intellect of Napoleon must have been almost superhuman to have overcome the myriads of difficulties that opposed him. A demoralized people familiar with blood, and habituated to the most atrocious crimes; the country torn by the conflicts of infuriated parties, no laws existing but those of force; an exhausted treasury, peculation pervading every department of government; armies unclothed, unpaid, disorganized and commanded by officers corrupt, spiritless, and ignorant of their duty; the greatest military and naval powers of Europe assailing the country on every side;—these were the difficulties Napoleon had to contend with; his own genius and morals were the talisman by which, in a few years, he restored his country to the blessings of social order and good government, and by which he made her the most powerful kingdom that ever existed. If historical truth compel us to say thus much in his praise, moral truth as imperiously commands that we should do him still greater homage for the justice and mercy which he extended to all his opponent partisans. There was no proscription like that of Marius or of Sylla, nor a conventional sacrifice of human lives like that agreed upon by Mark Antony, Augustus, and Lepidus; all was mercy and oblivion of political animosities. Alas! we wish that Louis, on his second restoration, had followed so benign a precedent, and had preached "Peace and good will to all men."

Succeeding to this chapter upon the internal state of France, we have a masterly outline of her system of military operations, so clearly related as to be both intelligible and instructive, and we may add, entertaining to readers of every class. The system of the republic was to maintain three great armies. One, with the head-quarters at Amsterdam, to guard the coast from the Scheldt to the Ems, and the north and north-eastern frontier to Wesel in Treves, twenty miles south of Coblentz. The second under the command of Jourdan, with its head-quarters at Dusseldorf, protected the line of the Sambre and Meuse, and blockaded Mentz and Erenbriesten. The third commanded by Moreau, with its head quarters at Strasburg, was called the army of the Rhine; its left blockaded Phillipsburgh, and its right on Switzerland. In 1796, Jourdan crossed the Maine, took Wurtzburg, and took up a position on the frontiers of Franconia, and Bohemia, his right in the valley of the Danube. Moreau crossed the Rhine and Lech, and entered Bavaria in a line south of Wurtemberg. These two officers acted without concert, and the Arch-duke Charles, concentrating his forces on the Danube at Ingolstadt and Ratisbon, penetrated between the right of Jourdan's army and the left of Moreau's, and defeating Jourdan's right under Bernadotte, Moreau, who had made no movement to his support, was obliged to retrace his steps back to the Rhine. It was at this time that he made the retreat through the black Forest of Wurtemburgh that gained him so much celebrity, and covered him from the disgrace of having occasioned the retreat of both his own and of General Jourdan's army.

In 1799, by a similar plan of divided and independent operations, the French lost part of Switzerland and all their ground to the right of the Rhine. Their army of Italy had been defeated at Genoa. The Austrians occupied the beautiful plains of Piedmont and Mount-Ferrat; the French were cooped up on the other side of the Appenines, in the barren country between Genoa and the Var. Every army had been defeated, and they were without pay, clothes, spirit, or confidence in their officers. Napoleon, in 1800, repaired all these disasters. He sent Augereau to oppose the Duke of York in Holland. General Brune was dispatched to meet the dreadful insurrection in La Vendèe, and, concentrating all the armies from Switzerland and the Sambre and Meuse about Strasburgh, he encreased them to 150,000 men, and gave the

command to Moreau. Austria raised two great armies, one of 120,000 men under Field-Marshal Kray, to defend the Rhine from Moreau; it extended from its left on the Tyrol to Basle, Kehl, and along the whole line of the Rhine as far north as Mentz. The other army of 140,000, men under Melas, was intended to take Genoa, Nice, and Toulon, where it was to be joined by 18,000 English and 20,000 Neapolitans. To oppose this prodigious force Napoleon had only 40,000 men to guard the Appenines and heights of Genoa, and he posted 35,000 in the central position of the Soane, so that it might support either the army of the Rhine or that near Genoa, as occasion might require. The position of this latter corps was admirable, for it threw the Austrians into great perplexity, as by marching to the right or left it gave Napoleon the means of making either the Rhine or Italy the principal objects of his attention. Europe now anticipated the annihilation of the French power; Mr. Pitt's hopes were at the highest; and it must be confessed, that, had France continued under the Directory, the conquest of that country by the allies would have been certain, but a different genius now directed her destinies. Napoleon's situation, however, was very critical. He saw that Austria had committed a great error in making Italy the principal object of attack, for the campaign would depend upon the operations upon the Rhine. Remaining at Paris, Napoleon sent orders to Moreau, to throw the whole of his army simultaneously over to the other side of the Rhine at Schauffhausen, to take the Austrians in their rear at Basle, and, by moving in the line of Stochach, to take in the rear the whole of their corps between the right bank of the Rhine and the defiles of the Black Forest. Napoleon computed that in six or seven days Moreau would be at Ulm, and that all Swabia and Bavaria would be in his possession. But Moreau's tactics savoured of the old school, and he was incapable of grasping with such comprehensive schemes. Napoleon observed that it was worse than useless to entrust the execution of schemes to a General who did not even comprehend them; and, after many modifications of the original plan, he was obliged to order Moreau to pass his army in three divisions at Strasburgh, Brisach, and Basle, enjoining him to depart from the old system of divisions, and to have but one single line of operation. The army passed the Rhine according to these directions, and the three divisions formed a junction at Wuttach on the 27th of April, 1800. On the 1st of May the French captured Fort Hohentwoel with eighty pieces of cannon, but Moreau's inactivity gave Field Marshal Kray time to assemble in line with his left at Stochach, and his centre at Engen, and which occasioned the battle of Hohenhoven, won by Moreau, the Austrians losing 11,000 and the French 7,000 men. The battles of Moeskirch, Biberach, and Memmingen, were successively gained; and on the 12th of May the French were manœuvering before Ulm. But it appears that Moreau had lost many fine opportunities of completely ruining the Austrians, and so divided and detailed were his operations that, after some unskilful manœuvres and disastrous fighting before Ulm, he found himself with five of his divisions on the right and six on the left of the Danube, and his troops scattered over a line of fourteen leagues in length. It is useless to trace the minutiæ of the campaign, but suffice it to say, that Moreau with his vastly superior force, in spite of his irresolution, his tardiness, and his insulated movements, gained possession of Ulm and Munich, and compelled the Austrians to sign an armistice on the 15th of July, 1800.

In the mean time Melas commenced offensive operations against Massena in Italy. He broke up for the Var in the beginning of March. Napoleon had placed Massena's troops in the best possible state of equipment. The grand operations commenced on the 6th of April, and Massena's little band performed prodigies of valour, but they were eventually driven into Genoa by the immensely superior force of the Austrians, and became, in short, the mere garrison of the town, from the 21st of April, (1800). Melas

swept all before him, blockading Genoa, he entered Nice on the 11th of May. Suchet defended some intrenched posts in the mountains with great bravery, but his position was about to be turned by the Austrians, who now planted their flag on the territory of the Republic. General Melas was in the full tide of success when he suddenly learned, on the 21st of May, that Napoleon, at the head of the 35,000 men from the Soane, had crossed the St. Bernard, and had arrived in his rear at Aoste. He directly marched to oppose this unexpected attack. On the 23d he entered Coni. Massena, hearing of this diversion, attempted by a sort of desperate valour to drive the blockading force from Genoa, but his efforts were fruitless, and his eventual surrender was retarded only by his confidence in the vigour of Napoleon's operations. No succour arrived, and, compelled by famine, he sent his aid-de-camp to the head-quarters of the blockading army to propose a capitulation, but just before the arrival of this aid-de-camp, an Austrian officer had brought intelligence of the rapid movements of Napoleon, and of General Melas's orders to raise the blockade of Genoa immediately. The French, however, not aware of this news, finally surrendered, but on advantageous terms. On the the 28th May the blockading army broke up from Genoa, garrisoning the city with 10,000 men. Napoleon was pushing the Austrians with the rapidity of lightning; and in spite of his very great inferiority of numbers his successes were as constant as they were swift. On the 14th of June he won the decisive battle of Marengo, and which led to the total ruin of the Austrian interests in Italy. Genoa was retaken by Suchet, on the 24th of June. All the details of these events are given in the volume before us with great precision and clearness, and they are followed by Napoleon's observations upon Massena's campaign, in which he shews where Massena's movements were erroneous, and by what means he might have maintained himself in his positions till the arrival of Napoleon. We apprehend that these chapters of Napoleon will render future warfare in Piedmont and the south-eastern provinces of France a mere matter of mechanical calculation; he has reduced to such exactness the best and only good plans of campaign adapted to this line of country.

We have next a most circumstantial detail of the passage of St. Bernard, of the battle of Marengo, with all its antecedent movements, and of all its glorious consequences. The "pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war," are here detailed in manner that warms the imagination, and carries the feelings of the reader in the career of the hero of the piece. We can say, moreover, of this work, what we can say of no other work of this description that we ever perused, we mean that even those parts, that relate purely to military movements, are always intelligible and often interesting to readers unacquainted with military affairs. The relation of the manner in which Napoleon disguised his real object in making Dijon on the Soane the rendezvous of his reserves, his breaking up from Dijon, the passage of the St. Bernard, the manner of transporting the cannon over the mountain in hollow trees, the point of honour in not deserting a single gun, the military bands triumphantly playing up the ascent of this cloud-capt mountain, the critical passage of the Fort Bard, are narrations which have the authority of history, and excite a breathless anxiety in the reader, somewhat similar to the effect produced by the dilemmas of a melo-drama.

The arrival of Dessaix from Egypt on the eve of the battle of Marengo, and Napoleon sitting up with him all night to talk over the affairs of Egypt and their campaign in that country, is a sort of historical picture. It has always been a received notion that the battle of Marengo was won by a desperate charge of cavalry, headed by Dessaix; but the absurdity of this report is evident from the plan of the battle given in this volume. The brave Dessaix was shot through the heart as he gave the word to charge; but the battle was won by no charge, but by Napoleon's manœuvres in altering his line of retreat after the battle had gone against him in the beginning of the day. This sanguinary battle

sealed the fate of the Austrian power in Italy, and it placed Napoleon on the pinnacle of fame and of political influence. Melas has been much blamed for his signing the armistice of Alessandria after the loss of the battle, but Napoleon proves that that concession was imposed upon him by the necessity of the case.

The volume ends with the battle of Marengo, and is followed by an appendix of official papers relating to the events which have been previously described. We particularly call the attention of our readers to the note, (page 360) addressed by Napoleon to our late King, and of Lord Grenville's reply in the succeeding page. Impartiality will oblige future historians to lament that the government of his late Majesty took so erroneous a view of the then state of affairs, and that they did not stop the effusion of blood by listening to the First Consul's proposals of peace. The documents, establishing the constitution after the revolution of 18 of Brumaire, must be of great importance at an epoch like the present, when every nation is desirous of improving the form of its government. We have read the whole of this volume with great pleasure, and we flatter ourselves with great improvement, for it elucidates a period of history replete with events, which for many ages must have an influence on the affairs of mankind.

A View of the past and present State of the Island of Jamaica, with Remarks on the Condition of the Slaves, and on the Abolition of Slavery in the Colonies. By J. Steward, late of Jamaica, 8vo. pp. 363. London and Edinburgh, 1823.

It would be scarcely fair to examine this work by any very high standard of criticism, for, we apprehend, its author never meant it as a work of history or of science; nor as a philosophical enquiry into the many questions of deep interest which intimately concern our colonies; that he intended it as an intelligent and amusing compilation of whatever general readers can wish to know of the island of Jamaica, and considering it only as a work of this nature, we have no hesitation in bestowing upon it our commendations, and in pronouncing it a work likely to supercede all others upon the same subject with which we are acquainted. There is no work, we believe, that, within the same compass, says so much of what is useful and agreeable upon the subject upon which it treats. But, in pronouncing this laudatory judgment, we must not be considered so indiscriminate in our praise as to neglect our duty of censuring the author for two very material faults in his performance. In the first place, the style is inaccurate, loose, and redundant to a degree, which shews either that the author never condescended to revise his manuscript, or that he is not gifted with the faculty of close thinking. Travelling from form to substance, we must observe, that, analogous to these faults of style, is the author's habit of formally stating the most obvious and puerile reflections, and of detailing with his facts all those simple and ordinary associations of ideas that would either strike every common mind, or which would be of no sort of consequence if they had never entered into the mind, either of the author or of his readers. The second fault is rather one of omission than of commission. Considering the author's long residence in Jamaica, he is remarkably free from what may be called creole prejudices, and particularly free from all of those prejudices which militate against humanity and the first principles of religion and ethics. But yet, on certain subjects, he is prejudiced, and he evinces those prejudices, not, we must allow, by any mistatement of facts, but by often omitting a part of his story. He always tells the truth, and nothing but the truth, but he does not tell the whole truth, and this suppression, or, we will be so liberal as to say, this omission of a part of a story has frequently an effect equivalent to making a positive mistatement. Our observations will be borne out by the succeeding matter.

Mr. Stewart does not woo the muse of history, for he despatches

the whole of the ancient and modern history of Jamaica in less than twenty-five pages, an offence for which he deserves to be cited before the court of Clio. We shall make no further remark upon this part of his work, except reprobating his account of the Maroon war of 1795, an event which affords every opportunity of exciting breathless anxiety in a reader, and which Mr. Stewart has slurred over with such a culpable negligence as not only to produce no effect on our feelings, but even to leave erroneous and very immoral impressions on the mind. He justifies the Maroon war, by charging that singular people with making demands in "an arrogant tone of defiance," and with their wanting "a superintendant of their own choosing." Now the war with these people was excited by an act of wanton insensibility on the part of the whites, which could only arise from that lassitude of intellect and want of decency, which seem to be the offsprings of the luxurious and tropical climate of the western Archipelago. The "arrogant tone of defiance," of which Mr. Stewart complains, can be attributed, not to the Maroons, but solely to the whites. Mr. Stewart must have heard of the conduct of Mr. Gallimore, one of the gentlemen who was authorised to treat with the Maroon chiefs. He broke off the conference, by taking a handful of musket balls out of his waistcoat pocket, and, shaking them in the faces of the Maroons, declared that those were the ambassadors that should in future obtain the demands of the whites; an insult, for which the Maroons inflicted a horrid vengeance by a night attack on his house. But the Maroons requested that the government would not remove from them a Mr. James, a popular superintendant, merely on account of that gentleman's petitioning for an increase of salary, and this Mr. Stewart has construed into their demanding "a superintendant of their own choosing." But at a crisis when the North side of Jamaica, with its crops and immense property were at the mercy of the Maroons, the brave and skilful General Walpole induced them to lay down their arms by a treaty, which stipulated that they "should be suffered to remain in the country, under the whites, *as before*." "This last article," says Mr. Stewart, "the governor and assembly conceived to be highly impolitic and refused to ratify," and then our author adds, only in a note, that this *rejection* of this article led to a *disagreeable* rupture between General Walpole and the governor and assembly." Now we are very fond of soft and courtly expressions, but morals are seriously injured when terms of delicacy are used to soften perfidy and dishonour. Had the governor and assembly, in refusing to ratify the treaty, placed the enemy in *statu quo ante foedus*, they would have done no more than exercise an undoubted right possessed by all belligerents; but as they accompanied this non-ratification by a seizure of the persons of their enemies, and by forcibly transporting them from the island, what Mr. Stewart is pleased to call a *rejection* of a treaty was, in fact, a most infamous violation of the acknowledged laws of nations, and of the most sacred principles of justice. As such it was treated by the gallant general Walpole, whose indignation at this mean and cowardly conduct was such, that he contemptuously refused to accept a sword worth five hundred guineas, which was voted to him for his conduct in the field.

The Maroons for fifty-six years had faithfully kept the treaty they had originally signed with the whites, under Governor Trelawney, and yet Mr. Stewart expresses an apprehension that they would not have adhered to that which they had signed with General Walpole, and on such apprehension justifies the conduct of the governor and assembly. Such is Mr. Stewart's reasoning!

But the fees of a Governor of Jamaica, during the existence of martial law, are immense; and the time which the whole island was deprived of its civil rights, under the pretence of danger from the Maroons, caused the most general and well-founded dissatisfaction on the part of the inhabitants; and yet Mr. Stewart has not thought it his duty as a historian to allude to

the fact. The arguments, by which our author justifies the use of the Spanish bloodhounds against the Maroons, would equally justify all those atrocities of barbarous warfare, which, thank Heaven, have long ceased to exist, at least amongst Europeans.

With respect to the statistical data in this volume, we can only observe, that Mr. Stewart's figures often differ, and differ materially from the returns specified in the Jamaica Almanack, now on our table; and he often disagrees with the statistical data in the works of Mr. Dallas, a gentleman of considerable talents and of general accuracy, and who, being a native and for some years a resident of Jamaica, had opportunities of attaining knowledge at its fountain-head. But the fact is, that statistical and all other sciences are at so low an ebb in the island, and such general laxity pervades the habits of business, that no two authors are found to agree on any subjects relating to the West Indies.

Mr. Stewart's volume contains popular descriptions of the scenery, and of the climate of the island, with its botanical and zoological history, and its agriculture, trade, commerce, and civil and military institutions. We must refer our readers to his pages for much knowledge and entertainment on these subjects, and shall content ourselves in observing, that his work bears ample evidence that the whole social economy of the island needs every species of reformation. It is singular to reflect upon that modification of society which now exists in this and similar English colonies, a social condition which, we believe, has no parallel in ancient or modern history; it bears the impress of Eastern luxury and wantonness without its splendour and magnificence; of Asiatic sensuality without its refinement and imagination; of European institutions without their vigour and intellectual direction, and without their dignity which arises from moral principle. The sensuality of the island is merely corporeal; there is no revelling of the fancy or imagination—there are no splendid palaces or magnificent habitations—no lofty temples—no luxurious gardens, cool arcades, refreshing fountains, or bust, or statue, or bas relief, or painting. There is no academy of science—no hall of music—no gallery of art—no public library—no theatre*—no national festival—and no national pride or national feeling. The gallantry of the Spaniard in his serenade, the delicacy of the Italian in his love-poem, the romance of the Troubadour, or the social intellection of modern London, or the gayer and more public *conversazioné* of Paris, are all unknown in these latitudes, and the novellist or poet, who, laying his scene in Jamaica, should represent any thing approaching to these, would be as absurd as a painter who should characterise a Welch landscape by leopards, elephants, and Indian wig-whams. Every thing here is selfish and sensual. The day is absorbed in vulgar toils for pelf and in coercing negroes; the evening passes in sullen and drowsy indolence, until the return of some periodical ball, the only amusement of the Creoles, and then the cup of pleasure is drained to its last and coarsest dregs. Let us hear what Mr. Stewart himself says upon the subject.

He is pleased to head a chapter with the words, "*Education, Literature*, Amusements, Entertainments, Travelling."

Of education, he says, that such is its despicable state, that "no parent with the means of giving his son a British education, would think of placing him in one of these seminaries" of the island; and that the gentry of the country would rather doom their children to perpetual and degrading ignorance than to subject them to the discipline of a school, or "to any thing in the shape of correction." Kingston, a capital with a population of 35,000 souls, contains but one lady's school, "and that school," says Mr. Stew-

* The theatre at Kingston is beneath contempt. It is seldom opened, and never one-quarter filled.

art, "is the only one in the island where young ladies can receive *any thing like* an accomplished education." So much for education. Of literature, Mr. Stewart says, with the exception of some medical tracts and a *hortus siccus*, which no European ever heard of, "no work of any note has issued from the press here; periodical works have been repeatedly tried but without success. Nine tenths of the inhabitants never think of reading any thing beyond a newspaper," &c. This being the case, we are at a loss to conceive how Mr. Steward could think of any thing so ridiculous as that of heading a chapter with the words "Education and Literature." But did the earth ever present such a spectacle as this? A rich commercial people connected closely with the most enlightened nation on earth; springing from it, and in constant communication with it, and yet lost in a state of ignorance more gross and complete than the annals of society ever recorded.

"The elegant arts," says Mr. Stewart, "meet with no encouragement in Jamaica, in Kingston excepted, where there is a theatre and concerts occasionally, the only public amusements are monthly or quarterly balls." This is really an odd classification of subjects. The arranging of occasional concerts and monthly hops, under the head of elegant arts, is a great improvement in science. But such is the coarse excess to which the Creoles carry their love of balls, that our author informs us, that whole families will travel forty miles, "regardless of the oppressive heat and clouds of dust," merely to enjoy a ball. Considering what a journey of forty miles is in Jamaica, with ten or a dozen band-box bearers *en avant*, and with "the uncles, aunts, and cousins, some in carriages, some on horseback, followed by grooms, waiting-men, and waiting-women, sumpter mules, &c. we must pronounce the Jamaica penchant for balls to be one of the strongest and most extraordinary passions of which our nature can be susceptible. Some idea may be formed of what Mr. Stewart would call a Jamaica concert as well as the sort of music which assists in creating the passion for dancing. "The music," says our author, "is in general very indifferent, four or more violins, played by black or brown fiddlers, a tambourine, drum, and triangle, form the usual orchestra band, *very few having the more appropriate accompaniment of a violoncello.*" Soul of Apollo, what a concert! Paddy's concert of the bagpipes, two hirdy-girdies, and five jews harps, is not to be compared to it.

There are no field sports in Jamaica. "The Creoles," says our author, "are not extravagantly expensive (i. e. extravagant) in the furniture of their houses." This is an indisputable fact, but Mr. Stewart, it strikes us, might have done his countrymen much service by pointing out the total want of good sense and *proprieté* which they evince in all their domestic habits and entertainments. A Jamaica gentleman of wealth and distinction will give a large dinner to his friends; his table exhibiting a profusion of birds and joints, but withal betraying that, except roasting and boiling, the culinary art is unknown in the island. This dinner table will be graced by a profusion of elegant plate, of rich porcelain, and of costly wines. But the wines will be in black bottles, wrapt in wet cloths for coolers; much of the furniture of the room will be of the description to be met with in English cottages or kitchens. The room itself will have uncovered plastered walls, the joice and, rafters of the ceiling will be naked; and, to crown the whole, before the dinner is half over, the floors, which are rubbed to a high state of polish, will be rendered filthy in the extreme by the disgusting habit *gentlemen* have of spitting about the room. This dinner will be followed by the absolute inebriation of every male guest, and, after which, no respect for their host's wife or daughters will restrain the guests in their freedoms with the black female servants of the family. The mentioning of such almost constitutes the remedy, and Mr. Stewart has lost, we conceive, an opportunity of meliorating the manners of his countrymen. We have now given our readers a competent idea of the nature of Mr. Stewart's work, and we shall, therefore, conclude

our critique by a few remarks upon this gentleman's treatment of the subject of slavery and of Negro emancipation; prefacing our remarks by our homage to Mr. Stuart's humane feelings and enlightened principles.

Our author bears testimony to the prodigious improvement which has taken place, both with respect to the whites and blacks, within these last thirty years; but he very justly laments certain features of barbarity in the conduct of the white ladies, and which have been generated by the institution of slavery. A white lady will, he observes, patronize, countenance, and in some respects associate with, the coloured mistresses of her white friends. He might have said much more than this, for Mr. Stewart, from his connection in the island, must be familiar with the case of a lady of Montego Bay, who was repudiated on her bridal night for acts of horrid incest with her brother, and who, after a life of great imprudence, is still allowed by Jamaica matrons to associate with unsullied youth and virgin purity. He must recollect the easy reception of this lady's sister into society immediately after a coroner's inquest had sat on the body of a slave whom she had driven to suicide by cruelty, and after that inquest had exposed a most frightful course of barbarity on the part of this *lady*, in her management of a gang of slaves upon the Catherine Hall estate. These facts are recent, and he must have known them from all of the six Jamaica newspapers, and how absurd is it, therefore, for him to talk of a pure tone of manners amongst the whites. The fact is, that immediately a lovely and delicate girl arrives in Jamaica from her English friends, who have brought her up in innocence and virtue, she is liable to witness the excess of impurity in all around her. Every female attendant of colour has been brought up to prostitution, and is steeped in vice—not a friend dines at her father's house without her running the risk of witnessing his improprieties with her mother's servants or her own waiting-women. Such is the direful manner in which the vices of the slaves reverberate upon their oppressors. But upon such subjects we beg to refer Mr Stewart, as well as our readers in general, to a popular novel of the season, the Tales of old Mr. Jefferson, the author of which we conceive to have been at least well acquainted with the *secret* history of the Island of Jamaica, if not with the West India Islands in general.

Mr. Stewart acknowledges three material points respecting the slaves, viz.—That their condition has been improved only within these thirty years, the period when Mr. Wilberforce commenced his benevolent exertions in their behalf. Secondly, that even up to the abolition of the slave trade in 1806, the treatment of the slaves was so ferocious as sensibly to diminish the black population. Thirdly, that although the aggregate treatment of the negroes is so improved as to allow of an increase of black population, yet the condition of a slave still depends very much on the personal disposition of his owner. Now it appears to us that it is impossible to protect a slave from misery and oppression by any laws; Because, whatever laws are passed for his protection, the execution of those laws must be entrusted to the masters, and those masters are not only brutalized by the very institution of slavery, but their passions are for ever excited against the negroes by their love of gain, and by the great inferiority of slave labour to the labour of free workmen; and, lastly, because happiness is so seriously affected by the aggregate of a number of minor usages, customs, and habits, which no laws can possibly reach, and which can be regulated only by a tone of feelings and of sentiments which never has existed, and never can exist where slavery is permitted. With respect to the aversion which the slave proprietors have to the interference of the British legislature in the modification, or in the abolition of slavery, it appears to us, that the contest between the two parties bears precisely the same features which have always been exhibited by that ceaseless contest which is always waging in every society between those, whose philosophic minds aspire to an improvement of their species, and those narrow intellects

that ignorantly support whatever may be the order of things of that period in which chance has cast their existence. When the question of meliorating the condition of the slaves was first agitated in the British legislature, the Creoles declared the condition of the negroes to be enviable, the blacks were perfectly satisfied with their masters, it was impossible to improve their lot, and any interference on the part of the English Parliament would produce rebellion and the massacre of all the white inhabitants. But the British legislature successively interfered in behalf of the unhappy negroes, and at each period of interference precisely the same cry was renewed by the Creole slave owners. "You have now," added they, "done all that can be done in favour of the negroes; if you proceed further, you will dissatisfy their minds, they will be rising in rebellion, our estates will be wrested from us, and our lives will be sacrificed." But in spite of this senseless yell, our government has continued to pass laws for the protection and improvement of the blacks; the greatest of all questions, the Abolition Law, has been carried; and that has been succeeded by a measure almost as important, the Registry Bill; and yet no rebellion has taken place amongst the negroes, neither the lives nor the estates of the planters have been sacrificed, but the slave population has been relieved from a frightful load of misery, and the improvement of their condition has been reflected upon the manners and habits of their owners. How senseless then would it be in our parliament to suffer their progress, in the total abolition of slavery, to be retarded by prophecies which have been repeated a hundred times and which have always proved totally fallacious. Other states have, at a tangent, totally abolished slavery, and have immediately formed whole regiments of their emancipated negroes, and this without the slightest danger to the personal safety or to the security of the property of the whites. How silly is it then in our Creoles to dread, or pretend to dread, insurrection and massacre from those prudent and gradual measures of negro emancipation, which our parliament is pursuing with the decided approbation of the whole country.

Finally, we must observe, that the West India Islands have been prematurely brought into cultivation. They consist of inferior soils, and are destitute of any easy means of irrigation; their produce, therefore, cannot compete in the market with that which, ere long, will be furnished by the richer soils and better situated lands of those immense countries on the continent of America, which have been lately opened to the industry and talents that are the offsprings of freedom. The very existence of the agriculture and commerce of these islands must therefore either cease, or be supported by systems of commercial monopolies and restrictions, which are already held in disesteem by all intelligent men, and which are not only in themselves ruinous to any state, but which are dangerous in their tendency to create national bickerings and frequent wars.

The whole system of the West India planting and trade is an artificial system, a system already contrary to the condition of mankind, and which must become more so every day, and continue to be so for centuries; at least until population presses on the supply which all the rich lands accessible to industry can produce, and consequently renders it advantageous to capitalists to invest their money in poorer soils. The altered relations of mankind have already converted into deserts many districts of the earth that were once populous and cultivated; and, in the nature of things, the West India Islands must, ere another century pass, afford one more example of the endless fluctuation of human affairs. The only possible means of preventing or of retarding this mutation is to relieve from all restraints of slavery that species of our fellow creatures, whose physical and animal qualities have evidently been adapted by the Deity to the nature of tropical climates.

Transactions of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. Octavo. Edinburgh. 1823.

WITHOUT making the merits of the Phrenological system of Drs. Gall

and Spurzheim a question for discussion at present, it may still be advanced, that neither the reasons which would lead to its entire rejection, nor the manifold titles it has to serious consideration, are sufficiently known or understood. The only mode, which would have enabled the public to elicit an opinion on the subject, has either been overlooked altogether, or has been pursued so negligently, as, from the very nature of things, to be incapable of leading to any satisfactory result. Hence it is we meet with so few who have examined for themselves the doctrines of Phrenology, and who have by so doing qualified themselves to pronounce definitively on their truth or falsity. We must not, therefore, be astonished at the very erroneous views entertained of the nature and tendencies of Phrenology, nor even at the opposition and examination into its principles it has encountered ever since its promulgation.

Dr. Spurzheim is the gentleman to whose exertions we are mainly indebted for the knowledge we possess of Phrenology in this country. He was most assiduous in teaching, and of his work the physiognomical system is the foundation, if it have not really furnished the materials of all the other books that have been published as expositions of the peculiar doctrines he professed. His hearers he never failed to caution against taking any thing he advanced for granted, as well as against objecting merely because others had done so before, "I may err," said he, "and others may err, but nature is ever true and constant; look to her, therefore, and judge for yourselves." Now we confess we are somewhat at a loss to conceive any reason, why a man who made such a proposition should have been deemed worthy of much laboured abuse, and his opinions have come to be regarded as the offspring of fancy or of some sinister motive; particularly when we see, that none of his opponents has even hinted, much less asserted, that he had gone to the page of nature, equally open to him as to Dr. Spurzheim, as to an authority or for proofs of what he had to advance. Madame de Staël, in her work on Germany, observes of its inhabitants, that "they are, as it were, the guides or enlighteners of the human mind, they essay new paths, they attempt unknown methods." The world has already acknowledged itself debtor for much, which has emanated from the storehouses of intelligence so profusely scattered over Germany. Faust is the regenerator of the people of Europe, and Luther kindled the spark which will ultimately strip off the shackles of the most odious thraldom that ever oppressed free-minded man. Had not the disastrous period of nearly thirty years war intervened, and cut off England from all communication with the Continent, it is probable we should, ere this, have expressed our thanks for another important addition made to our stock of knowledge by our neighbours the Germans, in a system of philosophy of the mind, founded on the physiology of the brain. The same admirable writer, we have quoted above, remarks of the people of England, that "although possessed of so much originality of character, they nevertheless seem very generally to shrink from every thing that bears the aspect of a new system." This opinion is completely borne out by the reception Phrenology has met with amongst us. At the first it was most violently opposed, but a short period sufficed to allay the ferment, and a few years have enabled the spirit of enquiry and innate impartiality with which we are blessed to resume their sway, and Phrenology is now assiduously cultivated, and highly prized by learned and eminent individuals in most parts of the kingdom.

The inhospitable manner in which the inhabitants of the northern metropolis received the disciple, as well as his system, is sufficiently and generally known; and whilst the friends of fair enquiry regretted the too successful attack made upon both by the most popular periodical publication of the day, the admirers of equity and of propriety of feeling will rejoice to see the Science of Phrenology again emerging, under the guidance of a few enlightened individuals, from the unmerited obscurity to which it was consigned a very few years ago. *Le doute est la mere de la certitude*, said a dis-

tinguished philosopher, and we subscribe assent; a wholesome degree of scepticism is ever beneficial where natural truths are the subjects of discussion, and we would not care to listen to any thing a man had to say whose belief did not spring out of examination. Justice, in her absence, only makes men the more sensible of the blessings she bestows when possessed, and as speculation without foundation, and false philosophy however arrayed and however attractive to the eye, will not satisfy the appetite for positive information to supply the deficiency, Phrenology is again presented to our attention; and as all may look in the mirror she holds up to nature, so all, who will, are freely invited to the feast she has prepared.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Edinburgh boasts a numerous society of gentlemen of various professions, which has existed during several years, and whose object is the cultivation of Phrenology. The volume before us will, however, we trust, diffuse this information widely, as we are sure the fame of the society will be extended by the excellency of the matter contained in the pages of its transactions. The facts and data, from which the Science of Phrenology has arisen, will now be rendered more tangible; and as certain organic conditions which exist in nature, and which may be recognised by all, are the only supports of the system, the superiority of the mode of philosophising it teaches will now be more clearly appreciable than heretofore. We regret that our limits will not at present permit us to give more than a list of the papers of this interesting volume.—"Preliminary dissertation on the progress of Phrenology.—Outlines of Phrenology.—View of Dr. Spurzheim's Course of Lectures delivered in Edinburgh.—On the Functions of the Organs of Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Secreteveness. — On the Effects of Injuries of the Brain on the Manifestations of the Mind. —Cases of Deficiency in the power of perceiving and distinguishing Colours.—On the Cerebral development of King Robert Bruce, compared with his Character as appearing in History.—Report upon the Cast of Miss Clara Fisher.—Case of J. G.—On inferring Dispositions and Talents from Development of Brain. —On the Cerebral Development of Executed Criminals.—Phrenological Analysis of some of Rochefaucault's Maxims.—Case of a man who forgot spoken and written Language.—Observations on Dr. Barclay's objections to Phrenology.—On the Phrenology of Hindostan."

Besides the benefit the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh thus confer upon the world by making public its transactions, it farther affords every facility of gaining information of its object, by throwing open its doors and permitting the public to examine its numerous collection of crania, busts, and masks. Although the people of Edinburgh have got the start of us in London, yet we know that there is an infant society here, which proposes to itself the same objects as have been so successfully prosecuted by the Society at Edinburgh; its collection is not public, only because its hall is not sufficiently commodious to receive it; a counterpart is, however, kindly shewn to the curious, by Mr. de Ville, of the Strand. We intend shortly to give reviews of some of the articles whose titles we have given above.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

GERMANY.

The table of the thirty-nine States composing the German Confederation, drawn up according to the latest data, taken from the archives of the Diet, makes the population to be 30,178,811 souls; the revenue, 219,933,627 florins; the number of votes in the Diet 70; of which Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, have four each; Baden, Hesse Cassel, Hesse Damstadt, Holstein, and Luxemburg, three each; Brunswick, Nassau, and Mecklenburgh Schwerm, two each; and the other twenty-five states one vote each.

It may be added, that the total population of the Confederation is divided nearly into 17,000,000 of Catholics, 13,000,000 of Protestants, and 200,000 Jews, inhabiting a country of 11,869½ German square miles, which forms 1,13th of the territory of Europe. The army of the Confederation is, in time of peace, 301,780 men, and in time of war, 452,670. In the above statement of the population only those countries are included, which actually form a part of the Confederation, and not the other dominions which some of the members possess—such as Hungary and the Italian states of Austria, the kingdom of the Netherlands, whose Sovereign is a member as Grand Duke of Luxemburg only, &c.

Halle.—We have received the following intelligence relative to the two Chinese whom the King of Prussia has ordered to be educated at Halle, with a view of facilitating scientific communications with China. One of these is named As-Sing, and is about thirty years of age. He was born at Heong-San, near Canton. His father was a priest and an astrologer, but dying when his son was only five years old, As-Sing was carefully educated by his uncle, an officer of the Customs at Canton. As-Sing understood English, and, having made a voyage to St. Helena, was employed for three years as a cook in the kitchen of the Emperor Napoleon at Longwood. After the death of the Emperor, he was employed in the English navy as an interpreter; As-Sing at length repaired to London, where he met a countryman and a friend, Ha-Ho, a person of about twenty-five years of age, and who was the son of a silk-merchant. These persons at length consented to sign an agreement with a Dutchman, who wished to exhibit them on the Continent as curiosities; and from this low condition they have been removed to Halle with a view of receiving instruction, and of affording assistance to the students of Oriental Literature in that University.

Leipsic.—The catalogue of books, offered for sale at the Fair of Easter 1823, contained the names of 2957 works, published since the fair of September 1822. Of this number 190 were romances, 484 theological works, 136 upon laws, 155 upon medicine, 398 upon education, 184 upon belles-lettres, 150 upon history, 137 relating to the natural sciences, 378 poetical and literary works, 215 upon politics, 159 periodical works, 30 upon philosophy, and 30 upon military subjects; of these 95 were French, 62 Danish, and 56 Polish. It is astonishing that so many as 215 political works could be published within so short a space of time in Germany, where the Censorship of the press suppresses both variety and freedom of discussion. Of the 2957 works, 214 have been written by princes and noblemen, and 24 are from the pen of females. Added to this catalogue are 489 new editions of former works, and yet the catalogue of the fair of 1822 exceeded that of 1823 by 160 original works.

Munich.—In Germany, the most popular species of work is what is called their Almanacs. The booksellers are generally concerned in such speculations, and there is scarce a toilette on which one or several of them are not to be found. Such works contain the *coups d'essai* of swarms of maiden authors, and with the ephemeral and lighter pieces of writers whose reputation is established. Some of these Almanacs are of a more serious and useful character, and the whole of them are generally bound with taste and fancy, and are ornamented with elegant engravings. Of these works the principal are The Minerva, a duodecimo work established at Leipsic about fifteen years, and to which a great number of the German poets contribute; Mons. Rauberg is the editor. The Cornelia, a lady's Almanac, published at Heidelberg, and commenced eight years ago. The principal contributors to this work are De Neuffer,

the German translator of the Æneid, De la Motte Fouqué, one of the first of German novelists, and Louisa Brachmann, whose tragical fate has been so recent. The third is entitled Penelope, and is conducted by Theodore Hell. The work has now been established twelve years, it is not destitute of merit, but its engravings are of little value. Its contributors are principally Mesdames Helmina de Chezy, and Agnes Franz, with the younger Schilling, and a few others. The same person, Mons. Theodore Hell, also publishes the Dramatic Almanac of Weimar. Messrs. Castelli, de Houwald, Holbein, Kind, Geyer, and others, contribute to this latter publication. The Genealogical Calendar of Gotha, independent of its genealogy, gives the biography of many distinguished persons; it has been established sixty years. The Balsam is a new work published at Vienna. The Almanac of the Rhine was brought out last year, and has contained some very interesting articles. "Homage to the Fair Sex," under this title Mons. Castelli has just brought out an Almanac not unworthy of attention. L'Eidora is a work of this sort just published at Sleswick, by M. Gardthausen, who devotes the profits to the Institute of the Deaf and Dumb. The Lady's Almanac, the celebrated Almanac des Dames, commenced nine years ago at Nuremberg, under the direction of M. Ruckert, assisted by Mesdames Helmina de Chezy, Fanny Tarnow, Krug de Nidda, and a few others. Two Almanacs of Social Pleasure are published at Leipsic, and each contains much of interest both in poetry and prose. The Roses of the Alps is published both at Berne and at Leipsic. The Annals of the Edification of the Heart and of Domestic Devotion was first published at Gotha about five years ago. The Almanac of the Reformation is published at Erfurt: three numbers have appeared since 1817, ornamented by portraits of those who most distinguished themselves in the Reformation; its contributions are of great merit. The Almanac entitled, Annual Communications, published in 8vo. at Leipsic; the third volume, now out, contains an excellent Life of the celebrated theologian Spener, born in Alsace. The Professor Justi, of Marbourg, so celebrated for his excellent writings, publishes many of his pieces in this work. *Die Vorzeit*, or Past Times, an Historical Almanac, containing very useful enquiries, and now established four years. The Astrological Almanac of M. Pfaff is useful only to the learned, and containing astronomical, geological, historical, and other such enquiries. The new Almanac of Nuremberg is in its second year, and is highly deserving of praise; it has many contributors of high talents, and among them is the justly celebrated Professor Mannest. The Almanac upon the History of One's Country, published for four years at Vienna, by the Barons de Hormayr and De Mechnyansky, contains very valuable dissertations upon points of Austrian and Hungarian history, as well as upon the legislation of the two countries. The Urania has been circulated at Leipsic for three years, and is devoted to historical and archeological subjects, and to the Fine Arts. It is embellished with engravings of subjects from Shakspeare. The Continent is well acquainted with the articles entitled Sabina, or the Toilette of a Roman Lady, which have appeared in the above-mentioned work. The Almanac of Grecian History and of general tracts, now beginning to be published at Heidelberg, and ornamented with portraits and with landscapes; the articles in this work are of a lighter description. The Almanac of Instruction and of Amusement, intended as a manual for mothers and daughters; a collection which frequently contains interesting articles.

SPAIN.

The Spanish flocks of Merino sheep have been the whole summer in Estremadura, it not having been practicable to send them to the Pyrenees according to custom, in consequence of the entrance of foreign troops into Spain. But Estremadura has furnished them with sufficient pasturage, and water has not been wanted. This circumstance has given a new direction to the trade in wool, for, instead of being sold at Bilboa and Santander, it has been sent to Lisbon and Oporto, on account of the English merchants.

FRANCE.

Bourdeaux.—The general wish of the inhabitants has been gratified by the opening of two schools for the teaching of swimming. The instructions in one of them are given on a floating raft 120 feet long by 60 broad, and two evenings of each week are reserved for females. The other school is upon a very enlarged scale, and is situated on one of the very magnificent basins of Mons. de la Fitte, 1200 feet long, enclosed on two sides by walls, and capable of being filled or emptied at pleasure. There are 60 dressing-rooms,

covered galleries, and every possible convenience, including apparatus for teaching the principles of swimming without going into the water. This useful and extensive establishment has been in full operation since the 1st of July last. Mons. de la Fitte is also engaged in establishing a similar convenience for the lower orders, and for the troops in garrison at Bourdeaux, so that the art of swimming will be taught to the French troops upon scientific principles as is the practice in Germany and Denmark; and to this art will be added the other gymnastic exercises taught by Mons. Amoros.

The French have made such progress in the manufacture of cashmere shawls, that an article of that kind, which would have cost one hundred and fifty francs in 1819, is now sold for ninety francs. There is also a great fall in the price of silk gowns; what sold at eighteen francs an ell, four years ago, is now selling at eleven.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Eisteddvod*, or Congress of Welsh Bards, took place lately at Carmarthen, and was brilliantly attended. Lord Dinevor, President of the Cambrian Society of Dyved, was in the chair, and by his side sat the Bishop of St. David's, the Patron of the Society. The successful candidate for the poems on "St. David's College," and "On the recent victories gained by the Greeks over the Turks," was the Rev. David Evans, M.A. Fellow of Jesus College: and the successful candidate for the verses composed on "Sir Gruffydd ab Nicholas," one of the ancestors of Lord Dinevor, was the Rev. John Jones, M.A. of Christ Church.

The subscription for establishing two National Schools at Peterborough already amounts to more than 650*l.* Earl Fitzwilliam, with his usual liberality, has given 200*l*, and Lord Milton and the Bishop of Peterborough each 50*l.*

Mr. Bowring has been lately elected Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands.

Mission to Africa for the Discovery of the Course of the Niger.—We have the greatest satisfaction in announcing that our three enterprising countrymen, Dr. Oudenay, Major Denham, and Lieut. Clapperton, who left London on the above interesting and hazardous expedition, under the authority of Government, in 1821, arrived at Bornou, in the centre of the continent of Africa, in February last, and were exceedingly well received by the Sultan of that kingdom. The Doctor is to remain at Bornou as British Vice-Consul, while the other parties pursue their inquiries as to the course of this long sought river.

Among the pictures, at Powderham, the late seat of Lord Courtenay, is the much talked of full length of the unfortunate Louis XVI. in his coronation robes; there are also some good pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds and other masters.

Osborne, the bookseller, bought the whole of Lord Oxford's library for 13,000*l.* His Lordship gave 18,000*l.* for the binding of only the smaller part of it.

Singular Discovery.—Tuesday last some workmen employed in taking down a ruined building, near Maidstone, in Kent, found in the wall a large earthern vase, carefully closed at the top with a lid of the same material, overlaid with several folds of leather and linen cloth. In it was found a Bible, of ancient typography, in tolerably good preservation, and having on its blank pages some very old MS. notes, scarcely legible from the effects of damp and mould. Sufficient traces, however, remain to show that they were memoranda made by a gentleman on his travels through this country about the middle of the 16th century. There were also two coins in very good preservation—one silver, which appears to be Roman, the other copper, of the reign of Queen Anne. They are all in the possession of Henry Markham, Esq., on whose estate they were found, and who purchased the entire treasure for 10*s.*

Our ancestors, in the 15th and 16th centuries, always bound their volumes within covers formed of oak, or other stout wooden materials. On the outside of this wooden binding a coat of leather was usually laid, upon which was impressed a variety of ornaments and devices, according to the skill or fancy of the printer or publisher. It is not uncommon to find many beautiful arabesque borders round some of these embellishments of heads or figures of distinguished characters. In the inner side of the binding, a large oval or square incision was sometimes made,

into which was inserted a religious relic, usually a silver crucifix. This was guarded by a little door, which opened or shut at the pleasure of the owner, and thus the book presented at once an object of devotion, and a subject of studious inquiry.

A new Monthly Asiatic Journal, will commence on the first of January, entitled the "Oriental Herald and Colonial Advocate;" it will be conducted by Mr. J. S. Buckingham, late Editor of the Calcutta Journal, with a view of affording an opportunity of promoting by enquiry and discussion, the Important Interests, Literary, Political, and Commercial, of the British Empire in both the Indies.

We are authorised to state, that the Letters on Society and Manners in Paris and London, which appeared first in various Numbers of this Magazine, are now re-printed; and, with some additional ones, will be published early in November, in 1 vol. 8vo., entitled, "London and Paris, or Comparative Sketches, by the Marquis de Vermont, and Sir Charles Darnley, Bart."

Speedily will be published, "Letters to Marianne," by William Comb, Esq. author of Doctor Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque, &c. &c. with a profile portrait.

In the press, the Star in the East, with other Poems, by Josiah Conder.

Preparing for publication, Short Hand Writing made Easy, Concise and Legible, with fifteen Letters, including the Vowels, upon the most philosophical principles, and suited to any language. Compiled from the MS. of the late W. Blair, Esq.

Preparing for publication, Italian Tales; Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance, in 1 vol. small 8vo, embellished with a series of designs from the pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank.

On the 25th of November, will be published, with the Almanacks, embellished with an emblematical frontispiece, including a medallion portrait of Captain Parry, "Time's Telescope for 1824, or the Astronomer's, Botanist's, Naturalist's, and Historian's Guide for the Year," forming also a complete Illustration of the Almanack; to which will be prefixed an Introduction, containing the Outlines of Historical and Physical Geography, and an Ode to Flowers, written expressly for the work, by Bernard Barton.

Mr. Charles Westmacott is about to publish a humorous work, entitled, Points of Misery, with illustrations, by Cruikshank, the subjects affording fine scope for the talents of that ingenious artist.

An Historical Novel, by a New Unknown, will shortly issue from the Edinburgh press, under the title of "St. Johnstoun, or John Earl of Gourie." It is founded on the Gourie conspiracy in the reign of James VI., and is illustrative of the events of that most interesting period of Scottish History.

Mr. Blaquier has in the press, a vol. on the Origin and Progress of the Greek Revolution, together with some account of the Manners and Customs of Greece, Anecdotes of the Military Chiefs, &c. Being the result of materials collected during his recent visit to the Morea and Ionian Islands.

In the press, Batavian Anthology; or, Specimens of the Dutch Poets; with Remarks on the Poetical Literature and Language of the Netherlands. By John Bowring, and Harry S. Van Dyk.

Sir Andrew Halliday has nearly ready for the press, the Lives of the Dukes of Bavaria, Saxony, and Brunswick; ancestors of the kings of Great Britain, of the Guelphic Dynasty, with portraits of the most illustrious of these Princes, from drawings made from ancient statues and paintings by the old masters, expressly for this work.

In a few weeks will be published, in one 8vo. vol. an Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy of the Human Body, particularly designed for the use of painters, sculptors, and artists in general. Translated from the German of J. H. Lavater, and illustrated by twenty-seven lithographic plates.

Early in November will be published, the Forget me not, for 1824, containing twelve highly finished engravings, and a great variety of Miscellaneous Pieces in prose and verse; forming altogether an acceptable token of remembrance and friendship for the approaching festive season.

Letters between Amelia and her Mother, from the pen of the late Wm. Combe, esq., the author of the Tours of Dr. Syntax, will speedily appear in one pocket volume.

A new Division of the World in Miniature, containing The Netherlands, will be published on the 1st of December, in one vol. with eight coloured engravings.

The Private Correspondence of the late William Cowper, esq. in two vols. octavo, now first published from the originals, is in a forward state, and may be expected in the course of the present month. This work will, it is

presumed, form a valuable addition to his "Life," as throwing a new light upon those parts of his interesting character, which have hitherto been but slightly alluded to.

In a few days will be published, in one thick 8vo. volume, a new edition of the late Dr. Vicesmus Knox's Christian Philosophy.

In the press, a Treatise on the Section of the Prostrate Gland in Lithotomy: with Anatomical Remarks on the inefficiency of the Gorget, in conducting the operation on the principles of Cheselden; to which is added, an explanation of a new method of performing the operation of Lithotomy, by which its difficulty and danger is diminished; illustrated by engravings, explanatory of the instruments used, and the steps pursued in the operation. By C. Aston Key, Assistant-Surgeon of Guy's Hospital.

The New Trial of the Witnesses, or, the Resurrection of Jesus considered, on principles understood and acknowequally by Jews and Christians, is in the press, and will be published in the beginning of the ensuing month.

Preparing for the press, and speedily will be published, a Practical German Grammar, being a new and easy method for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the German Language; for the use of Schools and Private Students. By John Rowbotham, Master of the Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Academy, at Walworth.

Mr. Gamble, author of Sketches in Ireland, and other works, is about to publish "Charlton; or, Scenes in the North of Ireland," in three vols.

Miss Jane Hervey, author of "Sensibility," &c. will shortly publish Montalyth, a Cumberland Tale.

A new Poem, entitled a "a Midsummer Day's Dream," will speedily appear, from the pen of Mr. Atherstone, author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum."

Admiral Ekins has in the press, a work on Naval Tactics, entitled "Naval Battles from 1744 to the peace in 1814, critically revised and illustrated.

Dr. Henderson's History of ancient and modern Wines, is nearly ready for publication.

A new work entitled "Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths," illustrated in a series of Narratives and Essays, is in the press.

Mr. Riddle, master of the Mathematical School, Royal Naval Asylum, is preparing a "Treatise on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy," adapted to practice and to the purposes of Elementary Instruction.

Dr. Prout is preparing a volume of Observations on the Functions of the Digestive Organs, especially those of the Stomach and Liver.

A Translation from the German of "Morning Communings with God, for every Day in the Year." By Sturm, the author of the "Reflections," is in the press.

Mr Jefferys Taylor, author of Osop in Rhyme, &c. is printing "The Young Historians, being a New Chronicle of the affairs of England." By Louis and Paul.

Mr. Pursglove, sen. has nearly ready for publication, "A Guide to Practical Farriery; containing Hints on the Diseases of Horses and Neat Cattle, with many valuable and original Recipes, from the practice of an eminent Veterinary Surgeon.

The following Works are in the press, and will be published in the course of next month:—

Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa. By William J. Burchell, esq. With numerous coloured engravings, vignettes, &c. from the author's original drawings. The Second Volume. In 4to. which completes the work.

The English Flora. By Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, &c. &c. In 8vo. An original Work, in which the language is attempted to be reduced to a correct standard, the genera reformed, and the species defined, from practical observation.

Duke Christian of Luneburg; or, Traditions from the Hartz. By Miss Jane Porter. Dedicated by the most gracious Permission, to his Majesty. In 3 vols. 12mo.

Journal of a Ten Month's Residence in New Zealand. By Richard Cruise, esq., Captain of the 84th Regiment. In 8vo.

A Geognostical Essay on the Superposition of Rocks in both Hemispheres. By M. De Humboldt. And translated into English under his immediate Inspection. In 1 vol. 8vo.

The Painter and his Wife. By Mrs. Opie. In 2 vols. 12mo.

First Steps to Botany, intended as Popular Illustrations of the Science leading to its Study as a Branch of general Education. By James L. Drummond, M. D. Surgeon, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Belfast Academical Institution. With 100 wood-cuts, comprising upwards of 200 figures. One vol. 12mo.

The Stranger's Grave, a Tale. One vol. 12mo.

The Night before the Bridal, a Spanish Tale; Sappho a Dramatic Sketch, and other Poems. By Catherine Grace Garnett, Daughter of the late Dr. Garnett, of the Royal Institution. In 8vo.

Lectures on the General Structure of the Human Body, and on the Anatomy and Functions of the Skin; delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons of London, during the cource of 1823. By Thomas Chevalier, F.R.S. F.S.A. and F.L.S.

Early in October will be published, a splendidly illuminated Pocket-Book: to be entitled Friendship's Offering, or the Annual Remembrancer, a Christmas Present, or New Year's Gift for the Year 1824.

The new forthcoming Novel from the author of Waverly, is said to be nearly ready for publication: it is called St. Ronan's Well.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

PREPARATORY to the opening of this splendid national theatre, on the 1st of October, an invitation was given to the friends of the establishment to inspect the recent decorations which we fully described in our last number; a very numerous and elegant company assembled on the occasion. Immediately on the opening of the doors a full military band, which was stationed in the entrance, struck up the anthem of 'God save the King,' which had a thundering effect on the ears of those who were ascending the staircase, but in the body of the house itself was softened into a fine expression. The refreshments provided for the company were furnished with the same elegance and hospitality which we have been accustomed to witness at Drury-lane. Mr. Elliston, Mr. Winston and Mr. Robins were present during the whole evening, and paid the utmost attention to their visitors. After the company had gratified their curiosity in visiting all parts of the house, they retired to the Saloon, where they commenced quadrilles. The dancing was not very general, but it was very good. A great deal of notice was taken of the celebrated little Clara Fisher, who appeared with her father and sister in the Saloon. The elegant dancing of the Miss Ellistons, daughters of the manager, attracted universal approbation.

On the first night of performance the attendance was more numerous than would be fairly expected, considering the unfavourable state of the weather. The play was Sheridan's exquisite comedy of *The Rivals*. Nothing could be more appropriate than the ushering in a new season with one of the distinguished productions of that great man. In this play Miss Lydia Kelly was again introduced to a London audience after an absence of several years, and was greeted with warm applause: as we shall have frequent opportunities of remarking on this lady's acting, we will now only observe, that she seems to have employed this long interval to advantage. A new comic sketch, entitled *Stella and Leatherlungs or a Star and a Stroller*, which rumour has attributed to the pen of Mr. Colman, followed the comedy. This trifle has been produced for the professed purpose of developing the extraordinary talents of Miss Clara Fisher, who, in the progress of the piece, appears in the characters of *Dr. Panglos*, *Shylock*, *Falstaff*, *Young Norval*, and *Little Pickle*, and performs a scene from each of the plays to which these characters belong. It is a very astonishing effort. Her *Shylock* and her *Young Norval* are particularly excellent. The entertainments concluded with a new allegorical ballet, denominated *Cupid and Folly* or *The Court of Love*, which, aided by some good scenery and tolerable dancing, has been well received.

Shakspeare's first part of *King Henry the Fourth* has been performed, and was the medium of introducing to a London audience Mr. Archer, who lately figured at the Bath and Birmingham theatres. The person of this new candidate for scenic honours is pleasing, his face *petite* but the features well defined and expressive. His voice is deep and of an excellent quality, but, like most provincial actors, he appears more anxious to display the ex-

tent of his voice, than to show that he has attended to its proper modulation. The reception of Mr. Archer was in every respect encouraging.

Perhaps the most interesting event that has occurred at this theatre, during the present season, is the appearance of Mr. Macready, who has left Covent-Garden for a more beneficial engagement at Drury. The merits of this actor are too universally acknowledged to admit of doubt; but on the degree of those merits there is certainly a difference of opinion, as there will always be on subjects that are not at the very highest point of attainable excellence. Mr. Macready very judiciously selected the tragedy of *Virginius*, and performed the character of that name with all his accustomed excellence, and most assuredly that character is at present peculiarly his own, as it has not as yet been attempted by Mr. Kean. It is not, we are sure, the character of *Virginius*, however admirably performed, that will raise an actor to the highest pinnacle of theatrical fame, and entitle him to be ranked among the first tragedians. The plays of Shakspeare alone can entitle a performer to be numbered among the deathless names of Garrick, Kemble, Cooke, and Kean. We shall, we hope, have frequent opportunities of remarking on Mr. Macready's performances of many of these characters, and we shall be pleasingly disappointed if we are enabled to pay him an equal tribute of applause as that which is unquestionably due to his *Virginius*, which we never see without the warmest approbation.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The proprietors of this theatre favoured their friends with a private view of the alterations which it has undergone during the recess. The company was numerous; and we believe the general feeling was, that the ornaments of the theatre combine purity of taste with splendour of effect. The proscenium, which is exquisitely designed, attracted in an especial degree the attention of the visitors. The good taste of the managers was exhibited in the selection of the play with which the theatrical campaign at this house was opened; Shakspeare's comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing* was received throughout with considerable applause. This drama is too well known to admit now of criticism from us. Nearly all the parts were sustained by persons whom the public has frequently seen in them with pleasure. Mr. Charles Kemble was admirable in *Benedick*. Miss Chester performed *Beatrice*, and was arch and lively. In the afterpiece, Miss Tree appeared as *Rosina*, and was welcomed with especial marks of esteem, which she repaid by singing in her best and simplest style. Miss Love played *Phœbe*, and would have been more successful if she had not attempted to make the humour broader even than it is in the original. The part of *William* was most absurdly given to Miss Hallande, as the character does not afford the slightest pretext for the disgusting and ridiculous exhibition of a woman in the dress and with the language of a man. Mr. Durusct, who has often performed this character, should be substituted for Miss Hallande, in order to remove this ridiculous as well as disgusting theatrical solecism. Mr. Connor obtained much approbation in the character of *Patrick*.

Miss Hammersley, from Liverpool, made her first appearance on this stage as *Adriana* in the musical play founded on Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*. She went through the whole business of the scene with an ease and self-possession which bespoke confidence in her own powers and experience in her art. She does not, however, act so well as our best female singers.

Mr. Young made his appearance at this theatre, for the first time these two years, in the character of *Hamlet*. His powers in the part are well known. They have been so often the theme of panegyric, and are so well appreciated by the public in general, as to forbid any detailed notice on the present occasion. Mis M. Tree was a most interesting *Ophelia*, and in the singing was every thing that could be wished. Mr. Fawcett, as the *First Grave Digger*, relieved the passion of Tragedy, by some broad and well acted Comedy. This house has received a great acquisition to its present company in the person of Mr. Rayner, the gentleman who first made his appearance before a London audience, at the English Opera House. In the characters of *Robert Tyke*, in the "School of Reform," and *Giles* in the "Miller's Maid" he has evinced acknowedged talent, and never fails to receive the unbiased applause of a judicious and numerous audience.

The managers have introduced a new afterpiece, under the flaring title of the *Beacon of Liberty*." It is founded on the history of the deliverance of Switzerland, by William Tell. The scene where *Tell* obeys the mandate of the Governor, and shoots an apple on the head of his son, produced considerable effect, but all the rest was tiresome in the extreme. Although the scenery is superb, and the performance has been repeated, we think it next to impossible that it can continue to occupy the boards for any length of time. As to becoming attractive, that seems entirely out of the question.

The Point of Honour, a sentimental comedy, translated from the French, has been acted for the apparent purpose of giving Miss F. H. Kelly another opportunity of appearing before a London audience. We cannot conceive that the character of *Bertha* could have been selected for the purpose of exhibiting her great talents to advantage; it is neither comic nor tragic, but of an episene nature, admitting something of both and enough of neither. Indeed we should have wondered how such a play as "The Point of Honour" could have attracted a crowded pit, if we did not know the anxiety of the town to see this young lady brought forward much oftener. We know not whether the first performers have, or ought to have, the power of choosing their cast of characters, but we certainly know, that every tragic performer has a right to expect the prominent characters of Shakspeare as long as the approbation of the public sanctions it. To confine one of our best actresses to characters of minor interest, infinitely beneath her powers, is as injurious to her rising reputation, as it is hurtful to her feelings, especially when she is doomed to witness a preference of rivals, who were *rivals* no where else; for the same actresses who are now thrust into the best characters of Shakspeare were on the Dublin stage considered far beneath her. If Miss F. H. Kelly is not to play the leading characters in tragedy, she will have bitter cause to lament her connexion with this theatre. In our opinion, the sooner she can cancel her engagement the better. Drury is in want of a leading female tragedian, and we much overrate the enterprise, talents, and judgment of Elliston, if he would not receive her with alacrity. But, above all, we advise her not to appear in any new fangled tragedies that may be brought forward, until she has proved her capability or inability in the tragic scenes of our immortal bard. The almost certain ill-success of a new tragedy will be attributed to her only, by those who are notoriously envious of her rising reputation, and also by some of her quondam friends. We have heard it asserted, that the cast of characters to which Miss Kelly aspires was previously engaged by other performers; if this be true, then her engagement was more politic than just on the part of the managers; for how could she ever obtain the fulfilment of a promise, verbally made, of having an increase of salary, provided her *debut* entitled her to such a just reward? In the "Point of Honour," Mr. Cooper, from Drury-lane, made his first apearance on these boards, in the character of *St. Franc*, and was received with the warmest applause; as a good and useful performer he will prove an acquisition to the strength of the company. The character of *Durimel* was performed by Mr. Charles Kemble with eminent ability; but nothing can make this play attractive. Blanchard played *Steinburgh* with felicity, although he was egregiously imperfect. We forgot to state that Miss Kelly made a small addition to her part, which was eminently effective; her whole performance was received with enthusiastic applause.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

Although this elegant theatre has closed since our last number, with the usual run of benefits, important only to the persons for whom they are given, and, therefore, not worth a particular notice, yet we have to mention one exception. The appearance of a new musical drama, called *The Vicar of Wakefield*, professedly founded on the popular novel of Goldsmith: a tale that will forever exist, as one of the brightest ornaments in English literature, to embalm the name of its author to the latest posterity. A meagre outline of the story has been preserved, but the fine humour and natural sentiment, by which the novel is so eminently distinguished, do not live in the drama. The piece opens with the unlucky visit of *Moses* to the fair, and proceeds through all the gradations of misfortune by which the hapless *Vicar* is assailed, and his domestic happiness destroyed. The seduction of his beloved daughter,

Olivia, by *Squire Thornhill*, the man whom he had fondly viewed as the protector of his family; the destruction of his residence by fire, and his subsequent incarceration, are all brought before the audience. The scenes are, however, weak and inefficient, and the first representation was received with approbation mixed with almost an equal portion of dissent, leaving it for a long time doubtful whether a repetition would be endured. It has, however, since been acted, but with such moderate applause, that we are inclined to think that we shall never be again obliged to witness this unsuccessful attempt to dramatise a production pre-eminent for pure taste, moral sentiment, and natural and pathetic incident. The best scene in the play, beyond comparison, is that in which Mrs. Orger, as the well-known *Carolina Wilhemina Amelia Skeggs*, sung or rather peformed a song, descriptive of the charms of the opera, in an excellent style; this song elicits the greatest applause most deservedly. Miss Chester graced the part of *Olivia*, with all the personal charms that could be desired, but neither her beauty nor talents could compensate for the frigid inanity of the part she was obliged to personate. Liston, we had almost said the *immortal* Liston, cannot redeem the character of our friend *Moses* from a very brief mortality. Terry, as the good old *Vicar*, performed with too much formality, and excited but little sympathy. Cooper, as *Burchell*, had no occasion for the respectable talents he possesses. As it is probable this drama will never be repeated, we should not have said so much, did we not think our distant readers would feel some curiosity to know how the best work of our best novellist has been treated. Novellists of inferior character may be successfully dramatised, as inferior poets may be translated; but a drama worthy of Goldsmith's novel we think as impossible as a translation of Virgil. This theatre closed on the 15th inst.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

SINCE our last notice of this theatre the house has been closed; and nothing of consequence has taken place except the benefits at the close of the season. We are happy to hear that the result of the season has been favourable, and that "active preparation," will be the employment of the manager during the recess.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

SINCE the peace and other immediate results of the battle of Waterloo, no month has been so replete with important political occurrences as that the events of which it is now our duty to record. The ever memorable contest of Spain is far from terminated, but it has run through one stage of its events, and all its future occurrences must be of another class or species to open contests in the field. Our last Political Digest brought the war down to that period, when the enemy had captured the Trocadero on the 31st of August, and had opened negociations with the ruling powers in Cadiz; those negociations were broken off and hostilities were resumed. In Catalonia the intrepid Mina, with his brave coadjutors, Milans, St. Miguel, and Eliberas, continued to maintain the war against superior numbers and every disadvantage. On the 27th of September the most important fortifications of St. Sebastian and Figueras had been delivered to the enemy by treachery; but the surrender of this last place, the strongest post in Catalonia, did not seem to damp the ardour of the patriot Mina. Morillo, after his treachery in Galicia, continued in possession of all the passes and fortifications of that province; whilst Ballasteros, in Castile, remained in amity with the general to whom he had betrayed his country. In other parts of Spain, no force whatever remained to oppose the enemy; for, except a few inefficient bands of Guerrillas, in Estremadura, that species of force had been so reduced and paralised by the priesthood, that it had fallen an easy prey to the enemy. In this forlorn situation, the Cortes devised a scheme worthy of better success. Remembering the attachment which all enlightened and liberal persons had to the name of Riego, they sent that patriotic chief, with a sort of Forlorn Hope, to land at Malaga, and proceed to the Head-quarters of the perjured and treacherous Ballasteros, and to endeavour to win back his army to the cause of their country. Riego appears to have executed his

hazardous enterprize with consummate bravery and judgment, and even bore off Ballasteros in triumph; it is evident that complete success would have crowned his efforts, but the Spanish troops were callous to all the appeals by which it was hoped to rekindle in them some latent sparks of honour and of national pride; and at length the intrepid Riego fell into the hands of the French, who, contrary to their usual honour in such cases, delivered him over to the Regency, a party that was known to be embued with a spirit of the most sanguniary vengeance against him and his adherents. It is yet a question whether this brave man may not perish upon the scaffold, and adorn the page of history as the Hampden, or rather the Russell of Spain. On the failure of this expedition of General Riego, the affairs of the Cortes became truly desperate. On the 20th of September, the French captured the fort of San Petri, which materially intercepted the supplies which were brought into La Isla, down the little river at the mouth of which that fortress is situated. On the 23d of September, the French fleet bombarded Cadiz, and although they did but little injury, this bombardment alarmed the timid and selfish, and, what was of more consequence, it enabled the emissaries of the French to spread alarm and discontent throughout Cadiz, and even amongst the troops. The naval and military commanders now reported to the Cortes, that their means of defence were inadequate to their security, and that body immediately sanctioned the opening of negociations with the enemy. The Duke d'Angoulême insisted upon the absolute and unconditional surrender of the King as a preliminary to any negociation; and the Cortes were so indignant at such dishonourable and unjust terms, that they *unanimously* resolved to bury themselves in the ruins of the place; a few days after they voted by a division of 60 to 30, that the enemy's terms should be acceded to; and, on the 1st of October, the King and Royal Family repaired to St. Mary's, the Head-quarters of the Duke d'Angoulême, and on the 3d Cadiz, with all its dependencies, surrendered to the enemy; and thus has terminated this memorable campaign.—The enemy at the outset declared, that the conquest of Spain would be immediate and without resistance, whilst Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning pronounced it impracticable in *toto*; it is curious to reflect how mistaken both parties have been in their calculations. The Duke d'Angoulême crossed the Bidossoa on the 2d of April; on the 17th he reached Vittoria; on the 22d he got to Burgos; on the 24th of May he reached Madrid; on the 21st of August Corrunna surrendered; on the 31st of that month the Trocadero was carried; on the 20th of September St. Petri was taken; on the 27th of the same month, both Figueras and Pampeluna were given up by treachery; and on the 3d of October the surrender of Cadiz closed the scene. But the two calculations, that of the British ministers was the more reasonable, as it was founded on the rational basis, that the Spaniards however inert and spiritless would, considering the justice of their cause, at least be free from any very extraordinary degree of treachery.—The progress of the French has been entirely the result of tempting men by gold to the commission of the worst of crimes of which our nature is capable; and this is the more to be regretted as it proceeds from a government which professed to derive its stability from its superior justice and morals to that of its predecessor, the Emperor Napoleon. The King of Spain, during the whole of his residence in Cadiz, acted with such singular duplicity, that he had induced the most sceptical to believe him sincere in the cause of freedom; and yet such was his extraordinary cunning, that he was in secret correspondence with the enemy by means of flying Kites of different shapes and colours from the roof of his house, having chosen this method because the amusement was so congenial to the extreme childishness and imbecility of his character, that it was not likely to excite suspicion. On leaving Cadiz, he put forth a proclamation, conceived in the best spirit, and promising a general amnesty to heal the wounds of his distracted country; and, in his speech to the Cortes from the throne, he expressed his gratitude to them and to his ministers for the respect and deference they had shewn to him, and for the care they had taken of himself and his family. Immediately, however, on his joining the French, he published a Rescript, in which he describes the conduct of this very Cortes and ministry to have been "the most criminal treason, the most disgraceful baseness, the most horrible offences," &c. &c.; and he annuls every thing that the Constitutionalists had done from 1820. Since which he has issued another proclamation, which effects the banishment to a distance of fifteen leagues from Madrid of above 15,000 persons, comprising the most intelligent, industrious, and valuable members of the

community. The periods of Nero, of Marius, and Sylla, can produce nothing equal to this perfidy, tergiversation, bigotry, and vengeance of Ferdinand. In vain can he plead that his first decree of amnesty was wrung from him by duress; for at the time of issuing it, he was on the very threshold of French protection, and had he not intended to carry it into execution, as a brave monarch, faithful to his honour and to his oath, he ought to have resisted the signature even by the sacrifice of his life—and to have exclaimed, "rather than so dishonour my throne, I will die;" *in me me convertite ferrum.* But the situation of Spain is appalling. On one side, the intelligence and virtue of the country are arrayed in favour of abstract liberty; on the other, the prejudices and the passions of the ignorant and selfish are loud for the establishment of a system of the most sanguinary vengeance and proscription; and for the re-establishment of a church and political government suited scarcely to the condition of the 12th century. The French wish to pursue a middle course, but either find or pretend to find it impracticable, without a forced and military occupation of the country: they therefore run the risk of rousing that only enthusiasm, which, except the superstition and love of slavery, the Spanish character is susceptible of. No sagacity can foresee what may be the result of such a fearful situation of affairs; the most eminent of the government writers has already declared, that "Spain is blotted out of the map of Europe for a century at least;" and he proceeds to warn us that we may soon behold "Political results of an unexpected kind."

In Italy, the Austrians continue to occupy the Neapolitan territories, but having, they conceive, sufficiently subdued the public spirit in Piedmont by their extreme rigour against the liberals, or those suspected of liberality, they have withdrawn their army of occupation from the King of Sardinia's dominions.

Although the Greeks have achieved no great military or naval victories over the Turks, they have at least retained the possession of what they had previously wrested from their oppressors; and, in such a struggle, the gaining of time is certain triumph to one party and as certain ruin to the other. The vaunted efforts, by which the Turks were to overwhelm the Morea, have sunk into insignificance, whilst the Greeks have been assiduous in consolidating their power by the diffusion of knowledge, and by the establishing of a free representative government. Neither Russia nor England seem to doubt the security of the Greek independence—an independence that will be the means of diffusing all the blessings of civilization, of arts, of science, of manufactures, of commerce, and of social morals throughout those countries of Asia and Africa that have for centuries been inhabited solely by wandering tribes. In Egypt, the Pacha seems to be of a character to promote all such objects.

This country has at length appointed Consuls and Vice-Consuls to all the principal ports of Mexico and of South America, but it has contrived the appointment in a manner that avoids an acknowledgment of the actual independence of any of those states; although all, with the exception of Peru, have long been independent to every intent and purpose of national existence. The republics of Chili and of Columbia have dispatched armies to aid the Constitutionalists in Peru, and there can be no doubt of that country obtaining the blessing of liberty, and rescuing herself from that thraldom under Spain, which for nearly two centuries had kept those fine regions of the earth in ignorance, vice, and superstition. The Portuguese have been at length obliged to evacuate the Brazils, and the Brazilian navy, under Lord Cockrane, has intercepted a great number of the Portuguese ships on their return to Europe. No established constitution has yet been settled in Brazil; the King of Portugal's son continues there under the title of Emperor, but it is much doubted whether he will be able to retain his power, the spirit of liberty and of independence being so strong throughout almost every part of the country. The Brazilians are now discussing the form of their government, and it is evident that the Emperor is obliged to bend considerably to public opinion. One of the most remarkable documents of the age is a treaty between Buenos Ayres, a republic, and the constitutional government of the Brazils; a treaty acknowledging as its sole basis those principles which are designated in Europe by the terms ultraism and legitimacy. Such a treaty between countries owing their existence, as negociating powers, solely to their recent conflict against and triumph over such principles, is indeed a phenomenon. How inherent in our nature must be the love of absolute power—

"——Man, dressed in a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as make the Angels weep."

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Tuesday, October 21.

COTTON.—The sales in our cotton market during last week do not exceed 1000 bales, consisting of—200 Surats, good fair 6¾*d*, good 7¼*d*. in bond; 150 Bengals, middling 6*d*, fair 6¼*d*, good fair 6½*d*; 190 Madras, good 7⅛*d*; 460 Pernams 11½*d*, good fair, in bond; and a few inferior at the same price, duty paid; these, in some instances, are at a shade under the currency of last week; some holders are losing their firmness at the approaching prompt, and offering their cotton of the 1st August sale at a moderate discount.

SUGAR.—The sugar market continued very steady till towards the close of last week, when a renewed demand commenced, and prices 1*s*, per cwt. higher were obtained, and more business were reported on the Friday than for some time preceding.

There was not so much business doing in Muscovades early this forenoon; as the day proceeded, the demand revived, and the estimated sales exceed 1500 casks; the prices are fully 1*s*. higher than on this day week. The deliveries from the warehouses appear to have fallen off materially last week.

The public sale of Barbadoes this forenoon, 150 casks, went off without briskness, but not lower.

There was a very considerable change in the refined market last week; the request both for low and fine goods was considerable, and a general improvement of 1*s*. *a* 2*s*. per cwt. was obtained; several contracts for forward delivery were entered into, at prices rather higher than the present market currency.—Molasses were 28*s*. 6*d*.

The refined market is not so brisk this forenoon; the advance of last week is, however, maintained.—Molasses are brisk at 29*s*.

By public sale last week, 331 chests Havannah sugars, were brought forward; the white was in part bought in; middling to good white 40*s*. *a* 44*s*; the yellow all sold at 28*s*.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To Benjamin Rotch, of Furnival's London, Esq for his improved Fid for the upper masts of ships and other vessels. Dated August 21, 1823—Six months allowed to enrol specifications.

To James Surrey, of Battersea, Surrey, miller, for his method of applying heat for the producing steam and for various other purposes, whereby the expense of fuel is lessened. Sept. 4, two months.

To William Woodman, of York Barracks, veterinary surgeon of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, for his improved horses' shoe, which he denominates the beviled heeled expanding shoe. Sept. 11, two months.

To Bryan Donkin, of Great Surrey-street, Surrey, engineer, for his invention of the means or process of destroying or removing the fibres from the thread, whether of flax, cotton, silk, or any other fibrous substance composing the fabrics usually termed lace-net, or any other denomination of fabric, where holes or interstices are formed by such thread in any of the aforesaid fabrics. Sept. 11, two months.

To John Hughes, of Barking, Essex, slopseller, for certain means of securing the bodies of the dead in coffins. Sept. 11, two months.

To Henry Constantine Jennings, of Devonshire-street, Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, Esq. for an instrument to be affixed to the saddle-tree, by the application and use of which, inconvenience and distress to the horse may be avoided. Sept. 11, six months.

To James Sprigg, the elder, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, fender-maker, for a certain improvement in the manufacture of grates, fenders, and fire-iron rests. Sept. 11, two months.

To Thomas Wickham, of Nottingham, lace-manufacturer, for his improved and prepared rice, rendered applicable for use in all cases in which starch is applied. Sept. 11, two months.

To William Hase, of Saxthorpe, Norfolk, ironfounder, for his new method of constructing mills or machines, chiefly applicable to prison discipline. Sept. 11, two months.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

Countess of Normanton, at Ditchley-house, in Oxfordshire
The Right Hon. Countess of Airly
Countess of Longford, in Rutland-square, Dublin
The Lady of Sir G. F. Ampson, in Hereford-street
The Lady of C. Woodbridge, esq. at Vassel-place, near Kennington
The Lady of the Rev. W. M'Donale, at the Vicarage, Ashby de la Zouch (of twins)
The Lady of R. Holmes Coote, esq. in Guildford-street
The Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, 4th Dragoon Guards, Dublin
The Lady of the Rev. Richard Cobbold, of St. Margaret's, Ipswich
The Lady of Captain Adam, R.N. at Ancram-house, North Britain
The Lady of Harry Brereton Trelawney, esq. in Piccadilly
The Lady of A. W. S. Deane, at Castle-house, Torrington, Devon.
The Lady of William Davidson, esq the younger (of Muir-house, Mid-Lothian), at Florence.
The Lady of Robert Berkely, jun. esq. at Blackmore Park, Worcestershire
The Lady of William Davidson, esq. at Havre-de-Grace
The Lady of John Fassett Burnett, esq. at Bedford-hill, Surrey
The Lady of Walter Long, esq in Chandos-street
The Lady of Major-General Darling, at Cheltenham
The Lady of Captain D. Acth, at Knowlton-court
The Lady of Thomas Moore, esq. at Forest-hill, near Sydenham
The Lady of John Commerell, esq. of Baker-street, Portman-square

DAUGHTERS.

Lady Sophia Gresley, at Drakelow-hall, Derbyshire
Lady Catharine Whyte Melville, at Mount Melville, Fifeshire
The Lady of the Baron de Rutzen, in Cumberland-street
The Lady of the Rev. Dr. Bond, at Hanwell Paddock
The Lady of E. W. Lake, esq. in Chapel-street, West May-fair
The Lady of Henry Rowles, esq. at Camden-place, Chislehurst
The Lady of Captain S. P. Hurd
The Lady of the Rev. William Wilson, at Elmstead Vicarage, near Colchester
The Lady of Joshua Mayhew, esq. in Marlborough-street
The Lady of John Teesdale, esq. at Blackheath
The Lady of the Rev. Dr. Frith, at Oakley-house, near Abingdon

MARRIAGES.

Brown, J. esq. of the East India-house, to
Mariana Sophia, only daughter of James Thompson, esq. of Forest-gate, Essex.

Blake, R. esq. of the 70th Foot, to
Howard, Frances, youngest daughter of John Younger, esq. of Camberwell.

Byrne, Henry, esq. Master in Equity, at Madras, to
Goodinge, Isabella S., daughter of Captain Goodinge, of Londonderry, in Ireland.

Boydell, Mr. S. of Islington, to
Miss Jane Boydell Philpot, of Bethnal-green, both relatives of the late Alderman Boydell.

Beamish Adderley, esq. of Palace Anne, Cork, to
Bernard, Fanny, of Byard's Lodge, only daughter of the late General Bernard, of Heton Lodge, Cork.

Bateman, Thomas, esq. of the Middle Temple, London, and of Hatton Park, near Lancaster, to
Julia Margaret, second daughter of the late John Chapman, esq. of the Bengal Civil Service.

Bishop, Mr. to
Farrow, Mrs. of North Shields. The united ages of the enamoured pair amounts to 152 years, the bride being 77, and the bridegroom 75; but the torch of Hymen might have blazed in vain, had not some considerate gentlemen interposed, who kept the rude populace at bay, and probably prevented the tottering fair from being trodden under foot, on her way to the church.

Cropper, W. esq. of Newark, to
Martha, youngest daughter of Mr. William Backhouse, of the White Horse Inn, Tadcaster.

Carey, Major-Gen to
Manning, Miss, eldest daughter of William Manning, esq. M.P.

Clarke, Capt. Andrew, 46th foot, to
Fanny, daughter of James Lardner, esq. and widow of the late Rev. Edward Jackson, Chaplain at Madras.

Douglas, A.M. the Rev. Henry, Vicar of Newland, Gloucestershire, to
Birt, Miss Eleanor, fourth daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Birt, of the same place.

Everest, H. esq. to
Mary Ann, only daughter of T. Comport, esq. of Whitehall, Hoo.

Fallon, Charles, esq. late Capt. 11th Light Dragoons, to
Probyn, widow of Governor Probyn, and daughter of the late General Rooke.

Grant, esq. George, of Russell-place to
Sophia, second daughter of Alexander Glennie, esq. of Great James-street.

Schaak Grant, esq. of the H. E. I. Co's Military Engineers, to
Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Francis Barrow, esq.

Hitchen, Mr. J. bookseller, of Northwich, to
Burgess, Mrs. of Wilton: the united ages of this couple amount to 169 years, the bridegroom being 82, and the bride 87.

Hall, George Blair, esq. only son of the late John Hall, esq. Postmaster-General of Bengal, to
Laura, youngest daughter of the late Sir W. Plomer.

Lechmere, Bart. Sir Anthony, of the Rydd, Worcestershire, to
the eldest daughter of Mrs. Villers, wine-merchant of Gloucester.

Morant, esq. John, of Brockenhurst, Hants. to
Hay, Lady Caroline Augusta, daughter of the late Earl of Errol.

Mildmay, Humphrey St. John, son of the late Sir H. St. J. Mildmay, to
Baring, Miss, eldest daughter of Alexander Baring, esq. M.P.

Neame, esq. Austin, of Homestall, Faversham, to
Anne, eldest daughter of Richard Beale, esq. of River-hall, Biddenden.

Okeover, the Rev. Charles, of Okeover, Staffordshire, to
Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Gen. the Hon. Sir George Anson, M. P.

Par, esq. Codrington, of Stonelands, Devon, to Harriet Lydia, youngest daughter of Henry Manning, esq. of Sidmouth, and niece of Admiral Sir Robert Barlow.

Soltan, esq. George William, of Ridgway, to Frances Goddard, second daughter of the late Rev. T. Culme, of Tothill, same county.

C. Slingsby, esq. of Loftus, Yorkshire, son of the late Sir Thomas Slingsby, of Scriven Park, to
Emma Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas Atkinson, esq. of Fair-hill, Lancashire.

Sandon, Lord Viscount, eldest son of the Earl of Harrowby, at Berne, in Switzerland, at the English Ambassador's Chapel, to
Stewart, Lady Frances, only daughter of the Marchioness of Bute, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. Coutts. Upon this happy occasion Mrs Coutts presented her grand-daughter with present of twenty thousand pounds, and to Lord Sandon one thousand pounds a year.

Swainson, W. esq. F.R.S. late Assistant Commissary General on the Mediterranean Staff, and eldest son of J. T. Swainson, esq. of Elm Grove, near Liverpool, to
Mary, only daughter of John Parker, esq.

Spencer, the Rev Charles, Rector of Wheatfield, Oxon, and nephew to the Duke of Marlborough, to
Mary Anne, younger daughter of Sir Scrope Bernard Morland, bart. M.P.

Tyrrell, E. esq of Guildhall, to
Fanny, only child of the late W. Lingham, esq. of Ewell.

Ware, the Rev. George, B. A. of Stokecoursey, Somerset, to
Elizabeth, youngest daughter of J. D. Middleton, esq. of Churchill, near Bristol.

DEATHS.

Suddenly, of apoplexy, Mr. John Bradley, of Dukinfield, innkeeper: his funeral was attended by near 200 gentlemen of his acquaintance in coaches, chaises, gigs, and on horseback, to Mottram, in Longdendale, where he was interred, 66.—Louisa Maria, wife of the Rev. Dr. Bayly, Midhurst, Sussex, and niece to the Bishop of Carlisle.—On the 21st of July last, at Sierre Leone, Charles Barrett, Deputy Assistant Commissary General, 29.—At his seat at Cirencester, Sept 23, Dr. Matthew Baillie: he had, in some measure, retired from general practice for some years, and except in the case of very old connections, confined himself to consultations.—Miss Joanna Baillie, whose Poems and Series of Plays on the Passions have obtained for her so much celebrity, was sister to the late Dr. Matthew Baillie. The Dr. married Miss Denman, sister to Mr. Denman, the Common Serjeant, by whom he leaves several children —At Kirkton of Glenbucket, Christian Benton, 101. — In Church-street, Kensington, Joseph Battie, esq. late of the Bengal Establishment, 79 —In Devonshire, Ann, the eldest daughter of Alexander Belmanno, esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, 23.

At Dunkirk, Sept. 23, the Rev. R. Crowther, Vicar of Spratton, in Northamptonshire.—Sept. 4, the Rev John Cayley, esq. of Low Hall, Brompton: he was the Vicar and Rector of Terrington, near Castle Howard, which living he held near sixty years.—In Whitecross-street Prison, where he had been confined seven years for a debt of 7,000*l.* which he had nearly paid by instalments, Captain Marcus Lowther Crofton, late of the Bourbon Regiment.—Sept. 19, Charles Cole, esq. of Ditcham Grove, Hants, 89.

William Dowdeswell, esq. of Ewell, Surrey.—Sept. 19, in Portman-square, the Hon. Mary Patience Denny, wife of Anthony Denny, esq. and youngest daughter of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood.—While sitting at table after dinner, of an apoplectic fit, Joseph Debaufre, esq. of Richmond-hill, Surrey.—At Walmer, Sarah Laurie, youngest daughter of Captain Dower, R.N. — At Stubington, near Titchfield, John Dewes, esq. late Paymaster of the 28th foot.

Sept. 21, at Fawley Parsonage, the Rev. R. C. Fanshawe, 41. — At Kensington Gore, the widow of the late John Fitzgerald, esq. — At Stockbridge, Major W. Forrester, of Culmore.

At Boulogne, Marianne Hesse Gordon, widow of the late Wm. Hesse Gordon, esq.

Lately, at Sierra Leone, the Rev. Mr. Huddlestone, Methodist Missionary there, very soon after the death of his colleague, the Rev. Mr. Lane.—Lately, at Willesley-hall, Derbyshire, General Sir Charles Hastings, late Colonel of the 12th foot.—In London, Lady Hare, wife of Sir Thomas Hare, of Stow-hall, Norfolk.

At Kegworth, Sept. 19, the Rev. Jos. Jones, A.B. many years perpetual curate of that place, 86.

At Worthing, Frances, wife of the Rev. John Kirby, Rector of Gotham, Notts —Sept. 20, at Ripon, Thomas Kilvington, esq. M.P. formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, 92.—In Beaumont street, St. Mary-le-bone, Joseph Kidd, esq. of Shacklewell, 68.

At Orford-house, Essex, Samuel Leighton-house, esq., 67.—At Gottenburg, David Low, esq., 84.—At Worthing, Mrs. Lawrell, of Lower Grosvenor-street, 65.

At Hoxton, Caleb Mortimer, esq. late of the Hon. East India Company's service, 44.—At Ecton, Northamptonshire, Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. and Rev. P. Meade, and daughter of the Right Rev. Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore.—At Fairfield, near Manchester, suddenly, the Rev. Thomas Moore, one of the Bishops of the Moravians. — In Weymouth-street, Portland-place, Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, late of St. Vincent.—At Basford, Mrs. Anne Mitchell, 78.

Mrs. Owen, mother of the late Rev. J. Owen, Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society.—Recently, at Genoa, William Owen, esq. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.—At Bushey, Herts, Mrs. Oldfield, 86.

Henry John, son of John Portal, esq. of Freefolk-house, Overton, Hants.—Sept. 14, the Rev. Henry Anthony Pye, jun. of Magdalen College, Oxford, 24. — Oct 7, at Charlewood, Harriet, wife of the Rev. Stanier Porten.—At Somers' Town, Lieut.-col Robert Platt, late of the 5th foot, 75.—In Holywell, Mr. William Purdue, of Exeter College, Oxford, 61.

The Rev. C. R. Rushworth, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.—At Florence, Mr. Laurence Rowe, of Brentford, 69.

In Edinburgh, Captain Alexander Skeene, of His Majesty's ship Britannia.—On the 17th of February, in the Bay of St. John's, Antigua, a black woman named Statira, who, by information from herself, must have attained the advanced age of 132 to 134. She was a slave, and was hired as a day labourer during the building of the gaol, and was present at the laying of the corner stone, which ceremony took place 116 years ago. She also stated that she was a young woman grown when President Sharpe assumed the administration of the island, which was in 1706, so that allowing her to be then only eighteen, it brings her age to that of 134.

Sept. 27, at the Rectory, Hougham, Lincolnshire, the Rev. George Thorold, third son of the late Sir John Thorold, of Syston Park, 48.—At Cragg, near Ulverston, Mr. Joseph Taylor; the body, when laid out, measured six feet seven inches in length, 20.—At Dominica, Henry B. Tulloh, esq. Colonial Secretary to the above island, 22.

William Warre, esq. of Albany, and of Bradford, Somersetshire, 75.

Lord Yarborough; his Lordship is succeeded in his titles by his eldest son, Charles Anderson

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

From TUESDAY, SEPT. 23, to SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street,* unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Carpenter, and J. P. Carpenter, of Wellington, Somersetshire, bankers.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

J. W. Hone, of Brixton, Surrey, draper. From Oct. 11 to 25.

R. Wilson and F. Wilson, late of Oxford-street, linen-drapers. From Oct. 11 to Nov. 29.

T. Reed, of High Holborn, linen-draper. From Sept 30 to Oct. 11.

BANKRUPTS.

Atkinson, T. Ludgate-hill, cabinet-maker and upholsterer. (Harvey and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Atherton, J. Lancaster, saddler. (Chester, Staple-inn.

Anning, D. Axminster. Devonshire, grocer. (Collett and Co. Chancery-lane.

Barton, R. of Willow-walk, Cambridge, coach proprietor. (Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand.

Boulting, J. of Halsted, Essex, linen-draper. (Willett, Essex-street, Strand.

Bradford, B. late of Yardley-street, Spafields, and of William-street, Spafields, leather and silk-japanner. (Gale, Basinghall-street.

Ball, H. and F. Kirkham Powell, of Ottery, St. Mary, Devonshire, woollen-manufacturers. (Blake, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars.

Bailey, J. N. late of Chancery-lane, bookseller. (Tilson and Co., of Coleman-street.

Burge, J. Bristol, butcher. (Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane.

Brownhill, B. Stockport, Cheshire, brewer. (Tyler, Temple.

Burgess, A. Hume, Manchester, dyer. (Hurd and Co. London.

Cleaver, W. Holborn, soap-manufacturer (now or lately trading under the firm of W. Cleaver and Co. (Rogers and Sons, Manchester-buildings.

Cornfoot, A. of Houndsditch, baker. (Constable and Co. Symond's-inn.

Cox, C. of St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross, draper. (Tanner, Fore-street.

Critchley J. and T. Walker, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, spirit-merchants. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row.

Drakes, D. and G. Smith, of Reading, Berks. linen-drapers. (T. Gates, Cateaton-street.

Dixon, F. and E. Fisher, of Greenwich, linen-drapers. (Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street.

Duncalfe, J. sen. Donnington Wood-mill, Shropshire, (Mott, Essex-street, Strand.

Ferguson, J. Liverpool, master-mariner and merchant. (E. Chester, Staple-inn, Holborn.

Green, J. White-horse-terrace, Stepney, coal-merchant. (Freeman and Heathcote, Coleman-street.

Greetham, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler. (Chester, Staple-inn.

Gaskell, J. late of Windle, Lancaster, miller. (Chester, Staple-inn

Goodwin, R. Lamb's Conduit-street, silk-mercer. (Hurst, Milk-street.

Gaskill, G. Lancaster, woollen-draper. (Holmes and Co New Inn.

Farnsworth, J. Ripley, Derbyshire, victualler. (Taylor and Co. Featherstone-buildings, Holborn.

Hopkins, J. Llantrissant, Glamorganshire, maltster. (Jenkins and Co. New Inn.

Hepple, J. of Cambo, Northumberland, cooper. (Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard

Hibbert, J. Hylord's-court, Crutched-friars, wine and spirit merchant. (Noy and Hardstone, Great Tower-street.

Hu[illegible], W. C. Mincing-lane, merchant. (Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

Jenkins, J. Tewkesbury, Gloucester, miller. (Windus, Bartlett's-buildings.

Jones, J. Worthing, innkeeper. (Hicks, Gray's Inn-square.

Kingsell, J. Blackwall, plumber. (West, Red Lion-street, Wapping.

Lumley, J. Foston Mills, Foston, York, corn-factor. (Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane.

Masterman, W. Stillingfleet, Yorkshire, dealer. (Jaques and Co. New-inn.

Moore, E. Hanway-street, Oxford-street, silk-mercer and draper. (Phipps, Weaver's-hall.

Mollett, J. Lower Thames-street, victualler. (Woodward and Co. Tokenhouse-yard.

M'Gowen, W. Newark, Nottingham, ten-dealer. (Chester, Staple-inn.

Phillips, M. and H. Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street, hatters. (Isaacs, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields.

Phillips, H. Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street, hatter. (Annesley, East India Chambers

Pigot, W. late of Red-hall, Burstow, Surrey, farmer. (Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields.

Peplow, J. New Bond-street, farrier. (Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street.

Rowland, E. L. Ruabon, iron-master. (Browne, Wrexham.

Robertson, E. French-horn-yard, Dean-street, High Holborn, coach-smith. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

Rogers, W. Gosport, Southampton, butcher. (Cottle, Aldermanbury.

Rooke, J. Bishopsgate-street Without, woollen-draper. (Tanner, Fore-street.

Smith, T. Manor-row, Tower-hill, earthenware-man. (Robinson, Walbrook.

Sutton, W. late of Sunbury, Middlesex, brewer. (Vincent, Bedford-street, Bedford square.

Steel, J. and G. late of Rotherhithe, Surrey, but now of Greenwich, Kent, timber-merchants. (Pratt, Fenchurch-street.

Simmons, A. Strand, tailor. (Hamilton and Co. Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

Thurtell, T. Haymarket, victualler. (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.

Twigg, T. now or late of Salford, Lancashire, victualler. (Milne and Parry, Temple.

Tarbuck, J. Sutton, Lancashire, brewer. (Battye, Chancery-lane.
Wood, J. Cardiff, Glamorgan, banker. (Jonas Gregory, Clement's-inn.
Waters, R. Union-court, Broad-street, London, merchant. (Gregson and Fonnereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
Willment, S. Wilton, Somerset, timber-merchant. (Loftus and Co. New-inn.
Wright, G. T. Piccadilly, ironmonger. (Fisher, Bucklersbury.
Worgan, J. B. Bedminster, spirit dealer. (Poole and Co. Gray's Inn-square.
West, E. Little Froome, Herefordshire, miller. (Platt, Lincoln's-inn.
Wombwell, W. Battlebridge, horse-dealer. (Williams and Co. Gray's-inn.

DIVIDENDS.

Agard, M., F. S. Agard, and W. S. Agard, of Borrowash, Derbyshire, millers, Oct. 24.
Atkinson, G. and F. Atkinson, of Kirbymoorside, Yorkshire, corn-merchants, Oct. 30.
Adams, L. and J. Barker, Doncaster, iron-founders, Nov. 3.
Beattie, G. Salford, Lancashire, dyer, Nov. 11.
Barnes, J. Pendleton, near Manchester, brewer, Nov. 7.
Briscoe Whalley, G. Basinghall-street, woollen-drapers, Oct. 25.
Burbery, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer, Oct. 27.
Bennett, J. late of Greenfairfield, Derbyshire, cattle-dealer, Oct. 25.
Barnwell, J. now or late of Leamington-Priors, Warwickshire, carpenter and builder, Nov. 18.
Barge, B. Clifford-street, Bond-street, wine-merchant, Nov. 8.
Barrett, W. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, innholder and spirit-merchant, Nov. 6.
Burry, T. Little Hampton, Sussex, grocer, Oct. 28.
Cannon, J. Liverpool, merchant, Nov. 8.
Campbell, B. late of Prince's-square, Ratcliffe-highway, insurance-broker, Nov. 1.
Carter Hartley, T. Minories, victualler, Nov. 8.
Cox Albion, R., G. Weston, J. Furber, and G. Cox, Little Britain, bankers and refiners, Nov. 4.
Carlile W. Bolton, and J. Bainbridge, Preston, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers and whitsters, Nov. 4.
Campbell, J. White Lion-court, Cornhill, merchant, Nov. 1.
Crossland, S. Liverpool, ship-chandler, Oct. 30.
Edwards, J. Elder-street, Norton Falgate, silk-weaver, Nov. 1.
Farmer, N. East-lane, Bermondsey, rope-maker, Nov. 4.
Fox, T. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriar's-road, woollen-draper, Dec. 20.
Field, Isaac, and Luke Royston, Leeds, Yorkshire, cloth and stuff-merchants, Nov. 4.
Ferns, G. jun., late of Stockport, Cheshire, grocer and tallow-chandler, Nov. 1.
Garbett, S. Birmingham, merchant, Nov. 8.
Gooch, W. Potter-street, Harlow, Essex, wine and brandy-merchant, Nov. 4.
Godfrey Feise, Lawrence Pountney Hill, merchant, No. 1.
Goldney, T. Chippenham, Wiltshire, clothier, Oct. 20
Gee, S. Cambridge, tinman and brazier, Nov. 6.
Glover, J., J. Hall, S. Haynes, and Walter Haynes, late of Worcester, porter-brewers, Oct. 29.
Higton, J. and J. Brewer, now or late of Broadway, Blackfriars, warehousemen, Nov. 8.
Hewlett, T. late of Southborough, Kent, gunpowder manufacturer, Nov. 18.
Hooper, J. Tooley-street, Southwark, chymist and druggist, Nov. 4.
Holland, S. Bexhill, Sussex, coal-merchant, Oct. 27.
Harvey, M. B. Witham, and J. W. Harvey, late of Hadleigh Hall, Essex, bankers, Nov. 1.
Horne, W. and J. Stackhouse, Liverpool, merchants, Oct. 28.
Jenkins, T late of the Extra Parochial of Lanvithen, Glamorganshire, dealer and chapman, Oct. 21.
Jones, J. late of Coreley, Shropshire, lime-burner, Oct. 31.
Keep, J. late of Nottingham, grocer, but afterwards of Grainsby, Lincolnshire, farmer, Nov. 4.
Mason, J. P. Cambridge, cook, Nov. 10.
Mitchell, P. Bungay, Suffolk, stationer and bookseller, Nov. 4.
Pitstow, J. Earl's Colne, Essex, miller, Oct. 28.
Potts, W. Sheerness, linen-draper, Nov. 8.
Pritchard, J. Rosoman-street, St. James, Clerkenwell, carpenter and builder, Nov. 15.
Pitt, J. Cirencester, Gloucestershire, woolstapler, Nov. 5.
Page, G. Cranbourn-street, silk-mercer, Oct. 21.
Robertson, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, silversmith, Oct. 28.
Rangecroft, J. Binfield, Berkshire, grazier and dealer in cattle, Nov. 1.
Russel, W. Bow Church-yard, warehouseman, Nov. 8.
Richardson, J Kingston-upon-Hull, corn dealer, Oct. 21.
Spitta, C. L. F. Molling, G. Molling, and H. A. Spitta, Lawrence Pountney-lane, merchants, Nov. 8.
Southbrook, E. C. Covent-garden Chambers, merchant, Nov. 1.
Shirley, R. Bucklersbury, carpet manufacturer, Nov. 1.
Sheriffe, J. Farnham, Surrey, grocer, Nov. 1.
Smith, A. Lime-street-square, merchant and agent, Oct. 25.
Smerdon, C. and B. Penn, Liverpool, druggists, Oct. 16.
Stevens, J. Newgate-street, carpet-warehouseman, Oct. 25.
Turner, W. Ruckholt House, Layton, Essex, dealer in horses, Nov. 4.
Treadway, T. Sloane-square, St. Luke, Chelsea, chinaman, Nov. 4.
Tribaudino, C. J. Cleveland-street, Mile End, silk-dyer, Nov. 1.
Tully, F. late of Bristol, baker, Oct. 27.
Webster, J. Tower-street, merchant, Oct. 21.
Watson, W. sen. and W. Watson, jun. Alnwick, Northumberland, corn-factors, Oct. 18.
Willis, R. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, tobacnist, Nov. 15.
Wadsworth, J. now or late of Long Buckley, Northamptonshire, dealer and chapman, November 6.
Webb, H. Rochdale, Lancashire, woolstapler, Oct. 25.
Wright, G. St Martin's-lane, Westminster, boot and shoe factor, Oct. 21
Waldie, J. and S. late of Dalston, Cumberland, manufacturers, Oct. 17.
Warburton, J. Hardwick-mill, Herefordshire, miller, Oct. 17.

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—Season, 1823, 1824.

Voya.	Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Tons.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be afloat.	To be in the Downs.	When sailed.
2	Macqueen	Beng. & China	1332	John Campbell	James Walker	- - -	- - -	A. Pitcairn	F. Macqueen	A. Macrae	J. S. Anderson			
2	Berwickshire ...		1332	S. Marjoribanks	J. Shepherd	H. L. Thomas	F. Madan	T. M. Storr	R. Chant	T. Davidson	J. W. Rose			
2	Duchess of Atholl		1330	W. E. Ferrers	E M. Daniell	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	E. King			
4	Duke of York...	Bomb. & China	1327	S. Marjoribanks	A. H. Campbell	W. Pitman	John D. Orr	T. Shepherd	G. Ireland	W. Lang	W. Dallas	1823 18Nov	1824 8 Jan.	
6	Castle Huntly...		1200	J. H. Gledstanes	H.A.Drummon	T. Dunkin	S. V. Wood	G. C. Kennedy	W. Harrod	J. Campbell	H. Wright			
4	Thomas Coutts..		1334	S. Marjoribanks	A. Chrystie	W. Drayner	A. Vincent	Henry Burn	Elphinstone	J. Beveridge	W. Maltman			
6	General Harris .	St. Hele. Bencoolen & China	1200	James Sims	G. Welstead	J.C Whiteman	S. Newdick	J. M. Williams	J. C. Milward	T. Colledge	W. Dickenson			
4	Canning	Beng. & China	1326	(Company's ship)	W. Patterson	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	R. Simmons	- - -			
5	Earl of Balcarras		1417	(Company's ship)	P. Cameron	T. Smith	- - -	- - -	- - -	Henry Arnot	J. L. Wardell			
2	Sir David Scott.		1342	Joseph Hare	Wm. Hunter	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	N. Grant	J. Hodson	17Dec.	5 Feb.	
4	London.....	St. Hel. Bomb. and China.	1332	(Company's ship)	J. B. Sotheby	B. Broughton	- - -	- - -	- - -	D. Mackenzie	J. Herbert			
4	Dunira	Bomb. & China	1325	George Palmer	M. Hamilton	John Shute	N. de St. Croix	- - -	J. Ricketts	A. Kedslie	S. H. Ayres			
6	Marquis Camden		1200	H. Morse Samson	Thos. Larkins	W. Morgan	Gilson R. Fox	- - -	- - -	- - -	T. Collingwood			
6	Lady Melville.	Madr. & China	1200	Sir Rt. Wigram	R. Clifford	R. Clifford	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	W. Clifford	31Dec.	20 Feb.	
2	William Fairlie .		1348	Joseph Hare	K. Smith	W. Pascoe	- - -	- - -	- - -	W. Lorimer	- - -			
4	Orwell	China.	1335	Matthew Isacke	W. E. Farrer	- - -	J. Gisborne	- - -	- - -	- - -	WM.deCharme	28Feb.	18 April.	
7	Marquis Huntly .		1279	J. Mac Taggart	J. S. H. Fraser	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
9	Princess Amelia.		1275	Robert Williams	Thos. Williams	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	Barron Milne				
8	Astel		871	S. Marjoribanks		R. H. Rhind	Henry Cole	- - -	- - -	W. Hamilton				
7	Asia.....	Two ships for Madras and Bengal; the others to Bengal.	958	Henry Bonham	T F. Balderston	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	J. Gardner			
7	Rose		955	S. Donaldson	T. Marquis	J.O. M'Taggart	John Sprott	- - -	- - -	A. Stirling	J. Milroy			
7	Marchioness Ely		952	Octavius Wigram	Brook Kay	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	W. Millett			
7	Prince Regent ..		953	Henry Bonham	Henry Hosmer	James S. Biles	- - -	- - -	- - -	E. Turner				
5	General Hewitt...		894	(Company's ship)	T. W. Barrow									

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.

From SEPTEMBER 24, to OCTOBER 27, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther	Wind.	Obser.
25	29·96	59	S.W.	Fair	6	29·81	61	S.W.	Fair	17	29 54	45	S.W.	Fair
26	29·82	60	S.W.	Ditto	7	29 89	58	S.W.	Ditto	18	29·42	48	E.	Rain
27	29·74	51	N.	Ditto	8	30·01	49	S.W.	Ditto	19	29·78	42	E.	Fair
28	28·88	45	N.	Ditto	9	29 49	56	S.W.	Ditto	20	29·93	44	E.	Ditto
29	29 94	46	N.E.	Ditto	10	29.37	47	S.W.	Ditto	21	30·16	55	E.	Ditto
30	29·36	51	S W.	Rain	11	28.93	49	S.W.	Ditto	22	30·01	45	E.	Ditto
1	28·69	51	W.	Ditto	12	29·14	50	S.W.	Shwy.	23	29·94	42	E.	Ditto
2	29·33	45	S.W.	Fair	13	29·17	51	E.	Ditto	24	29·93	44	E.	Ditto
3	29·71	42	S.W.	Ditto	14	29 39	42	S.W.	Fair	25	30·21	46	N.E.	Ditto
4	29.89	56	S.W.	Ditto	15	29·38	44	S.W.	Ditto	26	30 20	45	S.E.	Ditto
5	29.84	58	S.W.	Ditto	16	29·49	43	S.W.	Ditto	27	30·19	44	S.E.	Ditto

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

OCTOBER 21, 1823.

	Per Share. £. s.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.
Canals.		
Ashton and Oldham	140	5
Barnesley	210	12
Birmingham (divided) ...	315	12 10
Bolton and Bury	112	5
Brecknock and Abergav.	100	5
Carlisle.....	—	—
Chesterfield	120	8
Coventry	1100	44
Cromford.....	270	14
Croydon.....	3 3	—
Derby.....	140	6
Dudley.....	60	3
Ellesmere and Chester ...	63	3
Erewash.....	1000	58
Forth and Clyde	480	20
Grand Junction	264	10
Grand Surrey.....	49	—
Grand Union.....	19	—
Grand Western.....	5	—
Grantham	160	8
Hereford and Gloucester..	60	—
Lancaster.....	27	1
Leeds and Liverpool	378	12
Leicester.....	320	14
Leicester & Northampton	78	4
Loughborough	4000	170
Melton Mowbray.....	240	11
Monmouthshire	175	8 10
Montgomeryshire	71	2 10
Neath.....	330	13
Nottingham.....	240	12
Oxford	750	32
Portsmouth and Arundel	25	—
Regent's.....	40	—
Rochdale	91	3
Shrewsbury	170	9 10
Shropshire	125	7
Somerset Coal.....	135	9
Ditto, Lock Fund	12 10	5 15
Staffords & Worcestershire	800	40
Stourbridge	212	10 10
Stratford-on-Avon	20	—
Stroudwater	550	30
Swansea	195	10
Tavistock	150	—
Thames and Medway	22	—
Thames and Severn, New	26	—
Trent & Mersey	2150	75
Warwick and Birmingh. {	} 240	11
Warwick and Napton ...	215	10 10
Worcester & Birmingham	37	1
Docks.		
London	118	4 10
West India	205	10
East India		8
Commercial	81	3 10
East Country	27	—

	Per Share. £. s.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.
Bridges.		
Southwark	18	—
Ditto, New	55	7½ pr. ct.
Ditto, Loan	100	5
Vauxhall	27	—
Waterloo	5	—
Water-works.		
Chelsea	—	—
East London.....	125	5
Grand Junction.....	64 10	2 10
Kent	36	1 10
London Bridge	58	2 10
South London	40	—
West Middlesex.....	68	2 10
York Buildings	28	1
Insurances.		
Albion	51	2 10
Atlas	6	6
Bath	575	40
Birmingham Fire	350	25
British	50	3
County	43	2 10
Eagle.....	3 3	5
European	20	1
Globe	162	7
Guardian	15 5	—
Hope	4 15	6
Imperial Fire.....	125	5
Ditto, Life.....	11 5	8
Kent Fire.....	71	2 10
London Fire	shut	1 5
London Ship.....	shut	1
Provident.....	20	1
Rock	3	2
Royal Exchange	270	10
Sun Fire.....	212	8 10
Sun Life.....	23 10	10
Union	40 10	1 8
Gas Lights.		
Gas Light and Coke (Chart Company	74 10	4
City Gas Light Company.	128	6 16
Ditto, New	73	3 12
South London	144	7 10
Imperial.....	33 10	—
Literary Institutions.		
London	29	—
Russel	9	—
Surrey	—	—
Miscellaneous.		
Auction Mart.....	23	1 5
British Copper Company.	28	—
Golden Lane Brewery...	8	—
Ditto.....	5	—
London Com. Sale Rooms	16 5	1
Carnatic Stock 1st class .	94	4
Ditto, ...2d ditto .	81	3

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th Sept. to 24th October, 1823.

Days. 1823.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	3½ P C. I. bds.	2 P. day E. bills	Consols. for acct.
Sept.											
25	—	—	83¼ 3	—	—	102⅝ ⅜	—	266	61p	35 39p	83⅜ ½
26	—	—	83¼ 3	—	—	102⅝ ⅝	—	266	61 63p	36 39p	83¼ ⅝
27	—	—	83⅛ ¼	—	—	102½ ⅝	—	265¾	61 63p	36 38p	83¼ ⅝
29			Holiday.								
30	—	—	83⅛ ⅝	—	—	102½ ¾	—	266¼	63 64p	36 39p	83¼ ½
Oct.											
1	—	—	83⅜ 3	—	—	102½ ⅞	—	—	64 63p	37 40p	83½ ⅛
2	—	—	83⅜ ⅜	—	—	102⅝ ⅝	—	—	66 70p	39 41p	83⅜ ¼
3	—	—	83⅜ ⅝	—	—	102¾ 3	—	266	69 66p	39 42p	83¼ ½
4	—	—	83¼ ¾	—	—	102¾ 3	—	—	67 68p	39 42p	83⅜ ⅛
6	—	—	83⅜ ⅜	—	—	102⅞ 3½	—	—	69 68p	40 42p	83½
7	—	—	83⅜ ⅜	—	—	103⅜ ⅜	—	267	68 70p	40 42p	83⅞ ⅜
8	—	—	83⅜ ⅜	—	—	103 ¼	—	—	68p	38 42p	83⅜ ½
9	—	—	83½ ⅞	—	—	103⅛ ⅝	—	267½	68p	39 41p	83½ 4
10	—	—	83¾ ¾	—	—	103½ ¾	—	268¼ 7½	69 67p	38 41p	83⅞ ⅝
11	—	—	83¾ ⅝	—	—	103⅜ 4	—	—	68p	39 41p	83⅝ ½
13	—	—	83¾ ⅝	—	—	104 ⅛	—	—	70 71p	38 41p	83⅝
14	—	—	83⅞ ¾	—	—	104 3⅛	—	—	71 73p	39 42p	83⅞ ½
15	—	—	83½ ⅞	—	—	103¾ ⅝	—	—	73 72p	40 42p	83¼ ⅛
16	224¾ 5	—	83⅝ ⅝	—	—	103⅝ ⅞	—	—	72 74p	40 42p	83⅞ 4
17	225½	—	83½ ¾	—	—	103⅝ 4	—	267	72 74p	40 42p	83⅞ ⅝
18			Holiday.								
20	224¾ 5¼	—	83¾ ⅝	—	—	104 3¼	—	266½	—	39 42p	83⅝ ⅞
21	224¾ 5¼	—	83¼ ⅝	—	—	104 3⅜	—	—	72 70p	38 41p	83⅝ ⅛
22	225 4½	—	83⅝ ¾	—	—	103⅞ 4	20 15-16 21	—	72 70p	36 40p	83⅝ ⅞
23	224¾	—	83⅝ ½	96⅝	—	103⅞ 4	20 15-16	—	70p	38 36p	83½ ½
24	223½ 4¼	82¾ ⅛	88½ 3	96¼ 6	100 99¾	103⅝ ⅝	20 15-16 ⅞	264 5	69 70p	38 35p	83⅛ ⅛

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to July, 1822, have been advertised to be paid off.

JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE, FOREIGN FUNDS, &c.—OCT. 24th, 1823.

Amsterdam, c. f.	12	9
Ditto ..... at sight	12	6
Rotterdam	12	10
Antwerp	12	8
Hamburgh	38	
Altona	38	1
Paris ..... 3 days sight	25	90
Ditto ..... 3 months	26	10
Bourdeaux	26	10
Frankfort on the main	158	
Petersburgh, 3 Us per rble.	8¾	
Berlin cur. dolls.	7	10
Vienna, effective 2 m. Flor.	10	20
Trieste ..... ditto	10	20
Madrid	36¾	
Cadiz	36	
Bilboa	36¼	
Barcelona	35½	
Seville	36¼	
Malaga		
Gibraltar	30½	
Leghorn	46¼	
Genoa	43¼	
Venice, Italian Liv.	28	10
Malta	45	
Naples	38¾	
Palermo .... per oz.	116	
Lisbon	57	
Oporto	53	
Rio Janeiro	48	
Bahia	46	
Dublin	9½	
Cork	9½	

	In London Exc.
Austrian Bonds	
Chilian Bonds	73¾ 4
Ditto, for the Acct.	74
Columbian Bonds	57 11/16 6 13/32
Ditto, for the Acct.	57½ 7¼ 6 13/32
Danish Bonds	91¼ 90¾ 91
Do. Marks Banco	
Neapolitan Bonds	
Do. for the Acct.	
Peruvian Scrip.	
Poyas Bonds	
Prussian Bonds	
Do... 1822.	86¼
Do. for the Acct.	
Russian Bonds	83 73/64
Do. for the Acct.	83 73/64
Spanish 5 per Ct. Consols.	35 13/16 13/16
Do. for the Acct.	35 13/16
Do. 170 and 255 Bonds	37⅝
Do. 85..Do.	40
Spanish 5 per Cent. Consols, 1823.	29¼ 8⅞ 9⅛
Do. for the Acct.	
French Rents	
French Scrip	2½ 2⅛ pm.
Do. Bank Shares	
Russian Inscription	
Do. Metallic	
Spanish Bonds, 1820	
Do. for the Account	
Spanish National 5½ per Cent.	

BULLION AT PER OUNCE.

Portugal Gold in Coin	£ 3	17	6	New Dollars	£ 0	4 9
Foreign Gold in Bars	0	0	0	Silver in Bars, Standard	0	4 11
New Doubloons	0	0	0			

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

NOVEMBER, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF HENRY BATHURST, D.C.L.

LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH.

CONTENTS.

Original Essays.

PAGE

Memoir of DOCTOR HENRY BATHURST, BISHOP OF NORWICH 387
The Blighted Rose 392
Letters on London, by an Irish Gentleman 393
The Complaint of Despair 396
The Half-Hangit 397
The Blind Widow's Son 405
Lines to a Kitten 408
Minvane, from Ossian's Berrathon 409
Coenobium Atticum; or Sketches of Character 410
A Dream 417
Adelaide de Montmorency 421
The Poet and Miser 427
The Æolian Harp 432

Fine Arts.

The British Institution 433
Character of the late HENRY RAEBURN, R.A. 435
Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts 437

London Review.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

M. Raymond's Selection from the Original Poetry of the Troubadours 439
The Haytian Propagator, a Political and Literary Journal 441
Portraits of the most celebrated Personages of the French Revolution 442
Virgil's Bucolics, translated into French Verse 442
Treatises on the Common Language of Italy, &c. &c. 442

ENGLISH BOOKS.

PAGE

Memoirs of Baron de Kolli 443
Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson 446
A Visit to Spain in the latter part of 1822, and beginning of 1823. By Michael Quin 451
The Footman's Directory, and Butler's Remembrancer 455
Poetical Memoirs, and the Exile, a Tale. By James Bird 456

Science and Literature.

FOREIGN:—America — Asia — Africa — Russia—Poland—Sweeden—Denmark — Switzerland — Greece — Spain — France 460

ENGLISH:—Literary Intelligence—Works in the Press, &c. 467

The Drama.

Drury Lane Theatre 466
Covent Garden Theatre 469

POLITICAL DIGEST 471

Commercial Report 473
List of Patents 473
List of Bankrupts and Dividends 474
Births, Marriages, and Deaths 477
East India Shipping List 478
Meteorological Table 479
Price of Canal Shares, &c. 479
Prices of Stocks 480
Courses of Exchange 480
Foreign Funds 480

LONDON:

Published for the Proprietors,

BY SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.

And Sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

"The Blighted Hope" is left at our Publishers' for its Author. It wants that interest which arises from a knowledge of the parties concerned. The Hapless Father, and his more Hapless Son, are introduced to us and dismissed again, without our being told, who or what they were. Virtually speaking, therefore, it is a story about nothing.

The Author of "Adelaide de Montmorency," will receive a letter from us, left at our Publishers.

"Spectres and Apparitions," "Implacable Hate," and "I saw thee weep," are under consideration.

"The Sigh and the Tear," in our next.

Notices of the various other Communications which have been received, are unavoidably deferred to our next.

Correspondents wishing to receive information relative to their papers, will please to address a note to the Editor, as he finds that many of the Communications put into his hands, are not accompanied by the letters, which their Authors addressed to the former Editor.

All Communications are requested to be left at our Publishers.

Some complaints having been made to us, by Subscribers, that the EUROPEAN has not been regularly delivered, we request, that when any such omission takes place in future, a letter may be addressed to the Editor. This caution is the more necessary, as some mistakes may arise, from our having transferred its publication this month to Messrs. Sherwood, Jones, and Co. Paternoster Row.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

NOVEMBER 1823.

MEMOIR

OF

HENRY BATHURST, D.C.L

BISHOP OF NORWICH.

Dr. Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, is descended from an ancient family, which took their surname, or rather a part of it, from a place called Batters, in the Duchy of Luneburg. One or more of them coming into England in the time of the Saxons, gained a settlement near Battle Abbey, in Sussex, which they named Battershurst, that is, Batters Grove. Battershurst came at length to be corrupted, or shortened into Bathurst, and the wood upon the spot is now called Bathurst's Wood. It would be needless to give the whole descent, however honorable, of the venerated subject of this memoir: I shall therefore content myself with saying, that Benjamin Bathurst, Esquire, third son of Sir Benjamin Bathurst, and brother to the celebrated Allen Lord Bathurst, was the father of Henry Bathurst. This gentleman inherited the estates of Battlesden and Mixbury, the former of which he exchanged for Lydney Park, Gloucestershire; and having married Miss Poole, an heiress, had issue by her *twenty-two* children; and by his second wife, Miss Broderick, daughter of Dr. Broderick, a clergyman, and brother to Lord Middleton, he had a second family of *fourteen* children, of whom Dr. Bathurst was the third son.

In the month of November, 1744, Mrs. Bathurst was taken prematurely in labour, and at the end of seven months gave birth to her son Henry. It is a fact worthy remark, that a man who was a seven month's child should have reached the advanced age of seventy-nine, and should enjoy at that age, not only considerable health of body, but that animation, energy, and vigour of intellect, and those peculiar powers of memory, which distinguished him in early youth. It seems as if that Providence which had marked him out to advocate the best interests of civil and religious liberty, watched over him as a precious vessel, hallowed to those uses; and to be preserved uninjured, and unbroken, to the end.

His father, Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, had represented the City of Gloucester in parliament between twenty and thirty years, after which the Duke of Beaufort requested to bring him in for Monmouth, which borough he also represented for a great many years. It is worthy of notice, that he was father of the House of Commons at the same time that his brother, Earl Bathurst, was father of the House of Lords. Mr. Bathurst was a steady opposer of Sir Robert Walpole and the whigs, a staunch supporter of the Stuart

family, and an attached friend of the Pretender's, which rendered his son Henry's early and steady inclination for the opposite principles the more remarkable. This inclination he imbibed, in a great measure, from studying in his earliest years, the Greek and Roman writers; from perusing the sublime compositions of Milton in his youthful days; and the works of Locke and Hoadley as he advanced to manhood: writers who were all of them well calculated to form the basis of those principles of toleration, of that civil and religious liberty the advocacy of which has distinguished him through life, and will endear his memory to those who love and value the best interests of mankind.

He was first sent to a preparatory school at Oxford, and at the age of eleven years he went to Winchester, on the foundation; but he was never studious as a boy; and is another proof added to those already on record, that, in literary attainments, the performance of the man may considerably exceed the promise of the child.

In the year 1761, at the age of sixteen, he succeeded as founder's kin from Winchester to New College, Oxford, where he soon became devoted to literature, and indefatigable in the pursuit of it. He was fellow of New College fourteen years, and classical tutor two years. At the age of twenty-two he lost his father, who left his widow in distressed circumstances; and Mr. Bathurst, in order to be able to relieve her from his college allowance, went into Devonshire, after having taken priest's orders, as tutor to Sir Charles Bamfylde. He afterwards returned to Oxford with his pupil, where he continued as classical tutor for two years longer. At this time his uncle, Allen Lord Bathurst, who was then far advanced in years, having heard of his great attachment to literature, and of his attention to his own father, was anxious that he should reside constantly with him. He accordingly took up his abode for nearly two years principally with his uncle, and he soon became a favorite companion of that celebrated nobleman, to whom he usually read from four to six hours in the day.

After the death of his uncle, Mr. Bathurst went for a short time to Eton as tutor to the present Lord Bathurst, who was then Lord Apsley, son of the Lord Chancellor Bathurst; he staid there nearly a year, when he was succeeded by the present Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Plumptre.

In the year 1771, Miss Catherine Bathurst, his sister, was married by him to Dr. Charles Coote, Dean of Kilfenora, in Ireland, and brother to the gallant Sir Eyre Coote, who distinguished himself so much in India, and died at Madras in 1783. There he first met Miss Coote, the Dean's only daughter by his first wife, the beautiful and excellent lady whom he afterwards married; but they had many difficulties and obstacles to surmount before the attachment, to which that meeting gave birth, was crowned by a happy union.

In 1775 he was offered by Lord Bathurst, as Chancellor, the living of Bletchingly, in Surry, the residence of the Clayton family; but that family went in a body to Lord North to request him to propose to Mr. Bathurst an exchange, as they were anxious that one of their own connections should possess the living. In consequence of which Lord North begged the Chancellor to offer Mr. Bathurst a stall at Windsor, Durham, Winchester, or the canonry of Christ Church, which last he accepted, having previously taken his doctor's degree; but he continued to live at New College during the first year, in order to defray the expense of furnishing his house. About this period he had the option of changing his canonry of Christ Church for the Irish Bishopric, which Dr. Clever afterwards accepted.

On the 15th of August, 1780, Dr. Bathurst was married to Miss Coote by the Dean her father, and departed immediately for England. After his marriage, Dr. Bathurst resided for many years entirely at Christ Church, where his house was open in an evening to those young men of his acquaintance with whom he was most intimate, and many of the noblemen and gentlemen who now take the lead in public affairs were of the number.

The living of Saperton was given to him by his uncle, Lord Bathurst, in 1772, but four or five years afterwards he vacated it by accepting a

New College benefice, the rectory of Witchingham, in Norfolk: this rectory, though of more value than Saperton, he resigned about the year 1790; and accepted Saperton a second time, to which he was presented by Lord Chancellor Bathurst, at the particular request of the present Lord, his son.

During Dr. Bathurst's residence at Oxford, he became acquainted with the Bishop of Durham (the Hon. Shute Barrington), and in the year 1795, that venerable prelate offered him, without any solicitation, the second best stall in his church, which he accepted.

In 1805 Dr. Bathurst was appointed to the See of Norwich, and entered on the duties of his sacred office. On the primary visitation of his diocese, in 1806, he delivered a charge to the clergy, which was since printed at their request, and dedicated to them. In this composition he congratulates himself on being placed over such a respectable body of men. "I shall study," says he, "to conciliate their affection and esteem, not, however, by any mean, unmanly compliance with the prejudice, the passions, or the selfish views of individuals,—and still less by granting any indulgence to idleness, or to the least wilful neglect of that solemn obligation which we all of us entered into when we were ordained,—but by giving every one who may have occasion to come to me a patient hearing, and a kind reception; particularly to the few who may want of me the best advice which it is in my power to suggest. I know how difficult it is to please all men, be their situations in life what it may; nor am I solicitous to do this; but the approbation of the wise and good, of every rank and of every age, I am truly desirous of obtaining; because I consider such approbation as the best earthly reward of those humble but strenuous efforts which I am called upon by so many motives to exert, and which I will endeavour to exert in support of a cause so deeply interesting to us all —I mean the cause of religion and morality."

In conformity with ancient custom, that a bishop should deliver his sentiments respecting the leading topics connected with the clerical profession, he then proceeded to give a general view of religion; and in his own eloquent and able manner disclosed those opinions on religious toleration to which he has uniformly adhered, on which he has constantly acted, and which will shed a radiance on that page of parliamentary history which shall record his name.

On the 27th of May, 1808, Lord Grenville moved for the House of Lords to resolve itself into a committee to consider of the petition of the Irish Catholics. After an address, which led to a most important and interesting debate, he was supported by the Bishop of Norwich, who commenced his speech in the following words:—"I rise for the first time in my life to address your Lordships, and I rise with unaffected reluctance, not because I entertain the smallest doubt respecting either the expediency, the policy, or the justice of the measure now under consideration, but because to a person in my situation it must be exceedingly painful (however firmly persuaded he may be in his own mind), to find himself impelled by a sense of duty to maintain an opinion directly the reverse of that which is supported by so many wise and good men who belong to the same profession, and who sit upon the same bench with me. Important occasions, however, sometimes arise on which an individual may be called to avow his own sentiments explicitly and unequivocally, without any undue deference to the judgment of others;—such an occasion I conceive the present to be, and shall, without further apology, trouble your Lordships with a few remarks."

This memoir would be extended beyond the limits of a magazine were the writer of this article to indulge in the pleasure of giving more of this admirable, and luminous speech: suffice it, that it was said to charm even those whom it failed to convince, and was a sufficient pledge of the wisdom, the benevolence, and the truly christian spirit which on every similar occasion, has distinguished the speeches of the Bishop of Norwich. His last speech in parliament, delivered a short time ago, though spoken at the advanced age of seventy-nine, is a proof, not only

of unfaded vigour of intellect, but of that devotion to the cause of religious freedom which has enabled him uniformly to set the temptations of worldly interest at defiance.

In August, 1816, during the residence of the Bishop and Mrs. Bathurst at Lepperston, the seat of that lady's eldest brother, Lord Castle Coote, the Catholics of Ireland presented an address to him, inscribed "to the Rev. Champion of the Catholic cause." The Bishop received the deputation at the house of Mr. Gore, in St. Stephen's-green, Dublin. The procession, which was very splendid, consisted of the Earl of Fingal, accompanied by all the members of the Catholic Board then resident in that city. The address, together with the Bishop's reply, are admirable examples of eloquence and right feeling, and I am sorry that I am not able to give copious extracts from them.

If the limits of a memoir allowed me to offer more minute details of the events of Dr. Bathurst's life, I should still abstain from doing so, as those details will, no doubt, be given at some future day by a far more able pen than mine; for the name of Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, belongs to history; and the future historian will expect to be enabled, by a biography derived from the most authentic sources, to enrich his pages with a full account of that dauntless prelate, who ventured into the arena of parliamentary warfare, unaided by his mitred brethren, to fight the christian battles of religious toleration.

It may here not be irrevelant to remark, that a very uncommon charge has recently been brought against this amiable prelate, for bishops are frequently reproached with providing too bountifully for their own families, but rarely with giving a preference, over their nearest of kin, to the interests of others. Dr. Bathurst, however, has lately been reproached with doing this, and with giving preferment to a friend in preference to his own son, and for this reason, that the friend is a whig and the son a tory. Sure am I that the amiable son alluded to would be the first to repel this unjust charge against his affectionate father, nor would he have enjoyed promotion purchased at the expense of that father's integrity; for the fact is, that the archdeaconry was given to the able and useful clergyman who now possesses it in consequence of a promise given by the Bishop, many years ago, to a most amiable and honored friend, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk. But, however party-spirit may attempt to throw a cloud over the character of the Bishop of Norwich during his life, posterity will do him justice, and join his name to that of a Hoadley, and a Shipley. It may perhaps, while contemplating his ever active and disinterested benevolence, be willing to exclaim, in the word of a distinguished writer of the present day, in a letter to a friend, "The Bishop of Norwich is an honor to humanity! In Cuba he would have been a Las Casas pleading the cause of the poor Indians, so cruelly murdered by his countrymen. In France he would have been a Fenelon. At Marseilles he would, like its much celebrated bishop, have exposed himself cheerfully to the dangers of contagion in order to succour and to save the victims of the plague who were hourly falling around him."

In that interesting tale from the pen of Miss Knight, called "Dinarbas." the hero is supposed to be dead, and he arrives in his native city time enough to hear his own funeral eulogium pronounced—a pleasure of no common sort, but one which the Bishop of Norwich was very near enjoying, and, did indeed, in a degree enjoy; for a short time since, on the erroneous insertion of his death in the newspapers, one of his most valued friends poured forth the warm feelings of his affectionate and distressed heart on the occasion in a letter to the Archdeacon, the Bishop's eldest son;—and the Courier, after expressing his sorrow at being obliged to announce the death of that amiable prelate, the Bishop of Norwich, added, "for a further account see our next." Unhappily, however, a contradiction of the report reached the Courier, and prevented the character of Dr. Bathurst from being given by the pen of a political enemy, a circumstance much to be regretted; for perhaps the Courier would have proved a just

and a generous foe; and while believing the cause which he himself advocated had no longer any thing to fear from the powerful eloquence so often exerted against it, an involuntary consciousness of the talents, the virtues, and the unaffected piety of the deceased prelate, would have come over his heart with a softening and disarming power; and the memory of one so good, and so beloved, would have been embalmed and consecrated, even in the pages of the Courier.

Since his visit to Ireland, in 1816, the Bishop has not, I believe, quitted England, having chiefly resided at Norwich from June to November, or till the meeting of parliament; but during the last two or three years he spent the winter at Cheltenham, on account of the ill health of Mrs. Bathurst.

He is now residing at Norwich; and those who have the honor of his acquaintance, however they may differ from him in sentiment, are eager to profit by the privilege allowed them of being admitted into his domestic circle—a circle which, though it has lost three of its female ornaments, two by happy marriages, and one, unhappily by death, is yet enlivened by the presence of his lovely and accomplished youngest daughter, and oscasionally by visits from his sons and their families.

The circumstances in which Dr. Bathurst was placed in early life were abundantly calculated to give grace and amenity to his manners, and charms to his conversation. During his residence under the roof of Allen Lord Bathurst he associated with the most enlightened and accomplished men of the day; and there is nothing which tends more powerfully to enlarge the mind of a young man, who has sense and taste enough to feel the propriety of listening to his superiors in age and attainments, than opportunities of witnessing the emulation of rival virtue, of scholars in amicable disputation; and of observing the new and important lights so often elicited by such a collision. The extraordinary memory which Dr. Bathurst always possesses render him more than usually able to profit by such society Whatever fall from his associates which is worth remembering he always carries away with him, never to be forgotten. So powerful, indeed, is his memory, that there is scarcely a striking passage, either in the prose or poetry, of those authors in whom he most delights, that he cannot repeat at considerable length, whenever the quotation is useful or apposite, while his tone and manner of delivery give additional beauty to the passages themselves.

Those who read this memoir may be inclined to ask whether the worldly career of the Bishop of Norwich has been a prosperous one;—and I think I may answer that, in spite of disappointments in life, some the result of incidents which it is not my province to relate, and some the consequence of his own uncompromising integrity, he may be considered, even in a worldly point of view, as a prosperous man; for he has been able to bestow upon a numerous family of sons and daughters an excellent education, and to cultivate to the utmost the talents which nature has given them; and, when he is removed to another world, no fears for their pecuniary welfare need, I believe, cloud the serenity of his last moments. He has also possessed the means of performing many acts of kindness and generosity, for to him the cry of distress has never been raised in vain.

It has recently been the lot of Dr. Bathurst to experience the severest of all the deeper afflictions;—he has just lost one of the dearest of wives; the companion of forty-three years; the heightener of his enjoyments, but still more dear as the sharer and soother of his sorrows;—a woman whose loss must be deeply regretted, not only by her husband and family, but by all whom she honored with her friendship, and who were sufficiently intimate with her to appreciate her modest merit, her social manners, and the extent of that spontaneous charity, that active beneficence, which could with difficulty be bounded even by want of sufficient means for its gratification. This excellent lady died at Great Malvern, in April last, after a painful illness, which she endured with much patient resignation, and was buried there, according to an old agreement between her and the

Bishop. In the first years of their marriage Dr. Bathurst and his lady frequently passed some time at Malvern, and were so delighted with its romantic and secluded scenes that they wished to be buried in a spot endeared to them by so many pleasing recollections. It was therefore agreed that the survivor should scrupulously fulfil the resolution then formed. The survivor has done so; and when he dies his remains will be united to those of his beloved wife—while the same monument will cover their ashes and record their names. Long, very long may it be ere this re-union takes place; but, whenever it does, surely it is not romantic to hope that those who survey that monument will derive some benefit from the view.

Persons of all parties, and of all descriptions, occasionally resort to Malvern; some for health, and some to escape from *ennui* in the pleasures of a watering place, remarkable for the beauty of the surrounding scenery. But few amongst a crowd of this description can be so ignorant, and so indifferent to the important public occurrences of the times in which they live as to be unacquainted with the conduct, character, and reputation of the venerable prelate whose name they will see engraven on the tributary marble. If, then, (to use, with a trifling variation, the eloquent words of Dr. Johnson) "the patriotism of a traveller must glow warmer on the plains of Marathon," and "his piety stronger amidst the ruins of Iona," surely it is allowable to expect that, amidst the motley crowd which shall hereafter visit the scenes and church of Great Malvern, some will be found who will feel their love for civil and religious liberty, their admiration of talents devoted to their services, and their reverence for unsullied purity, and piety of character, burn forth with a brighter and holier flame, while they gaze upon the tomb of — Dr. Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich.

O.

THE BLIGHTED ROSE.

Original Manuscript Song.—In the Archives of an Illustrious Family.

I had a flow'r
Within my bow'r,
The like I ne'er shall see;
But who would think,
In sunny blink,
That it should blighted be.

This snow-white rose,
Till life shall close,
I'll keep through ilka pain,
Perhaps at last,
When storms are past,
It may revive again.

A precious gem,
Of royal stem,
Is on a foreign shore:
Ah! woes my heart,
That we should part,
Alas! to meet no more.

This snow-white rose,
'Til life shall close,
I'll keep through ilka pain:
Perhaps at last,
When storms are past,
It may revive again.

LETTERS ON LONDON,

BY

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

Sir—As objects differ very much according to the views which are taken of them, it may not, perhaps, be wholly uninteresting to give the ideas of an Irishman on the English metropolis, particularly when it must be remembered, that his native soil is not so far remote from the mother-country as to make interest or prejudice blind or mislead him. We, inhabitants of the west, very naturally look up to the seat of power and war from a very early age, accustomed to consider it as the centre of elegance and perfection. A foreigner might be very prone to exaggerate either in good report or in evil report, as circumstances might influence him, but a relation, (there are relations of many kinds; those of consanguinity, of amity, verbal relations or mere matter of words, faithful relations, &c.; and surely old Ireland must be allowed to stand in some of these positions towards England) can have no such feeling. Nevertheless, I shall candidly offer my own opinions as they arose out of the impressions which London and her population, particularly the higher classes, made upon my mind on visiting the one, and mingling with the other. But first pardon me for giving a rough sketch of myself, with an account of the advice which I received at first quitting the Emerald Isle for the shores of Albion. Who I am matters little; what I am my conduct and writings must prove: the first circumstance is often a secret to the wisest of us, the second depends not upon our *genus et proavos*, but wholly on self, directed I grant by principle and education. I am neither a railer nor a complainer, nor have I any private wrongs continually awakening in me a spirit of censure or regret. In good humour with mankind, very much so indeed with womankind, and not in bad temper with myself, I am convinced that

"It's a very good world we live in,
To lend, to spend, or to give in."

Eur. Mag. Nov. 1823.

at least I have found it so, and I shall treat it as such. It was my lot, at an early age, to accompany my school-fellow, Lord Problem, in a three years tour over the Continent; but it so happened that I sailed in his yacht from the coast of Erin to that of Italy, and, after passing through France, was called back to my home so suddenly, on family concerns, that I only slept one night at an hotel in London.

Lord Problem was the unfittest companion in the world for me: we had a stock-purse between us, but that was the only thing which we shared. His Lordship was a disappointed man, and I was pleased with every thing: he was a logician, a metaphysician, a dry reasoner, and a dry fellow; and I was cheerful and mellow, as far as becoming mirth and hilarity allowed; and would sooner give up any point than dispute about it one instant. Lord Problem left Ireland in disgust, and was incessantly tormenting me about politics. He called our extensive country a province of England, which he was pleased to honour with the title of the King's County; and assured me that our Mother Britannia was an *injusta noverca*, or, in plain English, an unjust step-mother; adding that our national character was gone, and that we were mere west Britons, &c., too long to be retained or related. Now, when I began to recollect that the Peer was a settler in the country, and was to Ireland what the Kentish man is to the man of Kent, and when I found that political interests had warped his feelings, I determined to judge in all things for myself, which I did as long as we travelled together, and which I shall take the liberty of doing in my Letters on London, where it will be evident that *Je ne sais rien apeller que par son propre nom*, and that, belonging to no party or set of men, and, taking no man for my original, my *flugel man* or time giver, I am *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*. I am no time server, because

I allow no man to regulate my time; just as Pat Blarney assured his friend that there were no toad-eaters in Ireland, because St. Patrick had extirpated and exterminated both animals at the same time with his own hand.

I shall now dismiss the subject of my Continental travels and Lord Problem at the same time, and state the advice which I received from one Lucretius Horace Reginald O'Gormagan, an old Irish gentleman, of very high honour, high stature and high notions, on my departure from Dublin to Holyhead. I must, however, inform you, that I did not strictly adhere to his counsel: we generally get nothing for nothing in this world, and so I found it; for, as I never asked advice, I had no right to get it; at all events not *gratis*. His first piece of grave admonition, and what served as a kind of basis on which all other matters were to rest, warned me to appear as unlike as possible to what I was. In vain did I urge, that Goldsmith, and Swift, and Sterne, and Sheridan were Irishmen; that the eloquent Burke was of the same country; that the present Duke of Wellington owned no other place of nativity; and that in the Cabinet—— here he stopped me. "No doubt there were very great men in the Cabinet and in the field, abroad and at home, who sprung from the Green Isle, but that is of no avail." He went on to convince me that I not only must be as unlike an Hibernian as possible, but as unlike dame nature in every other respect; and that it behoved me to embrace and part friends with her at the threshold of my home; assuring me that she could only mar my fortune, and unfit me for high life. Many of our harmless nationalities, (he informed me) were mortal sins in polished London; they compromised self-interest and laid one open to ridicule. Nor were these natural, national impulses and propensities confined to Ireland exclusively: all artless feelings and simple localities were out of place in the great world; but, touching the innate errors which I inherited from my country, he exposed them to me, and guarded me against them. The *brogue* I had not: my education and travelling had prevented this evil, which, he assured me, would make every man lock up his daughter, shut his door, and button up his side pocket at my approach, under the dread of a seizure or a loan; but then I possessed a hastiness of expression which almost amounted to impetuosity, and which must be wholly neutralised; I had to get rid of commencing a phrase by an interjection, such as oh! "*Oh!* how glad I am to see you." The *o's* are quite a dead letter in England, and smell of the rusty, indigenous princes of olden times. Then again ah! as "*Ah!* will you leave us after so *short* a visit?" (Perhaps six months in the obsolete reign of imprudent hospitality). Now these *ah's* are as bad as the *o's*, excessive regret and excessive pleasure have nothing to do with a town-life, the excesses whereof are unacknowledged, though not unfelt; insipid, though destructive; imperceptible, though incessant. What ought to astonish an elegant? Nothing—the oh! and the ah! then became not only useless but improper: avidity, or impatience, to evince warmth of sentiment, were equally to be discarded. A sanguine Hibernian, whatever be his rank, would make use of his long sight (we speak merely of the action of the eye) to perceive a coming friend; would run towards him or after him, and might elevate his voice beyond a drawing-room pitch to hail and welcome him. Such conduct at the west end of London would be abominable, where the convenience of perceiving, or not perceiving, is of the highest importance; for which reason a glass, pendant from the neck, is an eminent convenience, and it *hangs* out as an excuse for cutting (as it is called) your best friend or nearest relation. A man has nothing else to do but to take the measure of some other object, apparently by accident, and he can turn his back on who or what he pleases. A full exertion of any of our senses was, according to my adviser, by no means *du dernier goût*. Memory, he said, ought to be as defective as sight, and ought never to be used unless to suit the *present* purpose; to forget being, in general, more convenient than to remember; forget to remember, and remember to forget, being the order

of the day, whether applied to an Irish cousin, a country neighbour, a country acquaintance, a subaltern companion, a false or hasty promise, a jeweller's, a coach-maker's, or a tailor's bill. This advice, however, was very foreign to the habits and the heart of Lucretius Horace Reginald O'Gormagan; but he told me that if I was determined to become a stranger to my *dirty acres*, and to spend their produce in the *beau monde*, I must do as others do; and that whenever my *primitive principles* were mortgaged, I ought to return to my native retreat, and to redeem them. He would have added a very long chapter on dissipation, late hours, and the inviting of the seasons; but I knew enough on these subjects in Dublin, and on my travels. Dinner he asserted had become so late in London that he believed, in the course of time, it would be *put off to the next day*. I reminded him that we had dined at eight o'clock in Dublin, and in the country. "True," replied he, "but that was when your father was in the Irish Parliament, the voice of which has vanished with the Union,* and when you were a stripling sportsman, and never returned from a fox chase until it was pitch dark. Of the seasons, he added, "that the great people gathered roses in Bond-street, and enjoyed the icicles of winter in the country; slept out day-light in town, and made their morning calls in the evening."

I differ widely with my countryman in his disapprobation of meal-time; the present arrangement meets every taste. For example:—I have more than once lunched with a Right Hon. Lady at three o'clock P.M., when she has eaten the breast and wing of a fowl, and a *côtelette de mouton*, and drank three glasses of wine; at eight in the evening she has tasted two table-spoon-fulls of soup, and about an ounce and a half of game or of some made-dish, with other three glasses of wine, each one of a different kind—and pray what are these hours of repast? The humble mechanic's dinner and a light supper. I remember at another time, when assisting at Lord D—'s lunch, where a cold turkey, a ham, cold moor-fowl, and half a dozen other viands, figured on the table, with home-brewed ale and Madeira, that every one eat heartily. It was two o'clock; and, at half-past seven, the same party and a few guests picked delicately at what was called dinner; for to eat with appetite before company is as much *du mauvais ton* as to laugh heartily, or speak plainly and emphatically. On this occasion a farmer was admitted *sans ceremonie*, because he had five hundred pounds to advance my Lord; and on being asked if he would partake of the second course, he replied, that he had left off eating hot suppers. The honest man had dined at two, and a bit of cold meat at eight used to serve him for supper. Thus the extremes meet, as the French say, "*les extrémités se touchant*." In the same way an humble man may get up at six in the morning to see a friend off by the coach; an exquisite has only to *sit up for him* an hour beyond his usual time, and it comes to the same end. Brim full of my old Irish relation's advice, but with a grounded opinion of my own, and a determination to judge for myself, I started for the great metropolis; provided myself with two foreign servants, a German, and a Frenchman; for I had already observed, that to give orders to a domestic in French, Italian, German, or Spanish, was the very quintessence of elegance, and had a striking effect before a visiter or dropper-in; or in the presence of tradesmen, who only know the vulgar tongue, it has an electric effect. I had likewise remarked in Paris, that young men played off London airs: *ergo*, it must

* The Union he thought a gagging measure with our worthy members. Struck dumb by fear or shame, the brogue being out of their latitude or altered interest, it is asserted, that after many years profound silence on the part of the Scotch members, after their Union, the frost was broken by one M.P's addressing the Speaker in a very broad Scottish accent as follows. "Maister Speaker, please to notice yon chil a' hint me, he's aye poaking (always witching) my wig."

be *the thing* to sport Paris in London, and to interlard our discourse, &c. with French, and bring in continental taste in all possible forms, and in all possible shapes, in order to be, as Mr. O'Gormagan stated, any thing but *reality*. My poor Irish followers I kept in the back ground, their tongue might betray them. *Conticuere omnes;* they were all county Kerry men,* and their accent would have undone the importance of my establishment. Arrived in town I recruited my wardrobe in the last taste; came home benighted and in the fog from my morning ride or drive; but then I had the consolation of finding myself *rusticated* in Pall Mall, or St. James's-square; in the orange groves, myrtle alleys, flowering shrubs, and vegitable perfumes, of rooms thrown open for a fancy-ball at midnight; where I will take leave of my reader for the present, expecting to meet him at the foot of my countryman's statue in Hyde Park in my next. In the interim, I remain,

His very humble servant,

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN LONDON.

THE COMPLAINT OF DESPAIR.

Blow on thou pitiless night-wind blow,
  For my heart is more cold than the bitterest blast
That ever hath swept over plains of snow,
  And frozen each flow'ret and brook as it past:

For the vernal ray will unbind the rill,
  In silvery wand'ring to shine thro' the mead,
And the new-born flow'r on the verdant hill
  Uplift, unblighted, its tender head.

But the beams of the summer will never unloose
  The icy fetters of dark despair,
Nor revive the blossoms that youth profuse,
  Strew'd o'er my path, so briefly fair.

The star of my hope, though distant seen,
  Though glimmering faintly, still cheer'd me on;
But the clouds of adversity floated between,
  And the last inspiriting light is gone.

Yet I linger here like a tombless corse
  That haunts it's lost world tho' its soul be fled,
While the torturing demon of late remorse,
  Like the blood-loving vulture, hangs o'er my head.

Where the joys of society sparkle around,
  Still cold is my bosom, and languid my eye,
As Egyptian mummies, in spices bound,
  Amid odours unscented for ages lie.

The tear may glisten on beauty's cheek,
  But it only reminds of a deeper woe
That forbids my eyes for my heart to speak,
  And its anguish away with their streams to flow.

Tho' the smile be curling the ruby lip,
  No sympathy wakes it on mine, when seen;
For those are cold that I loved to sip,
  And the rest seem mocking my joyless mien.

Then foam, ye billows! and rave, ye skies!
  While I pillow my brow on this wave worn stone;
Whence never, oh! never, again may I rise,
  But expire unpitied, unheeded, alone.

B.

* Thus a school-fellow of mine translated Virgil.

THE HALF-HANGIT.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
And hanged high on a hill;
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.
Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.

In intruding these lines upon my readers I am actuated by no feelings of vanity. What, indeed, have I to be vain of? If the destruction of the hopes which once flitted before my imagination—if the remembrance of pleasure which the chilling hand of adversity has blasted—if misery and solitude of soul be things to be vain of, I may indulge in vanity to the fill. Alas! that I can look back upon little, which does not revive recollections like these.

It is by strange and uncommon circumstances that I have been reduced to my present condition, circumstances, which, even in my own eyes, have given to my life a dream-like tinge of uncertainty, and which have made my existence hang upon me as an insufferable weight, which death only is able to rid me of.

I loved.— Helen P—— had a soul, pure as the untrodden snow, a form beautiful as ever disclosed itself to the raptured eye of the poet in his wildest dream. I adored her—she was not insensible to my passion. The day had been fixed for our union, but a trifling dispute had arisen between us. She slighted me—my pride rose high, and I endeavoured to banish all recollections of her.

I was unfortunate—I was reduced from affluence to poverty—but I maintained myself by teaching a small school in the neighbourhood. It was then that Helen displayed her truly noble heart: she visited me, offered me her hand and heart. Fool! idiot! madman! that I was; I conceived she had injured me—I rejected them.

Noble hearted, generous girl! May the God of Heaven requite thee. But thou art rewarded—thou art now reaping the fruit of thy good deeds,—thou art for ever blessed.

My folly, obstinacy, madness,—but I cannot attach a name sufficiently strong to it—was punished. I do not repine: I deserved it. I only regret that thou wert a partner in my sorrows.

One evening, to chase away the oppressing thoughts which continually haunted me, I took a long stroll. The country was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. The season was summer, and the fields, lately shorn of their russet produce, appeared an expanded plain of lively green. I felt so much enchanted by the beauty of the evening, and the delightful reminiscenses of past days which the scenes around me conjured up, that I found no inclination to return homewards directly, and, therefore, digressing from the regular path, sought a spot which, from my peculiar ideas of associated beauty, had become a favourite haunt.

It was a lonely and secret place, and its solitary beauties were more in harmony with my feelings than scenes which, though more magnificent, were in a greater degree exposed to the common eye. It was a gently declining dell, at the bottom of which flowed a small stream, that made a sweet and melancholy music as it gently passed over the bright and shining pebbles that formed its bed. On one side rose banks, covered with dark green moss, spotted with small white flowers, enlivened by the greener hazle, and fenced by their trusty sentinel, the dark brown thorn; and on the other, after a small flat patch, as soft as the Indian couch, sprung a sloping bank, the herbage of which having partly slipped off, left the bare yellow sand, which, being perforated

by the martins, formed in its sheltering bosom a home and a refuge for their brood.

It was here I delighted to retire after the fatigues of the day, and muse upon every passing thing. Here have I sat for hours together, with a flower in one hand and a book in the other, and forgot the world, my cares, and myself.

I arrived at this still cherished spot, for, alas! I have had cause to hate it: it has been the source of all my misfortunes: and though I love to view its twilight beauties, it is with feelings congenial to his who hears the low funeral dole passing through the stirless air, and feels every stroke knock against his heart to tell him he has lost a brother.

I stepped over the little brook that bubbled at my feet, and, climbing the opposite bank, sat down under the shade of a majestic oak that crowned the summit of the knoll. I looked round—the twittering swallows had sought their peaceful habitations, and the dense mists were beginning to envelope the face of nature with their thick grey mantle. Not a single sound interrupted the deadly silence that brooded upon the scene, save the whispering rill that stole over its bed, like the stealthy footsteps of fear, and the drowsy hum of the dor-fly as he occasionally buzzed past me.

Soothed by the gentle calm of every thing around me I dropped asleep, from which I was suddenly and unaccountably aroused. I looked around—the night was far advanced—dim clouds had obscured the face of the moon, and it was only through some interstice of the rolling vapours that she became partially visible. The day had been sultry and hot, but it was nothing to the suffocating and oppressive heat which now pervaded every where. I felt that deadly weight upon my heart which we fancy precedes some calamity; and I was alarmed at the prognostications which I beheld of an approaching storm. I heard, at a distance, the rolling sound of the advancing thunder, and saw the vivid sheets of the summer lightning flashing from the dense clouds high in the heavens. I felt inclined to change my quarters; for a seat under a tree, in a storm of this description, is no enviable situation, and I had rather brave its fury in the open plain, uncovered and unshielded. I would rather suffer as complete a drenching as the torrents of heaven can bestow than run the risk of being reduced to the situation of an inurned Roman, for the pleasure and gratification of a temporary shelter from the pitiless tempest.

I began, therefore, to obey the natural impulse of my heart, which prompted me to seek some more secure shelter, when, as I was arising from my recumbent position, and stretching out my stiffened and cramped limbs, I was chilled to the heart by hearing a low groan just beside me. I am no believer in the supernatural, but I confess this startled me prodigiously. It was followed by another, and a deeper sigh. I heard a slight rustling among the long grass which grew near me: I instinctively advanced to it, and there, marked out by the pale glimpses of the moon, I beheld a man stretched out, seemingly in the agonies of death, for he was clutching the earth with a convulsive motion, and the deep stifling sighs that burst from him at intervals, portended almost immediate dissolution. I gazed upon this object of horror for a few moments without knowing how to act. I then raised him in my arms, and wiping the chilling death dew from his brow; I perceived that his clothes were bloody. He appeared to have been either shot or stabbed in his side, probably the latter, as large gouts of clotted and coagulated blood clung to his clothes, and the ground appeared to be stained with it. He endeavoured to speak, and a feeble groan again escaped from his quivering and pallid lips. I inwardly breathed a prayer for his safety; he opened his glaring and fixed eyes, and cast upon me a look that can never be erased from my memory. He grasped my hand—the blood gushed out in torrents from his side—he shivered all over—his limbs stretched out—and with his eyes wide open, and as I thought fixed upon me—he expired.

I was not certain of the moment

when his soul winged its flight to other realms; but I felt his limbs stiffening, and the tighter grasp with which his hand compressed mine, and it was only then that I began to think of the horrors of my situation, which was, indeed, no desirable one. I was here alone at midnight—a dead man in my arms—murdered, or one that had committed suicide, which would be equally dangerous to me—my clothes were stained with his blood. What must be the consequence if I were found here? I could assign no reason for my being at such a place at such an unseasonable time, and the real truth would be treated as a weak and paltry excuse. All these, and a thousand other terrifying thoughts, crowded upon my mind. How was I to act? I began to fancy I was in a dream, for every thing happened in such quick succession that I could not believe it was reality, and I began to rouse up the energies of my mind to shake off those strange and troubled phantasies. But the truth soon flashed upon me, and I hastened to escape the environing perils.

I now fancied I heard footsteps approaching, and the suppressed voices of men in conversation. I listened in breathless terror. I began to think myself disordered, but they approached nearer and nearer, and I just distinguished their forms.

"We will bury him in the brook," said the first, "no one will look for him there."

"Fool," said the other, "it were a useless piece of trouble, his blood will betray us, it must already have deeply marked the grass: better leave him to rot here, he will not soon be found, and if he is, who will suspect us?"

"No, no; we will bury him; trust me thou art much the greater fool. Dost thou not already hear the pattering of the rain upon the leaves of the trees, that will speedily erase all traces of the blood."

"True, true; I did not think of that. We must then. Have you brought the spade?"

"Aye, here it is."

"Then to business. Fetch the body here, 'tis at the foot of yonder oak."

I sprung up as the ruffian advanced, and endeavoured to escape—he seized me—I dashed him aside—the other now came up, and I was soon overpowered. "Shall I despatch him," said one of the ruffians to his companion, keeping his knee on my throat; "dead men will tell no tales;" and so saying he pulled out a short knife. "No, no, help me to bind him—something strikes me—be quick." They bound me hand and foot, and retired to a little distance. The man who spoke last imparted something to his comrade, who, pondering a moment, burst into a terrible laugh. "Excellent! by G—!" he exclaimed, "thy wit will save thee from the halter yet, but let us about it immediately, not a second must be lost." During this conversation my heart beat strangely quick, and the cold drops of sweat sat thickly on my brow. I saw one of them take something from his pocket, and doubted not but my fate was now determined—I closed my eyes, uttered a short prayer, and thought myself prepared for death. They began to search my pockets; I assured them that I had not a farthing. This they did not seem to believe. They searched, and, apparently satisfied, departed.

This appeared very extraordinary to me. Why did they leave me thus? perhaps to perish for want of food. All roads or dwellings were at too great a distance for my cries to be heard, and the place was seldom visited. The storm now began to rage, and I lay the unsheltered victim of its fury. The rain descended in torrents, and I heard the deep voice of the thunder muttering threats at me. The lightning blazed down in dazzling and continual flashes, and made the scene more horrible by rendering it more perceptible. My clothes were soon drenched through, and I began to feel extremely chill and cold, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather; the damp ground imparted its penetrating moisture to my frame, and my limbs became numbed by the tightness of my bonds. In spite of all this I fell into a kind of doze, which was filled with the most terrific visions. I thought I had groped my way into a frightful valley, where the most impenetrable darkness reigned,

and where nought was heard but the screaming of the wild bird seeking its prey, and the howl of the gaunt hungry wolf. I heard a groan behind me, I turned to look, a cloud burst open, and a pale beam of the moon shot down upon the face of the murdered man—it was terrible—his eyes were open, but fixed and stoney, and his countenance was livid and corrupt. I turned away in horror, and endeavoured to escape—my footsteps slipped, and I fell headlong down a steep precipice. Every limb seemed to have suffered dislocation, and yet I could not die. My dream now took a different turn: methought a legion of skeletons sprung up beside me, the glare of their torches danced before my eyes; they raised me unresisting in their bony arms, and bore me on a steed as pale and terrible as themselves over wastes and moors, which nothing but imagination can conceive, and at last dropped me into a cave of inconceivable depth; then I seemed to lose all recollection—my brain began to whirl round, and I fainted.

When I recovered, it was long ere I could muster up sufficient recollection to trace all these horrors to their source, and to conceive where I was. I perceived I was in a low damp vault, or what I then took for a vault, which was only illumined by a feeble lamp that burnt on the floor, and just served to render darkness visible. A small mattress was thrown in one corner, and a little straw was scattered up and down the apartment. I endeavoured to raise myself up, but I was so weak that I could not stir. I felt a burning at my throat. I strove to speak—my suffocated voice sounded like a hollow rattle. I sought to move my limbs, but they refused their office. I concluded I was dying. The dizziness again came upon me—all objects danced before my swimming eyes. I rejoiced that death would soon put an end to my pains—my sight became darkened, and I relapsed into a torpid insensibility.

A dreadful fever had seized me, caused by the damp which my frame had imbibed from the chilling moisture of my clothes, and the dampness of the wet earth. My sufferings were terrible—my mouth had become parched and dry, and I was tormented with an unceasing thirst which I could not allay; my limbs were dreadfully emaciated, and I was worn almost to a skeleton. But the natural firmness and vigour of my constitution overcame all these dangers, and in about three weeks I was sufficiently recovered to inquire into my present situation.

I had been removed to a better apartment, and the first person I remember seeing was an aged woman of no very mild aspect. I asked her in a feeble voice how I came there. To this she replied by shaking her head, and, putting her finger to her mouth, motioned me to keep silence. This, however, I felt no inclination to obey, and again demanded from her where I was. "In S——prison, you know well enough," she replied.—"Why, in the name of Heaven," said I, in astonishment. "Come," said she, "this will not serve your turn; mayhap you wish to persuade the long-wigs as Will of the Moors did, that shot the Shropshire man, that you're beside yersel. Trust me, it won't go down wi' me; ye may pass off your jokes on them, but the de'il a bit will I believe ye."—"Woman," said I sternly, for I was greatly enraged, "why am I here?"—"Why then," said she, in the soothing voice of a nurse to its charge, and which provoked me excessively, "merely for making the cauld iron and rich Allan Hawbeck's ribs acquainted in the green dell of Libberton, and for which ye will have the pleasure o' wearing a hempen stock to your neck, and cutting a caper upon nothing."—"Who, who are my accusers, my good woman," said I, trembling with rage and astonishment, "tell me in pity, who could."—"His two servants," returned she, "and their evidence seems clear enough; I am afraid it will go hard wi' ye; had ye not grappit the man's throat sae hard, ye might hae had some chance."—"Oh! Heavens," I exclaimed, "the light flashes upon my soul; the treacherous, damnable, deceitful villains; I now too well understand the meaning of their cursed device; their hell-born machinations have taken effect, their

plots have too well succeeded, and I, innocent as the unborn babe, shall fall a victim to their artifices." I sunk back upon my pillow, and, overwhelmed by a flood of conflicting emotions, at last fell asleep.

My situation was, indeed, a wretched one. Upon further examination into my case I learnt that a pocket book, containing notes to some value, had been found in my clothes when I was taken by the servants, who, I had no doubt, were the murderers; and that every circumstance concurred to prove me guilty. I knew not what plan to pursue; my thoughts were terrible. I was branded with the name of murderer, nor had I any means of casting off the imputation levelled against me. I must suffer as a culprit, detested and abhorred—I must die as a murderer, despised and execrated.

I could not bear to think—and as I had no friend to whose faithful bosom I might trust my secret griefs, no one who might pour the oil of comfort into my bleeding wounds, I was truly miserable. My story was treated, as I expected it would be, as an improbable fiction; and all to whom I related it laughed at me, and bade me choose a better lie, if I hoped to come off with success. This was what I expected, and I repined not, but I felt it deeply; the bolt had struck my heart; I found myself an outcast, a despised and miserable being, and I gave myself up to despair. My person became squallid and haggard, and I was reduced almost to a skeleton.

I had been in prison near six weeks, and the assizes drew on apace, when an adventure happened which drew me back to humanity. I was somewhat pleased with the attention which one young man, whose name I understood to be Howard, paid to my woes, and who essayed as much as in him lay to calm my perturbed spirits. In this he succeeded, and in his company alone I was easy. He believed my dark and mysterious tale, and gave me his sincerest advice upon it. There was a something in him, too, which reminded me of past time—of Helen and happiness; and there was so strong a resemblance of feature between them, though he was much darker than her, that, had I not known for certain that such a being never existed, I should have concluded at once that he was her brother. The attentions of this young man restored me to myself, and the exertions he made in my behalf gave me hopes that my case was not entirely without hope.

His little tale was soon told—in a fit of passion he had struck a cruel master, who had imprisoned him for an attack upon his wife. There was something about him which convinced me of the truth of what he asserted: indeed, from my own peculiar circumstances, I was inclined to give credit to many tales narrated to me by the prisoners, which were scarcely plausible.

The time approached; and, supported by Howard, I endeavoured to arouse all the energies of my mind for this great trial. I am innocent, I inwardly exclaimed, and my innocence shall stand by me in my need. The blood of the innocent shall assuredly call down the vengeance of God on his persecutors. But then the thought that drove me back again to the verge of frenzy was, that my good fame was for ever blasted; my hopes, my life, every thing nipped in the bud. I was desolate—I was a murderer. Oh, God! the tears are scalding my cheeks at the horrid recollection. It arrived; and I was to hear my doom. It was proved that Allan Hawberk, having been absent at the rent time on a tour to the Isle of Wight, had that evening been collecting his rents. His servants were to bring his horse, so they affirmed, to the end of the lane which fronted Hyndham Lodge, he had some orders to give them, which, he said, must be performed that evening; they were seen waiting with the horse by several passers-by. They further deposed, that hearing a voice crying murder in the fields, they had hastened there, and, following the noise, found me engaged in rifling the body. The situation, my absence from home, the pocket-book, which contained most of the rent-money, my blood-stained clothes, were all material evidences against me.

To all this I had only to plead

my simple and artless tale; but the boldness of my accusers, who unblushingly confronted me, triumphed, and I was disregarded. My former good character was taken into consideration; but then it was well known what an unhappy train of circumstances had reduced me, that my fortunes were broken. I was looked upon as a desperate man who had cast his all upon the stroke of a die. It is useless to say more—I was found guilty.

A dead stillness now prevailed all around. My breath began to grow short. The judge slowly placed on his head his black cap—the eye of each gazer became fixed with intense emotion. He passed sentence upon me. I heard his words, but I scarcely knew their import; they sounded like the death-bell on a summer's eve. My senses became bewildered—I was cut deeply to the brain. I endeavoured to kneel, to pray; my limbs forgot their office, every thing fled, and I was carried away fainting.

I was now in a state which it is almost impossible to describe; the worst had happened. I was sentenced—my hours were numbered. I had three days to live—horrible reflection; as these and other wilder thoughts flashed across my soul, my reason tottered. At one time rage and fury would almost choke me; I clashed my chains together, foamed at the mouth, and endeavoured to dash out my brains against the wall of my prison; the next moment I wept like an infant, and falling with my face upon the ground, seemed ready to breathe out my soul in the dreadful grief which agitated me.

During this time I had not seen my friend Howard; he advanced to me, and taking me in his arms shed tears of unfeigned sorrow upon my face. This, I believe, was what I needed most. I could not bear to see him grieving thus, and summoning up every energy I thought that I was able to laugh death in the face. But I was not afraid of death; it was not death that alarmed me, it was the horrors that accompanied him. If he had come alone, I would have faced him as a man without a sigh or a murmur, but the circumstances attending it, the eternal disgrace that would be heaped on our once noble family, all combined, was horrible; but then I was innocent, and there was my triumph.

I took up a bible, and composed myself,—I read unceasingly, and prayed fervently. I slept soundly the two first nights—the last I was greatly disturbed by strange and confused dreams. Howard had been taken dreadfully ill, so that I had not seen him, for I was not, of course, allowed to visit him, and this distressed me much. I had calculated upon his assistance in this last struggle, and to be deprived of it was a dreadful shock to me.

The last morning was now arrived; it was about four o'clock. I arose, knelt down, and prayed; my soul became lighter, but I had much to endure. I heard the sounds of the hammers employed in preparation: they were erecting the scaffold, and every stroke told to my heart. "Why should I be thus alarmed," said I, "I have nothing to fear; a few hours and all will be over with me—I will not think."

I became tranquil,—nay, almost happy, and I heard the entry of the jailor with pleasure. He entered, but not alone; a zealous divine came with him, and we joined together in the sincerest offerings of prayer. The jailor now struck off my irons, and with his assistance, for I was become extremely weak, I was removed to another apartment.

My mind had acquired a sublimity, which raised it above the grossness of earth, and I had almost forgotten my situation. Another keeper entered, leading in Howard, who could scarcely totter along, and who fell an almost senseless burden into my arms. I kissed his feverish and hectic cheek, and pressed him closely to my bosom. All around were deeply affected. Howard spoke much, but faintly; and demanded, with an almost intense anxiety, how I felt: I assured him I was quite prepared, and smiling, told him it was now my turn to play the comforter. "We shall meet again very shortly," said he, "I feel, I know I shall not live long—nay, give me no hopes—I do not wish for them. We shall meet where we shall be happy, I have no desire to live."—"Do not say so, Howard,

you have, I trust, many, many happy blessed years to enjoy, and may you ever be—."—"Think, for Heaven's sake, of yourself," said he; "recollect." — "Dear Howard," said I, "you know my love for Helen P—, and also her habitation. Here is a lock of her hair, take it to her. I did think to have died with it upon my heart, but—"—"Then you do not renounce her for ever," said Howard, hastily. "Oh! no," said I, "I love her yet as tenderly as ever." Howard bent anxiously forward; he whispered a word into my ear, and I became as a statue.

"Thou canst not be Helen!" I exclaimed. "I am! I am! my dear—my unhappy Charles." — "Oh, Heavens! this is too much—so unexpected."—"You do not hate me, Charles?"—"Hate thee, thou beloved girl—Oh! to meet thee thus; thy sacrifice—generous self-devoted being, a life devoted to thy service could not repay thee." — "Oh! Charles, we must part a little, little while, and we shall be reunited. May God bless you, and support you in your need." And as she spoke she fainted, with her arms twined round my neck; I gently unclasped them, and kissing her pale cold cheek, and exclaiming, "'tis better we part thus," I delivered her to the weeping jailor, for all were considerably affected by the scene they had just witnessed, and he carried her away.

A torrent of new emotions now gushed to my heart, and I was bewildered by their conflicting influence. I assigned to myself different reasons for Helen's conduct, but I could not develope the mystery which seemed to enshroud it. Helen a servant—strike her master—in S—— goal—improbable, nay, impossible. Often was I tempted to doubt the reality of every thing around me, and I began to think myself the sport of some delusion.

The time had slipped on, my sand was nearly run out, and the clergyman begged me to think of my future state. I continued with him in prayer till the moment when I was summoned by the jailor for the dread ordeal. I cast a last glance of bitter agony on every thing around, and bade him lead on.

I passed through the door, and beheld the vast assemblage before me. I shuddered dreadfully—the use of my limbs again forsook me—and, had it not been for the assistance which was timely offered me, I should have fallen. I was placed in a cart, on the bottom of which was scattered a small bundle of straw, upon which I sat; the terrible equipage began to move—I gazed timorously around—it was a beautiful morning, but all seemed black and dark to me. There was a mixed expression sat upon the faces of the tumultuous mob; it was a stern pity, a fierce regret, mingling with somewhat of horror. They seemed to loathe, and yet longed to glut themselves with the spectacle. Kindly glances of pity were sometimes interchanged, and a sigh and a sorrowing exclamation were occasionally uttered in my behalf. There was a dead weight upon my heart, and I felt very sick; a thick damp sat upon my brow, and all my limbs felt nerveless. I drew my breath by gasps, and my whole frame heaved with emotion.

We had now arrived at the scaffolding, and I was assisted to mount the steps, for I was much too feeble to have attempted it alone. Indeed I expected that my heart would burst long ere the hangman's hand should put a period to my existence. I stood upon the boards, and cast my eyes around, but I could dimly see—all floated a confused mass around me—it seemed one ever-moving sea of human heads, that swelled and foamed, and rolled up to swallow and devour, and I shrunk in horror. The clergyman advanced: he spoke, and I listened, but I knew not what he said—he kneeled and prayed, I instinctively obeyed him, but I knew not what I did; he raised me up. A hymn was chaunted. The jailor wished to bind my eyes, but this I could not suffer—the cord was fastened round my neck—the clergyman recommended my soul to Heaven, and departed. The jailor delivered to me a handkerchief to let fall when I was prepared, and left me; and it was then, and only then, that I became alive to the terrors of my situation. I was like one suddenly aroused from a fit of intoxication. I had before an idea

of it, but it was a bare idea, what did I not then undergo: if the riches of the universe, the wealth, honours, and pleasures of the world were to be the reward of it, they should not bribe me again to undergo that moment. It was an age—it was horrible—the cord of agony was screwed to its tightest—the least move would have cracked it: it was insupportable. But Oh! that moment. The handkerchief had been left me to let fall when I was prepared; and thus I was to become, in a manner, my own executioner. Terrible thought. I half resolved to retain it, and let death come when it would, but I could not bear to wait; I mustered up all my resolution. I endeavoured to take a last look, but my sunk and hollow eyes refused their office; all was darkness to me: my tongue was dry and close parched to my palate. I murmured a prayer to Heaven—I slowly raised my hand—I trembled—my breath stopped—my grasp unclosed—the handkerchief dropped—the beards fell ——! I felt the dreadful jirk through my whole frame—the blood rushed to my head. I felt the veins distend terribly in my temples—my eyes seemed starting out of their sockets, and there were strong shooting pains in the back of my ears. I tried to breathe—a choaking sensation ensued. I became convulsed—my hands felt dreadfully painful. I clutched at the air—the convulsions increased. I thought the veins would burst in my brow. I felt that my eyes protruded dreadfully. I heaved for breath again, but the passage was completely obstructed. I shivered all over—my pains became less intense—and I was soon insensible.

I now began to experience feelings of a different sort—violent throes thrilled through my frame, and I felt tortures inexpressible. I laboured to rise, to breathe, and to burst the chains which seemed to hold me; painful throbbings at my heart ensued; the blood rushing through my numbed and cramped veins was horribly painful; it was like sharp needles thrust into every part, and even more painful. I rest on nothing. I thought lying on a bed of thorns, and rung up in agony.

I had been cut down.—One of the villians had confessed. They had had a quarrel over the division of the booty at an inn; the landlord had overheard them, and instantly sending for an officer they were taken into custody. One acknowledged his guilt, which, of course, implicated the other, who did not deny the charge, being overwhelmed with astonishment. This had not happened at S——, but at a town about thirty miles distant. All had taken place in the middle of the night; the messenger had delayed; he arrived just as I was turned off. I was cut down immediately, and every effort resorted to, to restore suspended animation. It is needless to say they succeeded.

Why was I once more brought back to be again lost upon this sea of troubles; why was I not rather suffered to die in peace. For I may truly say, that the bitterness of death was past with me. Would I had been permitted to sleep for ever. I awoke to misery greater than when I lay down to sleep, and cursed be the hand that broke me from the transient slumber that would have brought me to happiness. Would that the winds and all the powers of Heaven had combined to stop the messenger in his mad career; had he but been a few moments later it would have been sufficient—I should have slept quietly in the silent tomb.

Helen had died—she died in the hopes of reuniting with me. ——

I have sat beside her silent grave when the lone, bleak winds have whistled through the old yew tree that overshadows it, and have heard them speak like a spirit to me. I have culled the little pansies that flourish and grow upon its grass-green-sod. I have watched the moonbeam fall upon it; I have seen the first tints of the sun shine upon it for twelve years, but I have never yet been able to shed a tear. No tear has glistened in my eye since that fatal event; no smile has ever illumed my face since the moment when I learnt she was dead. But my afflictions will soon, I hope, be terminated, and I am in hopes, that the day is not far distant when I shall meet again with my lost love.

THE BLIND WIDOW'S SON.

"What stuff is this? Marry, a tale of love."
Old Play.

"Why did you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?"
William and Margaret.

There is something in a country funeral peculiarly affecting. In my frequent journies through England I have never witnessed a mourning group, winding its sad and solemn way to the neighbouring church-yard, without feeling my sympathy awakened, and my curiosity aroused, to know the character and the calling of him or her, whose death had left a blank in the village circle. In a populous city there are so many things to divide our attention that the loss of an acquaintance is scarcely felt beyond the day; his place is quickly filled, and he is soon forgotten; but it is far otherwise in the rustic society of a country village, where a few are linked together, and, from their constant intercourse, often beget a friendship which is rarely to be found in the haunts of the busy town. They assemble at their evening clubs to canvass the affairs of their little commonwealth, or to hear the news of the great world; from the cares of which they are happily excluded. They smile with good nature at each other's foibles; and he that can sing the best song, and tell the best story, is placed in the chair of honour: no one is happier than he. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that if a link drop from such a social chain it is felt as a general calamity by those who survive it's loss.

I was last autumn on a journey in the West of England, when I overtook, on a lonely bye road, a funeral, the appearance of which was so touching and romantic that I willingly became one of the mourning train. The body was supported by four young men; and over the plain oak coffin were scattered the freshest and the sweetest blossoms of the season. The curate of the neighbouring village walked before the humble hearse: he was a tall venerable man, and his countenance bespoke an elevated cast of thought; "mild, pale, and penetrating," like the monk of Sterne, he seemed to soar above the common-place occurrences of life, and to fix his hope of happiness on the kingdom of his Heavenly Father. I soon learned that the deccased was a youth whose amiable disposition had gained him the love of all who knew him; and, in the course of my inquiries, I gleaned his brief story, together with the cause of his premature death, which I mean to detail when I have described his funeral. The chief mourner was the mother of him whose remains we followed; there was something inexpressibly touching in her mute sorrow. She was stone blind; and was led by her last surviving child, a thin sickly girl, who sobbed bitterly. The tears of the poor mother fell fast from her sightless eyes, as she grasped the arm of her only prop, as if she feared that death would snatch her also, and leave her quite desolate in a dark world. A group of young maidens, decked in white, with black ribbons, followed next, and each of them carried a basket of flowers to strew upon the grave. The old standards of the village, among whom I mingled, brought up the rear. I knew them all by appearance: there was the barber, with his brisk air, and his chin new shorn. The exciseman was not to be mistaken, with his ruby nose, and his official gait; nor was it difficult to discern Mr. Boniface, who waddled on at the side of a tall thin figure, whose suit of time-worn sables, and mortified countenance, proclaimed the village doctor. A troop of minor characters filled the back ground of the picture. We soon halted at the church-yard, where the old grey-headed sexton,

leaning on his spade, stood ready to receive us. The church was a little gothic structure of the last century; and its antiquated turret, from which the bell was tolling for the soul of the departed, was time-worn, and clad with ivy to the top. The dates on the moss-covered tombstones referred, in general, to an age gone by, and to persons who had long since "shuffled off this mortal coil," and were now forgotten.

"The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from its straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

The interment was conducted with every mark of sorrow and respect. Indeed, I seldom witnessed a more affecting scene. The funeral service was read by the worthy curate with much solemnity and grace: added to his impressive appearance, there was a tremulous emotion in his voice, which gave the best effect to the beautiful and simple language that he uttered. The spectators were all affected, even to tears; and I observed that the old sexton himself, as he heaped the clay upon the coffin, shared in the general sorrow; but the poor blind mother was the object of undivided pity and attention. She had stood beside the grave in the fixed posture of despair, till she heard the loose earth falling on the coffin, and the solemn words, "dust to dust" met her ear. It was then that "the iron had entered into her soul;" the lethargy of sorrow dissolved as a dream, and she awoke to the heart-rending reality of her desolate condition; but, prepared as I might have been for the burst of sorrow which followed, I was both surprised and shocked when, with an energy of which I thought her feeble frame incapable, she flung herself on the yet unfinished grave, and raising her sightless eyes and her withered hands to Heaven, in the action of prayer, she exclaimed with a fearful earnestness, "May the curse of God light upon you and your's, Jane Merton, for robbing the widow of her son; may misfortune make your home desolate, and disease prey upon your heart; may the scourge—"—but the minister of mercy interposed between her and the object of her curse before it was completed; he raised her gently from the ground, and mildly exhorting her to patience, the service being now concluded, he led her away.

It may be naturally supposed, that this unusual termination to the affecting ceremony, raised within me a strong curiosity to learn by what strange fatality the deceased had come by his death. At first I supposed, as I had heard that witches were common in that part of the country, that the young man had fallen a victim to a spell, and that Jane Merton was the weired woman who had supplied the wicked means. This, to be sure, was not a very probable conjecture, but on inquiry I found that, magic excepted, it did not fall very short of the truth. The following particulars I picked up here and there during my short stay in the village of M—.

It seemed that the young man, whose interment I witnessed, was of a delicate constitution, and a melancholy turn of mind. From all that I could learn of him, he must have been one of those beings, all soul and sentiment, that we sometimes meet with, who appear to be formed of a finer clay, and to be cast in a more perfect mould than the every-day creatures of the world. He was a wonderful admirer of nature; and his delight was to wander alone in the fields to indulge his meditations. He held but little communication with the young men of the village, yet he was neither dark nor distant; and to his blind mother he was a dutiful and affectionate son. But he seemed to derive his chief pleasure from his lonely musings; perhaps, from the consciousness that he could find no kindred spirit to participate in his feelings. At this period the only daughter of Major Merton, a gentleman of considerable wealth in the neighbourhood, having finished her education at a fashionable boarding-school, returned home. Nature had made her a very lovely young woman; but she was vain, fond of conquest, and possessed very little

feeling. It is true she could weep at a pathetic story, and she was never at a loss for a pretty sentiment; but the current of her mind ran cold, although an occasional sun-beam might seem to light its surface. In an unlucky hour her beauty caught the eye of the too sensitive boy, and he stood mutely gazing at her as she passed him in her father's carriage: he had never seen such loveliness before. She rose to his sight like the beautiful creation of a blissful dream; the realized vision of his brightest imaginings. He had long sighed for an object to which he could turn with confidence, and breathe the hopes and wishes, the fancies and conceptions, with which his soul was teeming, and here he fancied he had found that being. The difference of wealth and station never once occurred; or, if it did, it melted away before the fervour of his hopes. His spirit seemed to receive a new impulse: he became more active and less abstracted; the tide of his thoughts no longer spread itself over the face of nature, to wander unconfined amid its boundless beauties; it narrowed at once and directed its course to one object. He haunted Major Merton's grounds from morning till night, and returned too happy to have snatched a passing glance at the form of his beloved. The young lady, like most young ladies, was not slow in remarking the conquest she had made; and although her ambition suggested that her lover was neither rich nor noble, her vanity was gratified by the mute homage of her lowly swain. There was something she thought delightfully romantic in the matter, and she resolved, *pour passer le temps*, to favour his addresses. She was deeply read in novels and romances; not the compositions of this description of the present day, in which good sense and propriety are in general to be found, but the loose productions of the French school, which too often find their way into fashionable seminaries. Her maid, too, who shared her entire confidence, was no stranger to intrigue. The affair was conducted with all imaginable secrecy and caution. The usual means were resorted to; a note was dropped, and an assignation appointed. But who can paint the raptures of the happy lover, when, trembling, confused, and unable to articulate, he stood before the object of his love? In short, the poor youth became the dupe to his credulity, and gave up his entire soul to a passion the most delicate and refined. The artful girl, with the aid of her worthless confidant, left no means untried to effect her purpose. She soon observed that her rustic lover was a perfect child of nature, a creature of sentiment and feeling; and she framed her discourse to suit with the turn of his mind. The beauties and the wonders of nature presented an ample field, and her education afforded her the means of discoursing to advantage on these matters. When thus engaged how eagerly would the unenlightened boy "devour her discourse," how fondly drink

"The dear, delicious poison of her tongue."

At first he was timid, shy, and diffident; but he gradually became tender, impassioned and eloquent; yet still, in all his words and actions, with the pure feeling inseparable from true love, he preserved the most perfect respect towards the object of his passion. He viewed her as a being of a pure and exalted nature, a bright intellectual spirit, in the light of whose presence it was bliss to stand; the music of whose voice it was rapture to hear. A grove on her father's grounds was the happy place where they met; and here, one evening, the enamoured youth ventured to give vent to his full heart, in a free confession of the passion that swayed his every thought, and gave life and vigour to his mounting hopes. The young lady appeared surprised and offended, she blushed and bit her lips; and then, with a heartless levity, she laughed in his face, and asked him, if he could really suppose that her condescension was ever meant to have such a tendency? She then desired him, since his presumption had led him so far, never more to think of meeting her again; and with the air of offended dignity left him and returned to her home.

The unhappy young man could scarcely credit his hearing; he appeared lost and bewildered; his heart seemed to sink within him, and a cold chill shot through his frame; he flung himself on the damp earth, where he lay in a state of insensibility till long after midnight, when he arose in a cold shiver, and, rather from habit than choice, he returned to his mother's dwelling,

"In hopeless, helpless, brokenness of heart."

A fever of the brain was the immediate consequence of his damp bed, and the excess of his feelings; and, in his ravings, the frequent repetition of the name of his fair destroyer, but too well disclosed the cause of his disorder. In this state he continued for some time, till the fever gradually abated, and he sunk into a calm; but, though nature had conquered the disease, the poison of despair was not to be eradicated. In time he left his bed, and he once more wandered in the fields, but it was clear that his reason was impaired; he no longer stood to contemplate the Heavens,

"Like some entranced and visionary seer."

Nor would he stoop, as he was wont to do, and pluck the wild blossoms that sprung up in his path, to admire the minutenes of their beauty. Pale, wasted, and woe-begone, he strayed from place to place, apparently unconscious that the sun was beaming in the sky, the flowers blooming in his way, and the birds singing around him. It was feared, while he continued in this state that he would have attempted suicide, and some of the young men of the village agreed in turn to watch him at a distance; but although he had witnessed the total wreck of his fondest hopes; though life to him was a cheerless blank, and death the only good he could hope and pray for, his spirit was too weak to contemplate self-destruction; indeed he was hastening to the grave in a way as certain, though less speedy. The essence of life appeared to evaporate by degrees from his wasted body, till at last a single sigh would seem to be sufficient to dissolve the union; and so it was. One calm evening he lay down on the fatal spot where he last saw the object of his unhappy passion, and, with his arms folded across his breast, he breathed his last, as he faintly articulated her name.

G. L. A.

LINES TO A KITTEN.

THOU little furry, sleek, and frisking thing,
  Emblem of idleness, and harmless glee;
How do thy antic tricks, and wanton spring,
  Mock the grave cares which my companions be!
And if thy sports provoke a transient smile,
  Thou in pert whisker'd gravity dost stand,
As if to mock me still—and then awhile,
  As thine unfetter'd humour may command,
In giddy involutions, for thy tail
  Thou mak'st a chace, which aptly may pourtray
The type of those strange eddies that assail,
  On life's wide stream, man's ever restless way.
How swift, how supple, how diversely wild
  These movements which thy sportiveness essays!
How full of grace! for thou art Nature's child,
  And by her easy gift thou hast such ways.
Those eyes of new-born wonder seem to speak,
  Those pretty velvet feet, where, hidden, grows
The treacherous claw, remind of beauty's cheek,
  Which oft in smiles a sting insidious throws.
Thus dost thou prompt variety of thought
  All thoughtless as thou art, and aid'st the Muse,
Amusing pet, that mew'st a strain untaught;
  Long then, instructive trifler, may'st thou use
In full content thy moderate desire,
To feast on milk, and play beside the fire.

MINVANE.

From Ossian's Berrathon.

Who from Morven's rocky steep,
  So sweetly blushing and so fair,
Bends gazing on the rolling deep,
  'Tis Morni's lovely daughter there.
The youth in all their arms appear,
But where is Ryno's beamy spear.

Our tearful eyes and looks of woe
  Confirm'd too soon her boding fears;
Inform'd her that her Ryno low
  Would brave no more the strife of spears;
That pale on clouds the hero flew,
Her heart's fond choice and lover true.

Ye pitying chiefs of Morven's land,
  And is the son of Fingal slain?
'Twas no mean foe, or feeble hand
  That stretch'd my Ryno on the plain!
My Ryno, my belov'd is gone,
And I am in the world alone.

Ye winds that lift my dark-brown hair,
  And waft my sorrows o'er the sea;
Not long these griefs and sighs ye bear,
  For I must soon with Ryno be.
With Ryno sleep, with Ryno dream,
On clouds beyond your changeful stream.

The day may close, the chase be o'er,
  The feast of shells again be spread;
But Ryno joins the feast no more,
  He slumbers in the narrow bed.
The chase, the feast, or Morven's foes,
No more awake my love's repose.

Where are thy dogs, thy massy shield,
  And where is now thy shining bow;
The sword that glitter'd o'er the field,
  And spear that laid the mighty low.
Their blaze was heaven's descending fire,
The feeble quake—the bold admire.

Within yon vessel's bosom deep,
  All gory and confus'd they lie,
In darkness now their terrors sleep;
  Their music's ceas'd, their splendours die.
Death's narrow hall is dark and drear,
Where Ryno rests no arms appear.

When will the morning come and say,
  "Arise, thou King of Spears arise,
The hunters are abroad to-day,
  The conscious hind affrighted flies.
The echoing hills the shouts prolong,
Arise and join the joyful throng."

Away thou fair-hair'd smiling morn,
  In clouds conceal thy glittering head,
Nor hunter's shout, nor echoing horn,
  Can wake the darkly-dwelling dead.
The warrior sleeps in death's cold gloom,
The hinds are bounding o'er his tomb.

Come night, thy heaviest shadows spread,
  And cast unwonted darkness round;
Minvane seeks the silent bed
  Where her lov'd Ryno sleeps profound.
I'll softly steal to thy repose,
And there, my love, forget my woes.

Bright eyes shall weep, and Selma's fair,
  With sorrowing hearts, shall seek for me;
Invite me back, their joys to share,
  With songs and softest melody.
Sweet maids, in vain ye pour the lay,
I sleep with Ryno far away.

W. T.

COENOBIUM ATTICUM; OR, SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

The shades of character in individuals are very commonly confounded by the superficial observation which men bestow on each other, and are sometimes, indeed, so intimately blended by the hand of nature, as to escape the scrutiny of the most discerning. To distinguish and define these is, therefore, an amusing occupation; and it is from this we learn, how materially the harmony and fair proportions of society spring from the endless variety of tastes and modes of thought. Nothing is more gratifying to a reflecting mind than to see a company composed of men of different ages, habits, pursuits, and education, concentred in one focus of radiation, and all employed in imparting light to each other, and eliciting, every moment, new sparks of thought and sentiment. Universal as is this diversity of opinion, it is not in any province more conspicuous than in literature; and the effect produced from its combination with this, is at once the most curious and amusing. As I have come to the conclusion, that there is no standard of natural beauty in the female countenance, so nothing is more true than the general absence of any definite standard in the adjudication of intellectual merit. It is this beautiful admixture of the varied colours of sentiment, blended in all the pleasing forms of light and shade, that produces the shining rainbow we so often admire in the moral firmament.

I reside at one of the two largest towns in the county of Lancaster, and ..... am a member of a society, established equally for the cultivation of the belles lettres, and the promotion of friendly feeling, which is diversified with so great a profusion of the variety I allude to, that it cannot fail to shine with harmonised and heightened lustre, when its rays are transferred to the European Magazine. It is a maxim with the writer, that, as there is a mixture of good and evil in the composition of every man, so every character contains distinct proportions of sense and absurdity, and neither is, at all times, to be confidently pronounced sapient, or ridi-

culous. It is from the predominance only of the one or the other feature, on particular occasions, and called forth by particular accidents, that each takes its *hue* of firmness or imbecility: and the same person may at one time appear the most silly, and at another, under new circumstances, the most penetrating and sensible of men. These observations are intended to establish a conclusion which seems naturally enough to flow from them, that the eccentricities, and even the vaccilations of human intellect, are not always to be brought forward to the disparagement of genius. On any one point it is surprising to see what a contrariety of opinions will be evinced in the society in question; nor can this discrepancy be tolerably conceived or accounted for, till the reader has been presented with the characters of the most leading personages.

Topsey deserves to occupy the first place, not less from the claim to precedence involved in his dignified cognomen, than from the superiority in years which he possesses over the rest of the company; having arrived at the sixty-third winter happily destined to sprinkle its frosts over his head without any diminution of the playfulness of his mind, or any material exhaustion of a constitution repeatedly subject to the attacks of the jolly god. He is descended from a race of ancestors, who by lineage, were all of them three-bottle men, a circumstance which discredits any account of the mischiefs of bacchanalianism, since his grandfather, he asserts, enjoyed sound health (though tipsey every night) to his eightieth year; and his father spun out his last twenty, with good ale alone, up to the age of ninety. The current of their wit, however, flowed in a clear stream through their veins to his, unpolluted with the taint of Port or Hock; and he is at this moment one of the most clever and sprightly men that ever drank a glass of wine. For wine, it is well known, is a prime refiner of the bolder thoughts, and a known stimulant of aspiring genius; and who cannot tell of the praises that poets and orators have lavished on it from the earliest times, and the venerable antiquity of the custom still extant, of bathing in annual libations the *Laurels* awarded to the chief son of Phœbus. Habit has enabled Topsey to dispose of large stimulating draughts, without entrenching on the clearness of his wit; and he never was known to verify the *appellation* he bears, or make it an echo to the sense, by a *downright* prostration at the shrine of Bacchus. Though originally of good family, he was unfortunate in his early career of business, and does not, therefore, partake constantly of life's luxuries; but the cheerfulness of his temper blunts the edge of disappointment, and an attentive landlady, and a circle of indulgent friends, supply to him the usual comforts of wife and family. His conversation is remarkable for a plenitude of anecdote on every subject, a store of collected information about men and manners, and the universality it displays of elementary knowledge. His favourite topic of discourse is the "Riots of Eighty," and the composition which he prefers to all others, and exalts, in his enthusiasm, above Homer's Iliad itself, is Burns's "Tam O'Shanter." He is very pertinacious in the opinion he forms: nothing can persuade him to think but that Wilkes was a fool, or allow that Sir William Draper's Letters are inferior to those of Junius. In conclusion, he never entered a company which he did not inspirit by his vivacity, please by his wit, and conciliate by his goodnature. He has, reader, but one fault in the critic's eye; he is fond of rum and water.

The next is a youthful puritan, whose name is Dervise, grave and stately as the dons of the sixteenth century, who is not one half the age of the last personage, but who has a face twice as long, and an eye twice as deep. He possesses good sense, and indulges a little in conversation; but, like the polar atmosphere, he freezes every thing which he touches by the caution in which he enshrouds himself, and the half measured opinion with which he regards it. In literary acquirements his chief fort lies in mathematics and chemistry, though he makes

pretensions, perhaps not wholly groundless, to an acquaintance with letters and science in general. His distinguishing characteristic is that of banishing all passion and fervour from discourse, of calculating coldly the good qualities of a work which you condemn, and the defects of a composition which extorts the tribute of your unqualified admiration. By thus modifying the merits and demerits of every character, and of every subject, he obtains the reputation of a most discreet person; and by the solemnity of his countenance and voice, and his usual silence, imposes on the world an idea of his great experience. It must be said, however, that his moral aphorisms are very stale, and his ethical notions of fitness and propriety quite common-place.

The nature of such a man's mind excludes the possibility of his forming a passionate attachment for any particular object: yet it may not be amiss to mention, that he too has his prejudices, which are evinced when he acknowledges, that if any production of man deserves praise more than another, the Letters of Junius, which I have had occasion to name, leave all other human compositions in any language far behind them.

I shall now allude to a person who is not without his value in the society, but presents, perhaps, a more ridiculous figure than any other member. His name is CARTILAGE: his figure long and thin, his address uncouth, and his face saintly, and as straight as one of his own busts of plaster of Paris. He is the most legitimate pedant since the reign of Dr. Johnson, not, indeed, from extent or profundity of acquirements like his, but from talking with a loud and overbearing voice, composing every colloquial sentence as though dictating for the press, incessantly recurring to topics of science, of which he knows little, and running over the whole gamut of technical phraseology. It may be wondered what can constitute the value I assigned him; but the fact is, he can reiterate the sentiments he has borrowed from some newly-read book with tolerable precision, and discourse with heart-burning eloquence on an excoriated knuckle, or a blood-shot eye. Report, however, says, that once, on laying open a living rat, in the course of an anatomical lecture which he was giving the society, when I was absent, he took up a nerve by mistake, instead of the femoral artery, by which he put the unoffending animal into the most exquisite torture. Scandal says many things. I say nothing.

His acquaintance with polite literature is very confined, and the authors who are in his good graces are too few to enable him to form a diversified choice; but I declare to you, gentle reader, as a secret, that he one day told me very solemnly, and without a smile, that for his part, on mature reflection, he thought Homer and Virgil were the finest poets in the world!

But I have dwelt long enough on the dry and barren wastes of pedantry, and go to refresh my mind with the contemplation of a personage, in every respect the most attracting in the company. His name is DALRYMPLE: so the recording hand of story vouchsafes to convey to posterity the character of a man who comprises wit, learning, and good humour. Spirit of exalted mould! let me do justice to thy talents, and thy virtues; and tell the world, that if knowledge and worth of an exalted character, could have put fortune in thy power, and placed success at thy feet, thou wouldst have been great and happy. He is now in the very prime and vigour of manhood, with a mighty, yet playful mind, (like the lion dandling the creature it could destroy) and with a body grown up to that plenitude of animal strength, which two years more will begin to encumber with the failings of declining life. In the earlier part of his existence his fortunes were erratic, and his destinies long unfixed; till foreign hospitalty moored the vessel of his fate, and love bowed down the colours which before had floated to every gale. He is since become a resident within the precincts of the society, and indulges in moderate competence, his propensity to literary amusements. He has derived from nature a fertile vein of plea-

santry, chastened by the most refined and delightful humour. His early acquaintance with various life has supplied him with a diversity of information, an extensive acquaintance with books, and a happy promptitude of classical illustration. He is, in short, a complete literary man. He has added much to the current literature of his country by his services to the conductors of occasional publications, not to name his private poetical effusions, and a volume compiled of his writings, on a plan which, if it ever be adopted, must at once edify and amuse the public. In the *Cœnobium* he is distinguished by a clear and forcible expression of his sentiments, and in a language too which soars above others in aptitude and propriety. There is in his notions of honour and generosity, a tenderness of sentiment equally worthy the hero and the christian. His features are expressive of a cultivated mind, and mark an understanding often exercised on subjects of depth and reflection. There is a laughing intelligence ever playing about his eyes, which convinces the beholder, that it is the expression of a mind that cannot sometimes avoid revelling in the consciousness of its own superiority, and evinces how well qualified its possessor is to seize on the humourous points in every object. The latter effect is not weakened by a twitching of one eye to which he is become accustomed, and which, it must not be denied, adds pungency to the keenest satires of his tongue.

A planet so brilliant can scarcely have specks which its brightness will not overpower or conceal; yet this orb has an eccentricity in its motions, which prevents a confidence in its consistency, and diminishes the benefit of its irradiation. It is too subject to the librations peculiar to lunar and *lunatic* bodies, and is not sufficiently obsequious to the influence of *gravity*. His resolution and his tastes will change twenty times in an hour; and he now dares to place as little dependance in prospect, on the stability of his intentions, as other people are willing to allow to them. The sentiment of Horace, expressed of himself in Rome's meridian, may be paraphrased with double propriety with regard to Dalrymple. The countryman delights in London, the Londoner in the country.

Owing to the several traits in his character above delineated, he has never been able to establish any definite idea of literary excellence in his mind, for his enthusiasm hurries away his judgment, and his irresolution is ever unsettling his choice.

He is generally attended to the society by a friend, his *fidus achates*, who advances side by side with him, but who is far from possessing a parity of merit, and is much his inferior in the captivating departments of character. Their feelings are congenial, but in all other respects so striking is the difference of temperament, that it is matter of surprise so strict a friendship should subsist between them. Dalrymple is sanguine and enthusiastic, ANTONIO slow and low spirited: the former is fond of motion, unthinking and open: the latter averse to gaity, ever methodical and cautious, though not suspicious. The one is a man of talent, the other merely a man of sense. His friend, however, has discovered in Antonio a certainty of conduct, an adherence to his promise, and a constancy of attachment, which have called forth his esteem, and taught him to look deeper than the surface for the better qualities of his nature. Many have not hesitated to assign him a large portion of goodnature; and I know that he has such strong natural impressions of duty, that he never diverges from it without the most rigid remonstrances of his internal monitor. From the temperament of his constitution he cannot succeed in the spirit of mimicry, or the sportiveness of gaiety; and he has the prudence not to attempt any thing which he cannot perform successfully. He possesses a remarkable gravity of face, and sallowness of aspect, and wears the appearance of a much greater age than really belongs to him. His features, at the same time, are softened with a shade of pensive melancholy; and a forehead deeply wrinkled, seems to indicate a man of strong natural passions whose thoughts have been

habitually exercised on matters of weight, who has put his mind many years on the rack of unreal distress, and who, often offending and often repenting, has scourged his conscience with that severe scrutiny which arises from his practical knowledge of human frailty His countenance, however, is expressive of varied emotions, and is always an index to the immediate operations of his mind and the influences to which it is subject. The prevailing hue of his mind is sombre and sad, and should he by any chance aspire to hilarity, he reasons on puns like a mechanical casuist, laughs like a cynic with forced complaisance, and hammers at jokes like a blacksmith, ponderously and clumsily. Of his aversions, of which every man has some, his greatest is an open door. From the general regularity of his habits, and his impatience of bustle, it has long been the opinion, that he is destined to be an old bachelor; but in conversation he is loud on the horrors of celibacy, and is ever extolling the supreme happiness of married life. The truth is, he is of a temper too much discontented with any present condition.

I have observed in him one feature which I think has escaped the notice of everybody else; and that is, that there is, in all his actions, an unbaffled steadiness in his purpose, and a ceaseless determination to carry his point. This thorough-pacedness has communicated itself to his pleasures as well as his labours; and he runs through the business of relaxation with earnestness, because he has deliberated and resolved upon it.

In his literary predilections he has disclaimed the pretensions of poetry to the rank of those works that redound to the general profit of mankind, and are subservient to the great realities of life. Into this place he has elevated prose writings alone, and at the top of the column of books that adorns his library, the sculptured bust of Dr. Johnson, with Rasselas for its base, looks down upon the author's below it, in token of the owner's undivided admiration.

A worthy member of the Triumvirate, in which the two last are conjoined, is Rosslyn, who is also their coadjutor in the combination they have found it necessary to form in the society; for I should have informed the reader, that parties exist, even in an assemblage so united as ours. The two principal divisions which deserve to be mentioned, resolve themselves into the Speculative Party, and the Matter-of-fact Party, which so clearly explain their respective characters by the term assigned to each, that I shall think any further mention of them in this place unnecessary. The gentleman whom I now propose to describe is by family a Scotchman, by nature a man of feeling, and by education a man of science. He is a person of plain unperverted sense, not more fined by sentiment; a good linguist of strong principles, and excellent dispositions. He has an understanding that grapples closely with every subject introduced, and he objects to speak on none, except questions of metaphysical subtility, which he abhors; and on all subjects on which he delivers his sentiments, he uses forcible language and well-chosen illustrations, which flow with tolerable smoothness, and find, perhaps, an easy access by means of a slight tincture of dialect, and an apparent ingenuousness of temper. He is a happy husband, and the father of eight or ten children. He possesses much goodnature, and is sincere in all his friendships, though rather tender on fancied points of honour.

He has communicated several scientific discoveries to publications which are the professed repositories of science; yet notwithstanding his prowess in this department, he is more naturally attached to the verdant glades of literature. In these regions his preference is given to that speculative species of writing that makes human nature the subject of its contemplations, and on this account the name of La Bruyère ever awakes the idolatry of his soul.

Another associated colleague of Dalrymple, whose talents, above all others, are

"—— meant for mankind,"

is the witty, the lively, the restless, the laughing, the social, the facetious

Lucius. Not a pun or quibble can elude or escape the torture of his merciless fangs, ever in search of the gay and the amusing bubbles in the atmosphere of fun, and regardless of the consideration due to the friend whom they sacrifice. Let history hereafter tell, O! gifted Lucius, how thou hast decked and beautified the exterior of literature, how thou hast vindicated the tenets of our religion, and how thou hast advanced thy patriotic foot to protect the standard of thy country's liberties! Let not detraction with her pen of gall tell of thy follies, thy frivolities, and thy fashions; nor how thy courtly tongue hunts down every metaphor suggested by the creations of fancy to grace thy discourse, or how skilful thou art in framing those perfumed sentences whose sole object is to produce effect. Be it thy praise, O! amiable comrade, in the teeth of all that is sage and philosophical, to have united the greatest conceit with the finest talents!

I should fail in my duty if I omitted to mention and to eulogize the learned Halifax, the patron and assistant of young geniuses, and the critical reformer of all literary abuses. I know not whether he be constantly more employed in reading or in writing, in acquiring or dispensing. His ordinary step seems indeterminate, his eyes are turned inward, his head the heavy *magazine* of antiquarian lore, and his pen assuredly the pen of a ready writer. What of Fletcher, and Wycherley, and Massinger, he can tell, let no man mention, lest he suffer for his garrulity in having his ignorance exposed, and the whole English Drama unmasked on his astonished eyes. Fix him but on a sofa, harp his machinery aright, wind him up with some sherry, put him upon some subject of ancient learning, and in about an hour you shall hear him begin to pour forth the entire scheme and system of the Belles Lettres, in as full and voluible a stream as ever saluted your ears. Well, had not either Astræa claimed thy devotions, or fame enchanted thy pen, then hadst thou composed the contentions of living disputants, instead of indulging in *Retrospective* visions, or adjusting the scale of precedence between the departed champions of polemical literature!

The young Tertullus is his most favoured friend, proud to be known to have his countenance, and grateful for his numberless good offices. He is one of those youthful aspirants to fame, who, if prudence do but direct him, will attain one of the highest pinnacles in Apollo's temple, and if she do not, will be elevated to one of the loftiest garrets in Paternoster-row. There is this strange incongruity in his character, that while his writing is always, at the least, respectable, his conversation impresses one with nothing but the idea of puerility and vacancy. He seems born to be the reviver of Rome's Lyric Bards: some assert that he raises them up only to outrival them, others that it results from the nature of his disposition, terrified by no project, and dissatisfied with no performance. Time will shew whether he is designed to be a novelist, an essayist, or a ballad-writer: he is certainly one of the most rising geniuses in our society, and seems to descend unnecessarily from himself, when he resorts to the subterfuge of plagiarism. Sir Thomas Brown is the model whom he praises most in speculation; but the Bard of Ireland is the writer whose muse is really his admiration, and whose style he cultivates.

Balbo has a claim to mention, on the ground of some peculiarities, by which he is distinguished in manner and language. Unblessed in form, ungifted in speech, he yet makes pretensions to an acquaintance with every subject, writes on many, and talks on all. The "*Non quicquid tetigit non ornavit*" does not, however, apply to him, since his incompetence disfigures most things, and his prolixity spoils all. His style is more of a florid cast than any other, marked by an affectation of coarse and extravagant metaphors, which he mistakes for poetical imagery. He has taken under his wings a puny unfledged witling, emptier than himself, who never opened his mouth in debate since he had no thought to utter, but whom he kindly assists in his writing exigences, with materials which shew too plainly the quarter from which

they emanated. He is sometimes elected into the presidential chair, not by the supereminence of his abilities, but by the intrigues of his partizans on the speculative or metaphysical side, who own him for their champion. He cannot, therefore, be expected to perform its duties with solemnity, but he makes up for his want of natural authority by trick and grimace. Some grosser instances of this are so offensive to the eye, that I sometimes feel inclined to put the question to him,

"Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt?"

I feel a pleasure in distressing the noisy gentleman with Latin, because I know he does not understand it. But woe to the member whose argument he rises to controvert, for though no danger is to be apprehended from his pungency, the greatest suffering may be feared from his dullness and prolixity.

In the north corner of the room sit two brothers, robust of body, and vigorous of understanding; lasting proofs that a sickly temperament, bilous habit, and puny face, are not necessary ingredients in the man of talent. The mind of one roams the wide panoramic expanse of general literature, the other has climbed up the steep summit of the rock of science. The one is, therefore, the more entertaining companion, the other the more instructive. Their name is Tacit. Both are advanced into the middle stage of life, though still unfettered by the bands of Hymen, and lighted up with all the conviviality and amenity peculiar to youth. Though stern and ungraced in feature, and plain in dress, their society is everywhere courted for its native charm of social pleasantry. Frederic, the elder of the two, whose name has before beamed in the horizon of literary renown, is a warm and generous friend, a man of kind heart and engaging manners, and gifted with a most indulgent vein of poetry. In his own reading he prefers Lord Byron's style above all; but in writing, he is attached to the humourous species of composition, and of his merit in this, future ages will attest the correctness of my estimate, when they are favoured with a published copy of his late most sentimental effusion. I will go out of my way to predict the fame of this interesting poem, and to say that it contains some exquisite touches of pathos, much beautiful imagery, and the liveliest strain of humour; and that it is far too short for the wishes of those, who are honoured with the recital of it.

His habits are simple; he is an astonishing pedestrian, much in the habit of taking romantic excursions, and not averse to the contemplation of scenes in low life.

Erasmus, the younger brother, has not only shone with credit in the society of philosophers, but reposed on the shelves of academic learning; for what he says is appreciated, and what he has written is preserved. He is a cool and clear-headed logician, a man of general and enlarged ideas, sufficiently versed in polite letters, a cheerful instructor, and of pleasant and obliging demeanour; though he is generally heard to say but little in company, and his mind ranges almost exclusively in the higher tracks of intellectual thought. Too great to receive justice at my hands, Erasmus, seek a worthier biographer to record thy attainments; yet the world may, perhaps, have to regret, that thy inherent modesty has uniformly suppressed thy talent. Go on in thy prosecution of the varying forms of science: pursue thy ornithology, thy geometry and thy chymistry, and continue to mark and arrest the changing aspects of the sky: thy frankness and goodnature are sure to make thee beloved, if thy discoveries should fail to render thee celebrated.

Where yonder individual pours forth strains of eloquence, and a knotty circle is collected, whose faces are all irradiated with mirth, the gay Archie Macarvey, the gazette of fashion, commands the spirit of fascination. Short of stature and misshapen in feature, yet his mind is cultivated and his wit circulates; while his large rolling eyes betoken, on Lavater's rule, his envied facility of expressing his sentiments, for which the words that rush to his tongue are almost too rapid. He is quick, warm-hearted, and sprightly, prolific in tropes and figures, and

refined by a collegiate education, grafted on the precepts of the law: it matters little that he is vain and fickle, for none of us is without his faults, and frailty is an attribute, from which whoever is free is more or less than human.

Poetry claims him for her truest votary, and many are the offerings he pays at her shrine; while music, that waits upon his tongue, seasons them with a vocal melody of which his throat is the peculiar source. He therefore frequently mounts into the consecrated altitudes of song, and delights the company with the smooth inflexions of his voice, attuned to some sonnet of his own composing.

The course of a traveller who, in quest of novelty, has passed over the varieties of earth's wide landscape, and the fairy glades blessed with the hand of fertility, is not unlike the route I have performed through the varied regions of mind, and the survey I have taken of the blooming tracts of cultivated nature. I have by no means described all the members of our Cœnobium, which branches out still farther into every modification of character and feeling, which originality of mind naturally assumes, but these are the principal personages who have just claims to mention, or who possess qualities which lay within the scope of a pen like mine to delineate. The society in the precarious nature of its continuance is not unlike the rainbow in the variety and union of its colours; and possibly before this lucubration shall have had time to appear before the public eye it may cease to exist to observation. My labours then will not, in that event, be the less acceptable, if they shall be the means of preserving and recording the transitory peculiarities of genius, and the diversities of individual taste. I hope they may also be expected to have another effect; that of promoting the institution of similar associations in other parts of the country; and of impressing the caviller with a firm conviction, that the apparent antipathies in the elements of humanity, tend only to promote the grand design of creation, and to strengthen the chain of universal harmony.

Crito.

A DREAM.

How wond'rous 'tis that when the eyes are clos'd,
And all the senses in deep slumber bound,
The mind still holds her functions undepress'd;
Sees, hears, and feels; recalls events gone by,
Hath strange presentiment of those to come,
And, quitting earth's dull sphere, exulting soars
To each bright realm by fancy conjur'd up,
And cloth'd in hues of beauty; there to mix
With laughing spirits on the moonlit green;
Or rove with angels thro' the courts of Heaven,
And catch the music flowing from their tongues!
Is it the soul that, by her innate power,
Doth cause those phantasies to rise in all
The air and seeming of reality?
Or do celestial beings hover round
The couch of mortals, and instruct the mind
With visions of futurity? It may be:—
And these same spirits do perchance delight
To watch the slumbers of the man of woe,
And give to his worn mind sweet dreams of bliss,
For which he sighs in vain. But, Oh! there are
Visions so full of horror, that they shake
The soul with fear, nor let tir'd nature find
Rest e'en on slumber's still and downy couch:—
To such belong the Dream I would recall.

On the proud summit of a lofty rock
I sat, and gaz'd upon the pale, round moon,
As she roll'd smiling thro' the angry clouds
That spread their gloomy mantle o'er the sky,
And shrouded all the stars of Heav'n, save one,
Which shone awhile in solitary state,
Then sunk among the clouds, as tho' to seek
For shelter in their wide and dark'ning pall,
From the rude winds that revell'd in the air.
The wild waves roar'd beneath me, and their foam
Dash'd on the steep rock's adamantine side,
And mingl'd with the hurricane that swept
O'er ocean's bosom. On my right hand grew
A forest, where each lofty tree bent down
In adoration of the ruthless blast,
And not a leaf within its wide domain
Was still, but all made music to the winds.
I hark'd, delighted to their rustling sound,
And mus'd on wild, unutterable things;
When, lo! the moon had vanish'd, and the forest
It's foliage ceas'd to wave; the rough blast slept,
And the wide sea became a boundless plain,
Thro' which a bright, interminable line
Of pale light ran, and into two strange realms
Divided it:—from out the one there rose
Commingling sounds of merriment and woe,
And beings of all ages dwelt therein;
Of whom, some smil'd right joyfully, but they
Were few, for most did weep, and others seem'd
Mute with a hidden sorrow; many tore
Their hair in agony, whilst others laugh'd
With maniac wildness, as they viewed the sun
Roll proudly o'er them thro' a host of clouds,
Which seem'd to envy his magnificence,
And throng'd around him as if fain to bar
His wide and glorious passage thro' the heavens;
But he mov'd onward in his majesty,
And clothed them in his radiance as he past.
This was the realm of Life:—the other that
Of Death, where all was desolately still;
No verdure deck'd the earth; the sky above
Was lost in utter darknesss, and the shades
Of buried mortals wander'd thro' the gloom
Unceasingly and silent: in the midst,
Upon a throne built up of human bones,
Sat Death exulting; in his lank right hand
He held an iron sceptre, and his left
Contain'd a scroll, in which his victim's names
In mystic characters of blood were trac'd.
The ghastly monarch gaz'd upon the crowd
Of spectres that surrounded his high throne,—
Then look'd upon the length'ning scroll and smil'd.

My dream was chang'd—and in the realm of Life
Two lovers held fond converse side by side:
There was a language written in their eyes,
By them alone to be interpreted;
There was sweet music in each other's speech,
Which they alone could hear and answer to;
And there was magic in each other's touch,
Which only they could feel. Both were in youth,

And so surpassing beauteous was the maid,
That as I look'd upon her graceful form,
Mark'd the soft azure of her speaking eye,
Where joy and passion mingled, trac'd the hues
Of health and gladness on her glowing cheek,
And view'd the ringlets of her glossy hair,
Bound o'er a brow of whiteness, I could fain
Have deem'd young Hebe had come down from heaven,
Array'd in everlasting loveliness,
And left her blissful station 'mong the gods
To seek new raptures in a mortal passion.
The youth gaz'd on her, and his large, dark eyes
Betray'd his adoration. She the while
Past her fair hand across them playfully,
Bidding him look upon a fading flower
That grew beside him, with its little head
Reclin'd in gentle modesty. He turn'd
And gather'd it, and plac'd it in her hair;
Then his dark eyes met hers again—and worshipp'd.
Oh! 'twas a scene of bliss;—but soon it chang'd:—
Over my eyes a thin mist slowly came—
Then moving on, it vanish'd—and I sought
Those lov'd and loving ones upon the spot
Where they had sat together: I beheld
Nought save the sweet flower which they lately cull'd
Now with'ring on the earth:—they both had died—
And as I view'd their dim shades wandering
In death's dark empire I did weep to think
That youth and loveliness should perish thus.

My Dream was chang'd again—and I beheld,
Within the realm of life, a dying child
Upon its mother's lap; a hectic flush
Play'd o'er its features: in its half-clos'd eye
The soul seem'd waiting for a summons thence,
And as the weeping parent bent to kiss
Its parched lips it gave a long, faint cry,
Lisp'd the dear name of "mother"—and expir'd.
Oh! then it was most pitiful to see
How that fond mother did bemoan her child,
Now pale and lifeless in her arms; she shed
Tears of deep sorrow on its pallid cheek,
And tore in agony her long, dark locks,
Whilst death look'd on her from his lofty throne
And smil'd at the destruction he had caus'd.

Again my vision chang'd—and in life's realm
A youth stood gazing on the fleeting clouds
Which pass'd above him in phantastic show;
And whilst his busy fancy pictur'd there
A multitude of strange and various shapes,
A spirit, unimaginably bright,
Was seen to glide sublimely thro' the air,
Borne on a silver car. A robe, whose hue
Was like to that of love's peculiar star,
Flow'd round her heav'nly form; an amaranth wreath
Past o'er her forehead, and encircled locks,
Which seem'd of living gold: her eyes had drunk
Of the blue colour of the skies, and youth
Immortal o'er her features cast a charm
Ineffable:—undying music breathed,
In strains of sweetest harmony, where'er

The beauteous spirit pass'd :—the car mov'd on
Amid the melody, and proudly lit
Upon the wond'ring earth. The youth had gaz'd
On that bright vision till his eyes were dim,
And all his senses in amazement rapt;—
The spirit smil'd on him, and from the car
She took a golden chalice, mantling high,
With juice, which but to look upon was joy:
She plac'd it in his outstretch'd hand, and said,
"Drink deep, and fear not—'tis the cup of bliss:"
He knelt, and grasp'd it eagerly;—but as
He touch'd the liquid with his longing lip
The chalice broke to atoms—and he died
In one wild agony of boundless grief:—
The monarch of the grave look'd joyful then,
And laugh'd in mockery of human woe.

Still my wild vision chang'd—and now appear'd,
In life's wide realm, a most majestic mount,
On whose high top a glittering bauble shone
Bright in the sun-beams, and allur'd all eyes
To turn towards its splendour;—afar off
Stood one who look'd on it with eager gaze
And strove anon to tear it from its height,
To deck his brows withal;—upon his way
He trampled innocence to earth: brave men
He put aside by cunning and fair words,
Or vanquish'd them by treason; then he slew,
Beautiful women and sweet smiling babes,
Without one tear of pity or remorse,
In his ambitious striving for a toy.
Now reach'd he the high summit of the mount,
And anxiously stretch'd forth his hand to grasp
The plaything which he sigh'd for—but in vain;
He toppled headlong, and grim death laugh'd loud.

Then o'er my vision came a fearful change:—
The sun, moon, stars,—all beam'd in heav'n at once,
Dazzling the earth with splendour.—In the midst
A fiery comet rear'd his burning crest,
And mov'd along triumphantly and fast:
Each star that he approach'd ran blazing on
To other orbs: they too took fire, and spread
One mighty conflagration o'er the skies.
Earth caught the universal sympathy,
And soon a burning wilderness became:—
The countless beings it contain'd set up
One long, long shriek—and all was mute again.

My wild dream chang'd once more:—the fires of heaven
And earth were all extinguish'd, and the moon,
In rayless and majestic solitude,
Seem'd fix'd for ever in the alter'd skies:
The plain which lay beneath me had become
One dark and silent realm; death rul'd o'er all,
And desolation fill'd the universe!

H. Ad.

ADELAIDE DE MONTMORENCY.

A romantic Sketch of the latter Half of the 16th Century.

The family of Montmorency had attained the highest summit of its power and consequence during the minority of Charles IX. As Montmorency was invested with the dignity of Constable of France, the highest office in a monarchical government, all the troops were under his command, his orders to the army were of equal, if not greater weight than those of the King himself, and his influence at Court was, by that means, the most considerable.

When the King of Navarre disputed the fading glories of the Regency with the Queen-Mother, the infamous Catherine de Medicis, whose name history pronounces with abhorrence; it was this Montmorency, who, joined with the Duc de Guise and the Mareschall de St. André, formed the triumvirate which governed France and polluted her soil with the carnage of civil war.

All the intellectual powers of that period were directed to the examination and defence of metaphysical reveries, dignified with the holy name of religion, which, while they inflamed the people to a degree of fanaticism, served to conceal the intriguing ambition of the nobles under a sacred veil.

The learned, eternal Charlatans of their times, carried on a violent controversy about things so simple in themselves, that none but the learned would dream of disputing them. The people, always catching with hasty zeal and blind credulity at every new or newly revived doctrine, as it suited their convenience, were divided into parties, and threatened to attack with arms the unstable foundation of their theology. The nobles of the kingdom kept aloof, cautiously to examine the contending parties, and to see which of them was strong enough in faith to subscribe with their blood the opinions they supported.

Germany, England, and the Netherlands, were the chief head-quarters of the newly received doctrines; in those countries their results were important. Whole provinces had withdrawn themselves from the all-powerful and iron-yoke of the clergy, and threatened to change their political constitutions also by degrees. The sovereigns of Europe beheld with trembling the new Star, called Freedom of thought and Conscience, pressing upon the old order of things and threatening to overturn it. They made many fruitless endeavours to conciliate the opposite parties by prudent and concessionary measures. They appointed disputations of the *literati*, where much was abused and little reconciled. They held conferences of the clergy and of the laity, at which nothing was decided but the hatred which both parties imbibed towards each other. In short, that crisis arose, which deluged Europe, for a whole century, in war and bloodshed, and gave the world the first example of an universal war about opinions.

This fermentation, so destructive in itself, was followed by consequences the most beneficial to the human race; it unchained the minds of many nations of Europe, and gave rise to that freedom of opinion, which is the mother of every thing great and noble, that the world has since seen.

France would probably have escaped the horrors of a civil war; but the government of a minor, who, besides, gave little hope that he would ever become his own master, was under the fatal influence of Philip II. and Catherine de Medicis, those scourges of mankind. Add to this, the restless courage of so many brave and great men of the times, who found in the general party-spirit opportunities for deeds, and sacrificed their unhappy country to their ambition.

A Guise and a Montmorency were opposed to a Condé and a Coligni, and between them a woman, whose mean soul shuddered at every thing great and worthy; who purchased her support with intrigue, and her security with crime.

Thus, the same page of the history of that period, presents us with pictures of the sublimest deeds of heroic and patriotic valour, and with delineations of the most disgraceful and abominable crimes. But we have said enough to give an adequate idea of the times of which we are about to speak.

Let us withdraw from the scene of these horrors to the peaceful Convent of Nion, where Adelaide de Montmorency, the niece of the Constable, enjoyed the serene morning of her youth. Ignorant of the commotions which threatened to desolate her fathers land, contented with a world which her pure and noble heart appreciated by its own standard, without presentiment or desire of the vain glories which her family were aiming to obtain, she lived under the superintendance of the pious abbess, to whom her education had been entrusted upon the death of her parents. She had become an inmate of the holy place at a very tender age; twelve years had passed smoothly away in this happy seclusion, and she had attained that age at which the spring of life unfolds its blossoms, and the heart opens itself to unknown wishes and soft presentiments, when her uncle resolved that she too, inexperienced and guileless as she was, should cooperate in his gigantic schemes of ambition.

Marguerite, the sister of Charles IX. was shortly to establish a separate court. The Constable devised the ambitious designs of Catherine with respect to this daughter, and sought to obtain one of the highest appointments near her person for his niece, in order that the name of Montmorency might there also be of some account.

Accordingly he wrote to the abbess, disclosed to her his designs, and commanded his Adelaide to repair, for a time, to the Countess Ricourt, a near relation, and prepare herself, in the society of this experienced court dame, for her introduction into the *grand monde.*

Adelaide obeyed with reluctance the call which forced her from her charming solitude, and separated her from the cradle of her infancy. wept pious and grateful tears on the Lady Abbess's bosom; and this tender mother warned her with affectionate solicitude of the temptations and dangers of the world she was about to enter; conjured her to be true to the religion of her fathers, and to preserve a pure and innocent heart as the most costly treasure she could possess. Adelaide locked up these holy precepts in her breast and departed, accompanied by the tears of her companions, and the blessings of her maternal friend.

With that timid and sorrowful feeling which every one experiences on parting from dear and faithful friends, and embarking on the wide ocean of an untried and unknown future, Adelaide watched the towers of the convent as they lowered in the distance, and finally lost themselves behind the wood. The pangs of separation were the first that had ever shaken her young heart; that had ever pressed the tears of sorrow from her lids. It was evening—the serenity of nature calmed the perturbation of her feelings. Religion, still, at that period, the consolation of every troubled spirit, strengthened her with courage and humility: her melancholy discharged itself in silent prayer. Suddenly a twinkling star shot down before her, and its vivid light flashed on the place to which she was hastening. The pious maiden looked upon the circumstance as a propitious omen, and a secret "I thank thee!" flew from her innocent lips to Him, who ever looks down with compassion upon the heart-broken and afflicted.

The following day brought Adelaide to the residence of the Countess Ricourt. The delightful situation of the castle, the captivating address and insinuating manners of the Countess, her hearty and affectionate reception—all contributed to make a favourable impression upon Adelaide. She attributed the kindness and attention with which she was treated, the forbearance with which all her little errors in etiquette were excused, to the affection of the Countess for her, though she was mainly indebted for both to that respect, which was considered as due to the niece of the great Montmorency.

There was resident at that time in the Countess's family, in quality of companion, a young lady named Brusson. She was of nearly the same age as Adelaide, and in a few days the two young ladies were bosom friends. The society of this amiable friend contributed greatly to efface from Adelaide's mind the recollection of the happy days of tranquillity she had passed at Nion, and to bring back her wonted serenity and cheerfulness. Mad. Brusson was the daughter of the Baron de Brusson, the Countess's next neighbour, and a man who made his heart as estimable as his talents. His society enlivened the circle at the castle, and the Countess, partly from gratitude, and partly with the intention of securing the intercourse she so much valued, had taken his daughter off his hands, and given her a better education than her father could have afforded, he being obliged, in compliance with the custom of the times, to lavish all upon his only son.

The latter, a young man about twenty years of age, occasionally rode over with his father to the castle. This happened at first but seldom, and merely for the sake of seeing his sister, for the sprightliness of youth, as it ill accorded with the gravity and starched formality of the old people, so was it not at all agreeable to them; and, on the other hand, M. Brusson felt no great pleasure in listening to the praises which they incessantly lavished on their own times, while they not only censured the present, but prognosticated every thing evil of the future. But since the Countess's circle had received so charming an addition, he came oftener, without being willing to acknowledge to himself the reason why he did so. Even the timidity which was wont to withhold him from the society of ladies of quality, left him when he looked in Adelaide's blue expressive eye, and read in it, instead of that repulsive haughtiness which he had remarked in so many titled ladies of distinction, only love, goodness, and gentleness of soul.

During his visits to the castle, Antoine's attentions were directed chiefly to his sister and her lovely friend. As their intimacy increased there wanted not opportunities for the latter to form a just estimate of his person, his talents, and his honourable and manly principles. In short, Adelaide was soon susceptible of a growing esteem for the youth; but it was because he was the brother of her friend. Could there be any other reason for the delight she experienced in his conversation, the *ennui* that she felt in his absence, the joy that added new lustre to her eye, as her quickened ear caught the far-distant echo of his horse's hoofs?

People of the world deceive themselves in nothing so much as in their attempts to calculate the sentiments of unsophisticated nature. They who are *au fait* to every intrigue, who can see through the most artful disguise, who hug themselves upon their subtilty and finesse, have often stood covered with shame and confusion by the sudden impulses of an enthusiastic mind, a mind which, animated by some powerful passion, overlooked all consequences that threatened to follow, and despised all obstacles that impeded the attainment of its object.

The Countess had abundant penetration to perceive the attachment which began to grow up between Adelaide and Antoine; but, so far from considering their intercourse dangerous, she the rather rejoiced at it, and intentionally gave them opportunities of enjoying it undisturbed. *Une petite affaire du cœur*, thought she, would tend admirably well to the improvement of her Adelaide, by giving her manners that agreeable polish, and her mind that delicacy of sentiment, which is more the work of nature than of education. She thought it a matter of course, that Antoine could not seriously think of aspiring to the hand of a Montmorency. Ridiculous! Love is a child of nature. In his domain the most perfect equality prevails: he breaks the bonds of conveniency and interest, and the difference of stations is unknown to him. Antoine saw no more in Adelaide than the maid he loved. What was it to him that all France trembled before her uncle? She loved him, and the certainty of that alone

would have given him courage to wage war against a world, if the possession of his charming mistress were the stake.

Adelaide observed, that the Countess permitted her intercourse with Antoine: all her doubts vanished, and she gave herself up, without reserve, to the soft influence of a passion, which appeared to have the approbation of her family, and which raised her heart to a pitch of happiness that she had never before contemplated or imagined.

It is now time to introduce to the reader a new personage, Father Joseph, namely, the Countess's chaplain and confessor; a man who studied theology as his business, but who prized astrology, the favourite pursuit of the day, above every thing else.

Now Father Joseph, notwithstanding the great advantage which he enjoyed in reading the stars at night, considered it worth while, now and then, to glance at what was passing around him by day. Antoine's frequent visits awakened his suspicions. He could not endure either the Baron or his son, because they were both suspected of secretly espousing the new tenets; and, as the old chaplain loved the old religion because it gave him bread, and hated the new because it threatened to deprive him of his post, he had, for some time, endeavoured to estrange the Countess from the Brusson family. He now redoubled his assiduity: he warned the Countess aloud, and forced her attention to the passion which was growing up under her very eyes. He conjured her to shut her door upon the heretics, and to preserve Adelaide from the seducing poison of Calvinism. Ill timed zeal! The Countess laughed at his fears and ridiculed his warnings; and, in the plenitude of her confidence in her own superior judgment, she continued her intimacy with the heretical family, and permitted Antoine's daily visits to the Castle.

But, alas! the fatal moment was fast approaching which was to interrupt the lover's fairy dreams of bliss. The spirit of party spread every day wider and wider. It mingled its wayward caprices with the soft ties of love; its bitterness with the sweet cup of friendship. Suspicion supplanted confidence; and private enmities fed the wild fanaticism of public persecution, till at length the flames of civil war burst forth in all their terrors.

We are compelled again to take a glance at the history of the times.

Catherine de Medicis, in order to form an equipoise to the daily increasing consequence of the Triumvirate, began to favour the Calvinists; entered into treaties with their chief, Admiral Coligni, and suddenly published an edict, in which it was forbidden to molest them on the score of their opinions. Their numbers increased daily: the favour shewn to one party made the opposition of the other more obstinate, their hatred more inveterate. With the view of attempting a reconciliation, the well-known conferences were held at Poissy, and although these did not operate to the advantage of the Protestants, yet a moderation had been shewn them by the court, which inspired them with new courage to propagate their doctrines in all parts; and, in a short time, won them an accession of numbers that intimidated the court, and compelled it, for the sake of personal safety, to permit the public and unrestrained exercise of their religion.

Philip II. persecuted the new opinions, because they were a bar to the subjugation of the Netherlands. He beheld, with repugnance, the progress they were making in his neighbourhood. He entered into a secret alliance with the Triumvirate, and a Spanish Armada was equipped for the defence of the Catholic religion. French soldiers joined the ranks of the Spanish hirelings, and civil blood began to flow.

Baron de Brusson was one of those, who, from conviction, had been long favourable to the new doctrines. His residence at the court of the King of Navarre had brought him acquainted with the great Condé, and given him an insight into the benevolent schemes which that hero meditated for the benefit of his country. He had hitherto regarded the outward forms of the prevailing religion to avoid trouble-

some persecutions, but he waited with impatience for the moment when he might publicly avow his sentiments in favour of tenets, from which he hoped and even anticipated a grand and lasting reform, and amelioration of the whole of Europe. But now, that, after the conferences of Poissy, the public exercise of Protestantism was tolerated, he deemed it needless longer to conceal his sentiments under the veil of secrecy, and he accordingly declared himself a firm believer, and staunch supporter, of the Calvanistic doctrines.

The Countess de Ricourt had this in common with all courtiers, that she entertained an aversion to every bold, independent, and decisive measure. Brusson's opinions had been long known to her; but that he should so suddenly and abruptly proclaim them to the world—that he should, regardless of the forms of society, set himself so directly in opposition to the court party, to which she belonged—appeared, in her eyes, an offence of no small magnitude. She evinced her displeasure by a coolness of behaviour towards the Baron. Brusson's visits grew less frequent, and Antoine dared not venture, without his father to visit a house, which had become dearer to him than his paternal roof.

Adelaide's cheerfulness of temper quickly forsook her: secret grief sat upon her brow—she sought solitude. In the eternal strife between passion and duty, she felt that she could not relinquish the beloved object;—and yet, she held her love to be a crime against that which was most sacred to her heart—against religion.

The Constable, Montmorency, foresaw the disturbances which were now generally expected every moment to break out, and in order to place his family in security, he invited the Countess Ricourt to Paris, and begged her to bring his niece with her. Adelaide perceived that preparations were making for a journey: they endeavoured to keep them from her knowledge; but her anxiety discovered all. The Countess was too well acquainted with the human heart to be ignorant of the cause of Adelaide's melancholy. In the confident hope, however, that the amusements of the capital, and the novelty of a life of bustle and gaiety, would soon efface the impressions that Antoine had made upon her heart, she hastened their departure, and resolved to take Amelia with her, that she might not deprive her poor ward of both friend and lover at once.

The evening preceding the day fixed for their departure, Madame de Ricourt drove to the Baron's residence to take leave of him; to warn him of the future (for she thought she owed it to his friendship), and to attempt, at least, to dissuade him from his heretical opinions. Adelaide and Amelia accompanied her.

While the Countess and the Baron were absorbed in a warm debate on politics and religion, the two lovers found themselves together for the first time since the intercourse between the families had ceased. But, alas! this long wished-for hour of meeting was to be also the hour of parting. Antoine represented to Adelaide the impossibility of his quitting his father at a moment when he was surrounded by dangers; but vowed, at the same time, to be for ever true to a religion, through which alone he could hope to possess a Montmorency.

Adelaide's doubts were satisfied: her conscience was again reconciled to her love. She gave him the solemn promise of never-changing affection—and she kept it.

The hopes of love are all-powerful, like love itself. They raise the happy lover far above the dull realities of life, and shew him from afar the promised land of his wishes, and the paradise of his futurity.

Adelaide and Antoine were lost in sweet dreams of bliss. All the attempts of fate to separate them seemed impotent and vain, and they parted with a firm conviction, that their separation would be short, and their re-union of eternal duration.

Adelaide arrived at Paris, and was appointed *dame d'honneur* to the Princess Marguerite. It was winter: the court was brilliant; and notwithstanding anxiety and dread of the approaching dangers filled every bosom, yet all sought to com-

hat this feeling by plunging into the very crater of pleasure and sensual delight.

Adelaide had lived too long in quiet and happy seclusion, to adapt her taste and sentiments to the bustle of an endless succession of pleasures. She was solitary, though surrounded by all the elegance and fashion of the French Court; and, while hundreds of ambitious nobles watched every motion of her eye, eager to catch a propitious glance, that eye looked but upon a blank, or was rivetted on the portrait of her absent Antoine.

The spring commenced, and with it, the civil war. The Constable placed himself at the head of the royal troops: Brusson and his son fought under the banners of the Prince de Condé. Bloody battles were fought: miracles of bravery, such as the history of civil war only can produce, were performed. Enthusiasm was opposed to fanaticism; the provinces were laid waste; the peaceful huts of the peasantry destroyed; flourishing cities were reduced to heaps of ashes, and foreign troops swarmed like locusts in the land.

Thus passed several years. It is true, that short intervals of peace interrupted, occasionally, the scene of bloodshed; but as they were extorted from the impotence and fear of the one party, and were watched by the jealousy of the other, they were but of very short duration, and the flame of war burst forth with redoubled fury, after every such attempt to smother it; and prisoners were treated with a severity and cruelty, of which human nature is only capable in civil war, where every individual is first stimulated by private animosity, and afterwards indurated by habitual cruelty.

Adelaide received intelligence of Antoine now and then, through the medium of his sister. Faithful to his vow, he fought under the standard of the Prince de Condé, because the fortunes of his house were united with the fate of this chief; but he gave not his assent to the Calvinistic doctrines. The martial ardour with which his new life inspired him, gave him that boldness of spirit which struggles for action while it despises danger.

The portrait of Adelaide lived in his heart and urged him to deeds of valour, such as should render him worthy of a Montmorency, or seal the promise of his constancy with a glorious death.

Condé, great in his plans, rash in the execution of them, formed the resolution of blockading Paris and compelling the Court party to terms of peace. He possessed himself of the principal suburbs, fired the mills, and cut off all access of provision to the city. It was in vain that Catherine attempted to negociate: Condé, so often deceived, would hear of no terms, but a full and unconditional concession of the point. The want of essential necessaries increased daily; the tumultuous cry of the people dismayed the Court: it was resolved to hazard a decisive step.

Both armies drew up on the plain of St. Denis. The royalists were far superior in every point, to that of the Protestants, but the skill of a Coligni, and the intrepidity of a Condé made ample amends for every disadvantage.

With unexampled bravery did this little band of heroes repulse the repeated attacks of the Catholics. At length the gallant Montmorency, though bending under the weight of nearly fourscore years, rushed into the thickest of the fray, and decided the battle; but he purchased the victory with his life:—he lay mortally wounded on the field. It was then that Antoine de Brusson, regardless of danger, hastened to the dying hero, soothed his agonies, and received his blessing as the reward of his humanity.

Adelaide was inconsolable when the fatal intelligence of the death of her uncle was communicated to her. The support of her life had fallen; the glory of the family of Montmorency was extinguished.

She learnt that Antoine had received the last benediction of her dying uncle, and a ray of comfort and consolation beamed upon her heart. "He is blessed," said she, while tears of joy and gratitude fell from her swollen lids—"then I am blessed too!"

The Protestant army rose again from its ruins, and gave battle again and again, notwithstanding the

severity of the winter; these battles, however, were all equally indecisive.

In the spring, the Court having concluded a peace, or rather being compelled to a cessation of hostilities, left Paris and made a tour through the provinces, in order, by its presence, to raise the drooping courage of its adherents. This journey occupied the whole summer. Late in the autumn it arrived at Toulon. Here great preparations had been made for the reception of the Queen and the Princess Marguerite, for it was expected that Henry de Bourbon, the Crown Prince of Navarre, would come to hold a conference with them in that city. He did come, and all vied with each other in their endeavours to give the Prince an adequate idea of the splendour and power of the Court of France. One *fête* pressed upon another: they shewed him the arsenals and the marine institutions; the troops were reviewed, and the fleets inspected. A procession of the sailors was to close the solemnities. With martial music and flying colours they passed in review before the Queen and Prince, and their respective suites, who were stationed under a gorgeous canopy in front of the palace. The sailors were followed by the galley slaves, relieved for the day from their chains, and escorted by a strong guard of soldiers.

In the midst of these emaciated, grief-worn skeletons, a blooming youth stepped proudly forth. His eye was fixed on the earth; grief sat upon his brow, for the unmerited fate which had thrown him into this class of criminals. He approached the palace; all eyes were rivetted on him, but his continued fixed upon the earth. A loud scream roused him from his torpor: he looked up, and Adelaide lay prostrate at the Queen's feet. Merciful God; it was Antoine! And this was the hour of meeting.

Catherine, for the first time human, was touched with the fate of the lovers: she presented the unfortunate youth with his freedom from that ignominous bondage, and Adelaide, now uncontrouled mistress of her actions, bestowed her hand upon him who had been long the idol of her unchangeable affections.

S—.

PROSE ESSAY.

I AM one of the brotherhood of master-spirits, denominated poets, although, in truth, more an amateur than a professor of the art. Yet, as I consider, with Shenstone, "Parnassus to be a republic rather than a monarchy, where, although some may be in possession of a more cultivated spot, others may possess land as fruitful upon equal cultivation," I have endeavoured to fertilise the wild my muse inhabits, and to enrich it with a few flowers. It is true I have been but an idle wanderer at the mountain's foot; have only taken a sip of the sacred waters; merely made my bow to Apollo; and kissed but one of the nine;—yet I had hopes to pluck a leaf from the laurel which grows on the summit of the hill; to drink deep of the Castalian spring; to cultivate the society of its patron; and to love, and be loved by the sisters. In common-place language, as my talents were humble, so was my opinion of them. I was satisfied to read my initials in the poet's corner of a newspaper; and thought myself envied when I beheld my mistress lauded by the *British Press*, and her beauty proclaimed by the *Morning Herald*. It was only lately that I contemplated a bolder flight; and determined, like the lady, who, some time ago, published her "loose thoughts," to publish mine, and give the world "one volume more."

I am gifted with that plague of life, a rich relation, crabbed and old; with some portion of common-sense, but with no more refinement or feeling than a water-rat in a fish-pond, or sensibility than a hog devouring roses;—and as to his soul,

it might be contained in a nut-shell. In short, he is a complete Ascetic, to whom all objects are devoid of beauty, but who could "travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry—'tis all barren!" He affects to despise the whole world, and all its actions; feels hatred for the rich, and contempt for the poor; while his favourite maxim is that of Archer in the Beaux Stratagem, "there is no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty." His person is the title page to his mind, and his face is one which few could gaze upon without averting the eye,—for he seems to read all, but betray nothing. His feelings have given his countenance an habitual sneer, and his continual distrust of mankind has marked it with the strong drawn character of suspicion. Like Cassius, "he has a lean and hungry look," and, gazing upon him, you would involuntarily exclaim, with Cæsar, "would he were fatter!"

Now to such a man my friends would have me bow, in the hope that (to use their expression) he would "remember me in his will," and, at length, they *did* "wring from me my slow leave," that my Muse should do penance for all her sins, by submitting herself to the perverted criticism of the cynic. So to the ordeal I went, determined to fight her battles manfully, should she be attacked.

Anticipating the effect my verses might have upon his ear, (for I never hoped to reach his heart) I waited upon him; but I feared to introduce the subject all at once. Having, at length, brought my bark to bear, by several side winds, I poured in the broad-side that was to decide my fate, by taking my note-book from my pocket, and requesting his criticism and advice on some little pieces, which it was my intention, at the solicitation of my friends, to publish. "Humph! young man," said he, and it gave me notice of what would follow, "humph!—Poetry, 'tis a bad profession. It drove Collins to a mad-house, sent Otway to a jail; and has left many of their brethren to die in a work-house. It made Voltaire an atheist; Rochester a debauchee; Chatterton a suicide; and Savage a murderer. However, it does not follow, though you are a poet, that you must be either. Go on; read. I must know first if you are even a poet." So I entered on my task, with the composure of a martyr who hears the burning faggots crackling around him, and read the following translation from Tasso; having previously observed that Apollo would frown, and the Muses pass a vote of censure on the bard, who had not paid his tributary lay to beauty; that the first-fruits of a poet are the property of a woman; and that the feasts on the banks of Helicon were dedicated to *Love* and the *Muses*.

The garden never gave a flower,
  To catch the sunbeams from above,
So sweet as those that deck the bower—
  The ruby lips of her I love.

The breezes that around me blow,
  The voice of birds they bear along,
The fountain murmuring in its flow—
  All sweetly mingle into song.

But dearer far than these, than all
  The harmony that nature brings,
Is that which holds my heart in thrall—
  The song my own beloved sings.

Sweet song!—Oh! may no earthly cause
  Break thy dear spell, so full of bliss,—
Save when her lips a moment pause
  To meet her lover's burning kiss.

I read these lines with due emphasis and discretion, accompanying them with a proper degree of energy, in the hope of awakening a spark of enthusiasm in my auditor; but he sneeringly observed, "you should give her that song to sing, 'tis so full of bliss!—the voice of birds would be indeed discord to it. And who is this *dame d'amour*, to whom you've been giving burning kisses? Some trull, I suppose, who 'loved you for your amorous rhymes,'—and who will, of course, jilt you, and give a new employment to your Muse." My feelings were roused, my pride was wounded,—I looked at the heartless inquirer, and, had I possessed the power, I would have withered the flesh on his almost fleshless bones. Prudence, however, obtained the mastery over passion; and I merely observed, that he was mistaken; that the subject of my verses was all that man might worship, and angels love. "Well, well," said he, "go on, and let me hear a little more of this stuff o'the brain." I then thought I would read something on a different subject; something that might chime in with his feelings; and I fixed on the following lines, which, as they breathed strains of liberty, I hoped would be safe from criticism.

Land of our sires! thy sun has set,—
  And vainly hath it shone;—
We hail thee; still in chains; but yet
  What man could do, we've done.
How darkly from the battle field
  The light of Heaven departs,
Gleams, palely gleams, o'er many a shield,
  And shines o'er pulseless hearts.

Oh! freedom's God! we ask not why
  Thy sons have fallen in vain;
That unavenged we've seen them die,—
  Who lived without a strain;
We, who must live a tyrant's slaves;
  Or, while we yet are free,
Our broken swords must form our graves,
  And give our souls to thee.

Now, this critic is as rank a whig as ever wagged his tongue at a minister, and, although my verses contain sentiments that might make a true 1688 man leap out of his boots for joy, painting, as they do, to any aristocratic imagination, the appalling picture of monarchy choaking with its throat full of liberty-rhymes, he turned his nose at my composition as if he would curdle up the cream of it, and told me that "the cause had been better served by those artists who have offered the portrait of the Aberdeen hero at the corners of the streets, and stamped the physiognomy of the patriot lawyer on childrens handkerchiefs." When I found that these strains were ineffectual, I endeavoured in another way to interest him; knowing that melancholy and discontent are nearly related, I hoped, at least, that he would be kind from a fellow feeling.

I saw a deep cloud near the moon,
  Pass darkly o'er her silver beam;
E'en as I gaz'd it faded, soon
  Again I saw her beauties gleam.
And then I wept, and thought, not thus
  The shadows of our life decay;
No—the deep clouds that hang o'er us
  Can never—never pass away.

I saw the blight come o'er a flower
  The spring had deck'd, but deck'd in vain;
But then I knew a kinder power
  Would bid it blossom forth again.
I wept—because I knew, not thus
  Our wither'd hopes can e'er rebloom,—
No second spring will smile on us—
  All is—and will be ever—gloom.

I was proceeding, but the mony-syllable, "humph!" was again repeated, and then commenced the criticism; nor was there one word, in the sixteen lines, that he did not condemn, except the word "darkly," which he said he liked, because it resembled the poetry; of which he could understand nothing, save that I differed in opinion from *another* poet, who described "Hope" as springing "eternal in the human breast." He then entered into a dissertation on dactyls and spondees, when he might have known that a poet has no more to do with them than the devil with holy-water. "Well, well, 'tis enough," he continued; "and seriously, young man, I would advise you to give up poetry as a useless employment, or perhaps worse, and take to some other—something more worthy and much more profitable than 'measuring syllables and tagging verse;' study something else; spend your time otherwise, young man, or, take my word for it, you'll either visit a jail or a workhouse." I replied by asking him—"and what, Sir, would you have me study that is more useful to society or more delightful in itself? or what would you have me be?. Is it a soldier, whose liberty, like the life of a lobster, perishes when he wears a red coat? Or a sailor, and be confined to a prison-house of wood, to give my sighs to the winds, and my wishes to the waves? Or a lawyer, to praise the devil's horns, if he gave me a passage to his pocket? Or a physician, my very being to depend upon misfortunes, and my only fear, while taking one fee, that death would deprive me of another? Or a clergyman, to preach and pray, and pray and preach, against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, while I live by them? No, Sir! what profession is so noble, so honourable, as that of a bard? It was deemed sacred in the olden time; even now, in some countries, the name is the brightest that man can bear, and in every land, where the muses have reared their temple, the best and the wisest come to worship at its shrine. Or, perhaps," I continued "you would have me turn antiquarian, to pore over the refuse of a lime kiln, or to turn old nails into spear heads, and iron hoops into broken swords. Or, it may be, a naturalist, and spend my time in sifting the dust of a butterfly's wing, or scanning the structure of a bee's knee. But what occupation can equal in utility or pleasure that of the poet? Poetry! it is the universal good. Compared to it, what are all the productions of genius, the works of nature, or the efforts of art? What is history? 'Dull as Lethe's weed;' it describes men, and relates circumstances; but must not depart from its beaten track; must not, like poetry, wander into every path in search of beauty. Philosophy herself sinks in the trial. To accompany her, we must ascend rocks, and pass deserts; while, with poetry as our guide, we tread only on flowers. Even the sister arts, but the younger and less beautiful, painting and music, must fall their crests before her wreathed brow. Painting—what is it but a copy of what it can never equal? Music—what but a melody the meanest 'wood note wild' outrivals? But, Poetry makes even nature more lovely by its magic touch, and brightens all it dwells upon; it is,

"The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty."

Ba-a-a-a-a-a was the answer of my ascetic auditor to this appeal; while I, expecting conviction to follow it, felt the current of my enthusiasm chilled, and the fire of my imagination extinguished by this interjection. During the former part of my speech, he had continually interrupted me by some such expression as "better for ye wear a red coat than none—better be confined to a prison-house of wood than rubbing your eye-brows against the bars of a jail window, and crying 'Pity the poor confined debtors, having no allowance.'" But, during the latter part of it, he sate, with eyes glaring, mouth half open, and lip twisted, while his long thin visage was stretehed forward with such a mixture of contempt and astonishment, as must have placed a full stop to my oration, had not my eyes been fixed, as it were, on my mind. He did not disturb me until I had ended, when the monsyllable, which he converted into one of six, slowly broke from his lips. "Humph! stuff —humph! nonsense," he repeated perhaps half a dozen times, "and do you really think, young man, that this stuff and nonsense will enable you to live? Would the baker give you a loaf for a sonnet, or the butcher take an ode in exchange for a mutton-chop? Or have you any other prospect than that of being a beggar all your life?"—"Well, Sir," I replied, "Homer was a beggar, but posterity has done him justice, and he is immortal. Camoens lived in poverty and died in want, but his name from one end of the earth to the other is echoed with wonder and delight. And are not such worthies raised to endless felicity in another, world?

"Because on earth their names
In fames eternal volume live for aye."

"What would have been the feelings of the author of the Arcadia, could he have left his tomb, for a short space, to have read on the sepulchre of his tutor, as his highest honour, that he was 'the tutor of Sir Philip Sydney.' And on that of his friend, Lord Brooke, 'Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and *friend* to Sir Philip Sydney?' Could Dante have beheld, after his death, cities quarrelling to possess his bones. Could Shakspeare have seen the poor house, in which he dwelt, visited by millions as a sainted shrine,—would they not have been amply recompensed for years of sorrow or of suffering?"—"For my own part," I continued, "I could be satisfied to wander through the world without a resting place, and exist on the poor pittance the hand of charity might fling to me; if by so doing I could gain myself a name which should be coeval with my country, and be remembered in the page that records the history of its greatness." — "Stop, stop, stop, young man," said he, "you forget that Dante says;

"How salt the savour is of others bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others stairs."

"And Dante proved and felt what he wrote,—but you, doubtless, have more poetry or more philosophy than the bard of Florence;—and you would have laughed at him, when he exclaimed, in the bitterness of want and anguish—'I have been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of poverty.' All your ideas may be very pretty in theory, young man, but I fear you would find them rather hard in practice; and be very apt, like poor Nash, who was *really* a poet, to 'call to mind a cobler who was worth five hundred pounds; an hostler who had built a goodly inn; a carman who had whipt a thousand pounds out of his horses tail'—and, then, on viewing your

own state, you would, like him, 'curse the hour of your birth—ban the air in which you breathe,' and exclaim with him,

"Ah! worthless wit, to train me to this woe,
Deceitful arts that nourish discontent."

"Ah! ah! believe me, 'one ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit;' and,—to quote from the only poet worth reading—'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'"—"Very true, Sir," I replied, "but may not one possess both discretion and wit? and is it not necessary to have a little learning before we have much—to taste of the spring before we drink deeply of its waters?"—"Well, well, young man," he answered, "I perceive this is a subject on which we should never agree. You asked me for my criticism, I have given it; for my advice, you have had it: I know you despise them both. I leave you, therefore, to pursue your own plans; and, knowing that 'experience bought is better than experience taught.' I leave you to buy, and I hope you will not purchase it at too high a price."

Thus ended my interview with the Ascetic.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Harp of the Zephyr! whose least breath, o'er
Thy tender string moving, is felt by thee;—
Harp of the whirlwind! whose fearfullest roar
Can arouse thee to nought but harmony.

The leaf that curls upon youth's warm hand,
Hath not a more sensitive soul than thou;
Yet the spirit that's in thee, unharm'd, can withstand
The blast that shivers the stout oak bough.

When thankless flowers in silence bend,
Thou hailest the freshness of heaven with song;
When forests the air with their howlings rend,
Thou soothest the storm as it raves along.

Yes;—thine is the magic of friendship's bow'r,
That holiest temple of all below;
Thou hast accents of bliss for the calmest hour,
But a heav'nlier note for the season of woe.

Harp of the breeze! whether gentle or strong,
When shall I feel thy enchantment again?
Hark! hark!—e'en the swell of my own wild song
Hath awaken'd a mild responsive strain!

It is not an echo—'tis far too sweet
To be born of a lay so rude as mine;
But, Oh! when terror and softness meet
How pure are the hues of the wreath they twine!

Thus the breath of my rapture hath swept thy chords,
And fill'd them with music, alas! not its own,
Whose witchery tells but how much my words,
Though admiring, have wrong'd that celestial tone.

I hear it,—I hear it,—now fitfully swelling,
Like a chorus of seraphim earthward hieing!
And now—as in search of a loftier dwelling—
The voices away, one by one, are dying!

Heaven's own harp! save angel-fingers,
None should dare open thy mystic treasures;
Farewel! for each note on mine ear still lingers,
And *mine* may not mingle with *thy* blest measures.

B.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The three months during which the gallery of the British Institution is annually kept open for the benefit of young artists of both sexes, in order to enable them to study at leisure the works which, having formed a part of the preceding exhibition, are liberally left for that purpose by their respective proprietors, terminated this year in the latter end of October; and the public were then admitted to see the result; but not in sufficient time to allow of any notice in the last number of the European Magazine.

Nearly two hundred studies of various descriptions were made in the course of the season; some as large as the original pictures; some diminished in size even to miniature; some comprehending the whole subject; some (as we last year took the liberty strongly to advise) confined to a part; just as the taste or object of the student prompted. Sir Joshua Reynolds had evidently been the favourite master. His "Sleeping Girl," and his "Portrait of Miss Gwathir," both of them certainly delightful pictures, were surprisingly multiplied. After Sir Joshua, Vandervelde and Cuyf appeared to have attracted the greatest number of imitators. Of some vessels by the former there were copies enough to form a large fleet; and a flock of sheep by the latter was repeated to an extent that would have filled all the pens in Smithfield market.

Before the admission of the public the studies were arranged in clusters close to the original pictures from which they were made. We heard some objections to this mode of marshalling them, as giving a polygraphic air to the rooms; but we remember that when, in former years, the studies were divided and separated, it was alleged that they were injudiciously scattered. The fact is, as Mr. Young the keeper of the Institution has in all probability found out long ago, it is impossible to please every body. The plan of the present year had this important advantage, that, although the immediate neighbourhood of the original picture was a severe test, yet the assembling of all the studies round it gave an admirable opportunity of ascertaining their respective merits by comparison; an opportunity of which divisions and subdivisions would have deprived the visitor.

For the reasons which we assigned on a similar occasion last year, we think it right to abstain from any particular remarks or criticisms on a collection of works of art so formed. But, while we maintain the reserve which under the circumstances of the case delicacy seems to require with respect to individuals, we will take leave to make a few general observations; with no other view than the advancement of the Fine Arts; our only object, indeed, in all our notices on the subject.

Premising that among the various studies there were specimens of talent highly creditable to the young artists by whom they were produced, and sufficient to show that nothing was wanting to their future excellence but diligence on their part and due encouragement on the part of those whose duty it is to seek out merit, and to foster it, we must be permitted to express our regret at seeing so many new candidates for the honours of the palette, and at beholding, mingled with, and almost smothering, the successful efforts to which we have already alluded, a mass of attempts, indicating the merest mediocrity of powers, and some of them not even approaching to mediocrity. We are convinced, and the conviction is the result of many years observation on the condition and progress of the Fine Arts; in this country, that we have a great superabundance of artists, or rather of individuals, who "profess and call themselves" artists. The corn is choked by the weeds. The tree of art wants extensive though judicious pruning. It ought to be divested of the dead wood which

keeps the sun and air from its green and living branches. All the unnecessary foliage, all the dwindling and withering produce ought to be clipt off, that its sap may no longer be wastefully and perniciously diverted from passing to the nourishment of its sound, wholesome, and well-flavoured fruit.

There is no human being who, in most cases, is more exposed to self-delusion, and to the injurious effects of the mistaken appreciation of ignorant friends, than a young man who imagines he has a genius for painting, There is no one more liable to the sad error of fancying that inclination and power are convertible terms. Surrounded in all probability by persons as little acquainted as he is himself with the high and various qualifications which are necessary to constitute a genuine artist, he advances with rash confidence in a path that must inevitably lead him to disappointment, and, perhaps to ruin. To such an individual, we would unhesitatingly say, "Pause, ere you proceed in the career you have commenced. Conquer your pride or your diffidence. Take one of your performances to Sir Thomas Lawrence, or to some other man, if you can find him, of equal talents, attainments, experience, and kindness. Ask his opinion of your ability. If his answer be decidedly favourable, pursue your studies with enthusiasm; if, on the contrary, the utmost effects of his politeness can afford you no more than lukewarm approbation, return home, listen not to your mother and your sisters, who would fain persuade you that you have been consulting an adviser who wishes to repress rising genius, but throw your colours and pencils into the fire; go to the bar, walk the hospitals, seat yourself at the desk of a counting-house, turn writer of criticisms on the Fine Arts, in short, do any thing but pursue a profession which, besides the qualities necessary to success in the ordinary occupations of life, demands, to use the energetic language of Mr. Shee,

'Whate'er of worth, or Muse, or Grace inspires;
Whatever man, of heav'n or earth obtains,
Through mental toil, or mere mechanic pains;
A constant heart, by Nature's charms impre s'd,
An ardour ever burning in the breast;
A zeal for truth, a power of thought intense;
A fancy, flowering on the stems of sense;
A mem'ry, as the grave retentive, vast,
That holds, to rise again, th' imprison'd past;
A feeling strong, instinctive, active, chaste;
The thrilling electricity of taste;
That marks the muse on each resplendent part,
The seal of nature on the acts of art;
An eye, to bards alone and painters given,
A frenzied orb, reflecting earth and heaven;
Commanding all creation at a glance,
And ranging possibility's expanse;
A hand, with more than magic skill endow'd,
To trace invention's visions as they crowd;
Embody thoughts beyond the poet's skill,
And pour the eloquence of art at will;
'Bove all, a dauntless soul to persevere,
Though mountains rise, though Alps on Alps appear:
Though poverty present her meagre form,
Though patrons fail, and fortune frowns a storm.'"

Connected with the evil to which we have adverted, and in some measure springing from it is the strange neglect many of our veteran artists, though happily not all, are experiencing from the public. We will "name no parties," as Sir Giles Overreach says; but the fact is obvious to all who have eyes to see what is passing around them, and painful to all who have hearts to feel for deserted merit. What would

be thought of the horticulturist, who, after having, by artificial warmth and other adventitious aid, reared some precious plant through the various stages of its growth to maturity, should, just as it was about to flower, expel it from the green-house, and suffer it to decay and perish in the inclemency of the external air, in order that he might supply its place with some new favourite, to experience in its turn the same early kindness, and the same ultimate abandonment? Yet such is precisely the conduct of many persons who would be thought patrons of art. They are constantly running after novelty. They praise and flatter rising talent; and as soon as they have deluded it into an earnest devotion of itself to a pursuit to which, even in a cultivated and refined country, only few are capable of apportioning its proper merit, they hurry off, in quest of some fresh prodigy, and leave the unfortunate victim of their ostentatious selfishness to struggle for existence amidst the vulgar and insensible minds by which, in all probability, he finds himself surrounded.

To what do these observations tend? To the discouragement of *individual*, and to the recommendation of *public patronage*. Until some national establishment be founded, on a very different and much more extensive scale than any which has hitherto existed in this country; some establishment, which shall give to art and artists the same protection and advantage that the University of Oxford or Cambridge now affords to learning, and to learned men; some establishment that shall at once instruct the young, and furnish ample means of liberal occupation to the mature;—until some such establishment be created, it is in vain to expect that to the other triumphs of which Great Britain has to boast she will add that of proud pre-eminence in the Fine Arts. The day will come when this truth will be felt. The day will come when our statesmen will be sensible of the incalculable value of the arts to a great country. The day will come when it will be generally acknowledged, that to no object could a portion of the national wealth be more advantageously directed. The day will come, when, to speak once more in the emphatic language of the able and ardent writer whom we have already quoted in this notice, it will be discovered, that "it is a mistake unworthy of an enlightened government to conceive that the arts, left to the influence of ordinary events, turned loose upon society, to fight and scramble in the rude and revolting contest of coarser occupations, can ever arrive at that perfection which contributes so materially to the permanent glory of a state."

CHARACTER OF THE LATE SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

The death of this eminent and excellent person which happened on the 8th of July, at St. Bernard's, Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, is an event that all friends of worth and genius must deeply regret. As an artist we could judge of him only by the works which he used to send annually to Somerset House, and which afforded us the means of forming an estimate of his merits and defects, more correctly perhaps than could be accomplished by those who were in the daily habit of visiting his painting-room. Without entering into any minute and invidious comparisons, we have no hesitation in saying, and we are sure the opinion will be confirmed by the unanimous voice of the world of art, that Sir Henry Raeburn stood in the highest rank of his profession. The first impression made on the spectator of his pictures was by the striking effect of his head. They were drawn and painted in a style original, and exclusively his own: broad, square, firm; clear and brilliant in colour; surprisingly powerful in light and shade, and chiaro-scuro. He appeared to possess the rare, and in a portrait painter, the inestimable fa-

culty of pourtraying intellectual expression, and dignity of demeanour, whenever they appeared in his subjects; and, in fact, he often approached in his portraits to the elevation of historical painting. His facility and happiness of execution were admirable, and extended themselves to every part of the canvas. Heads, hands, and draperies, were equally well designed and freely executed. But, as indiscriminate praise is little better than censure, we hope it will not be considered derogatory from Sir Henry Raeburn's fair fame, if we allude to a slight defect, to which indeed we felt ourselves compelled in justice to advert in our remarks on the last Exhibition.* It has been suggested to us, by a gentleman for whose taste we have great respect, that Sir Henry was gradually getting the better of this defect complained of in his works, and that in the last Exhibition they evinced more harmony of colour, more scientific display, and a better arrangement of the whole than in any former year; thus holding out a hope that, had it pleased God to prolong his life, he would soon have left us nothing to wish for. From that opinion we are, upon reflection, by no means disposed strongly to dissent. We trust that our suggestion as to the benefits of the opportunity of comparison which the Exhibitions afford will not be mistaken. Far are we from wishing that our painters should resemble one another. One of the great characteristics of the British school, and by which it is most advantageously contra-distinguished from that of France, is the variety of our styles; a circumstance which we may, perhaps, be supposed fanciful in ascribing, in a great measure, to that boldness, and independence of national character resulting from the free and liberal institutions of our country. But still there are some principles which ought to be common to all artists. We do not wish to hear different musical performers playing the same piece; but we certainly desire that all their instruments should be perfectly in tune. The analogy will hold good with respect to a painters *palette*. Sir Henry Raeburn, it must be confessed, allowed the black and green occasionally to predominate unpleasingly.

It is said of Sir Henry Raeburn, by one who had the pleasure of knowing him, that his modesty was equal to his merit; that in his intercourse with the young candidate for public favour in his own art, he was uniformly kind, communicative and liberal; that on all occasions he had the candour to bestow just praise on rival excellence; that in society few men were more acceptable, possessed as he was of a cheerful disposition, much good sense, and an inexhaustible store of anecdote; that no man could dispense or receive a greater degree of happiness; and, above all, that those who had opportunities of seeing him in the midst of his family, will ever cherish the recollection of his amiable and endearing qualities.

The Royal Academy, in testimony of their high estimation of Sir Henry Raeburn's talents, elected him, first an associate, and afterwards an Academician, without solicitation. The first honour he received on the 2d of November, 1812; the second on the 10th of February, 1815. When His Majesty on his visit to Edinburgh conferred the honour of knighthood on this distinguished artist, we do not recollect an occasion of that nature on which a more universal feeling of satisfaction was expressed. Sir Henry was also a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a member of the late Imperial Academy at Florence, and a member of the Academy of New York; and a few days before his death he received a commission, appointing him Portrait Painter in Scotland to His Majesty.

Sir Henry Raeburn's practice was, it is reported, worth about three thousand a year. We understand that, since his decease, a very general wish has been expressed among persons of rank, fortune, taste, and influence in Scotland, that Mr. Phillips, the Royal Academician, would remove from London to Edinburgh;

* Vide remarks on "No. 142, Portrait of a Gentleman." page 143, vol. 83.

and we have been told that he and his amiable lady have lately paid a visit to the northern metropolis, for the purpose of ascertaining how far a residence there might promise to be agreeable and advantageous. We should certainly regret the loss of so bright a star in the constellation of English genius; but we can have no doubt that Mr. Phillips's professional excellence would be liberally rewarded, and that his general information, manly character, and sound sense, would be properly appreciated in Edinburgh.

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS.

The Fourth Part of Mr. Rhodes's *Peak Scenery, or Excursions in Derbyshire*, (the conclusive one) has just appeared, with the same descriptive quality, and most pleasantly mixed, as before, with anecdote, kindly-breathing sentiment, and amusing local statements; and some of the scenes beautifully brought into the reader's visible presence by the pencil and graver,—the former in the hands of Mr. Hofland, Mr. Blore, Mr. Thompson, but most of them in those of the celebrated Sculptor, Chantrey, and the latter in the admirable hand of Mr. G. Cooke. If Mr. Rhodes does not surprise the fancy with any new or animated touches in his portraiture of objects, or in his appeal to our feelings, he agreeably renews whatever kindred scenes, thoughts, and sensibilities, had been implanted there. We travel with him, in fine, through and about the nobly-various scenery of the Peak of Derbyshire, as with a sensible, discerning, warm-hearted, and not unimaginative describer and companion.

We have heard that it is the intention of Mr. Howard, R.A. that the picture of the Solar System, which attracted so much notice in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, shall be his last in the historical line. We cannot but deplore the cause, whatever it may be, that puts an end to the exertion of talents so rarely excelled in the historical line, and deprives the Annual Exhibition of some of its principal attractions. It is imagined that it is the more lucrative employment of portrait painting that engrosses his time.

Royal Hibernian Academy.—It affords us great satisfaction to announce, that the Charter to incorporate the Irish Artists, under the title of "The Royal Hibernian Academy," has passed the Great Seal of Ireland. In communicating this distinguished mark of Royal favour, conferred on the professors of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture in Ireland, we confidently hope, that, under the influence of Government, a School of Arts may now be formed there, which will, ere long, redound to the honour of the country.

The exhibition of paintings at the Subscription-rooms, in the City of Exeter, has been very attractive. Great admiration has been excited by the picture of Christ crowned with Thorns, painted by Mr. King, (an artist of distinguished talent, now residing in that City) for the new church at Teignmouth.

Girtin's admirers tolerated a defect in his drawings, which proves how much allowance the liberal connoisseur will make for the sake of genius. The paper which he most admired was only to be had of a stationer at Charing-cross: this was cartridge, with slight wire-marks, and folded like foolscap or post. It commonly happened, that the part which had been folded, when put on the stretching-frame, would sink into spots in a line, entirely across the centre of the sky, so that where the crease had been, the colour was so many degrees of a darker blue than the general tone of the sky. This unsightly accident was not only overlooked, but, in some instances really admired, from its having been taken for a sign of originality, and in the transfer of his drawings from one collector to another, bore a premium, according to that mark.

Proposed School of Arts in Lyons.—In a late number of the *Constitutionnel*, it is strongly recommended that the Government should establish in most of the large provincial

towns, schools for teaching the sciences to artizans and mechanics. The author very properly observes, that Paris has many advantages over other towns; that all the scientific men of the kingdom crowd to it, and leave the great mass of the people destitute of knowledge and of proper teachers. He proposes, therefore, that the very first men of France, in respect of science, shall be tempted by some corresponding advantages to forsake the seductions of the capital, and devote their time to instructing the obscure artizans of the country. France is not, however, even at this moment, quite destitute of such schools, and the Government is too deeply engaged in schemes for re-establishing despotism and supersition to leave any hope that it will engage in so good a work as the spreading of accurate knowledge. But for this circumstance we are quite sure no Frenchman would ever have thought of appealing to the people to act on such a recommendation, independent of the Government. The author of this project, however, having evidently visited Scotland, and become acquainted with the Andersonian Institution at Glasgow, and seeing, in point of distance from the capital, and the nature of the manufactures carried on there, a similarity between it and Lyons, he boldly calls on the inhabitants of the latter city to imitate the example set by the former, and establish a School of Arts for themselves at their own expense. The people of Glasgow may well be proud at having their conduct held up in this manner to the imitation of the French, by one of their own writers; and it must be cheering to them thus to see their admirable example of establishing schools for the instruction of Mechanics, made known to foreign nations, leading, we would fain hope, to the establishing similar schools throughout civilized Europe.

The inhabitants of Paris have lately been gratified with an Exhibition, consisting of works of art sent from Rome by the students of the French Academy in that city. Architectural designs, sculpture, historical and landscape painting, and engraving, have all contributed to form this Exhibition; among the paintings there are an Eresichthon and an Arion, by M. Coutan, which are fine specimens of colour, but are faulty in the drawing. M. Cour has a picture of the Deluge, which some critics say possesses every thing such a subject should possess, except colouring, design, truth, and expression. The most striking piece in the collection, is a landscape by M. Remond. It is very large, and the subject is a view of Rome, from the hills beyond the Tiber. In front is Cincinnatus, at the moment when the messengers from the Senate are bringing him the ensigns of the consular dignity. He is represented at his plough, to which are attached two fine bulls; and the whole scene is finely depicted. The best piece of sculpture is an Eurydice, by M. Nanteuil. The architectual pieces consist principally of restorations of Roman edifices, some of which are well designed.

A curious experiment, promising some success, has lately been making at Paris. It is an attempt to preserve the large paintings of the most esteemed artists, by the employment of plates of pottery. The different parts of a large picture are united by a composition, and so coloured as completely to disguise the joinings. The artists engaged in this experiment, hope by these means to produce works as durable as Mosaic, but of much easier execution, and at a very moderate price.

Exhibition at Ghent.—Among the most striking pieces in this Exhibition, we may reckon the Toilette of Psyche, by Paelinck. The design is well conceived, and the general execution entitled to high praise. A Young Lady, her Nurse, and a Peasant, by M. Du-Bois, and various portraits of persons of distinction, by Kitson, are also worthy of commendation. Naver has contributed a variety of pieces, of which the Fortune Teller is the best. A Boy Drawing, by Vanderbaer, is a very expressive picture; and the Game of Chess is remarkable for the fine display of triumph in the countenance of the fortunate player, and the indication of disappointment in the looks of his competitor.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Choix des poésies originales des Troubadours.
Selection from the original poetry of the Troubadours. By M. Raynouard.

THE poetry of the Troubadours forms a distinct period in the literature of the middle ages, and is connected with the history of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries so little known. Written in a language chiefly derived from the Latin, and which seemed to have become, in its turn, the mother tongue of the different idioms of the South of Europe, the remaining documents of this species of poetry must be equally interesting to the learned of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France.

The language of romance still exists, in spite of the revolutions occasioned by time, in several parts of these kingdoms. Many of the Troubadours were born there, and it is not unlikely that their poetical compositions had great influence upon the literature of their different countries. Yet, notwithstanding this literary and philological importance, the Troubadours were only known by vague tradition, transmitted from generation to generation, and dignified by the eulogiums of Dante and Petrarch. Learned men have, it is true, endeavoured to penetrate into this fertile field; but their unfinished labours and want of perseverance produced nothing of consequence, and all the essays published up to this time have given but a very imperfect idea of the celebrated poets who gave such brilliancy to the middle ages. The work we now announce will fill up this great void in the literary history of Europe; and we know not which astonished us most, the order and method; the enlightened philosophy and criticism; or the immense difficulties M. Raynouard has so happily conquered. Invincible patience and indefatigable activity were absolutely necessary to restore every form, rule, and word of a language which had been for four centuries buried in manuscripts, most of which are mutilated, all incorrect, and many of the characters nearly effaced. There are frequent abbreviations, words mixed together, want of punctuation, disorder of orthography, and a thousand other difficulties. Such is the task M. Raynouard has undertaken to execute, and he is worthy of the assistance of that distinguished French academician, M. Pelissier, who so eloquently revenged the memory of the Knights of the Temple, rescued from injurious oblivion the renown of the Troubadours, and raised to the glory of those fathers of ancient literature, a lasting monument which may serve as a guide to all who desire to study the annals, manners, and literary history of the middle ages.

Beginning with the origin of the romantic idiom, and giving a hasty sketch of the decline and alteration of the Latin tongue, M. Raynouard follows those successive gradations which form materials for a new language.

By the aid of these scattered fragments, which the learned academician discovered and gathered together, he has, in a manner, recomposed the language, established and developed the principles, the characteristic forms, and in a word, the

whole grammatical system, of which he finds the principal elements in the other languages of the South of Europe formed from this common origin.

This subject is included in the fourth volume of the collection, and is of an importance which will be felt by all learned philologists, with respect to the etymology and general theory of modern languages.

The author evinces profound sagacity in his comparison of all the idioms of Latin Europe with the grammar of the Troubadours, and every one must be struck with the analogy and conformity resulting from identity of origin, which the secretary of the French Academy, has established, not only by natural relations and numerous connections, but by a multitude of facts supported by examples selected from the ancient authors of the different idioms; the only proofs that can carry conviction in the discussion of philological problems, and which will receive new developments and more evidence in the four volumes still remaining to be published, containing the lexicon of the language of romance, the last and most important part of this magnificent work. Our readers will easily perceive the impossibility of giving a succinct analysis of this immense work, all the parts of which are arranged with such method that the whole must be read to appreciate its precision and merit.

We must then confine ourselves to some reflexions upon the importance of the poetry of the Troubadours, in reviewing the national remembrances, manners, customs, and opinions of that interesting period, when it flourished in the different countries of which it promoted the civilization. The violent commotions which followed the dismemberment of the vast empire of Charlemagne, occasioned the barbarity of the tenth century, which, in spite of the apology of Leibnitz, must always be regarded as the iron age. The following age produced some studies, but science was then reduced to vain disputes on words. The ambition of the great, who were only intent on arrogating to themselves new rights; the clergy so far masters of the government, as even to dare to sit in judgment on their sovereigns; the Court of Rome setting a scandalous example of licentiousness; the Popes carrying into the humble chair of the apostle, the spirit of domination with all the prejudices of the cloister, are the principal features of the 11th century.

The excesses of the sovereign pontiffs, the violent struggle between the clergy and the empire, gave a strong impulse to every mind, already excited by the brilliant heroism and enthusiasm of chivalry, and still more increased by that religious fever which produced the crusades, and precipitated warlike and barbarous Europe into peaceful and flourishing Asia.

It was in the midst of these sanguinary conflicts that the Troubadours appeared. Their compositions in the history of letters form a class in manner, thoughts, form, and expression, perfectly distinct from the classical literature of the ancients. Without masters or models, these courteous and warlike poets celebrated, by turns, beauty and valour; and, travelling from castles to courts, were every where welcomed and honoured, charming their illustrious hosts by romantic songs and brilliant recitals; receiving at once the favours and rewards which kings, lords, and ladies vied with each other in bestowing.

The poetry of the Troubadours is divided into two principal kinds: one was intended to be sung, and the other had no music to accompany it, such as the satires, epistles, tales, and romances. Amongst their lyric poetry, songs are particularly distinguished. It was in this species of poetry particularly that the Troubadours created a new literature. Ignorant of the ingenious allegories of antiquity, they made love a quick-sighted but submissive god, and placed all their hope, happiness, and delight, in sentiment, respect, and the most absolute devotion. Always animated by that amiable courtesy of which these poets were the models, each of them attached himself to one court; where he made choice of a lady, who formed the subject of his eulogy: it was for her that his practical

imagination borrowed from nature those fresh and brilliant colours which animated his descriptions; and as a reward for so much love and the worship rendered by talent to beauty, the poet regarded it as a great favour when the lady deigned to accept his homage. By turns delicate and tender, fearful and resigned, he made even the cruelty of the lady a subject for praise; or, if a complaint escaped from him, he knew how, by a soft effusion of sentiment, respect, and love, to weaken his reproaches, and add to the expression of his tenderness.

But these poets did not confine themselves to the pains and pleasures of love; many of them devoted themselves to celebrate the memory of princes and nobles, who had deserved their admiration or gratitude; at the same time their Muse severely censured the excesses and disorders of their age. The long dispute between the Court of Rome and the House of Suabia, the almost continual wars between France and England, the deplorable persecutions of Languedoc, the expeditions to the Holy Land, the murderous quarrels occasioned by the feudal system, the licence and depravity of manners;—all became subjects for poetry. Some attacked vice with the keen arms of ridicule and irony; others more bold pointed out the faults of princes, the misconduct of the clergy, the blind prodigality of the nobles, their want of delicacy and restraint in the means they took to enrich themselves, the petulance of the citizens, in a word, the vices of all classes; and these verses, dictated by bold and severe frankness, were almost always lessons of justice, prudence, and morality.

If such is the merit of the Troubadours, which any one may be convinced of who will read the poetry that has been handed down to us; if such was their influence for more than two centuries; if it be true (which may be easily proved) that we owe the revival of letters in Europe to these poets; if their varied and fertile talents softened the manners, corrected the abuse, and hastened civilization, in countries so long torn by parties disputing for possession; do we not owe a common debt of gratitude to their memory? And can we separate this noble sentiment from the praises justly due to him, who, by indefatigable perseverance, by ingenious and profound investigation, now offers a monument of glorious recollections, which will at once be useful to science, to history, and to letters?

The Haytian Propagator; a Political and Literary Journal. Written by several Haytians. Published on the 1st and 15th of every month.

The appearance of this journal is a phenomenon worthy of observation in its origin, progress, and duration. Fortunate, but evanescent circumsances may have given rise to it, and some isolated literary characters may, for a time, support its existence and its fame; but if it continue for any length of time, it must be regarded as a production of the national talent, and proves that in Hayti arts and letters are successfully cultivated, though there are some who think that country a stranger to civilization. The prospectus of this journal was published in May, 1822. We are only acquainted with the six first numbers, each of which deserves particular mention. The prospectus itself may be considered as part of the work, and is also well worthy of attention. There is an account of the situation of the old and new world, in which Europe is not flattered. If this description be faithful we, Europeans, do not gain more by being observed at a great distance than we do when examined nearer. We are surprised that the republican editors in America had not the same opinion of the mad undertaking of Iturbide as the Europeans, and that they should think for a moment, that an imitator of Buonaparte or Christophe could form the happiness of Mexico. The government of the United States is very much praised, though the prosperity of that country is exaggerated, and we cannot think the prediction in this prospectus will be accomplished, that at the end of the present century, the United States will contain 120 millions of inhabitants.

The first and second numbers are

nearly filled by a well-written history of the re-union of the Spanish part of St. Domingo, and with very just observations on the consequences of this formation of a United State, and on the guarantee of Haytian independence, arising from this union.

We shall not lose sight of this interesting journal; and we shall take care to present our readers with any thing which it may contain that can tend to increase our knowledge of this island. The style of the Haytians is already improved though it is far from being yet correct or in good taste.

Portraits des Personnages les plus celèbres de la Revolution Française. Portraits of the most celebrated Persons of the French Revolution, with a Fac-simile of their Writing.

This collection, the execution of which is confided to the most distinguished artists, ought always to accompany the memoirs relative to the French revolution. Writings are not always sufficient of themselves to show their date. In history, portraits, drawings, and the monuments of the time are what the historian must consult; and in this collection costume is accurately preserved. Caricatures are also carefully preserved, which serve to show that the French are always the same, even amidst the most horrible and terrifying scenes. The monuments raised by the conquerors of the day, and overthrown the next, are correctly represented, and will bear witness to the vicissitudes of civil wars, and the momentary triumphs of faction. And, lastly, the medals, and even coins, whose stamp exhibits the spirit of the times, will concur with written history to give an idea of the French revolution.

Bucoliques de Virgil. Virgil's Bucolics, translated into French Verse. By P. F. Tissot.

Many writers have devoted themselves to the translation of the Bucolics of Virgil. Amongst the multitude of attempts, in many of which may be traced much talent, and difficulties happily overcome, are those of M. M. de Langeac, Dorange, Firmin, Didot, and Millevoie; but in none of them is there a continued elegance, with a constant fidelity to the genius and manner of the original. This of M. Tissot's seems to have united these qualities. The learned translator has endeavoured to imitate the flow and motion, and almost the construction of Virgil's versification, and he has laboured unremittingly to convey the genius of the Roman language. This work, which is at once more faithful and original than those of his predecessors, uniting the elegance of some with the fidelity of others, and having more than any of them the air of antiquity, is the result of great application, aided by poetical talent.

Della Lingua comune d'Italia, &c. Treatises on the Common Language of Italy; on Varchi's History of Florence; and on the Knowledge of Counterpoint among the Ancients, with an Appendix to the Galatea of La Casa. By Andrea Mayer. 1822.

This author brings up again the old question, whether the language used by the Italians in their writings ought to be called Tuscan, Florentine, or Italian. Such a discussion, only interesting to those who have nothing better to do, must make all true Italians blush, to find amongst them people foolish enough to interest themselves in such futilities.

The second treatise is devoted to proving the merit of Varchi's history. The faults of this historian have been universally acknowledged, particularly his prolixity, which foreigners often impute to Italians, and which Varchi may be particularly blamed for, as he never inquires into the causes and motives of the events which he details so much at length. He is very far from resembling Tacitus and Polybius, whom he says, he took for models. His style, however, must be allowed to possess the merit of correctness and elegance, and he relates facts and truths with more frankness and openness than they would the have courage to do who criticise him.

The author, in his third treatise, endeavours to prove, from a fragment, which Macrobius has pre-

served of Cicero's *Republic*, that the ancients understood counterpoint. This inquiry employed P. Sacchi, and many of the learned in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The last treatise is intended for the Venetians; some of whom, according to the author, are not great observers of civility.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Baron de Kolli, written by himself, to which are added Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria, written by herself. 8vo. pp. 340. London, 1823.

At the time when Great Britain was making such strenuous exertions for the rescue of the Peninsula from the dominion of Buonaparte, our Cabinet conceived the design of liberating Ferdinand from his residence at Valency, in order that his appearance at Madrid might give countenance and consistency to the exertions we were making in his behalf, and that he might concentrate the energies of his subjects which were parallised by those dissentions that arose from a want of the presence of the sovereign. The scheme for effecting the rescue of the Spanish monarch was entrusted to the Baron de Kolli, who, in the memoirs now before us, has given us the whole history of the transaction, *ab ovo usque ad mala.*

In considering the subject, three points naturally present themselves to our attention. The policy of the object; the nature of the plot or contrivance for the attainment of that object; and the mode of carrying that contrivance into execution.

With respect to the first point, we believe that no person of intelligence, whatever may be his country or his politics, will conceive for a moment that Ferdinand himself was worthy of the smallest exertions in his behalf, either on the part of Great Britain or of his own subjects; and with regard to the effect which his presence would have had upon the Spanish war, we have no hesitation in declaring, that his appearance amongst his subjects would have been almost fatal to the cause. At that period Ferdinand had given no proofs of that depravity of disposition which has since characterised all his public measures. He was therefore surrounded with "that divinity which doth hedge a king;" he was moreover unfortunate and a captive, and imagination painting him in all the attributes of suffering royalty, excited in his subjects a chivalrous spirit in his cause. Had he once been rescued and placed by us at the head of the government, his conduct would have dissipated all these delusions in his favour, the liberal party of his subjects would have again seceded from his service, whilst all but the most infatuated royalists would have felt but little inclination to fight in a cause, the success of which would have again plunged them into all the bigotry, and abuses of the old *regime*. Independent of which, Ferdinand, with his religious prejudices against the English, and with his predilections in favour of France, would have been an easy dupe to French intrigues, by which, we have no doubt, our interests would have suffered most severely in every point of view. So far, therefore, from lamenting the failure of the Baron de Kolli's efforts to effect the liberation of Ferdinand, we conceive that failure to have been the most fortunate event that could have befallen the cause at the crisis at which it happened.

With respect to the second point, the nature of the plot or contrivance for effecting the rescue of the King, one thing essential for its success appears to us to have been, not only the consent of Ferdinand to escape, but his willingness to escape by the means proposed to him. Now, whatever Ferdinand's feelings and opinions might have been on the subject, our government never took the smallest pains to ascertain them; but the plot for his rescue was begun, continued, and ended without any communication with him whatever; a folly upon which Fouché has been known to expatiate with alternate mirth and contempt. The Emperor Napoleon,

well knowing the sensual and spiritless character of Ferdinand, had so surrounded him with luxury, and effeminate amusements of every description, that the degenerated monarch was reconciled to his bondage; and had it been otherwise he was of too weak an intellect, and was too deficient, both in moral and in animal courage, to make those efforts, and to incur those risks, which he must have incurred had he entered into the Baron's schemes for his escape.

If the object of the plot was thus impolitic, and the plot itself inherently bad, the folly of both are thrown into the shade by the egregious error of selecting a man like the Baron de Kolli for carrying it into execution.

The Baron informs us, that having received a proposal from our government to undertake a *secret mission* (*anglice*, to become a spy,) for the liberation of Ferdinand, he repaired to Antwerp to wait for further instructions. At Antwept he makes an acquaintance with a Mons. Albert de St. B—, a perfect stranger to the Baron, and moreover a *person then actually in the pay of Napoleon.* Our readers will scarcely credit us when we inform them that our author on no other ground than liking this stranger's physiognomy, communicates to him the business he is upon, and proposes to him to become his secretary; a proposal to which this Mons. Albert readily assented. These two gentlemen are afterwards conveyed to England by one of our men of war, composing a part of the Walcheren Expedition. Arrived in London, the plot for liberating the Spanish King is got up by the Marquis Wellesley, Admiral Sir George Cockburn, and the Baron de Kolli; and so cautious are our statesmen in their conduct, that they meet only at night, the Marquis going in a borrowed (we suppose a hired) carriage, and Sir George Cockburn and the Baron entering the house of rendezvous by a back door. In spite of this extreme caution, the Baron informs us that when he was taken by the enemy at Valency, the French police informed him of his most secret proceedings in London, the fact being that the garrulous simpleton imparted every thing to the secretary whom he picked up in the coffee houses of Antwept, and the secretary of course communicated all he heard to his employers at Paris. Our readers will take no pleasure in our detailing the proceedings of a man capable of such gross imprudence, and we shall therefore only relate that the Baron sailed on his mission in Sir George Cockburn's squadron, which was fitted out for the purpose of landing the Baron, and of receiving the Spanish King when our agent should have effected his liberation, and should have conveyed him to the coast. Before arriving in France, the Baron had once more communicated his job to a Baron de Ferriet, a stranger and a spy that Sir George Cockburn had picked up on the coast of France; and at our hero's final arrival at Valency, he selects for a confident and an assistant in his schemes, a Sieur Richard, a perfect stranger, the ground of selection being, by De Kolli's own confession, this stranger's having told him that he had once been a Vendean officer, and had fought for the Bourbons.

The consequences of such a course of execrable folly was the seizure of our author, and of all his papers, by the French police at Valency; and, as a punishment for his attempt, he was confined for four years in the state prison of Vincennes. The French government, having got possession of our author's credentials to the Spanish Monarch, made the Sieur Richard personate the British agent and propose to Ferdinand the scheme for his escape, a proposal which Ferdinand rejected without hesitation, even betraying the person who had proposed it to him.

The Baron de Kolli at length gets liberated from prison by the Bourbon's after their restoration to power in 1814, but on the landing of the Emperor Napoleon from Elba, he again meddles with affairs of state; he mixes in the intrigues which the Duchess d'Angoulême was carrying on in the South of France, and his exertions led to his being taken and confined a second time as a state prisoner. He at length owes his liberation to the consequences which ensued on the battle of Waterloo. After this second liberation our author seeks for a reward for his im-

portant services. The Bourbons of France treat him most scurvily. The Bourbons of Spain behave to him with more of the *suaviter in modo*, but with as little of substantial gratitude. To John Bull our hero therefore looks for a pecuniary reward of his toils; and whether in admiration of his talents for intrigue we cannot say, but our author tells us that Lord Liverpool satisfied his utmost wishes.

It really appears to us that imagination can hardly form an idea of an intrigue worse conceived, worse arranged, or worse executed than that of which the Baron de Kolli has given us the history; and we cannot restrain our feelings upon reading this author's confessions upon the infatuated profligacy with which the public money was lavished upon such a scheme, and upon such an agent. Besides a considerable sum of money, the Baron says he took with him 208,000 francs in diamonds as his private emoluments, and his "*first* expenses;" besides which, "unlimited credit had been opened for King Ferdinand, at a Paris banker's." To what extent the conscientious Baron availed himself of this "unlimited credit" he does not condescend to inform us, but after this profuse lavishing of money, he does condescend to inform us that, though the Marquis Wellesley gave him the cut courteous, (probably for his folly) Lord Liverpool "behaved with the greatest liberality" towards him.

The whole account of the transaction is written in a turgid style, full of egotism and rodomontade. Our author has not intellect or spirit enough to discriminate between the brave and loyal gentleman, and the servile courtier of an Asiatic meridian; he mistakes fulsome adulation for deserved praise, and confounds a rational attachment to the principles of royalty, with a personal subserviency to the vices and follies of a king. His epithets of praise bestowed upon Ferdinand, are so extravagant and absurd as to defeat his object in using them, and they recall to the mind those transactions of this unfortunate monarch's conduct, which his judicious friends would wish to see lost in oblivion. The whole of the Baron's sentiments and opinions are revolting to the more masculine tone of British feelings.

The most interesting part of the volume is that which relates to the author's imprisonment at Vincennes. Some of his pages upon this subject are of a nature to harrow the feelings, and to make the most lasting impression on the mind; but even in this division of the work we are annoyed by palpable exaggerations and evident inconsistencies; and even by positive contradictions.

In the details of the operations in the South of France, during the hundred days, the Baron bears testimony both to the masculine spirit and to the blind infatuation of the Duchess d'Angoulême, as well as to the astonishing attachment which all classes of individuals bore towards the Emperor Napoleon.

After the Baron de Kolli finishes his bombast and inflation, he favours us with the Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria, written, he declares, by herself; and written, we must confess, in a style very opposite to that of the Baron's. There is no evidence whatever of the authenticity of these last memoirs, and therefore they are of no authority whatever. We must confess that they bear no internal marks of being surreptitious, but it is positive evidence alone that can entitle them to public confidence. The Queen of Etruria is the daughter of the late King Charles IV. of Spain, and consequently sister to Ferdinand VII. At the age of thirteen and a half she married Don Louis of Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma. After being married *six* years she gave birth to a son, and was afterwards delivered of a second child whilst her husband was in a dreadful state of chronic disease, which ended in his death. By the treaty of Lunéville she was made Queen of Etruria; but the old sovereign of Etruria had so plundered the palace, that on her arrival, our heroine was reduced to such great shifts, that she observes, "this was the first time that the daughter of the King of Spain, accustomed to be served in gold and silver, saw herself obliged to eat off *porcelain*." In 1802 she was invited into Spain to witness the marriages of her

brother and sister; etiquette obliged her to accept this invitation, but so ill was her husband that they were obliged to remain in *transitue* at Pisa, for one month. At length they embarked for Barcelona, and the Queen says, "we had not been *more than two days* at sea, when I was taken in labour and delivered of a daughter," and two days after she arrives at Barcelona, after the marriages had been celebrated. Considering all these *contre-tems*, and the mention of four days for a voyage, which might be performed in twelve hours, we may make an estimate of the bad management of these indolent princes of the south. In Nov. 1807, whilst she was enjoying herself in the country, the French minister comes to inform her, that her father had ceded her kingdom to France, and that she must depart instanter; she says, "I immediately dispatched a courier to my father, for I had not received the least intimation on the subject." Subsequently, on meeting with her father, he abruptly communicates to her, "you must know, my daughter, that our family has ever ceased to reign." Such was the indelicacy and churlish inhumanity of Charles IV. of Spain to his daughter. But in France she had been treated with great respect by Napoleon; and on her subsequently arriving with her parent at Valency, in 1808, she relates that "they had been allowed the entire service of the Imperial Court; gentlemen, ladies, and guards, all were at their disposal." Napoleon settles on this lady a pension of 33,000 francs a month, and yet she tells us, that for some time she could not afford to buy a horse, but was compelled to walk about with her children, "although it was the hottest season in the year, and all the world went out either on beautiful horses or in a carriage." She importunes the Emperor for an increase of pension, who gallantly complies with her request, and grants her 50,000 francs (2033 pounds sterling) a month; with a palace and its dependencies, and he moreover writes her a letter, wishing her a pleasant voyage (journey) to Parma. In spite of this, she immediately after calls Napoleon "an atrocious tyrant," and bestows upon him many other epithets, which in our ignorance we had conceived had been exclusively in vogue with the profane vulgar. Now that Napoleon was no niggard in his allowance is evident from the fact, that when this Queen was in other hands her pension was reduced to only 10,000 francs a month. In April, 1811, this lady made an attempt to escape to England, but her plot had been discovered by the French police, and she was ordered into a monastery, and detained there until the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, replaced her in independence; and we suspect, in greater poverty than she had been under the Emperor Napoleon. These memoirs are intended as a memorial or petition to the Allied Sovereigns for remuneration of the memorialist's losses, and she modestly ends the document by stating, that as she had intended to honour England by seeking a refuge amongst us, she trusts that John Bull will be the "*support* and protection" of her family.

These memoirs are written with great *naïvete*, and they display all the features of a mind rendered effeminate, and sickly by pride and indulgence. They are of no general importance whatever, but derive the little interest which they possess from the simplicity of their style, and from the portraiture which they afford of the effects of misfortunes and reverses upon minds bred in luxury and absolute power.

Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson of Gray's-inn. Collected by Young Mr. Jefferson of Lyon's-inn. London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1823.

QUAINTNESS of title seems to be the order of the day, and there is no doubt if it does not insure readers, it at any rate commands a certain degree of attention. Thus we have the Sketch Book, High-ways and By-ways, the Inn-keeper's Album, &c. &c. and surely it will be acknowledged, our author has, at any rate, equalled his predecessors in this respect, not that we consider the work in question at all requiring such adventitious assistance.

The preface to this little work is written with much feeling and know-

ledge of human nature, and is certainly calculated to disarm criticism as much as a preface can do. Towards its termination the author says, "Of the volumes now offered to the public, I might plead that they were written under circumstances that precluded a digestion of plan or any attempt at excellence: they were written under the pressure of affliction, and in all the uncertainty and agitation which misfortune can produce; but I am aware that such pleas are too easily made to be attended to by the public, and that the world in general cannot reasonably be expected to pay any attention to the disadvantages under which an author may compose his work; the reader solely concerns himself about the merit of what he reads; and pleas of haste or any untowardness of circumstances are

'With merit needless, and without it vain.'"

This simple statement probably accounts for the many errors of style with which the work abounds: in short, there are grammatical inaccuracies which convince the reader beyond a question, that they entirely arose from carelessness, it being totally impossible to conceive an author who evidently unites the scholar, politician, and gentleman, to the man of the world, could ever be guilty of such inaccuracies but from the before-mentioned cause.

The tales are three in number: "The Welch Cottage; or, the Woodman's Fireside," "Mandeville, or the Voyage," and "The Creole; or, the Negro Suicide." The first tale, he says, "is more completely the invention of my fancy than any of the others," and certainly after the careless, we might almost say, slovenly, manner in which this tale is introduced, we were agreeably surprised to find it abounding with originality of style, much pathos, and the characters well conceived; evidently from a profound knowledge of the world, obtained, we fear, in the school of adversity, as there is throughout a disposition towards the shadowy side of human nature: at any rate we are willing, for the sake of mankind in general, to *hope* such is the case.

The scene is laid in one of the most romantic situations in Wales, selected by the hero (Mr. Ashford) for the erection of a rustic cottage, where he resides unknown, under the garb of poverty, although you are enabled to trace throughout, that he possesses a finely educated mind, added to the best of all philosophy, that of the power of well regulating it. Here from the advice he gives, in addition to the many little acts of kindness he bestows, he acquires a considerable degree of consequence over the minds of the peasants and yeomen, which, as may easily be supposed, excites the envy of the lesser gentry to no inconsiderable extent—in the description of which our author is particularly happy.—Having married a beautiful girl of his own rank, and their family increasing beyond his means of support by his little farm around the cottage, he is obliged to resort to the neighbouring forest to cut wood, by the sale of which he supports them in comparative comfort. The effect this produces on the minds of the unlettered peasants, whose respect for him decreases as his poverty increases, is well conceived.

At last a letter from an old friend arrives, informing him his miseries will soon cease, his father, a baronet, with whom, on account of his marriage, he is not on terms, being on the point of death; and this friend requests him to meet him at a neighbouring post-town. This leads to the most dreadful catastrophe: he goes with one of his younger children. The meeting between the friends is affecting: he declines pecuniary aid, having so long done without it, and sets off to return on foot, in an inclement December night, among all the dangerous ravines incident to a mountainous country. He falls with his darling charge into one of these dreadful pits, rendered invisible by the drifted snow. The description of this scene is really beautiful; and, although our limits will scarcely allow it, we cannot forbear quoting one or two of its passages. Having lost his way he endeavours by calling to attract the attention of some inhabitants, but "there was no human response; and hardly had its last echo died upon the gale, than the boy, feebly

throwing his little arms round his father's neck in the tone of exhaustion, cried 'Papa I can't bear the cold.'" Here he is induced to put down his precious burden, in hopes that exercise might renovate his stiffning limbs. "The child scarcely reached the ground, when he uttered a faint shriek. The alarmed father rapidly snatched at him, but in the effort lost his balance. They had been standing on the very brink of a precipice, and were now hurled to its base. The father held the child above him in his fall, lest, falling on him, he might have crushed him to death. But although the depth was terrific the great body of snow was frozen to a degree which broke their fall, nor were they hurt when they reached the bottom." After the most ineffectual efforts to ascend the sides of the pit, the scene is thus described:

"He had only a frock coat on, and this he had deprived himself of to wrap the child in. All the time he was using his active exertions to get out of the pit he had instinctively pressed little Harry to his side for warmth. Now his efforts were over, he thought of the boy. 'My son, my dear Henry, my child. Oh, God!' cried the father, in an agony of grief, 'he's dead! cold! for ever lost to me. What, are your little cheeks never to revive? Will your pretty lips never kiss me more? Speak to me, Harry; utter one sigh: speak to your poor father? No, not even a murmur—dead – for ever dead. Oh, God!—my child! my child! my child!'" In the following page his feelings for his family and death is pathetically described. "Even his firm and robust frame was now yielding to the fate which had befallen his child. He thought of his own blazing hearth, and of all the joys of home. 'My wife, my poor wife left destitute to labour for her children: nobody to sustain her spirits, and to partake her toil. Oh! I picture you widowed, forlorn, and hopeless; labouring for the common food of nature. My children, my girls, no father to guide, to protect you; your youth exposed to the scorn, the contempt, the snares of an unfeeling and merciless world!' His heart was broken, the cold stiffened his nerves — he sank upon the earth never to reanimate!"—His dying words were prophetic. She was left to all the poverty and wretchedness the human mind can suppose: and after selling every little elegance, and at last every necessary of life, after having applied for assistance to her family without success, she is at last visited by a Mr. Williams (the supposed narrator of this tale). This Mr. Williams had known poor Ashford, he being the principal inhabitant of the neighbourhood; but, his mind having been much occupied by a contested county election, the circumstances of his death, with the probable distress of the family, had entirely escaped his notice. Having relieved the family, the widow commences the relation of her own and her husband's early history. This story is well told, abounds with interest, and some remarkably well-drawn characters; and the lady in question proves to be the daughter of a poor Earl, the title then being in the possession of her brother. Mr. Williams, therefore, set off for town immediately, resolving to visit all the rich relations of the two families. These interviews are admirably drawn: his working upon each of their darling passions to obtain his object is certainly well conceived; and he at last collects about 5000*l.* of the whole of which not one shilling appears to be given from real charity, but from pride, envy, or fear of exposure; in Lord Argentfield, the younger brother of the late Ashford, we find a religious fanatic; and certainly some of our authors cuts at the Calvanistical doctrines of the day are remarkably well managed.

Mr. Williams having thus far succeeded, and having through his parliamentary interest provided for the boys, leaves the widow and daughters in comparative happiness: and here must end our remarks on this pretty little tale.

We have said that our unknown author was a scholar and a politician, and we may with equal truth declare, he is at least no Tory; there is a decided dissatisfaction with the present order of things running through the whole of the next tale, in our opinion by far the best of his production. He seems to be most thoroughly acquainted with nautical matters; not as a tame

observer in these times of peace, but during that period when our arms swept old Ocean to the very Poles, —not as a generalizer of events gone by, but as one who was acquainted with the very minutiæ of its affairs at the time of their occurrence.

There is less carelessness of style altogether in this production: 'tis better introduced, and evidently better digested, which the very commencement indicates. "I was descended from a gentleman whose fate it was to flourish, or rather to fade, in the middle of the seventeenth century; that epoch of English history, when liberty, like a virgin ray from heaven, first spread her genial influence over the hearts of our countrymen."

Our author particularly excels in conception of characters, and awful descriptions: he would, therefore, materially suffer by any attempt of ours to give a sketch of the story; but we will endeavour, by a few extracts, to give the reader some idea of his powers of description. In this tale, we are enabled to trace many of the naval heroes who have flourished in our time; but he has also touched, not very lightly, upon circumstances so little to the credit of parties still in existence, that we must forbear giving any thing like a key to their real names. The death bed of a beautiful girl, who had been seduced by a dissipated Colonel, is, perhaps, as moving a scene as we ever read. In short, it abounds so much in the pathetic, that we have some difficulty in selecting a passage that would give the reader the best idea of it.

"By the invitation of the mother, we entered the adjoining room—there was a cradle with a sleeping female infant, and on a small tent bedstead, with dimity curtains as white as the driven snow, lay the once innocent and happy, but the now lost, pale, and emaciated, Emma Belton. My heart ached at the sight! She was asleep, and looked like a statue of faded loveliness. I held my breath in silent sorrow, lest I should disturb her. In a few minutes she uttered a deep sigh, and starting in her dream, exclaimed, 'Great God, forgive, it was my youth's error'—again she was calm and placid: Her night gown was close to her chin, the shadow of its frill was reflected on her mouth, or else her lips were slightly convulsed. The tear-drop fell from the mother's eye—I was absolved in sorrow—Heaven's, thought I to myself, what a sad contrast to a few months ago, when you were the picture of youthful loveliness. Life's brightest scenes were in prospect for you—all was joy and hope; now, scarce eighteen, an outcast, a sacrifice, flying from infamy, dying under a fictitious name, in solitude, in secrecy; and that poor helpless infant, with the stigma of its birth, doomed never to feel a parent's caresses, or a parent's care."

There is a touching simplicity in the following description, which will, we think, strike all our readers.

"We kept poor Emma's coffin open as long as possible: at length I followed her to the grave. A mound of earth covers her once young and lovely body, and at her head is a simple tomb-stone, engraved with the inscription of 'Emma Belton, aged 18,'—and over this tomb have I shed the copious tear—over this tomb has my heart ached with the recollection of Emma, from the days of her virgin purity, to the hour of her hapless exit."

Our author excels particularly in descriptive powers. He evinces not only an intimate acquaintance with a naval life, but a most happy genius in describing a naval engagement, and a shipwreck. We cannot help observing, that although this country has long been the greatest naval power in Europe, we have few, if any, works that give any thing like a correct idea of a naval engagement and its bustle, confusion, and horror. This arises probably from the describers seldom or ever having been eye-witnesses. This is not the case in the present instance; the animated manner in which he describes it, evidently denotes his having not only been present, but also his having borne an active part in some similar scene of carnage. In the character of Captain Valerton, we have one of the finest specimens of an English seaman combining the greatest heroism

with that cool intrepidity and judgment so necessary to ensure success. These animated descriptions occupy so many pages that it would be useless to attempt extracts, which could give the reader only a faint idea of the whole. After the success of the day, Captain Valerton's orders relative to the interment of his foes, is simply, yet beautifully told: he is himself mortally wounded, and his death, with the contemplations of the supposed narrator, is so happily related, that we can't forbear making a few extracts.

He is described as having his hand on the heart of his noble commander. "I pressed firmer to his noble breast; he had breathed his last; and almost breathless myself, I continued my hand long in its position, gazing on this wreck of all that was great and magnanimous. Day broke and found me still in the same position, and by the dawning light I once more surveyed the noble features of the departed Hero. Yester-morn he was walking calmly amidst the destruction of the cannon, surveying every wreck and accident, and directing the prompt and efficacious remedy; or his eyes were flashing fire at his terrified foes, whilst his mighty arm was arresting the progress of defeat, and hurling it back again on the enemy; now a huge and inanimate corpse, the mere wreck and type of majesty, and prowess, alone remained to remind us of what he had been."

A shipwreck, unlike a naval engagement, is a hackneyed subject, and one in which several of our best authors have admirably succeeded. We have all dwelt with delight on that beautiful poem of Falconer's, and few but have admired the elegant manner in which Lord Byron has poetized the description of his uncle, in the first cantos of Don Juan. In short, writers of both sexes have succeeded in it, and our author is eminently happy in one where the vessel is represented as abandoned by all but one individual, the narrator, who resolves not to leave the almost sinking ship. He witnesses the sinking of the boat containing all his shipmates. The vessel is at last driven on shore, against an inaccessible rock, and here he remains the only inhabitant of a large wreck for a considerable time. The ship, before the storm, contained the sick and wounded of the recent action; and after he recovers from a dreadful fit of sickness, produced by the heat and inclemency of the weather, he resolves to visit the cock-pit, containing the remains of his poor wounded shipmates; and the description is certainly most appalling. "I now assumed resolution, and descended to the scene of so much torture; and what was my horror on finding that every hammock contained a human body, in the most revolting state of putrefaction."

He then describes the dreadful task of freeing the vessel of such infectious matter, and having dragged up the bodies, he says,—"I launched each of them through the port-holes into the sea; most of them fell into the water and were soon washed out of sight; but about a dozen, unfortunately fell upon the ledges of the rocks, immediately below the ship, where they lay a loathsome spectacle; the large and ravenous birds of prey, tearing the hammocks asunder, and gorging on the green and putrid carcases, fighting for the last morsel. The bones of these unfortunate victims, cleansed by the beaks of the birds, and whitened by the air, remained within my view as a memorial of all I had suffered and enjoyed in my voyage with those skeletons, once my animated associates."

His patience at last being exhausted, he determines to attempt the ascent of the huge rock by which the coast is bounded; and although the attempt at first seems impracticable, in a fit of desperation he succeeds; and the first part of this tale closes with the accomplishment of his design. The tale is so well executed in all its parts, that we sincerely hope, ere long, the public will be gratified by its completion.

Of the "Negro Suicide" our limits will not allow us to say more than that it is preceded by a very ingenious and ludicrous argument, relative to the emancipation of the slaves. The tale itself is apparently intended to shew the dreadful state of morals in our colonies: and we have much reason to fear, that horrible

as it is, it is not much overdrawn. All we have to say is, that if it contribute in the smallest degree to produce an amelioration of morals, by pointing out to humanity scenes of the most dreadful cruelty, the author must feel himself amply rewarded; and entitled to the praise of all good men.

A Visit to Spain, detailing the transactions which occurred during a residence in that Country, in the latter part of 1822, *and the first four months of* 1823. By Michael Quin, Barrister at Law, &c. London, 1823. 8vo. pp. 359.

Considering the proximity of Spain to England, and the easy communication between the two countries, and considering also, that the peninsula must, in every point of view, be an object of primary importance, we cannot help feeling some surprize at our ignorance of that country. How few English literary travellers have made Spain the object of their historical and scientific researches. Townsend was a classical and intelligent traveller, but since his work was published, Spain has undergone such numerous changes, that his volume has become rather one of historical curiosity, than of present information. We have had several amusing volumes of light narratives of the events which have taken place in that country since the year 1807, when it became the scene of military and naval exploits; but invaluable as works describing the Peninsula more minutely would be, we are yet totally destitute of them. No person of science, of political sagacity, or of statistical information, appears as yet to have made Spain the object of his personal inquiries, although that country, more than any other in Europe, would seem to invite travellers of such a description.

Mr. Quin left London in October, 1822, and proceeded to Madrid, *viâ* Calais, Paris, Bordeaux, Bayonne, Tolosa, and Vittoria; and from Madrid, he pursued his journey to Cadiz, through Toledo, Aranjuez, Ocana, La Carolina, Andujar, and Seville. In this route, he had, necessarily, opportunities of ascertaining the state of public sentiment, and of witnessing the condition of the country.

The travelling in Spain is extremely bad; all but the military roads are in a state almost impassable, and infested with robbers and mendicants. The inns are of the most wretched description, destitute of provisions, frequently without even a supply for travellers of coffee or eggs; either without furniture, or with beds of the worst description, and full of filth and vermine. At the principal inn, only eight leagues from Madrid, they found but two beds, one rusty knife, and a few wooden forks and spoons. In his journey, he witnesses no "neat cottages or well tilled gardens" on the road side, and no country houses even in the neighbourhood of the largest cities, the capital included. Such are the wretched effects of despotism and superstition. The condition to which the old government had reduced this fine country, is almost incredible. The people are without morals, without industry, and in the grossest state of ignorance. The trade of Cadiz and Seville was in decay, and even the Royal Cloth Manufactory, which used to employ upwards of 3,000 workmen, latterly employed scarcely one thousand. So grossly ignorant are the Spaniards of all machinery, that in this great manufactory to this day, all the yarn is spun by hand; the common spinning-jenny, or any other spinning machine being unknown amongst them. So destitute are they of all manufacturing industry and intelligence, that even the most humble ribbon is supplied from France.

The opinions of all Spain, except the grandees and clergy, were decidedly in favour of the Constitution: —but the subsequent apathy which the people displayed at the triumph of the enemy and of the constitutional faction, is easily accounted for by the influence which the priesthood exercised over the public mind, and by the circumstances of the country requiring a greater sacrifice in support of liberty than the lower orders of any country are ever found willing to submit to.

Our author describes the hall of the Cortes at Madrid as rich and well

decorated; and it appears to have been far handsomer than either of our houses of legislature. The public are admitted to hear the debates with much greater liberality than in our gallery of the House of Commons. Reports of speeches are openly allowed by the Spaniards instead of being done by stealth, as with us; and, finally, the Spanish Cortes avoid that absurdity of the British Parliament of turning the public out of the house during the division of a question. The Spanish deputies speak from their individual places, and not from any rostrum like the French.

We have a long history of the Laudaburian Society; a society which took its name from an officer of the King's guard, who conscienciously resisted the insurrection of these men against the constitution, and was murdered by the soldiery. The refectory of the suppressed convent of St. Thomas was assigned to its use; but the debates became rather too inflammatory, and the society was deprived of the protection of Government. In these debates the party called the Exaltados, or what we should call the extreme radicals, shewed much talent and real eloquence, but often accompanied with great violence.

The climate of Madrid, it appears, is far from salubrious, and the keen north winds carry off a number of the inhabitants by inflammation of the lungs. Our author describes Madrid, with its elegant Prado, and its one superb street, the Alcalá; with the stately dulness of the inhabitants, and their dislike to English society.

We have a chapter descriptive of the Escurial and of its present condition, and a sort of travelling description of the country between Madrid and Seville, and of the city of Seville itself. The population of Seville, according to a late census, is 90,415 persons whilst that of the capital is only 140,000. The houses in Seville are only two stories high, and constructed round a quadrangular area, paved with polished tile, cooled by fountains, decorated with vases, or planted with trees; and the retreat into these beautiful areas from the close, narrow and burning streets is described by all travellers to be delightful. The obvious mode of building streets in hot climates is to make them extremely wide, to shade them either with trees, or with colonades, and to shade the houses with virandas; but these are luxuries which the Spaniards have not yet arrived at, and their system is to render streets shady by making them extremely narrow. In thus excluding the sun, they likewise exclude the breeze, and in consequence their large towns like Seville, are infected with fever during the heat of summer. The Cathedral of Seville is of Moorish architecture, and the most superb in Europe. The theatre is tolerably good, and the coffee houses on the plan of those at Paris.

As our limits will not suffer us to make such extracts as we could wish from this interesting work, we shall confine ourselves to one from Mr. Quin's description of the Spanish theatres and bull fights.

"Although the theatrical amusements of Madrid are yet behind those of Paris and London, so far as good acting and changes of fine scenery are concerned, still they are not altogether unworthy of notice. The opera particularly, is at least as good as we had some years ago in London. It is conducted at the principal theatre (El Teatro del Principe) by an Italian company, which, though not numerous, possesses one or two engaging singers. The theatre is about the size of the Lyceum, in the Strand, and is well calculated for the equal distribution of sound. The boxes have a dull appearance, as they are all painted a dead French grey, without gilding or decoration of any sort, except that one or two have velvet cushions, fringed with gold, which belong to noblemen. The King's box, which is in the second circle opposite the stage, is, I am told, handsomely ornamented; but when his Majesty is not present (and it is very seldom lately that he attends the theatre), his box is covered over with a curtain of faded crimson tapestry, which only increases the dull aspect of the house. The boxes in the first circle are mostly private property, being rented by annual subscriptions; a considerable space in the first circle immedi-

ately under the royal box is formed into a kind of tribune, which is allotted to females exclusively. On the other hand, the pit is reserved as exclusively for the men; and, indeed, nothing can be more desirable for an amateur of music than one of the seats in this part of the theatre. They are separated from each other by rails, which support the arm, and each affords ample accommodation for one person. They are all numbered, and the visitor occupies the number which he finds written on his card of admission. Thus, in the first place, the inconvenience of a crowd is avoided, for no tickets can be issued beyond the number which the seats amount to. In the next place, by a timely application in the morning, one may purchase whatever seat he pleases; and if, during the performance, he wishes to go out and return, his place is still reserved. The convenience of such an arrangement is so obvious, that the London managers would do well to adopt it.

"The theatres, however, do not excite the public attention here so much as they do in Paris and London. In Madrid, as in the other principal towns of Spain, the amusement to which the people are most fervently actached is that of the bull-fights. In summer these exhibitions are carried to their highest degree of excellence: in winter they are limited to six or seven bulls of inferior breed; which, however, sometimes afford what is considered good entertainment. They are presented every Sunday (except during the Lent), the weather permitting, in a large amphitheatre, specially constructed for these exhibitions.

"The amphitheatre of Madrid is a short distance beyond the walls, about one hundred yards from the gate of Alcala. It is capable of accommodating from six to eight thousand spectators. Let the reader imagine, in the first place, an extensive circular arena, which is bounded by a high and strong wooden partition that runs all round, and has in it four gates at the four points of the compass. One of these gates is used for the entry of the director of the games and the performers engaged in them; another for the entry of the bulls; the third for the egress of those bulls which are not killed; and the last affords a passage to the horses which drag out the bulls that are slain. The lower gallery for spectators is at a distance of five or six feet from the wooden boundary of the arena; this unoccupied space runs all round, in order that if the bulls overleap the boundary, as they sometimes do, they might be prevented from injuring the spectators, and be driven back to the arena, the nearest gate being opened. The lower gallery, as well as the arena, is exposed to the open air. The second gallery, which is above the first, is protected from the sun and rain by a tier of boxes, and the latter are roofed with tiles. Fifty reals are paid for the use of a whole box, four for a seat in the second gallery, and two for a place in the lower one.

"My prejudices against bull-fights were strong, but happening one Sunday to see crowds of men, women, and children hastening to the amphitheatre, I could not avoid following in their train. Shortly after three o'clock, crowds began to pour in rapidly. The women and young girls were all in their hair, but covered, the better sort with black lace veils, and those of the less affluent classes, with a black silk veil bordered with lace. The greater number of them had also their fans, which the Spanish women use not only to cool their faces in warm weather, but to guard their eyes from the sun, as their head-dress is ill calculated for this purpose. It was not uninteresting to a stranger to hear the members of different parties recognizing each other by such names as Barbara, Maragita, Herminia, Olimpia, Nicanora, Nicolassa, Fernandina, Innocentio, Patricio, Francisco, Pedro, and others of similar termination.

"The director, dressed in the ancient Spanish style, with a short black mantle, a hat turned up at the sides, and on the left side a plume of red and white feathers, rode into the arena upon a handsome charger. After receiving the keys of the den from the Alcalde, who presided, and who sat in a box on the right of the king's box, he gave directions for the entertainment to commence. Two horses immediately appeared in the arena, each laden with two clownish riders, who were seated on a pad back to back. The hinder-

most rider kept his place by holding in his hand a cord attached to the pad. In his right hand he bore a long wooden staff, pointed with iron. A bull was then let into the arena the tips of whose horns were made harmless by being covered with lead. As soon as he saw the horses, he proceeded directly against one of them, and the combatants, who were apparently new to the office, offering no effectual resistance with their spears, he easily overthrew both horse and riders. He then attacked the other, and this contest was continued for some time with alternate success, the bull, however, being most frequently the conqueror, to the great amusement of the spectators.

"Upon a flourish of trumpets being given, this bull retired, and two fresh horsemen, on separate horses, entered. They were handsomely dressed, in white and red silk jackets, decorated with gold lace; their hats were white, with a wide leaf, and a low round crown. These also carried each a long wooden staff or spear, with an iron spike in the end of it, A bull was then admitted, whose horns were in their natural condition. Nothing can be finer than the entry of a fierce proud bull into the arena. He rushes in; astonished by the crowd of spectators: he stops a while, looks around him, but when his eye lights on the horsemen in the arena, he paws the ground with the majesty of a lion, and summons up all his fury for the contest. This engagement being attended with danger, both to the horse and rider, it excited strong interest. One of the combatants, or as they are called in Spanish, picadores (pikemen), was thrown to the ground, but happening to be near the boundary of the arena, some of the spectators came to his assistance, and delivered him from the rage of the ferocious animal. The attention of the bull was, in the meantime, diverted by the banderilleros. These are pedestrian performers, who carry in one hand a flag (banderilla) of yellow or red silk, with which they approach the bull. As soon as he sees the gaudy colour, he rushes towards it, and the flag bearer runs with all his speed to escape over the boundary, trailing the flag behind him. If he be in danger of being overtaken, he lets the flag fall on the ground: the bull immediately stops and vents all his rage upon it, as if under the impression that it conceals his adversary, while the fugitive has time to get away in safety.

"The bull being now pretty well fatigued, the banderilleros, who were also handsomely though very lightly dressed, armed themselves with two strong steel darts each. They were short, fitted for the hand, and decorated with pieces of cut paper, so as to disguise them. It was the object of each performer to run towards the bull with agility, and just as the animal was in the act of stooping the head to toss him, to fix the two darts in the back of the neck. As soon as the bull felt the points of the weapons, he lifted his head again from pain, without attempting to touch his adversary, who thus had time to escape. The animal immediately endeavoured by tossing his head to get rid of the darts; but this he was not often able to accomplish, as they were strongly bearded, and sometimes he was seen raging round the arena, his neck bristled with these torturing instruments. At length, when he was almost exhausted, a matador (slayer) approached him, holding in his left hand a large red flag, with which he engaged the bull's attention for a while, until, finding him in a convenient position, he thrust beneath the shoulders and up to the very hilt a long sword, which he held in his right hand, and which he had hitherto concealed from the eye of the animal as much as possible. The bull now fell, but was not yet quite dead, when an attendant came with a short knife, which he infixed at the junction of the spine with the head, and instantly put an end to his agonies. He was then dragged across the arena by three horses, and carried away. Two bulls were killed in this manner. The second was an immensely strong one: he leaped after the banderilleros twice over the boundary, but from the arrangement already mentioned, he was driven back into the arena without doing any mischief.

"A third bull was killed in the following barbarous way. A green fir-tree was planted in the arena, immediately opposite the gate at

which the bulls enter. Before this tree, a man covered with a kind of armour of stiff canvas, and having a false head of a monster with the mouth open superadded to his own stature, knelt on one knee. A thick wooden pole, pointed with a strong steel blade, was given to him, and fixing the lower end of it in the ground, he sloped the point so as to meet the bull on entering at the gate. The pole being so fixed, the gate was opened, and a wild bull immediately rushed in with such amazing force, that the spear penetrated completely through the ribs, and came out near the back. Still the animal was not mortally wounded. He attacked his adversary furiously, who pretending to be dead, permitted himself to be rolled about. The bull seeing the thing before him apparently shapeless and void of life, soon left it, and ran maddened over the arena, the spear still remaining in his side. It was a shocking spectacle; but still so strong was the animal, that the matador could not get near enough, without manifest danger, to kill him. At length- by means of a curved knife, which was fixed on a long pole, one of the assistants cut the ham-strings. Even after this the victim made efforts to move; but at last he fell, and his agonies were terminated in the usual manner. The whole concluded with a display of fire-works which was upon a limited scale. There was about five or six thousand persons present."

Our limits will not permit us to proceed farther in our notice of this interesting work; interesting at any time from the judgment which Mr. Quin has evinced in his selection of circumstances and traits of national character, but more particularly interesting at the present moment, from the important scenes of which Spain has been made the theatre.

We know there are some who suspect Mr. Quin, not only of entertaining, but of giving expression to political feelings, which incline to toryism and abitrary rule; but if we can offer an opinion derived from the impression made upon us by the perusal of his work, we must say, that we would be more inclined to suspect him of indulging in the very opposite feelings. But, unhappily, politics is a subject on which, whoever does not speak decidedly is suspected of entertaining opinions and prejudices contrary to our own. The politician imagines that every man is either for him or against him. For our parts, we think Mr. Quin has embraced that happy medium, beyond which whoever passes, passes also beyond the bounds of reason and common sense.

The Footman's Directory and Butler's Remembrancer. London. 1823. 12mo. pp. 324.

It has been observed by moral and political writers of high authority, and the observation has been frequently reiterated, that the world has not yet seen a class of books adapted to the lower orders of society. Those who entertain, what we should call, the reprehensible opinion that the poor ought not to be educated, triumphantly ask, after the labouring classes are taught to read and write, what are the occasions on which their writing can be useful, and where are the books that are at all adapted to an order of people who are instructed merely in the initiatory branches of education? For our parts, we should reply to such arguments, that the want of such a description of books is merely the effect of the ignorance in which the poor have been kept, that, with books as with all other things, demand naturally produces supply, and therefore as soon as education is diffused amongst the lower orders of society, there will be an abundance of works adapted to their capacities, and to the extent of their knowledge. Our Gallic neighbours have by no means been struck with this obvious reflection, for apprehensive of a want of books, adapted to the poor who are now receiving instruction in France, the government has employed a number of persons to write narrative and didactic works, of a description suited to the lower classes. In this country several individuals have lately published works of practical utility to the lower orders, such as will materially assist in the diffusion of sound morals and decent habits throughout the humbler

classes of life. The work now before us is a fair specimen of the description of book of which we have been speaking, and a mere cursory perusal of its pages will convince every impartial person, of the infinite good that may be done to society by educating the common people, and by moralizing them through the medium of the press. The Footman's Directory and Butler's Remembrancer, contains a complete course of technical instruction in every thing relating to the duties of such persons. All its information is conveyed in plain language, and well adapted to those for whom it is designed, and independent of chapters upon morals, habits, and the minor decencies of behaviour, we find intermixed with its technical directions, a vast number of hints, remarks and injunctions, which must have a beneficial tendency upon our domestic servants, and thereby add, in no small degree, to the happiness and security of their superiors; for we need not observe how much the enjoyment of life is affected by the principles and conduct of domestic servants. The work under our observation, contains much more than any servant can possibly acquire, but we must recollect that even moderately good conduct can be preserved only by our constantly aiming at points of excellence which we can never literally reach; "we must always purpose," says Dr. Johnson, "to do more and better than in time past, the mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes: we compare and judge although we do not practise."

The instructions relative to every duty of a male servant appear to us to be clear, complete, and satisfactory. The value of the book is much enhanced by numerous recipes of a highly useful nature, and by extracts from laws, regulations, &c. which it is expedient for a servant to know. There are numerous passages of sound morals, and of good feelings, put in the most precise form for the guidance of life. For instance, the author tells his readers "there is no degradation in being a menial except you fail in the duties of one; no disgrace in wearing a livery unless you bring reproach on it by your behaviour. I have never been ashamed of being in livery, but when I have seen other servants disgrace it." Here, we conceive, there is practical good sense, one line of which outweighs a chapter of diffuse and generalised matter. No kitchen or servant's-hall, in houses where men servants of any description are kept, ought to be without the work we are now reviewing. The book is admirably adapted to make a person not only a better footman, but a better man; and the work is further calculated, by its recipes and technical directions, to be of great use in those respectable families of the middle classes, where the duties of a footman are performed by female servants.

Poetical Memoirs.—The Exile, a Tale. By James Bird.

WHETHER the first of these two poems, entitled "Poetical Memoirs." be true or fictitious in its story, we cannot inform our readers, it being, as the author tells us, "His own Memoirs," and, indeed, from a perusal of the second poem, entitled "The Exile," we are strongly inclined to believe him, for besides its other poetical merits, we can trace in it a variety of incident handled in a very masterly manner. The Poetical Memoirs, we have no hesitation to say, are a faithful picture of the life of a poet,—of one, who, though he can trace a thousand remarkable incidents in the life of another, cannot find one in his own. It is in two cantos: the first gives an account of his boyish days, and the death of his lover. The second tells us of his having found a new mistress, "in whose smile he was long happy," but this lady unfortunately having heard that he admired the beauty of another, "for whose esteem he felt a little jealous," and even "that once he kissed her," she got jealous—forsook him—and married another. Thus ends the life of our poet, though he is still living; for in his humourous introduction, he threatens the critics with two cantos more. Though his fort, in the Poetical Memoirs, is in general to excite the risible faculties, and sometimes to distort the risible smile into actual laughter, yet like

the mighty author of Don Juan, whom, in this particular at least, he imitates, he is sometimes tender and sentimental: witnesss the following on woman:—

"Oh, Woman? Woman! thou art formed to bless
The heart of restless Man, to chase his care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness;
Bright as the sun-beam, as the morning fair,
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
Flowers spring, and shed their roseate blossoms there,
Shrouding the thorns that in thy pathway rise,
And scattering o'er it hues of Paradise!

Thy voice of love is music to the ear,
Soothing and soft, and gentle as a stream
That strays 'mid summer flowers; thy glittering tear
Is mutely eloquent; thy smile a beam
Of light ineffable, so sweet, so dear,
It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest dream,
Shedding a hallowed lustre o'er our fate,
And when it beams we are not desolate!

No! no! when Woman smiles we feel a charm
Thrown bright around us, binding us to earth;
Her tender accents, breathing forth the balm
Of pure affection, give to transport birth;
Then life's wide sea is billowless and calm:
Oh! lovely Woman! thy consummate worth
Is far above thy frailty—far above
All earthly praise—THOU ART THE LIGHT OF LOVE!"

The following is also on woman. How different from the above!

"I recollect, when I was quite a boy,
('Tis near thirty years ago, I fancy)
My Mother told me to avoid the toy
The world calls Woman, but not much I can say
About her sage advice, or my sweet joy,
When first I met the rosy smile of Nancy!
I know I deemed it an eternal honour
And prayed to heaven to shower its gifts upon her.
Much hath been written upon lovely Woman,
Concerning dark eyes, and soft snowy necks;
A charming theme, and, I am certain no man
Was ever fonder of the gentle sex
Than I am; and we know the rhyming Roman
Loved well his lass, whom he would sometimes vex,
For which, his conscience gave him sharp rebukes in
His habitation bordering on the Euxine!"

We have quoted this last, not as the best specimen we could have given of his humorous strain, but as being most opposed to the sentimental specimen we have given already on the same subject. In both styles he is peculiarly happy. It is generally at the close of his stanzas that he seems most inclined, or at least most capable of exciting laughter. Besides English he makes use of the Latin, French, and Italian, to complete his rhymes.

"By this I mean not to commend the sickle
Heart, ranging east, and south, and north, and west—
To revel on each sweet that chance may tickle
Its changing passions, which can never rest—
Fast flies the hour, and time's relentless sickle
Will reap the brightest charms—*Probatum est*:—
I quoted this, because it came so pat in,
Not that my head is over-stocked with Latin."

And

"Oh! we were gaz'd at by the whispering throng,
Maria alarmed, cried *parley doucement*."

And

"I thought this merely rage—*extravaganza*,
You'll find it different in the next sweet stanza."

This little poem, however, has much merit, having throughout

many trite and happy digressions, which, while they excite a smile, never fail, at the same time, to leave our minds impressed with a sense of the author's ingenuity and talent.

"The Exile."—The Poetical Memoirs may be as fitly compared to this poem as a faint drawing of beauty may be to beauty itself; the one being a mere likeness of the thing, the other the thing itself, the object represented by this likeness. In fine, we mean to say, that the "Poetical Memoirs" are not poetry when compared to the "Exile," or if poetry, that the powers of that great art are so feebly felt while reading the former, and so strongly while reading the latter, that we feel ourselves justified in drawing such a comparison between them. The story of it is this:—Harold Harfagre, King of Denmark, having completed the conquest of Norway about the year 870, not only over the unfortunate vanquished, swayed the sceptre of a conqueror, but also that of the most cruel of tyrants. Regnier, the lover of Moina, opposes the tyrant, is overcome and sent prisoner to Iceland. Some time after this, Harold sent some of his people over to Iceland to murder Regnier, but he, having killed the chief of the party, escaped in their boat with his Moina, who came with the party in the disguise of a minstrel. Regnier, however, does not know her under this character; he joins his countrymen, leads them against the tyrant Harold, kills him with his own arm; but at the same time his people yield to those of Harold's, and he himself dies of his wounds, and with him the unfortunate Moina, who has just before this discovered herself. If that poetry be the best which works most powerfully on the human heart, our readers will find no small share of it in this beautiful poem; whoever can read it without perceiving its beauties, and without feeling the most generous and tender emotions, is, we presume, not only lost to what poetry is, but also to every warmer affection of the heart. We will in conclusion quote a few passages from the poem, which will enable our readers to form a more correct opinion of our author's merits than any thing we can say in his praise. In speaking of Moina, he says,

"The ceaseless, wandering, and inconstant sun,
Amid the countless realms he shines upon,
Ne'er warmed a lovlier cheek, a brighter eye,
Nor softer lip, that mocked the rose-bud's dye,
Than when the brightness of his envious beam
Shone on the lovely Moina of Drontheim!
Sweet was her youthful smile, her form was fair,
Dark was the waving ringlets of her hair,
Her voice was like soft music, when it swells
O'er the calm lake, where plaintive echo dwells;
Regnier had seen that smile—had heard the tone
Of that sweet voice, whose melody alone
Could soothe the feelings of his troubled breast,
And lull each wilder passion into rest!
When hope deceived him, or when man betrayed,
Dear was the magic of the smile, which played
On Moina's lip; and, in her voice, there dwelt
The spirit of true love, whose sigh could melt
His soul to tenderness, though Harold's pride
Had launched his passions on the roughest tide
Of life's wide sea, where every rolling wave
Bore down the coward, and opposed the brave!"

He thus describes a tempestuous night.

"The moon is up, and o'er the deep blue sky
Sails many a cloud, as sweeps the night-wind by,
That shakes the pines upon their craggy steep,
While starts the rein-deer from her careless sleep,
Rous'd by the foaming mountain-torrent's shock,
That thundering leaps from echoing rock to rock,
Loud o'er the deep and hollow caverns dashing,
Wild o'er the broken trunks of dark pines crashing;

Fierce in their wrath, the tyrant waters break
Opposing crags; peak, thunders after peak;—
While rocks, and pines, and earth, and frozen snow,
Roll, in wild uproar, to the gulf below!"

On Harold's host meeting that of Regnier's.

"Now Harold's host in fury met the shock,
While earth, and sea, and sky, and echoing rock,
Resounded loud, as, mingling on the shore,
Arose the cries of vengeance, and the roar
Of gathering battle, and the stunning crush,
Of shattering armour, and the maddening rush
Of men and steeds, while shrieks and shouts around,
Swelled the wild uproar, louder than the sound
Of mighty floods, from lofty mountains hurled,
When rolls the storm, and earthquake shakes the world!
Regnier led furious on—his patriot band,
The last bold heroes of their conquered land,
Rushed to the strife, with wild, triumphant cry,
And desperate joy, for oh! to bravely die
In glorious war, to share unsullied graves,
Ere Harold's hand had chained them as his slaves,
Ere their free souls to conquest's arm should bow,
This formed their hope, their glorious triumph now!
Fast from Regnier's brave arm in terror fled
His coward foes, o'er dying and o'er dead;
And still the faithful Ministrel by his side
Was seen; though mightier rolled the battle's tide,
Still was he there, as though his life's bright charm,
Dwelt in the prowess of that mighty arm!
Now paused Regnier—he gazed around—his sight
Sought Harold's plume, amid the raging fight—
He marked his foe! and from the rocky glen,
Heard his loud voice urge back his flying men,
His host of countless slaves!—quick sprang Regnier,
While clashing sword, and shield, and ringing spear,
Opposed his arm, but with the whirlwind's strength,
He forced his way through scattering foes—at length
He gain'd the Tyrant; and his lordly eye
A moment flash'd upon him haughtily;
He thought of Moina, and that thought, like fire
Burned in his brain! as rushing in his ire,
He met the shock of Harold's blade, while rose
Shouts from his band and curses from his foes!
Long fought the heroes, while their hosts, in awe
Paused in their wrath, to view that doubtful war,
That desperate struggle of the brave, whose strife, [life!
Begun with rage, could only end with
Stern Harold's soul turned faint—his arm grew weak—
With bleeding brow, and cold, and pallid cheek,
And giddy brain, he fell to earth! while loud
Pealed cries of vengeance from the rushing crowd,
As gathering round their wounded Chief, they pressed,
And mad with rage assailed Regnier, whose breast
Shrunk from the battle, though unnumbered swords,
Aimed at his heart, by Vassals and by Lords,
Were rife with death! though men, and plunging steeds,
Still forced him back, they fell around, like reeds
All strown and shattered by the storm!—His hand
Yet dealt round slaughter, though his struggling band,
O'erpowered, gave way, and to the city gate
By numbers forced, undaunted met their fate,
While through the portal rushed the conquering throng,
And furious steeds drove scattering crowds along,
Loud rang the hoofs o'er slippery stones, and splashed
In gathering blood, as through the streets they dashed
With maddening haste! then rose from tower and hall,
From turret, portal, battlement, and wall,
Groans of despair! the shrieks of woe! the cry
Of dying wretches in their agony!"

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AMERICA.

Columbia—Progress of Civilization—Public Institutions—The gazettes of this Republic manifest the exertions that are making to perfect her laws and institutions. The government seems particularly desirous of making education popular. There are two Lancastrian Schools in the capital, which furnish masters for the provincial schools as fast as they are established. The pupils are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of geography, and the rights and duties of citizens. The last examination has made the public appreciate the progress of the pupils of these schools, which are supported and defrayed out of the revenues of the suppressed monasteries. The amelioration of the blacks has been equally the object of the public solicitude. M. Camillo Mauriques has lately manumised nine of his slaves, and M. Fermandez Soto treats his negroes as free workmen, and pays them for their labour. Such men ought to be celebrated.

Bogota—School of Mineralogy.—The government has just established in this city, a national college, for the instruction of young minors.

Scientific Voyages.—Very recent letters from Columbia announce, that M.M. Boussingault and Rivero, from whom the Academy of Sciences at Paris has received several very interesting communications, had arrived at Bogota at the end of the month of June. They have surveyed the length of the Cordillieras of Merida, and of Pamplona, and have ascertained with excellent chronometers, the astronomical position of a great number of places which had not been visited by M. De Humboldt. Near Santa Rosa these *Savans* made the important discovery of a mass of flexible iron (probably meteoric) of the weight of thirty quintels.

It has been discovered in America, by a mechanic, named Barnes, that a round thin plate of soft iron, fixed on a lathe-spindle, and turned with great rapidity, is capable, in a very surprising manner, by the motion of its edge, of cutting hard steel; the groove in the steel acquiring an intense heat, without the same degree of heat penetrating the soft iron.

ASIA

Calcutta—A new journal is about to be published in this city. It will appear quarterly, under the title of the Asiatic Observer; or, Religious, Literary, and Philosophical Miscellany.

AFRICA.

Sierra Leone—Vaccination has at length been introduced into this colony, and measures are taking for extending the practice to the interior of Africa.

RUSSIA.

Statistics—Population.—A table of the population of Russia in 1822, has been published. To the number of inhabitants in each of the fifty governments, the territory in geographical square miles has been added.

	Inhabitants.	Square Miles.
Archangel	200,000....	11,900
Astracan	190,000....	3,100
Courland	410,000....	330
Novogorod	673,000....	2,300
Moscow	1,275,000....	470
Petersburg	590,000....	840
Tobolsk	430,800....	16,800
Smolensko	950,000....	1,000
Irkutzk	210,000....	126,400
Total.....	4,928,000 inhabitants.	

The sum total of the inhabitants of the whole empire amounts to 40,067,000. The number of manufactures and artisans to 3,724. The total capital in trade amounts to 319,660,000 roubles, and the revenue from the poll-tax, and from the importation and consumption of liquors, to 169,350,000 roubles, (the paper rouble is worth about one franc.

Moscow.—The Society of Rural Economy of this city has formed an agricultural school, like those at Hopwyl in Switzerland, and Friedricksfilde, near Berlin. Eighty pupils admitted into it.

Gold Mines.—The Senator, Mr Loimonoff, and Dr. Fuchs, Professor of Medicine at the University of Cassan, have just made a journey to Mount Oural, which will promote the interests of science as well as those of the government. These two gentlemen visited the gold mines, which have been discovered within these three years. They have discovered that the mines, which are situated to the East of Mount Oural, are much richer than those of the opposite side. The former extend from Verkhoturie as far as the source of the River Oural. But the places where the gold is found most abundantly is between Nijne Tajilskoi and Koutschtoumkoi, in a space of about

300 versts, or 200 English miles. These mines are near the surface, and the golden earth is several *archines*, each of which is twenty-eight inches in depth. The gold is obtained by washing the earth, and this labour is so easy, that it is performed by boys. The metal is formed in separate grains, sometimes in large pieces, or masses weighing six *marcs*. But in general five *zolotnics*, about 15 pennyweights, are obtained from a hundred *pouds* of earth, or 5200lbs. troy. The production being 1 in 83,200. A single proprietor, Mr. de Jakowleff, on whose estates the richest mines have been discovered, will send this year about 30 *pouds* (1560lbs. troy) of gold to the mint at Petersburgh. The other mines of Oural will furnish altogether about 130 *pouds* (6760lbs. troy). This is, however, only the commencement of working the mines. Doctor Fuchs writes, that the gold appears to have been originally combined with the greenstone of Werner, with schistous talc, serpentine, and grey iron; and that these substances having been decomposed, have left the gold by itself. He adds, in his letter addressed to Mr. Magnitzky, Curator of the University of Cassan, that the mineral riches of the mountains which he has visited are both rich and immense. Platina, adamantine spar, and other metals and valuable gems, both of India and America, are found there. Mr. Fuchs has made a discovery amongst the latter, viz. of a stone of the nature of the sapphire, to which he has given the name of *soimonite*, in honour of the learned mineralogist, Mr. Soimonoff. There is no doubt but the University of Cassan will have specimens of all these objects, which are as precious as they are novel to its collection. But the advantages of the examinations and discoveries of Mr. Fuchs will not be confined to the University. This learned Professor means very soon to publish his journal to Mount Oural, which will contain not only his observations on the natural history of the country in general, but also the statistics of all that part which he has traversed and explored.

Odessa.—The antiquarian researches made on the borders of the Black Sea have been attended with the most satisfactory results, and have thrown great light upon the history of the Greek colonies which once existed in those countries. It has been ascertained by accident, that the thriving city of Odessa is built upon the site o an old Greek town. In the month of March last, a workman, while digging in the yard of a private house, discovered, about four feet below the surface, some human bones, enclosed by stones rudely ranged; and at their side a vase in *terra cotta* at the left side of the bones. The vase was found, upon examination, to be of Greek antiquity, of the sort generally called Etruscan, elegant in its form, and ornamented with paintings. The paintings have a reference to religious ceremonies known to have been held by the Greeks of the Euxine. This vase, together with other antiquities discovered not long since, induce the conjecture that the port of the Istrians, mentioned in the Periplus of Arian, was situated where the Odessa stands at present. Whilst speaking of Odessa, we may remark, that the science of music has made great progress three. They have not only an Italian Opera, which is well got up and numerously attended, but also a great many concerts and musical societies.

POLAND.

Warsaw—Jewish Mission. — Two new missionaries of the society formed in England, for propagating christianity among the Jews, arrived here on the 24th September, from London, by way of Paris, Berlin, and Posen. One is M. Mackant, a priest, and the other a candidate, named O'Neil. Warsaw is the seat of one of the principal establishments of this society.

SWEDEN.

Stockholm, Statisticks. — According to a table which has already been adopted in the charter of peasants, the total number of functionaries of the kingdom who had appointments in 1817, amounted to 17,740, and the total expense to 9,156,277 crowns. The military force is calculated at 49,605 individuals, and the pay amounts to 4,855,622 crowns. The civil officers, besides the court, consist of 5,852 individuals, whose expense amount to 2,387,918 crowns. There are 4,760 paid ecclesiastics, and an expense of two millions.

The University of Upsal had demanded for the States General a loan of 50,000 crowns to finish a new building for the library. The order of the clergy and that of the citizens consented to it, but the nobility, contrary to expectation, has refused a demand which seemed generally approved. The order of peasants has not yet voted on the subject.

Foreign Trade.—The commerce of Sweden with Egypt has increased considerably — more than 400 Swedish

ships have, this year been sent to the port Alexandria.

Manuscript.—There is a very remarkable manuscript in the Royal Library at Stockholm, the Codex Giganteus (a giant book). It was taken from a Benedictine Monastery at Prague, at the time of the thirty years war. Its length is two Swedish yards, and its breadth in proportion. Beside the vulgate, a collection of writings upon the first antiquities, by Josepho Isidorus, &c. and the Comes Pragensis Chronicon Bohemiæ, this manuscript contains a treatise on magic, ornamented with a varnished figure of the devil.

The Diet of Sweden has hitherto carried on all deliberations in four separate divisions or bodies, the nobility, the clergy, the burgesses, and the country members; each division communicating its decisions to the other three. In order to obviate the inconveniences arising from this plan of public business, meetings, including the deputies of the sections, have been held at the house of the Grand Marshal of the Diet, in which have been discussed the different subjects which were to be brought forward in the separate sections. This plan of preliminary discussion may be attended with some advantages, but it is obvious that it must be the means of the government acquiring an undue influence over many of the members. Whether this be the case or not, it is certain that a general opinion prevails in Sweden, that such aggregate discussions should be official in the Diet itself, whilst the debates by divisions or sections should be only preliminary. It has been announced that a design to this effect is now under consideration.

DENMARK.

Islandic Natural Philosophy.—An old volcano, the Koetlugan, (district of Nyrdal) which for sixty-eight years had no eruption, has, since the 1st January to 15th July, thrown up a considerable quantity of water, ashes, and dirt. This aquatic eruption entirely ceased on the 19th, and the smoke of the crater having disappeared, the summit of the mountain was perceptible. The cinders and dirt covered a space of four to five Danish miles, (nine to ten French leagues) but happily the eruption was directed towards the sea, but for this it would have caused much greater mischief.

Copenhagen — Statistics.—In the course of last year, there were 1724 births, and 841 deaths in the Island of Zealand, an extraordinary fecundity for so sterile a country. The Counsellor Stephenson, in his description of the island, computes the population at 49,269 individuals. The same author, in his statistical estimate, calculates in the island 16,052 cows, 2904 oxen, 5761 head of young cattle, 340,752 sheep, and 18,941 tame horses.

SWITZERLAND.

Berne—Register of Deaths—Switzerland has lost in a period of eight days, two of her most illustrious citizens, M. Albert de Staller and M. Jean Conrad Escher de la Linth. The latter is already mentioned in the Register of the Dead. It now remains for us to speak of the former; Albert de Staller, the youngest son of the great Staller died at Berne the 1st March, 1823, at the age of 65. He was a man of active habits and a learned naturalist. Even on the day of his death, he had assisted at a long sitting of the Commission of Civil Jurisprudence, and took a very active part in the deliberation.

NAPLES.

Statistics—The population of this kingdom which, on the 31st December, 1821, was 5,256,020 individuals, had increased, on the 31st December, 1822, to 5,322,889, of which 2,595,872 were men, and 2,727,017 women. Increase 66,869 individuals.

GREECE.

Corfu.—The University of the Ionian Isles has just been definitively established at Corfu, under the direction of Lord Guildford, a patron of letters, and the friend of the Greeks. Among the Professors of this University are M. Bambas, a native of Chios, a learned divine, an old pupil of the University of Paris. M. Asopios, a literary character of profound erudition, and M. Piccolo, a young man of genius, who is commencing his noble career of modern philosophy. We have learnt with the greatest pleasure, that Lord Guilford has commissioned a Greek friend at Paris to purchase for him all the best philosophical works published in France, of which he has a great number, and which he is to present to M. Piccolo as an encouragement for his exertions.

SPAIN.

The organ of the Cathedral of Seville, is said to have 5,300 pipes, with 110 stops, (these latter being 50 more than are in the famous one of Haerlem); yet, so ample are the bellows, that, when stretched, they supply the full organ fifteen minutes. The mode of filling them with air is singular; for instead of working with his hands, a man walks backwards and

forwards along an inclined plane of about fifteen feet in length, which is balanced in the middle on its axis; under each end is a pair of bellows, of about six feet by three and an half. These communicate with five other pair united by a bar; and the latter are so contrived, that when they are in danger of being overstrained, a valve is lifted up, and gives them relief Passing ten times along the inclined plane fills all these vessels.

FRANCE.

French Clergy.— According to the Clerical Almanack, or Directory, which has just been published in France, it appears, that in the Budget for the year 1822-23, the sum of 29,520,000 francs was set apart by the government for the maintenance of the French clergy. In addition to this, the Communes voted 6,407,727, and the General Councils of the Department 1,162,618 francs, so that the funds appropriated to the clergy amount to 37,089,745 francs, about 1,483,589*l.* sterling. In bequests and legacies to ecclesiastical foundations, from the year 1802 to 1823, there is a capital sum of 13,388,554 francs, of which the greater part was received between the years 1815 and 1822, the aggregate of the more early years amounting to only the sum of 2,900,749 francs. In a population of 30,415,191 souls—from which, however, the non-Catholic members must be deducted—there are 38,359 communes, to which are attached 34,393 priests or vicars. The aggregate number of the actual clergy is 35,676. But, it is said, the bishops deem it necessary to augment the number to 50,943. In the year 1821, the deaths among the clergy were were 1,403, the number admitted the same year 1,522; so that in this way there will be a gradual increase. The number of pupils, or candidates for holy orders, in the great and little seminaries, and in the Theological Colleges, amounts to 29,379.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The British Museum. — The new building for the reception of the library presented by His Majesty is proceeding with rapidity; the foundations, which are of immense thickness, are now laid. The edifice will be 300 feet in length, and 70 feet high. There will be only one story above the basement, and the rooms are to be 30 feet in height. When completed, a part of the old Museum will be taken down, and as the new repositories are finished the whole of the old building will be removed. The one now in progress is intended to form a wing of the new Museum, and it is rumoured that one or more of the porticos will be supported by antique columns, which are expected to arrive in a short time in this country.—The alterations, it is calculated, will occupy fifteen years, when the front of the new structure will be thrown open to the street, with a spacious court-yard guarded by an iron palisading.

A most curious and valuable collection of original letters and autographs, of the most illustrious, eminent, and learned characters flourishing about the sixteenth century, has recently arrived in this country from Holland. The original letters contain, among numerous others, several from the hand of Elizabeth of England, and of Elizabeth of Bohemia (addressed chiefly to the Lady Killigrew), of Charles II. James, and several of Lord Leicester's. The portfolio, indeed, relating to England, forms such a mass of curious antiquity, in excellent preservation, as cannot fail to be extremely interesting both to the antiquarian and the historian. The foreign correspondence contains original letters from the most distinguished persons on the Continent, and are as valuable as those relating to England. The autographs are mostly bound up in splendid volumes, and each page contains a motto, and dedicatory address to all the great men who happened to come within the reach of the original collector's acquaintance, illustrated with curious illuminated pages, descriptive of many events in history.

New Meteorological Society. — A new Society for the encouragement of Meteorology has been established on the most liberal basis, by a general meeting, called for that express purpose, and held at the London Coffee-house. Dr. Birkbeck was in the Chair; and Mr. Luke Howard, Dr. Forster, and numerous other Meteorologists were present. A regular Society was formed, to which the scientific persons were invited to become members, from all parts of the world.

Last week a bricklayer employed in some repairs in the interior of Eastmeon Church, by an accidental stroke

of his trowel against the wall, displaced some of the plaster, when a painted head of extraordinary size was disclosed to his view. On proceeding further he discovered the whole length figure of a giant, bearing on his shoulders a female, holding in one hand a ball resembling a globe, while the other was held up near her face. The giant held in his left hand a large staff, or, what is more probable, a spear, part of which is defaced; a dragon was also at his feet. The whole is very well executed, particularly the drapery.

Mr. Burton, jun., continues to pursue his researches in Egypt with great ardour, under the immediate protection of the Pacha. Considerable hopes are entertained that this enterprising traveller will add to his important discovery of the Porphyry mines the quarries of the ancient Alabaster, the site of which has baffled all inquiry for nearly 2000 years.

The Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society opened its fourth session on the 7th. It was well attended, and by its proceedings afforded another instance of that dissemination of intelligence which distinguishes our era.

Mr. A. G. A. Schlegel's prospectus of Ramayana, by the ancient Sanscrit poet, Valmike, has made a strong impression in our literary circles, and excited high expectations. In a conversation with the learned author, he mentioned his opinion that the Sanscrit would be found the root of all languages, except the Arabick and its derivatives. The Arabick is entirely different.

The Prospectus of a New Quarterly Review, to be called The Westminster Review, has been put forth. It disclaims party politics, and professes to be founded on general principles. The first number is announced for January.

Mr. Wright, a reporter to the Morning Herald, has in the press a Selection of one hundred of the most humourous and entertaining of his Reports during the last three years, illustrated with numerous wood cuts, by George Cruikshanks.

Julius Klaproth's Description of the Empire of China, is preparing for publication in two quarto volumes. It will embrace a general historical sketch; and a statistical, commercial, &c. account of the various provinces. We look for a work of labour, research, anc interest.

T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. author of The King Œdipus of Sophocles, has in the press an Epitome of Greek Prosody.

The Rev. Thomas Smith, editor of the accented Eton Grammar with Notes, has in the press a new edition of Phædrus, with the Scanning from the text of Sterling, whose Persius is also undergoing a new edition.

Lord Byron. — Letters from Cephalonia state, that Lord Byron, finding the Greek cause unripe for his co-operation, has stopped there to write some more cantos of the interminable Don Juan.

Antiquities.—At Wolvesley Castle, Winchester, there was discovered last week among the ruins, a spacious square vault, with fifty highly preserved and beautifully carved pillars. In one place was found a thick brass box, containing coins; three of which were gold of Canute's, and others silver much corroded. Copper coins were also found scattered in corners; six of these are ascertained to be Saxon. Another object of great interest was a female skeleton on the pavement. A detailed account of this ancient sepulchre will, we hope, be furnished by some competent hand.

Topaz and Crystal.—A correspondent informs us, that topaz and crystal may be easily distinguished by their specific gravity—topaz being about 3. 5., and rock crystal but about 2. 6. Topaz being much harder than all sorts of crystal, will of course scratch them.

The Apprentices' Library. — The Apprentices' Library at Liverpool has been open for public inspection, and visited by many of the most respectable gentlemen of Liverpool, who expressed themselves no less surprised than gratified to witness the progress that had been made. There are nearly 480 young men already on the books, and at least double the number waiting for introduction. A public appeal on the subject will shortly appear.

The most worthy rival to Mr. Ackerman's ornamental pocket-book, that has yet appeared, is a little publication, called Friendship's Offering, or the Annual Remembrancer. The prints, views of cities, are remarkably well done. There is also the very useful addition of an almanack.

T. Moore's Life of Sheridan may be expected early in the spring. We understand the most unreserved communications have been made to Mr. Moore on this subject, not only by persons of the highest rank, who were, through life, friends of Mr. Sheridan, but also by the nearest family connections of this eminent stateman, poet, and dramatic writer.

The author of Highways and Byways

has a new work in the press, which rumour states is very likely to excite a most lively public interest.

The volume of Times Telescope for the ensuing year is quite equal to its predecessors; there is no work of the kind with which we are acquainted that contains so interesting a variety of matter.

Lodge's Portraits. — The fourth number, which has just made its appearance, completes the first volume of this interesting publication in 8vo.; a work not less valuable on the score of art, in the masterly execution of its numerous historical portraits, than for the real information which it conveys, in concise and pure language, respecting the greatest heroes and statesmen of our country.

The first part of the third folio volume of Mr. Lodge's Illustrious English Portraits will be delivered to the subscribers in the course of the present month: the portraits will be accompanied with Biographical Narratives upon the same scale as the two volumes already published.

The Spaewife.—Mr. Galt's new novel, The Spaewife, we find is announced as nearly ready for publication. From the title, which is the familiar name in Scotland for a fortune-teller, we should be led to expect that much of the language is in the broad vernacular style which prevails too much in the earlier novels of the author; but report states that this is not the case, and that it contains less of the ordinary Scotch dialect than any of his national tales. The story is founded on a prediction mentioned in the histories of the time relative to the assassination of King James I. of Scotland, and the leading characters are of course historical; but the Spaewife is said to be a creature of the author's fancy, framed upon the superstitions of the dark period in which the transactions take place.

Preparing for publication, Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and the intimate friend of the celebrated John Evelyn; now first decyphered from the original MSS. written in short-hand, and preserved in the Pepysian Library. The journal commences immediately before the Restoration (when Mr. Pepys sailed with Admiral Montagu, to bring over the King from Breda), and is continued almost uninterruptedly for ten years, containing much curious matter not to be found in any other history of that eventful period. Independently of the naval transactions, which are detailed with great exactness, the pages abound with private anecdotes of Charles II. and his Court; and Mr. Pepys' peculiar habits of observation, led him generally to record the most curious characteristics of the times in which he lived. The work will be comprised in two vol. 4to., printed uniformly with Evelyn's Memoirs, and embellished with portraits of the author, and some of the principal persons connected with the Memoirs.

Preparing for publication, Miscellaneous Collections, forming a fourth volume to the Lounger's Common-place Book.

We understand a publication, elucidating an interesting branch of Rural Economy, on novel principles, is in a great state of forwardness. The work, which will form four parts, to be published periodically, will be entitled "The Agriculturist's Compendium," detailing the different and most approved modes of cultivating British grains, wheats, barley, oats, and rye, with a supplimental part on the growth of various kinds of timber, and the soils best adapted to each species, &c. The work is the production of Mr. J Dewhirst, a practical agriculturist, and is dedicated to T. W. Coke, Esq. M.P. for Norfolk. It promises much interesting matter, and the collective opinions of the most celebrated writers on the subject during the last century, with extracts from the provincial surveys made by order of the Board of Agriculture, and will be printed at such a moderate price to be placed within the reach of the generality of those, for whose use it is more immediately intended.

A Bernardo is preparing for publication, an ingenious work under the title of The Italian Interpreter, consisting of copious and familiar conversations, on subjects of general interest and utility, together with a complete Vocabulary in English and Italian; to which are added, in a separate column, rules for the pronunciation of each word, exemplified in a manner eminently calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Italian language.

In a few days will be published, illustrated with a portrait by E. Scriven, and an interesting plate by J. Scott. Nouveaux Morceaux Choisis de Buffon, with authentic interesting anecdotes descriptive of the character of each animal; and the life of the author, written expressly for this work; being the fourth part of the Series of French Classics, edited by Mons. Ventouillac.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The winter theatres are now in full activity, striving to obtain public favour, but Mr. Elliston still keeps the superiority he obtained last season, and almost every night brings him an overflowing house. Since we wrote our last dramatic article, a Mrs. Bunn, formerly Miss Somerville, has made her re-appearance at this theatre after an absence of six years. As this lady appears destined to supersede Mrs. W. West in the more important characters in tragedy, we shall have frequent occasions to appreciate her talents; her re-appearance was as *Bianca*, in Mr. Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*, and her reception was extremely flattering. We hear that *Bianca* is Mrs. Bunn's best character; her performance was certainly not destitute of merit, although we think her action in many parts much too violent and more adapted to please the galleries than the pit; and, indeed, this was fully proved by the audience, the genteel part of which applauded her only once during the entire representation: however we must, in justice to this lady, state that she laboured under a great disadvantage in not having a more able supporter in the character of *Fazio*, which was confided to a very incompetent performer. Mrs. Bunn's talents as a tragic actress, we think after seeing her in several characters, are not of the first order, she is an extremely good second-rate actress, and as such would become a valuable acquisition to any theatre; the first rank in her profession, which she now assumes, can only be assigned to her by the manager through necessity; Mrs. W. West filled this high rank last season from the same cause; in talent, and in genius, if we may be allowed to profane the word on the present occasion, these ladies are similar; in person, however, they widely differ, and for the tragic muse the taller and more majestic stature of Mrs. Bunn, is much more adapted than the smaller figure and prettier face of Mrs. West.

After the tragedy of *Fazio* was produced, a new grand drama of action, called *the Cataract of the Ganges; or, the Rajah's Daughter*. We understand it to be the production of Mr. Moncrief; but it certainly adds not one particle to his reputation. The story turns on the custom which once existed amongst the proud and warlike race of the Rajpoots, of causing their infant daughters to be immolated at the moment of their birth. *Jam Saheb*, Rajah of Guzerat, Mr. Younge, at the earnest request of his dying wife, consents to save from the common lot of females, their infant daughter, *Zamine*, Miss L. Kelly. She is reared up as a Prince, the secret of her sex being concealed from all, save one or two faithful domestics. In process of time a war breaks out between *Acbar*, Emperor of Delhi, Mr. Powell, and *Jam Saheb*. For the purpose of terminating the contest, the Emperor offers the hand of his daughter *Dessa*, to the supposed Prince *Zamine*: when, after much hesitation, *Jam Saheb* confesses that the individual who had been reared as a Prince was, in fact, a Princess. *Mokarra*, Mr. Wallack, the grand Brahmin of the tribe, hears this intelligence with delight. He falls incontinently in love with the Princess, and, working on the religious scruples of her father, causes her to be carried to the Pagoda of Brahma, at Juggernautha. Here he urges his passion to the fair one—she must either become his, or be sacrificed to the idol on the banks of the Ganges. The lady rejects the Brahmin's suit, and she is, after a silly effort to escape, carried to the place of execution. Here, however, her father, assisted by an English officer, *Captain Mordaunt*, and a body of troops, defeat the Brahmin's party. In the midst of the conflict, the lady mounts a charger, and escapes up the cataract of the Ganges, to the great delight of the galleries. The decorations of this splendid spectacle are extremely gorgeous, and the scenery entitled to considerable praise, particularly the opening scene representing a field of battle, and a Hindoo cottage with the country of Guzerat in the distance, by Stanfield; also the mountainous scenery and Mahratta encampment, by Roberts. The bridal procession, in which a great many horses, richly caparisoned and well educated, were introduced, was splendid to excess, and well conducted. Those who are pleased with showy exhibitions, and think that our chief metropolitan theatres are not degraded by such representations of tinsel, horses, flaming woods, and falling waters, will be highly delighted with the Cataract of the Ganges.

The Winter's Tale has been repeated

several times during the month to crowded houses. Mr. Macready, as *Leontes*, and Mrs. Bunn, as *Hermoine*, were the chief attractions. This interesting romance, where the unities of time and place are sacrificed without mercy and almost to absurdity, possesses such striking situations, that it will seldom fail to please when the performers are adequate to their respective characters. This is unusually the case at present, the cast being particularly strong. Macready's *Leontes* we consider one of his best characters; and although in the earlier scenes his performance might be improved, in the last he is truly a good actor, exhibiting the strongest emotions of anxiety, joy, and conjugal affection, with a fidelity to nature to be surpassed only by Kean. The *Hermione* of Mrs. Bunn, though respectable, is one of those performances that have nearly equal claims to praise and censure. In the first scene, act three, where *Hermione* defends her cause in person before the king, Mrs. Bunn affords a good specimen of tender declamation, defending the character of an aspersed wife rather than the cause of an injured queen; she exhibits tenderness, spirit, and conscious innocence, but we in vain expect the occasional proud bursts of defamed majesty; such as would become

" A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,"—

The weakness and monotony of tone consequent on her recent illness,

" hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit."

Should have been occasionally relieved by vivid flashes of more ardent and intense delivery; for though " she was tender as infancy and grace," she possessed " the life of majesty."

In the statue scene her appearance was peculiarly impressive. The " life of majesty" which *Leontes* saw in the supposed marble was well sustained, and her garments hung from her shoulders with sculptural and classical propriety. When we have said this, our praise is exhausted; during the whole of the latter part of this scene she was unimpassioned, tame, and spiritless; all the time *Leontes* was pouring forth the tenderness of repentance and sincere affection, she was nothing but " breathing marble;" so much so, that we should have thought her one of those apparitions in which Shakspeare abounds, if *Leontes* had not exclaimed with exquisite pathos

" —— these tears, that choke her voice,
Are hot and moist,—it is *Hermione*!"

A singular circumstance, at least to us singular, occurs during this scene A burst of applause is always heard when Mrs. Bunn turns her head very rapidly, as an indication of life restored by the power of music. Macready's mixed emotions of joy and astonishment are finely pourtrayed; and it appears, from enquiries we were at the trouble of making, that part of the audience applauded Mrs. Bunn, and the other part Mr. Macready; this united homage of course swells the note of praise to the highest diapason; and, if they both deserved the homage, we would say with Dryden, let " both divide the crown;" but we are of opinion that there is nothing more trickery and more false to nature, than this sudden turn of the head, so landed by the galleries. It is a mere effort of machinery, without sentiment or feeling; an automaton might be made to do it better. The soft and dulcet notes of melodious music stealing into the ear almost imperceptibly, should seem to animate the statue with its kindred spirit, *gradually* rising into life, and not imparting a convulsive affection more appropriate to the loud voice of thunder, or the electrical shock of lightning, than to the scarcely-breathing strains of sweetest melody. When Mrs. Bunn repeats this character again, we hope she will pronounce the word derivative properly, and not called it deri-vative.

A tragedy from the pen of Mr. Knowles, author of Virginius, entitled *Caius Gracchus*, has been produced at this theatre. The plot commences with the appearance of *Vettius*, Mr. Younge, going to his trial, attended by the populace in whose service he incurred his present danger. When he arrives at the tribunal, he is arraigned by *Opimius*, Mr. Archer, the consul, and the determined enemy of *Caius Gracchus* as well as *Vettius*, who were both embarked in the same cause—the welfare of the state, and the interests of the people. Roused by his friend's danger, *Caius Gracchus*, Mr. Macready, leaves

the seclusion, from which even the murder of his brother Tiberius had not drawn him, and suddenly appears in the forum and obtains from the people the acquital of his and their friend. The senate, fearing the splendid abilities of *Caius*, who seemed to them even more formidable than they had ever considered his brother Tiberius, sends him out of Italy as Quæstor, under the consul *Opimius*, who was appointed general. This departue from his native country gives rise to a domestic scene, in which *Caius* takes leave of his mother, *Cornelia*, Mrs. Bunn, his wife, *Licinia*, Mrs. West, and his son. In the second act *Gracchus* is accused of having left the army without orders, but he easily refutes the accusation and is chosen tribune. Not being able to subdue the patriotism and influence of *Caius* by the usual means, the senate have recourse to artifice, and make use of *Drusus*, Mr. Pope, the other tribune, to undermine him in the affections of the people, by granting them greater largesses and benefits. This aristocratical manœuvre works well on the changeable people, and a bold attempt is made to abrogate the popular laws previously introduced by *Caius: Opimius*, the consul, takes the opportunity of insulting him, as he is proceeding to sacrifice, and although *Caius* despises these insults his followers resent them, and in a tumult kill one of the *Lictors*, Mr. Howell. The folly and temerity of this act is sensibly felt by *Caius*, who waits the result at the base of his father's statue, until he is prevailed upon to return home. His life being demanded by the senate, as an atonement for the murder of their officer, he is induced to put himself at the head of his followers, in order to defend the cause of himself and the people. For this purpose he rushes from the embraces of his wife, who, unlike a Roman lady, is stupified with fears for her husband's safety, and, is led by *Cornelia* and her attendants to the Temple of Diana, to remain there during the tumult in the city. *Caius* and his partisans are defeated, and, finding his escape impossible he retires to the temple, where, in the presence of his family, he thrusts a dagger into his bosom, and, covering his face with his mantle, heroically expires; which concludes the tragedy.

The above abstract of the plot will be sufficient to shew how far the truth of history has been preserved or departed from. We have now to notice the principal performers. Mr. Macready has not diminished his reputation by his personation of the character of *Caius Gracchus*, although he has not materially added to it. Like Virginius, it will be entirely his own, and in his country engagements will be very beneficial to him; for, as it being scarcely more than a Monodrame, he will be enabled to exhibit his talents to advantage, without the danger of having his exertions Materially injured by the inefficacy of the other performers, whose parts in the play are of very inferior importance. Mr. Macready is eminently successful in his expostulation with *Drusus*, when he unmasks his treachery. We were, however, upon the whole surprised that the peculiarities of *Caius Gracchus* were not more critically exhibited; and we thought, especially in the first speech, that the actor sometimes blended the character of Tiberius with that of *Gaius*, who in behaviour was vehement and fiery, temperate and sober, brave, just, self-denying, simple in diet, and laborious; in his speeches he was accustomed to move from one part of the rostrum to the other (not stationary as represented by Mr. Macready), and occasionally to throw his gown off his shoulders, in language splendid and persuasive; his diction copious, his thoughts just, and his expression full of dignity; in his discourse grave and elevated. This was the character of *Caius*, as we find it described in Plutarch and Livy; how far Mr. Macready acts up to this description, may be, perhaps, a matter of opinion. We are disposed to think most favourably of his performances in general, although we would advise a more close study of the original. The limited space we can afford to our theatrical articles will not allow us to point out the beauties and defects of this histrionic effort, which certainly is no discredit to the improved state of our dramatic talent. Mrs. Bunn's *Cornelia* might have been much better; her person is well adapted for a Roman matron, but we fear she has not sufficiently studied the character of that extraordinary people, and the peculiar complexion of their domestic manners, to acquire much commendation. As she had but little to do, that little ought certainly to have been performed in a chaster and more classical manner. Mrs. West, in the character of *Licinia*, had much more to do than Mrs. Bunn, and, upon the whole, performed better; but still the same objection holds; she was not *Roman*. Her grief, her tenderness, were too unrestrained, too much unmixed with

that patriotic pride that always kept in subserviency the domestic feelings. The prologue and epilogue were received with such decided marks of disapprobation that they have not been repeated.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

LIKE its rival this theatre has produced its grand spectacle, which is entitled in those veracious organs of public opinion, the play bills, "a New Grand Historical Play, with music." The name of it is *Cortez; or, the Conquest of Mexico.* The music is by Mr. Bishop, and the scenery, dresses, and various pageantry have been got up under the direction of Mr. Farley. The dialogue of this piece is better than that of the *Cataract* at Drury-lane; and the sweet voice of Miss Paton, with her improving acting, certainly afforded a pleasant relief to the noisy and glaring exhibitions of horses, and the firing of guns. The horses, which act a conspicuous part in this "Grand Historical Play" are French performers, imported from Paris, under the direction of their proprietor, Mr. Ducrow; in shape and stature they are certainly surpassed by their English rivals at Drury-lane, in docility and *theatrical ability* they are equally eminent.

The play commences with a meeting of Spanish soldiery, and a conspiracy of two of their officers against the authority of *Cortez*, Mr. Cooper, which, however, is soon quelled by the General; and, in order to prevent future mutinies, and to cut off all hope of return to Cuba, *Cortez* causes the Spanish fleet to be burned; thus leaving no alternative to his followers but conquest or death. Ambassadors arrive from *Montezuma*, Mr. Baker, bringing them golden presents, and offering every assistance for their departure. The presents are accepted by the General, who, nevertheless, refuses to depart till he has seen the Emperor *Montezuma.* In this embassy is *Teluxo*, Mr. Bennet, a Mexican chief, who receiving a present of a sword from *Cortez*, strongly inveighs against the invaders of his country, threatening to use the weapon he has just received for their destruction. The next act opens with the march of the Spaniards towards Mexico, and a battle ensues between them and the Tlascalans and Mexicans, who are soon subdued. *Teluxo*, with the aid of the priesthood of Cholular, plans a scheme for the destruction of the invaders as they pass through that town towards Mexico, for, in consequence of the defeat of the Mexicans and their allies, *Montezuma* no longer objects to a favourable reception of *Cortez* and his troops into the capital of his empire. The Spanish General is apprised of the threatened danger by a Tlascalan, whose life he had saved, and defeats it in time to rescue *Marina*, Miss Love, an Indian girl, who was beloved by him, and who had previously been doomed to be a sacrifice to their barbarous deity. *Marina*, in the third act, rescues *Cortez* from another snare by means of the intelligence she had obtained of the enemy's proceedings; and the triumphal entry of the Spaniards into Mexico concludes the piece. This outline of the story does not include an underplot, which contains the loves of two brothers, *Zocotzin*, Mr. Cooke, and *Acacix*, Mr. Duruset, for *Amazith*, Miss Paton, which is chequered with the usual vicissitudes of love and battle. One of the most striking novelties of this piece is the manner in which one of the Spanish cavalry, Mr. Ducrow, was thrown from his horse while passing over the bridge; so unintentional and well managed did the fall appear, that we were at first fearful that it was real. The *finale* of this piece is certainly much less striking than that of the *Cataract* at Drury-lane, and we think this defect to be the chief cause of its limited success. We cannot conclude our notice of this splendid exhibition without confessing that our principal pleasure is derived from the operatic department. The music confers great credit on Mr. Bishop; and we never heard Miss Paton to greater effect. Miss Love also deserved and received applause; her part was originally designed for Miss M. Tree, whose talents would certainly be more attractive than those of her substitute. Mr. Cooper, in the character of *Cortez*, personated the hero with considerable talent. The dignity of a General-in-chief was well preserved without a particle af bombast or rant; his action and delivery were military, chaste, and natural; in fact there is not a more useful performer on the metropolitan stage.

The managers of this theatre have reproduced the opera of the *Cabinet*,

in order to afford Mr. Sinclair an opportunity of re-appearing before a London audience in the character of *Orlando*, after an absence of six years in Italy, where he has been prosecuting his professional studies. The opera is so well known that our observations will be confined to the chief performers. The encreased reputation of Mr. Sinclair certainly produced in the *amateurs* of music, and in the public generally, an intense desire to hear the voice of one of their musical favourites after so long a study of his art in a country most celebrated for vocal as well as instrumental music. On his first night of performance he was hailed with such unequivocal, and, we think we may may add, unbiassed applause, that neither he nor his warmest friends could anticipate any thing more favourable. We consider Mr. Sinclair as very much improved since we last heard him; and, without comparison, he must be esteemed the second English singer. He has not the volume, and the depth, and sweetness of tone, that so peculiarly distinguish Braham; in science, however, and tasteful execution, we think him equal to that unrivalled favourite, and, in appropriate action and graceful manner, his superior. As we have not room for an elaborate criticism of his performance, we cannot express our opinion of his merits more concisely, and at the same time more comprehensively, than by observing, that his singing may be compared to Braham's, as the acting of Young may be compared to Kean's; both very great in their different stiles, but in positive and natural excellence perfectly dissimilar. The native genius of Braham is as much superior to the studied stile of Sinclair, as the natural flow of eloquence and pathos in Kean is superior to the classical, monotonous, and measured declamation of Young. Miss Paton, as *Floretta*, executed her entire part with admirable effect. She seemed to be inspired by the occasion, and we are happy to state that her elegant and natural acting was very little inferior in excellence to her brilliant musical execution. The engagement of Mr. Sinclar, although the terms appear very exorbitant, is likely to turn out a very profitable speculation to the managers.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

WITHIN the last month the strong excitation of the public mind has nearly ceased in consequence of the termination of the war in the Peninsula, and of the development of the course to be pursued by the Belligerent powers. The mind is relieved by the cessation of conflicting doubts, of the alternations of hope and fear, and although the public feeling of England has been roused, perhaps, to a pitch of horror by several acts of perfidy and cruelty on the part of the King of Spain, yet the general tenor of reflection has subsided into a hopelessness of any immediate good to mankind from the politics of the continental powers.

After the surrender of the King of Spain and of Cadiz to the French, the public were naturally anxious to know whether Mina, the Empecinado, and other patriotic chiefs would tamely submit to the new order of things, or whether they would continue a mountain warfare in hopes to assemble round them the thousands of their persecuted countrymen, and thus prolong the contest until some fortunate circumstances might enable them to liberate their country from the odium of a foreign yoke, and from the evils of domestic tyranny. But all speculation on this subject ceased by the successive accounts of the surrender of every leader, and of every fortress, either to the enemy or to the royal forces. In Catalonia, the See d'Urgel, the fortifications of Lenda, Hostalrich, Tarragona, and Barcelona, surrendered to Marshal Moncey, who, it is said, granted to Mina the most honourable terms, with permission to retire for safety either to France or England, although it might be supposed that the natural place of refuge for this chief and his associates, would be the newly liberated colonies of Spanish America. The French found in Barcelona no less than 6,000 regular troops, and 7,000 militia; in Tarragona they found 5,000, and other towns they found equally well provided with means of resistance. Compared to the wretched state of all the fortifications, these ample means of defence in the strong places of Catalonia, fully prove the indefatigable exertions of Mina; but, on the other hand, unless the French, under Marshal Moncey, were by far more numerous than has ever been asserted, we must be left in astonishment that with such very ample means Mina should have effected so little against the enemy. The known talents, intrepidity, and

patriotism of this celebrated chief will naturally shield him from any censure. We have no doubt that there existed substantial causes why these bodies of troops were not more effectual in resisting the enemies of their country. The different fortified towns in other parts of Spain have likewise surrendered, and the French are now in possession of Pampluna, St. Sebastian, Badajos, Carthagena, Alicant, Merida Cindad Real, and every other place of consequence in the Peninsula. In the mean time this fine country exhibits a scene of a frightful nature. The King of Spain continues to be governed by the most evil counsels, and all the remonstrances of the Duke d'Angouleme, and of the French King and his cabinet have little or no avail in inducing him to moderate his conduct. This besotted monarch has been compelled to qualify some of the most iniquitous provisions of the decree that he issued at St. Mary's, and he has been forced to acknowledge those acts of the constitutional government, that related to the satisfying of English subjects, for losses sustained at the hands of Spain; but, with these two exceptions, the Monarch's course of guilt and impolicy has been unrestrained. He has issued a decree which banishes about 4,000 of the most respectable classes to a distance of fifteen leagues from the capital; he has appointed a judiciary officer, entitled "a Commissioner of Grace and Justice," who has filled the jails and dungeons with almost all the educated classes of the community; and he has established a committee to examine and destroy all books not of the strongest Catholic and ultra description, and has, moreover, taken measures to re-establish the Inquisition. Added to these disasters, the soldiers, disbanded from the constitutional armies, traverse the mountains in large bodies, not of Guerillas but of banditti; and those chiefs, such as Ballasteros and Morillo, who basely sold their country upon pledges from the Duke d'Angouleme, that moderate measures would be restored in the event of the surrender of the King, now find the Duke unwilling or unable to fulfil his promises, and they are obliged to fly their country, despised by the liberal party for their perjury and treason, and hated by the royalists for the slight share of liberal sentiments they evinced in the beginning of the contest. But the deed that throws all others in the shade is the murder of the brave Riego, under the form of a judical sentence. So much of passion enters into all political opinions that unanimity is seldom found even in cases the most obviously just, or the most palpably wicked; but in this case of the brave Riego, we know but of one print that has not pronounced the sacrifice of this man to be a most foul and dastardly murder, surpassing in depravity the most atrocious crimes of modern Europe. The Spanish King in his pecuniary difficulties has attempted to raise a loan in the money markets of London and Paris, but in both these capitals, all negociations on the subject have failed; and the proposal of a loan treated with indignation in both cities. Spain, with her population sunk in the grossest ignorance, with her nobility lost in pride, idleness, and corruption, with her gentry and middling classes torn by religious and political dissensions, losing her colonies abroad, and without capital, trade, manufactures, industry, or intelligence at home; and, with the most weak Prince that ever sat upon a throne, may be said to be blotted out of the map of Europe.

Portugal presents but a very little better aspect; her government and her King are weak in the extreme; her population is kept in obedience to the present system of rule, not by opinion but by military force, and her nobility and higher gentry are asserted to be in the pay of France. Added to these evils are the loss of the Brazils, the absolute penury of the exchequer, and the irritation of the public mind, with respect to the King's violation of his oath relative to the granting of his subjects more liberal institutions.

France presents nothing of interest at present to the politician. The King's dissolution is apparently not far distant, and it is expected that his decease would excite some collision between the ultra and the moderate faction, or might kindle into action the numerous partisans of the late Emperor's system; but we can ourselves anticipate no disturbance of the public tranquility from the death of the King. All public spirit in the upper classes of that country appears to be lost; and, as to the lower orders, no changes of system are ever achieved by them in any country except in times of such extraordinary excitement, that few instances of them have been witnessed in modern Europe. The French Chamber, instead of being renewed by fifths, as has been the custom since the re-establishment of the Bourbons in 1814, is to be dissolved this year, but

the elections are so completely in the power of government, that, for any present purposes, the Chamber of Deputies is an assembly merely nominal, and the elections are scarcely deserving of notice.

The Turks have totally failed in effecting any thing against the Greeks this summer, but we almost fear that the fate of Greece is in a more alarming situation than before their valour had achieved their apparent security. The policy of Russia is evidently either to get possession of Greece as an integral part of her dominions, or to coerce them to a submission to Turkey. She has already put forth a rescript, dictating to the unfortunate Greeks the terms upon which they shall again form a part of the Turkish dominions, and her arts and gold have but too well succeeded in forming a Russian party in the Greek Councils. We know not what might have been determined upon this subject at the short conference at Cezernovich, but if Russia be defeated in her hopes of obtaining possession of Greece, her dread of having a free and enlightened state contiguous to her enslaved and barbarous population, will incline her to use her utmost to place Greece once more under the yoke of the Turks. This policy is extremely lamentable as the Greeks, considering their circumstances, appear to be making the utmost possible efforts to improve their moral and social condition; to throw off the wretched effects of tyranny and ignorance, and to arrive at the blessings which liberty and knowledge always insure to mankind.

The warmest interest is now excited upon the affairs of Spanish and Portuguese America. Those fine countries, having thrown off the injurious dominion of the parent states, are now rising, under the influence of liberty, into that prosperous condition which will render their free intercoure with this country a source of incalculable advantage, both to them and to ourselves. It is evidently the design of France, either to acquire direct possession of those countries by open means, or by the indirect measures of clandestinely assisting Spain to recover them, and then to acquire them of Spain by treaty. We need not say that we have no fears of our government permitting any thing at once so nefarious in principle, or so injurious to British interests. But a congress, either of ministers or of sovereigns, is to be assembled upon American affairs; although, if any thing superior to mere physical force is to guide the proceedings of European states, we are at a loss to conceive what pretence France, or Austria and Russia, can have to dictate constitutions to the South Americans. But the arms of Great Britain are fully competent to prevent such a climax of injustice. He thrice is armed who has his quarrel just.

In recording our domestic politics, we are sorry to be obliged to bear witness to the inefficacy of the government measures with respect to Ireland. No relief whatever, either to the clergy or to the people, has been afforded by the Tithe Commutation Bill. Several accounts have arrived of numerous acts committed by the populace on the property and persons of those obnoxious to them. A sense of religious oppression, a want of all confidence in the integrity of the laws, a want of esteem for the public authorities, and for the upper classes, with a destitution of those comforts which render men cautious in marrying without the prospect of reputable support, are the causes of this fine and unhappy country being in such a state of moral and political degradation. *Cessante causa cessat et effectus.* At present, Ireland yields little or nothing to the revenue, and occasions an enormous expense in an increased military establishment. A more just and liberal policy on the part of England, might convert the sister kingdom into a source of revenue proportioned to her population and to her natural physical advantages.

We have great pleasure in pointing out an object deserving of considerable attention, an establishment forming in the metropolis, under the name of the Mechanics Institution. The object of this society will be to provide the London mechanics with a place of resort for reading, and the acquisition of general knowledge. It is proposed to afford them reading-rooms, with a good reference library, a laboratory, a room of models of machines, and finally to give them good ethical, philosophical, and scientific lectures. The institution is to be supported by the subscription of the mechanics themselves, and is to be under their own management. We need not point out to our readers the important effect which an institution of this description is calculated to have upon the morals, the manners, and condition of the lower orders of society. The progress of society in improvement is, in this country, extremely rapid; and the philanthropist can but lament that any false theories of absolute governments should check the tendency to a similar improvement upon the continent.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To John Christie, of Mark-lane, London, merchant, and Thomas Harper, of Tamworth, Staffordshire, merchant, for their improved method of combining and using fuel in stoves, furnaces, boilers, and steam-engines.—Dated 9th of October, 1823 —two months allowed to enrol specifications.

To Joseph Rogerson Cotter, of Castle Magnor, near Mallow, in the county of Cork, for certain improvements on wind and musical instruments —9th October.—six months.

To John Henfrey, of Little Henry-street, Waterloo-road, Surrey, engineer, and Augustus Applegarth, of Duke-street, Stamford-street, Blackfriars, Surrey, printer, for certain machinery for casting types.—9th October.—four months.

To Edward Schmidt Swaine, of Bucklersbury, London, (in consequence of a communication made to him by Frederick Adolphus Augustus Streeve, of Dresden, doctor of physic, and Edward Swaine, of Leipsig, merchant, on whose behalf he is pursuing the patent,) who is in possession of an invention for a method of producing and preserving artificial mineral waters, and for machinery to effect the same.—9th October.—six months.

To Sir William Congreve, of Cecil-street, Strand, Middlesex, baronet, for his various improvements in fire-works. —16th October.—six months.

To Archibald Buchanan, of Cathrine Cotton Works, one of the partners of the house of James Finlay and Company, merchants, in Glasgow, for his improvement in the construction of weaving looms impelled by machinery, whereby a greater quantity of cotton may be woven in a given time without injury to the fabric than by any application of power for that purpose heretofore employed.—16th October.—two months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Tuesday, November 25.

COTTON.—There was a fair demand during the last week, chiefly for home consumption; the sales amount to upwards of 2,600 bags, viz.—900 Surats, 5⅞*d.* ordinary, 6¼*d.* fair, 6⅝*d.* good fair, 6¾*d.* *a* 6⅞*d.* good; 560 Bengals, ordinary, 5⅜*d.* fair, 5½*d.* *a* 5⅝*d.* good fair, 5¾*d.* 5⅞*d* good, 6*d.* *a* 6¼*d.*; 370 Madras, 6½*d.* middling, 6¾*d.* fair, 6⅝*d* good fair, 6⅞*d.* good; 250 Pernams, 11*d.* *a* 11⅝*d.* fair and good fair, all in bond; and duty paid, 400 Pernams, 11½*d.* *a* 11¾*d.* In prices we make no alteration. The East India Company have declared for sale on Friday, 12th December, 441 Bengals; and on Wednesday next, 540 bags Egyptian Cotton will be put up by auction.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades last week was more limited than for some time past; although the prices might be quoted steady, yet there was evidently more disposition to effect sales, and the purchasers had the advantage of buying at prices they had previously offered.

The business done in refined Sugars, last week was only partial; some few purchases of large lumps have been made for the Hamburgh market, and lumps at 79*s.* *a* 80*s.* for crushing; Loaves of all descriptions are dull of sale, as well as patent goods, and might be bought a trifle lower; green bastards continue in request from 50*s.* *a* 53*s.*

COFFEE.—The Coffee market last week continued brisk, the prices still advancing; some fine ordinary St Domingo realised 83*s.*; fine ordinary Cuba 83*s.* *a* 83*s.* 6*d.*; the favourable report respecting the Coffee markets in Flanders, had a favourable effect towards the close of last week, and the whole of the Coffee brought forward by public sale went off with briskness at a further advance: so great has lately been the demand, that very few parcels of any extent are offering by private contract, and the holders generally continue sanguine, in the anticipation of a further improvement.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, OCT. 22, TO SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1823 INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTS.

Arnold, W. J. Idol-lane, Tower-street, wine and spirit broker. (Paterson and Peile, Old Broad-street.

Bolton, E. Mare street, Hackney, butcher. (Gray, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road.

Beale, W. and J. H. Wrathall, Union-street, Southwark, hat-makers. (Freame and Best, Fig-tree-court, Temple.

Birchinall, J. Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk-throwster, Macclesfield Arms Inn. (Lowes, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.

Brown, H. W. Surrey-street, Strand, merchant. (Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-street, Strand.

Burbridge, J. ironmonger-lane, Cheapside, merchant. (Robinson, Walbrook.

Bignold, T. sen. late of Norwich and Bridge-street, Blackfriars, banker and dealer in boots and shoes. (Lamb, Princes-street, Bank of England.

Benson, J. Lancaster, linen-draper, King's Arms, Lancaster. (Wilson and Higgin, Lancaster, and Bell and Brodrick, Bow Churchyard.

Bottrell, H. Ostend and Belvedere-place, Surrey, merchant. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

Bell, R. Bristol, baker, White Lion Inn, Bristol. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane.

Brown, A. Plymouth, ship-builder, London Inn, Plymouth Dock. (Sole, Plymouth Dock.

Burraston, J. Hereford, coal-merchant, Falcon Inn, Bromyard. (Courteen, Size-lane.

Bird, D. P. Bristol, grocer, White Lion Inn, Bristol. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion square.

Brooks, C. Southampton, cabinet-maker, Coach and Horses Inn, Southampton. (Sandys, Horton, Roarke, Sandys, and Sandys, Crane-Court, Fleet-street.

Chabert, P. Penton-place, Pentonville, merchant. (Reardon and Davis, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street.

Carpenter, J. Romsey, coal-merchant, Mitre Tavern, Portsea, (Bogue, Great James-st. Bedford-row.

Clark, J. Trowbridge, Wilts. linen-draper, Angel Inn, Bath. (Lovell, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.

Cone, J. French Horn Tavern, Crutched friars. (Branscomb, Copthall-buildings.

Coulston, R. Tewkesbury, plumber and glazier, Swan Inn, Tewkesbury. (Jones, Tewkesbury, and Windus, Bartlett's-buildings, London.

Colton, Rev. C. C. Princes-street, Soho, wine-merchant. (Gale, Basinghall-street.

Coot, R. Cow Cross-street, West Smithfield, currier. (Drew and Sons, Bermondsey-street, Southwark.

Coupland, W. and W. B. Colton, Liverpool, merchants, George Inn, Liverpool. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench Walk, Temple.

Charmaud, J. and J. N. Shoolbred, Great St. Helens, merchant. (James, Bucklersbury.

Croft, W. P. M. West Smithfield, victualler. (Fisher, Bucklersbury.

Cook, J. Northumberland-place, Commercial-road, ironmonger. (Freeman and Heathcote, Coleman-street.

Davis, R. London, ironmonger, at the Albion Hotel, Birmingham. (Clarke, Richards, and Metcalf, Chancery-lane, Wills, Birmingham.

Dickenson, R. Hexham, Northumberland, stationer, Old Grey Bull Inn, Hexham. (Leadbitter, Bucklersbury.

Day, R. and R. H. Tovil Oil Mills, Maidstone, seed-crushers. (Cole, Furnival's inn, Holborn.

Downham, T. and I. Offley, Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. (Lythgoe, Essex-street, Strand.

Dow, J. Rhodes-well, Bow-common, rope-maker. (Stratton and Allport, Shoreditch.

Eives, J. Canterbury, ironmonger. (Brown and Marten, Mincing-lane.

Gingell, W. J. Norton-street, St. Mary-le-bone and Stephen-street, Tottenham-court-road, turner. (Wilkinson, New North-street, Red Lion-square.

Gigney, S. Latchington, Essex, farmer. (Bryant, Cullum-street, Fenchurch-street.

Gordon, W. Gravesend, merchant. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

Glynn, E. I. Launceston, Cornwall, banker, King's Arms Inn, Launceston. (Darke, and Michael, Red Lion-square.

Greethead, R. Bristol, Rummer Tavern, Bristol. (Henderson, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Greenland, S. N. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier, at Mr. G. Messiters, Frome Selwood. (Williams, Red Lion-square.

Hamer, S. B. Furnival's-inn, bill-broker. (Williams and Goddard, Gray's-inn.

Hassan, W. Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, brass-founder, &c. (a'Beckett, Golden-square.

Holt, H. F. Cannon-row, Westminster, surgeon, &c. (Humphries, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Harrison, C. Aldgate, High-street, cheesemonger. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

Hoar, T. Flamstead, Herts. baker. (Taylors, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn.

Holl, C. A. Worcester, printer, Bell Inn, Worcester. (Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.

Haynes, H. J. Jermyn-street, St. James, oil-merchant. (Gatty, Haddan, and Gatty, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

Hewitt, T. Carlisle, ironfounder, Lion and Lamb Inn, Carlisle. (Clennell, Staple-inn.

Hawkins, E. Hereford, dealer, Coffee-house, St. John-street, Hereford. (Wright, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square.

Honeyborne, J. Kingswinford, Staffordshire, coal-dealer, Wheat Sheaf Inn, Bewdley, Worcestershire. (Walker, Exchequer Office, Lincoln's-inn.

Hackman, J. Bristol, butcher, Bush Tavern, Bristol. (Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New Inn.

Harnage, Sir George, bart., Chatham-place, merchant. (Debray or Montague, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Hills, T. Southend, Essex, carpenter. (Slade and Jones, John street, Bedford-row.

Jewson, J. C. High Holborn, linen draper. (Smith and Weir, Austinfriars.

James, J. and H. and W. Seddon, Liverpool, ship builders, York Hotel, Liverpool. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion House.
Ingram, E. Reading, dress-maker. (Richardson and Pike, Golden-square.
Lewis, J. Goytrey, Monmouth, timber dealer, Bush Tavern, Bristol. (Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.
Lacey, Lewis, Garden-row, London-road, coach master and horse dealer. (Downs, Bury-str. St. Mary-axe.
Lacon, W. Oswestry, Shropshire, ironmonger and grocer, Cross Keys, Oswestry. (Rogers, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Minshull and Sabine, Oswestry.
Laing, G. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, merchant. (Freeman and Heathcote, Coleman-street.
Lindo, E. Billiter-street, broker. (Spire, Bartholomew-lane.
Myers, J. Preston, Lancashire, wine-merchant, Mitre Inn, Preston. (Blakelock, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street, Blanchard and Bickerstaff, Preston.
M'Cheane, D. Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Richardson, Walbrook.
M'Kinzie,—, Manchester, draper, Albion Hotel, Manchester. (Law and Coates, Manchester, and Adlington, Gregory, and Faulker, Bedford-row.
Marshall, R. Jury Farm, Surrey, farmer. (France and Palmer, Bedford-row.
Murgatroyd, W. Scarr Bottom, Yorkshire, worsted spinner, Union Cross Inn, Halifax. (Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn.
Mouatt, J. Lower Thames-street, ale dealer. (Van Sandan, Dowgate-hill.
Neale, J. Liverpool, merchant and ship chandler, George Inn, Liverpool. (Lodge, Liverpool, and Battye, Chancery-lane.
Nunn, R. and T. Fisher, Grub-street, timber-merchants. (Fishers, Aldersgate-street.
Naish, J. Bristol, tanner, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. (Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden.
Ord, J. St. Paul's Church-yard, haberdasher. (Gregson and Fonnereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
Oakley, T. Titchfield-street, carpenter. (Batsford, Horselydown-lane.
Peel, G. and J. Gutter-lane, Cheapside, ribbon manufacturers. (Webster and Son, Queen-street, Cheapside.
Pelham, J. sen. Chart, Kent, seed crusher. (Pelham, Mitre-court, Fenchurch-street.
Pickart, W. Knaresborough, lime-burner, Abbott's Hotel, Knaresborough. (Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.
Peacock, J. Manchester, Star Inn, Manchester. (Bowen, Chancery-lane.
Prosser, I. Abergavenny, grocer, Angel Inn, Abergavenny. (Gregory, Clement's-inn.
Ringshaw, G. Tooting, builder. (Rattenbury, Thomas-street, Horselydown.
Roach, R. S. Bishops Waltham, Southampton, tanner, Dolphin Inn, Twyford. (Bridger and Adams, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
Randal, R. Truro, draper. (Tilleard, Old Jewry.
Starkie, T. King-street, Seven Dials, stove grate manufacturer. (Smith and Harrison, *Lincoln's-inn-fields.*
Smith, E, Chatham, hatter. (Sanders, Heawood, and Matthews, Upper Thames-street.
Stephens, W. C. Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucestershire, grazier, Talbot Inn, Bath-street, Bristol. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square, and Day, Bristol.
Smith, R. Piccadilly, fruiterer. (Fielder, Bartlet, and Fielder, Duke-street, Grosvenor-sq.
Stoakes, W. Liverpool, carver and gilder, George Inn, Liverpool. (Lowter and Nicholson, Lansdown-place, Brunswick-square.
Steward, H. Old Burlington-street, victualler. (Hewett, Token House-yard, Lothbury.
Turner, T. Stoke-Goldington, Bucks, baker, Bull Inn, Olney, Swan Inn, Newport, Pagnel. (Taylor, John-street, Bedford row.
Thorndike, J. Ipswich, cheese and butter factor, Coach and Horses Inn, Ipswich. (Bromley, Gray's-inn-square
Ubsdell, C. Warminster, linen-draper. (Steel, Queen-street, Cheapside.
Vince, W. Lucas-street, Commercial-road, dealer. (Heard, Hooper's-square, Goodman's-fields.
White, J. Prince's-street, Storey's-gate, Westminster, upholder. (Lawrence, Dean's-court, Doctors' Commons.
Watson, R. Britannia-terrace, City-road, coal-merchant. (Turner, Percy-street, Bedford-square.
Withington, H. Manchester, silk manufacturer, Star Inn, Manchester. (Willis, Watson, and Bower, Tokenhouse-yard.
Watts, S. Yeovil, money-scrivener, Castle Inn Ilchester, and at the Langport Arms Inn Langport, East-over Somersetshire. (Deykes, Green-walk, Blackfriars.
Wood, T. Barbican, oilman. (Jay, Gray's-inn-place, Gray's-inn.
Whittingham, T. Cheltenham, currier, Fleece Inn, Cheltenham. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.
Williams, E. Ipswich, jeweller. (Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane.
Watson, T. jun. St. James-street, wine-merchant. (Reeves, Ely-place.
Whinfield, J. and T. Thompson, Gateshead, Durham, cast-iron-founders. (Grace and Stedman, Birchin-lane.

DIVIDENDS.

Alderson, J. Liverpool, oil-merchant, &c. Nov. 13.
Archbell, R. York, corn-factor, Nov. 21.
Adcock, J. St. Mary Axe druggist, Nov. 22.
Atkinson, P. Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, Nov. 22.
Ashby, W. M. Albury, Surrey, paper-manufacturers, Nov. 25.
Andrews, T. W. Stamford, cabinet-maker. Dec. 3.
Abernethie. J. and F. Henderson, Lothbury, merchants, Dec. 27.
Abraham, B. Lothbury, merchant, Dec. 20.
Allen, E. Bristol, navy-contractor, Dec. 12.
Banbury, C. H. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer, Nov. 18.
Bainbridge, J. Queen-street, Cheapside, woollen-draper, Nov. 18.
Bubb, J. G. Grafton-street East, Fitzroy-square, Nov. 22.
Bird, J. and H. Poultry and Bartlett's-buildings, jewellers, Nov. 18.
Barry, M. Minories, chart-seller, Nov. 29.
Bennett, J. Worcester, glover, Dec. 2.
Bumpus, J. Holborn, bookseller, Nov. 29.
Bond, J. Cawston, Norfolk, farmer, Nov. 29.
Buckmaster, J. and W. Old Bond-street, army-clothiers, Dec. 16.
Baley, T. W. Gerrard's Hall Tavern, Basing-lane, wine merchants, Dec. 6.
Banes, H. E. Liverpool, merchant, Des. 4.
Crowther, W. Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, Nov. 15.
Clarke, J. Worcester, Dec. 1.
Coal, T, Burnell, Lincolnshire, dealer, Nov. 14.
Cullen, R. and J. Pears, Cheapside, warehousemen, &c. Nov 25.
Corby, J. Kingsland-road, carpenter, Nov. 22.
Cowie, J. George-street, Mansion-house, wine merchant, Dec. 2.
Campbell, B. Prince's-square, Ratcliffe, Nov. 29
Cook, J. Fareham, Southampton, tanner, Dec. 4
Capes, G. Burton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, draper, Dec. 9.
Dumont, J. L. Austinfriars, merchant, Nov. 22.
Dunnett, D. Norwich, veterinary-surgeon, &c. Nov. 24.
Derbishire, R. Liverpool, grocer, Dec. 5.

Devey, J. Wolverhampton, factor, Nov. 27.
Deighton, T. Davies-street, Berkely-square, saddler, Nov. 29.
Dods, R. High-street, Southwark, linen-draper, Nov. 20.
Edwards, D. Gloucester, grocer, &c. Nov. 22.
Elliott, C St. Thomas a'Beckett-in-the-Cliffe, Sussex, grocer, Dec. 1.
Frost, J. Derby, saddler, &c. Nov. 21.
Fisher, J. Lancaster, soap-manufacturer, Nov. 11.
Fearnley, C. Crutchedfriars, wine-merchant, Nov. 11.
French, G. Whitechapel-road, provision-agent, Nov. 8.
Freethy, T. Acton, baker, Nov. 29.
Farrer, R. Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman, Nov. 29.
Fell, W. Workington, Cumberland, broker, Dec. 6.
Fulton, E. Earl-street, Blackfriars, coal-merchant, Dec. 6.
Gray, T. T. Wardour-street, Soho, coal-dealer, Nov. 25.
Groning, R. Broad-street-buildings, merchant, Nov. 18.
Gardiner, G. St. John-street, ironmonger, Nov. 22.
Grafton, J. Stroud, Gloucestershire, Nov. 25.
Gayner, W. Bristol, dealer, &c. Nov. 29.
Giblett, New Bond-street, butcher, Nov. 29.
Garton, S. Wood-street, Cheapside, Dec. 6.
Grindlestone, M. Norwich, baker, Dec. 6.
Herbert, W. jun. Goldsmith-street, Wood-street, and Coventry, Nov. 11.
Hobbs, T. Westminster-road, victualler, Nov. 15.
Harding, T. jun. Helstone, Cornwall, grocer, Nov. 18.
Hamelin, P. Belmont-place, Vauxhall, plasterer, Nov. 22.
Holt, T. Arnold, Nottinghamshire, dealer, &c. Nov. 25.
Handscomb, J. H. Newport-Pagnell, lace-merchant, Nov. 15
Hatfield, H. Abingdon-row, Goswell-street-road, Nov. 15.
Hardy, M and J. Dale, Manchester, Nov. 26.
Howse, P. Park-street, Hanover-square, dealer, Nov. 29.
Hannum, E. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street insurance-broker, Nov. 29.
Henzell, E. W. White Lion Wharf, Upper Thames-street, Nov. 29.
Haydon, L. and J. K. Hendy, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, Nov. 29.
Hollis, J. P. Bolingbrooke-row, Newington, Nov. 29.
Hemming, J. Upton, Oxon, dealer, Dec. 8.
Hesse, G. A. Church-row, Fenchurch-street, Dec. 16.
Hamilton, R. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 4.
Horton, W. Yardley, Worcestershire, timber-merchant, Dec. 6.
Izod, W. Redditch, Worcestershire, draper, Dec. 10.
Johnson, H. Waldron, Sussex, tanner, Dec. 1.
Knowles, G. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, Oct. 25.
Langhorn, H. and W. Bailsford, Bucklersbury, merchants, Nov. 22.
Lovegrove, J. Cranham, Gloucestershire, timber-dealer, Nov. 25 and Dec. 12.
Lesingham, T. Worcester, hosier, Dec. 8.
Lloyd, W. and W. Lower Thames-street, slop-sellers, Dec. 6.
Lamb, J. Birmingham, saddler's ironmonger, Dec. 8.
Lancaster, J. Whittey, Lower Yorkshire, Dec. 16.
Leppingwell, K. Croydon, linen-draper, Dec. 6.
Lee, W. Charles-street, Covent-garden, Dec. 6.
Lubbren, F. M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dec. 2.
Minchin, T. A. Portsmouth, banker, Nov. 18.
Massie, J. Derby, mercer, Nov. 21.
Mayor, C. Somerset-street, Portman-square, Nov. 22.
[illegible] M. W. Regent-st. Westminster, Nov. 22.
[illegible] W. Pall-mall-court, Pall-mall, Nov. 29.
[illegible]ray, A., G. L. Hollingsworth, J. Wetherell, W. Shields, W. Boulton, and W. R. Stokes, Durham, bankers, Dec. 6.
Malcolm, W. Great St. Helens, merchant, Nov. 29.
Newham, M Falkingham, Lincolnshire, carpenter, Dec. 2.
Oldfield, J. Edgeware-road, coach-maker, Nov. 25.
Plimpton, W. Lower Thames-street, seedsman, Nov. 11.
Pullan, R. Leeds, Yorkshire, merbhant and dyer, Nov 15.
Phillips, J. Wallingford, Berks, carpenter, Nov. 24.
Petitpierre, F. and E. and H. Balanchenay, South-street, Finsbury-square, merchants, Nov. 22.
Pothonier, F. Corporation-row, Clerkenwell, distiller, Nov. 22.
Park, J. Tower Royal, merchant, Dec. 6.
Pulsford, H. Berkeley-street, Piccadilly, wine-merchant, Nov. 29.
Pulleyn, G. York, linen-draper, Dec. 15.
Parkin, T. and T. Scobell, Broad street, merchants, Dec. 9.
Parker, J. Birchin-lane, merchant, Dec. 6.
Road, W. Oxford, grocer, Nov. 14.
Russell, J. Rochester, wine-merchant, Nov. 15.
Richardson, T. Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, tanner, Nov. 29.
Ruiker, S. Broad-street, merchant, Dec. 6.
Reid, A. Pimlico, carpenter, Dec. 6.
Street, I. F. and W. Bucklersbury, stationers, Nov. 15.
Seager, S. P. Maidstone, dealer, Nov. 29.
Shackle, J. Milk-street, Cheapside, hosier, Nov. 22.
Simpson, R. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, Nov. 25.
Stabb, T. J. Preston, and T. Prowse, St. John's, Newfoundland, merchants, Nov. 22.
Spence, J. Providence-row, Hackney, merchant, Nov. 18.
Slade, W. Leeds, coal-merchant, Nov. 27.
Slater, A. Cuddington, Cheshire, corn-dealer, Nov. 29.
Smith, R. Humburton, Yorkshire, dealer, Dec. 2
Simpson, R. Watling-street, warehouseman, Nov. 29.
Stock, G. Ashweek, Somersetshire, farmer, Dec. 4.
Scordet, J M. and J. L. Austinfriars, merchants, Nov. 29.
Stuart, J. Bishopsgate, saddler, Dec. 9.
Taylor, H. and E. Manchester, and Blackley, Lancashire, Nov. 12.
Turner, T. Saundridge, Herts, timber-merchant, Nov. 15.
Taylor, T. Leadenhall-street, master-mariner, Nov. 22.
Trail, A. Hanover-street, Hanover-square, boot-maker, Nov. 22.
Trowland, R. J. Cupers-bridge, Surrey, Nov. 22
Tuck, J. L. Haymarket, jeweller, Nov. 22.
Tate, W. Cateaton-street, bookseller, Nov. 11.
Tupling, B. Strand, jeweller, Nov. 29.
Turney, J. Ledgebrook, Lincolnshire, and W. Bates, Halifax, merchants, Dec. 10.
Turley, P. East Grinstead, Sussex, farmer, Dec. 6.
Turner, G. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 4.
Upperton, R. Petworth, Sussex, banker, Dec 1.
Vere, C. Cloth Fair, woollen-draper, Dec. 6.
Wells, W. Brightwell, Berks, farmer, Nov. 24.
Whitehead, H. Bury, Lancashire, druggist, Nov. 19.
White, W. B. Strand, draper, Nov. 15.
Wigglesworth, P. Church-street, Shoredith, grocer, Nov. 13.
Wilkinson, T. and J. Wighton, Cateaton-street, Nov. 22.
Weetch, S. George-street, Commercial-road, draper, Nov. 22.
Wace, R. Castle-street, Falcon-square, merchant, Nov. 22.
Wilks, R. Chancery-lane, printer, Dec. 6.
Welsford, J. P. Union-court, underwriter, Dec. 6.
Webster, J. Tower-street, merchant, Dec. 2.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

The Lady of T. B. Batard, esq. of Upper Gower-street
The Lady of T. G. Creker, esq. at Cross-cottage, Bovey-Tracey, Devon.
The Lady of V. G. Dowling, Queen-square, Bloomsbury
The Lady of Sir R. Graham, bart. Grosvenor-place, Camberwell
The Lady of Sir J. H. English, at Warley-house, Essex
The Lady of H. J. Montefiore, esq. Gower-street, Bedford-square
The Lady of the Right Hon. R. Peel, in Stanhope-street
The Lady of R. J. Powell, esq. at Hinton-court, near Hereford.

DAUGHTERS.

The Lady of Philip Cazemove, esq., of Hornsey
The Lady of Edmund Elkins, esq, of Guildford
The Lady of Joseph Hume, esq. M.P. of York-place
The lady of Phil. J. Meyer, esq. of Delancey-place
The Lady of J. Merivale, esq. of Woburn-place
The Lady of James Renshaw, esq. at Westbourne-lodge
The Lady of W. Saltwell, esq., of North-crescent, Bedford-square
The Lady of the Rev. Edward Smyth, at Bourne-house, in Kent

MARRIAGES.

At Ashbury, Mr. John Axford, of Fleet-street, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Brown, of Kingston, ner Farringdon, Berks.

At Lambeth Church, Mr. Charles Adeney, of the Strand, to Mrs. Jane Turpin, relict of the late Mr. Geo. Turpin, of the Commercial-road.

At Twickenham, Edward Hall Alderson, of the Inner Temple, esq. to Miss Drewe, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Drewe, of Broadhembury, Devonshire.

At Brighton Church, the Rev. Edward Robt. Butcher, Doctor of Laws, Minister of the Chapel Royal at Brighton, to Caroline Jackson, the niece of Randle Jackson, esq. of North Brixton, Surrey, and of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.

At Lewes, Mr. F. Barron, jun., of the Strand, to Isabella, only daughter of John Jackson, esq. of Leadenhall-street.

At Islington, Mr. James Burton, surgeon, of Manchester, to Miss Williams, daughter of Mr. John Williams, of Cornwall place, Holloway.

At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Samuel Brown, esq. of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, to Ann Pearce, third daughter of the late James Horsfall, esq. F.R.S. of the Middle Temple.

At Mary-le-bone Church, William Richard Cosway, esq. to Elizabeth Harvie, youngest daughter of Simon Halliday, esq. of Lower Berkeley-street, Portman-square.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, H. N. Daniel, esq. of the Royal Artillery, to Margaretta Lucy, only daughter of Sir Ludford Harvey, of Bedford-place.

At Reading, the Rev. Philip Filleul, Rector of St. Brelade's, and lecturer of St. Aubin's, Jersey, to Catherine Elizabeth Blanch, fourth daughter; and the Rev. Peter French, of Reading, to Penelope Arabella, youngest daughter of Dr. Valpy, of Reading.

At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Henry P. Hulme, esq., of Cliffe, Kent, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Benjamin Spurrell, esq. of Chelsea.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, John, youngest son of Thomas Jervis, of Old Palace-yard, esq., one of his Majesty's Council, to Catharine Jane, second daughter of Alexander Mundell, of Parliament-street, esq.

At St. George's Church, Hanover square, George Marsh Linthorne, of Poole, Dorset, to Maria (of Belgrave-house, Grosvenor-place,) youngest daughter of the late W. Clarke, esq., law-bookseller, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn.

At Kensington, Robert Mitchell, jun. esq. eldest son of Robert Mitchell, esq, of the island of Tobago, to Fanny, youngest daughter of John Madden, esq., of Brompton.

At St. Pancras New Church, John Charles Mason, of Camden-street, Camden-town, esq, to Jane Augusta, second daughter of James Ensor, esq. of Austin-friars, in the city of London, merchant.

At Ordsall, Mr. Nevill Merchant, Old Broad-street, to Miss Morton, of the Whitehouses, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Richard Morton, vicar of East Retford, Notts.

At Yarmouth, Norfolk, Francis Palgrave, esq., of the Inner Temple, to Elizabeth, daughter of Dawson Turner, esq., of Yarmouth.

At Hemel-Hempsted, Herts., Ropert Playfair, esq., nephew of the late Professor Playfair, to Miss E. White, youngest daughter of the late J. White, esq. of Devonshire-place.

At Kensington Church, the Rev. Thomas Rennell, vicar of Kensington, to Frances Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Delafield, esq, of Camden-hill.

At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Mr. Thomas Smith, of Milk-street, Cheapside, to Harriet, third daughter of the late Samuel Wells, esq., of Walworth.

DEATHS.

William Archer, esq. at his residence, Oujounet, near Rolle, in Switzerland.—At Choakham-house, Arminster, Devon, James Alexander, esq., formerly of New Inn, London, 65.—Joseph Atherton, the second son of Mr. Atherton, of Calne, Wilts, 24.—At Paris, Sarah, the wife of Robert Ashby, 50.—At Aldersgate-street, Joseph Aldridge, esq., timber-merchant.

King's-road, Chelsea, Mrs. Barber, 61.—At St. Pancras, Mary, the relict of George Bagster, esq. late of St. Pancras, formerly of Beaufort-buildings, 86.—In Great Russell-street, Mrs. Ann Blanchard, widow of the late Caleb Blanchard, esq. merchant.—At his house, Speen-hill-Berks, after a short illness, W. Brinton, esq, formerly of Antigua, 74.

At his house, at Stoke, near Guildford, John Creuze, esq. in the 87th year of his age.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Annabella Stuart Douglas, widow of the late Rev. George Douglas, of Tain, in the county of Ross, N. B.—At Pentonville, after a long and painful illness, Mary Ann, wife of Tinmouth Dixon, esq. of New Boswell-court, Cary-street.

At his seat, Thrumpton, Nottinghamshire, John Emmerton Wescomb Emmerton, esq. in the 88th year of his age.

At Denham, Bucks, in the 60th year of his age, Mr. Edward Fountain, sen.

In his 72d year, Mr. Charles Gray, many years a clerk in the banking-house of Sir Jas. Esdaile and Co. and much respected by the firm.

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—Season, 1823, 1824.

Voys.	Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Tons.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be afloat.	To be in the Downs.	When sailed.
2	Macqueen	Beng. & China	1332	John Campbell	James Walker	- - -	- - -	A. Pitcairn	F. Macqueen	A. Macrae	J. S. Anderson	1823 19 Nov	1824 8 Jan.	
2	Berwickshire ...		1332	S. Marjoribanks	J. Shepherd	H. L. Thomas	F. Madan	T. M. Storr	R. Chant	T. Davidson	J. W. Rose			
2	Duchess of Atholl		1330	W. E. Ferrers	E M. Daniell	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	E. King			
4	Duke of York...	Bomb. & China	1327	S. Marjoribanks	A. H. Campbell	W. Pitman	John D. Orr	T. Shepherd	G. Ireland	W. Lang	W. Dallas			
6	Castle Huntly...		1200	J. H. Gledstanes	H.A.Drummon	T. Dunkin	S. V. Wood	G. C. Kennedy	W. Harrod	J. Campbell	H. Wright			
4	Thomas Coutts..		1334	S. Marjoribanks	A. Chrystie	W. Drayner	A. Vincent	Henry Burn	— Elphinstone	J. Beveridge	W. Maltman			
6	General Harris .	St. Hele. Bencoolen & China	1200	James Sims	G. Welstead	J. C. Whiteman	S. Newdick	J. M. Williams	J. C. Milward	T. Colledge	W. Dickenson			
4	Canning.....	Beng. & China	1326	(Company's ship)	W. Patterson	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	R. Simmons	- - -	17 Dec.	5 Feb.	
5	Earl of Balcarras		1417	(Company's ship)	P. Cameron	T. Smith	- - -	- - -	- - -	Henry Arnot	J. L. Wardell			
2	Sir David Scott.		1342	Joseph Hare	Wm. Hunter	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	N. Grant	J. Hodson			
4	London.....	St. Hel. Bomb. and China.	1332	(Company's ship)	J. B. Sotheby	B. Broughton	- - -	- - -	- - -	D. Mackenzie	J. Herbert			
4	Dunira	Bomb. & China	1325	George Palmer	M. Hamilton	John Shute	N. de St. Croix	- - -	J. Ricketts	A. Kedslie	S. H. Ayres	31 Dec.	20 Feb.	
6	Marquis Camden		1200	H. Morse Samson	Thos. Larkins	W. Morgan	Gilson R. Fox	- - -	- - -	- - -	T. Collingwood			
6	Lady Melvillie..	Madr. & China	1200	Sir Rt. Wigram	R. Clifford	R. Clifford	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	W. Clifford			
2	William Fairlie .		1348	Joseph Hare	K. Smith	W. Pascoe	- - -	- - -	- - -	W. Lorimer	- - -			
4	Orwell	China.	1335	Matthew Isaacke	W. E. Farrer	- - -	J. Gisborne	- - -	- - -	- - -	WM. de Charme	28 Feb.	18 April.	
7	Marquis Huntly .		1279	J. Mac Taggart	J. S. H. Fraser	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -			
9	Princess Amelia.		1275	Robert Williams	Thos. Williams	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	Barron Milne				
8	Astel		871	S. Marjoribanks		R. H. Rhind	Henry Cole	- - -	- - -	W. Hamilton				
7	Asia.....	Two ships for Madras and Bengal; the others to Bengal,	958	Henry Bonham	T F. Balderston	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	J. Gardner			
7	Rose		955	S. Donaldson	T. Marquis	J. O. M'Taggart	John Sprott	- - -	- - -	A. Stirling	J. Milroy			
7	Marchioness Ely		952	Octavius Wigram	Brook Kay	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	W. Millett			
7	Prince Regent ..		953	Henry Bonham	Henry Hosmer	James S. Biles	- - -	- - -	- - -	E. Turner				
5	General Hewitt...		894	(Company's ship)	T. W. Barrow									

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.

From October 23, to November 27, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, Cornhill.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.
28	29·79	45	S.E.	Fair	8	30·09	51	E.	Fair	19	30 14	46	N.	Ditto
29	29·61	44	S.E.	Ditto	9	30·25	52	E.	Shwy	20	29·97	48	E.	Ditto
30	29·21	52	S.W.	Ditto	10	30·44	45	N.E.	Ditto	21	30·12	49	S.E.	Ditto
31	28·98	43	S.W.	Ditto	11	30·54	44	E.	Fair	22	29·92	48	S.W.	Ditto
1	29 64	44	E.	Rain	12	30·39	43	E.	Ditto	23	29 96	49	S.W.	Ditto
2	29·87	42	N.E.	Shwy	13	30·35	39	S.W.	Ditto	24	29·98	48	S.W.	Ditto
3	29·95	40	N.	Fair	14	30·25	32	S.W.	Ditto	25	30·15	49	S.W.	Ditto
4	29.81	36	S.W.	Ditto	15	30 19	35	S.W.	Ditto					
5	29.59	35	S.W.	Ditto	16	30·34	35	S.W.	Ditto					
6	29·85	44	S.	Ditto	17	30·29	48	N.	Ditto					
7	29·88	50	E.	Shwy	18	30·34	46	N.	Ditto					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

November 19, 1823.

Canals.	*Per Share.* £. s.	*Div. per Ann.* £. s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	140	5
Barnesley	210	12
Birmingham (divided) ...	315	12 10
Bolton and Bury	112	5
Brecknock and Abergav.	100	5
Carlisle.....	—	—
Chesterfield	120	8
Coventry	1100	44
Cromford.....	270	14
Croydon.....	3 3	—
Derby.....	140	6
Dudley.....	60	3
Ellesmere and Chester ...	68	3
Erewash.....	1000	58
Forth and Clyde	480	20
Grand Junction	265	10
Grand Surrey.....	49	—
Grand Union.....	19	—
Grand Western.....	5	—
Grantham	160	8
Hereford and Gloucester..	60	—
Lancaster.....	27 10	1
Leeds and Liverpool	380	12
Leicester.....	330	14
Leicester & Northampton	80	4
Loughborough	4000	170
Melton Mowbray.....	240	11
Monmouthshire	175	8 10
Montgomeryshire	71	2 10
Neath.....	330	13
Nottingham.....	240	12
Oxford	750	32
Portsmouth and Arundel	25	—
Regent's.....	40 10	—
Rochdale	93	3
Shrewsbury	170	9 10
Shropshire	125	7
Somerset Coal	135	9
Ditto, Lock Fund	12 10	5 15
Staffords.& Worcestershire	800	40
Stourbridge	212	10 10
Stratford-on-Avon	20	—
Stroudwater	550	30
Swansea	195	10
Tavistock	150	—
Thames and Medway	22	—
Thames and Severn, New	27	—
Trent & Mersey	2150	75 5 bon.
Warwick and Birmingh.	240	11
Warwick and Napton ...	215	10 10
Worcester & Birmingham	36 10	1
Docks.		
London	118	4 10
West India	220	10
East India	145	8
Commercial	81 10	3 10
East Country	27	—

Bridges.	*Per Share.* £. s.	*Div. per Ann.* £. s. d.
Southwark	18	—
Ditto, New	60	1 10
Ditto, Loan	100	5
Vauxhall	29	1
Waterloo	5	—
Water-works.		
Chelsea	—	—
East London.....	125	5
Grand Junction.....	64 10	2 10
Kent	36	1 10
London Bridge	58	2 10
South London	42	—
West Middlesex.....	68	2 10
York Buildings	30	1 10
Insurances.		
Albion	51	2 10
Atlas	6	6
Bath	575	40
Birmingham Fire	350	25
British	50	3
County	43	2 10
Eagle.....	3	5
European	20	1
Globe	165	7
Guardian	16	—
Hope	4 15	6
Imperial Fire.....	126	5
Ditto, Life.....	11 10	8
Kent Fire.....	71	2 10
London Fire	—	1 5
London Ship	—	1
Provident.....	20	1
Rock	2 18	2
Royal Exchange	276	10
Sun Fire.....	212	8 10
Sun Life.....	23 10	10
Union	40 10	1 8
Gas Lights.		
Gas Light and Coke (Chart Company	75	4
City Gas Light Company.	128	6 16
Ditto, New	73	3 12
South London	148	7 10
Imperial.....	42	—
Literary Institutions.		
London	30	—
Russel	9	—
Surrey	—	—
Miscellaneous.		
Auction Mart.....	24	1 5
British Copper Company.	28	—
Golden Lane Brewery...	8	—
Ditto.....	5	—
London Com.Sale Rooms	16 5	1
Carnatic Stock 1st class .	95½	4
Ditto, ...2d ditto .	81¾	3

Messrs. EDMONDS and WOLFE, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th Oct. to 24th November, 1823.

Days. 1823.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	3½ P C. I. bds.	2 P. day E. bills	Consols. for acct.
Oct.											
25	224	82⅝ ⅜	83¼ 3	96¼	99 7/16 5/16	103 5/16 3/8	20 7/16 15-16	—	69 71p	34 37p	83¼ 3
27	222½	82 1½	82⅞ ½	—	98¾ 9/16	102½ ⅝	20¼ ⅞	—	70 68p	35 37p	82⅞ ⅛
28	222¾ ½	82⅛	82⅞ ¾	—	99⅛ ¼	103 ¼	20⅞	261	68 69p	35 37p	83 2¾
29	223	82⅜ 2	83 7/16 2⅜	½	99⅜ 9	103⅛ ⅜	20 15-16 ⅜	265	70 71p	36 39p	83¼ 2⅜
30	220¾ 21½	81½ ⅞	82 ⅝	95 ⅞	98⅝ ⅞	102⅝ ⅞	20¾ ⅝	263½	70 72p	37 39p	82½ *
31	221¾	81⅞ 2	82¼ ¾	95⅜	98⅜ ⅞	102⅞ ½	20 11-16 ¾	263¾	70 72p	37 39p	82¼ ⅞
Nov.											
1	222	82½	82⅝ ⅜	95⅜	99	102¾ 3	—	—	73 71p	39 38p	82 ⅞
3	222½ ¾	82½ ½	83 ¼	—	99¼ ½	103¼ ½	20 13-16 ⅞	264¾ 5½	76p	38 43p	82 3 7/16
4	222¼	82⅞ ½	83⅛ 3	—	99½ ⅝	103¼ ½	20⅞	—	76 78p	42 48p	83 ¼
5		Holiday.									
6	223 2¾	82⅜ ½	83⅛ ½	96¼ 5	99½ ⅞	103⅜ ⅞	20⅞ 15-16	265½ 6	77 79p	46 48p	83¼ ½
7	223 2½	82⅜ ½	83⅛ ¼	96⅝	99⅜ ⅝	103¾ 4	20⅞ 15-16	266½	79 80p	46 49p	83½ ⅛
8	222½ 2	82⅛ ⅜	83⅛ 2⅞	—	99½ ¼	103⅛ ¾	20⅞ 13-16	266	81 81p	47 50p	83⅞ 2⅞
10	—	82⅛ ⅜	83¼ 3	—	99½	103¾ ⅝	20⅞	—	80 82p	48 50p	83 ¼
11	222¾	82⅜ ½	83	⅜	99¼ ⅝	103⅝ 4	20⅞ 13-16	265½ 6¼	81 82p	49 50p	83 ¼
12	—	82⅜ ½	83⅛	96⅛	99½ ⅜	104 3¾	20 15-16 21	—	81 82p	50 41p	83½ ⅝
13	222¼ 3	82⅜ ⅝	83⅛ ⅝	95⅝ 6¼	99¼ ⅜	103¾ ¾	20 15-16	266	81 78p	49 47p	83¼ ⅝
14	223	82½ ⅝	83⅝	96¼	99 ¼	103⅞ ¾	20 15-16 ⅞	269½	80 74p	48 41p	83¼
15	—	82⅜ ½	83¼ ⅝	—	99⅝ ½	103¼ ⅞	21 20 15-16	—	77 79p	45 47p	83⅛ ⅛
17	222¾	82½ ⅝	83⅜ ⅛	—	99¾ ⅜	103⅜ ½	20 15-16 21	—	78 80p	47 44p	83⅛ ¼
18	223 222	82½ ⅞	83¼ ⅛	96¼ ⅛	99⅝ ½	103¾ 4 11/16	20 15-16	—	79 77p	45 47p	83¼ ½
19	222½ 3	82¾ 3¼	83½ ⅜	96⅝	100 99 7/16	104⅛ 3 7/16	20 15-16 21 1-16	—	77p	44 46p	83½ ½
20	222¾ 3¼	83 2 7/16	83½ ⅜	96⅝	100 99⅝	104⅛ 3⅞	21	267¾	78 77p	45 46p	83½ ⅜
21	—	82⅞ 3	83½ ⅜	15/16	99¾ ⅞	103⅞ 4	21 1-16	266	78 79p	45 48p	83⅛ ⅛
22	223¼ 3	83¼	83⅛ 4 1/16	—	99⅞ 100	103⅞ 4⅛	21 1-16	266½ ¼	79p	46 49p	83¼ 4 1/16
24	223½	83⅛ ⅝	84⅛ ½	—	100 ¼	104⅛ ⅝	21⅛ 3-16	268	79 78p	48 50p	84⅛ ⅝

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to July, 1822, have been advertised to be paid off.

JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE, FOREIGN FUNDS, &c.—Nov. 24th, 1823.

Amsterdam, c. f.	12	6
Ditto ..... at sight	12	3
Rotterdam	12	7
Antwerp	12	6
Hamburgh	37	10
Altona	37	11
Paris ..... 3 days sight	25	70
Ditto ..... 3 months	25	90
Bourdeaux	25	90
Frankfort on the main	157	
Petersburgh, 3 Us per rble.	8¾	
Berlin cur. dolls.	7	10
Vienna, effective 2 m. Flor.	10	14
Trieste ..... ditto	10	15
Madrid	36¾	
Cadiz	36	
Bilboa	36	
Barcelona	35¾	
Seville	36	
Malaga		
Gibraltar	30½	
Leghorn	46	
Genoa	43½	
Venice, Italian Liv.	28	10
Malta	45	
Naples	38¾	
Palermo .... per oz.	117	
Lisbon	52¼	
Oporto	52¼	
Rio Janeiro	48	
Bahia	46	
Dublin	9	
Cork	9⅛	

Austrian Bonds	*In London Exc.*
Chilian Bonds	73¾ 4
Ditto, for the Acct.	74
Columbian Bonds	57 11/16 6 11/16
Ditto, for the Acct.	57½ 7½ 6 11/16
Danish Bonds	91¼ 90¾ 91
Do. Marks Banco	
Neapolitan Bonds	
Do. for the Acct.	
Peruvian Scrip.	
Poyas Bonds	
Prussian Bonds	
Do... 1822.	86¼
Do. for the Acct.	
Russian Bonds	83 3/4 7/8 7/8 7/8
Do. for the Acct.	83 3/4
Spanish 5 per Ct. Consols.	35 1/16 1/16 1/16 1/16
Do. for the Acct.	35 3/4
Do. 170 and 255 Bonds	37 3/8
Do. 85..Do.	40
Spanish 5 per Cent. Consols, 1823	29¼ 8⅞ 9⅛
Do. for the Acct.	
French Rents	
French Scrip.	2½ 2½ pm.
Do. Bank Shares	
Russian Inscription	
Do. Metallic	
Spanish Bonds, 1820	
Do. for the Account	
Spanish National 5½ per Cent.	

BULLION AT PER OUNCE.

Portugal Gold in Coin	£ 0	0	0	New Dollars	£ 0	4	9¼
French Gold in Bars	3	17	6	Silver in Bars, Standard	0	4	11¼
Doubloons	3	15	0				

[F. Warr, Red Lion Passage, Holborn.]

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

DECEMBER, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ., R.A.

Author of "Elements of Art," and other Poems.

CONTENTS.

Original Essays.

PAGE

MEMOIR OF MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, Esq. R.A. 483
Letters from an Irish Gentleman—No II. 497
The Sigh and the Tear 500
The Shipwreck 501
Dick Spouter; or, he would be an Actor.. 504
Highland Revelry 513
Lines for the New Year 514
A Dream of the Pyramids 515
Lines on the Death of a Friend 518
The New Year 519
Left Off Business 522
Implacable Hate 525
A Dream 530

London Review.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Switzerland; or an Historical, Picturesque, and Moral Picture of the Helvetic Cantons 532
Geological Description of the Province of Milan 534
History of Letters and Sciences in the Low Countries 534

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Edward Neville; or, the Memoirs of an Orphan 534
Ferdinand VII.; or, a Dramatic Sketch of the recent Revolution in Spain 537
Italian Tales 539
The Ionian; or Woman in the Nineteenth Century. By Sarah Renou 540
The Doggeral Decameron. By Joseph Lunn, Esq. 543

PAGE

Lectures on the Elements of Botany. By A. T Thompson, F.L.S. 544
Remarks on the North of Spain. By Joseph Bramsen 548
Journal of a Tour in France in the Years 1816-17. By Frances Jane Carey 549
Practical Book-Keeper; or, Merchants' Assistant. By George Wilson 549

Fine Arts.

Royal Academy 550
Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts 551

Science and Literature.

FOREIGN;—Russia—Prussia—Switzerland—Italy—Portugal—France 552
ENGLISH:—Literary Intelligence—Works in the Press, &c. 554

The Drama.

Drury Lane Theatre 555
Covent Garden Theatre 557

Commercial Report 561
List of Patents 562
Monthly Memoranda 563
Births, Marriages, and Deaths 564
List of Bankrupts and Dividends 565
East India Shipping List 568
Meteorological Table 569
Price of Canal Shares, &c. 569
Prices of Stocks 570
Courses of Exchange 570
Foreign Funds 570

LONDON:

Published for the Proprietor,

BY SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW,

And Sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom,

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been always inclined to think, that men of genius and talent (and such we justly consider our principal contributors), are as finely and exquisitely organized, and have fingers as pliant as the generality of mankind; and yet, from some cause which we confess ourselves unable to account for, we frequently receive MSS. so badly written, that we forget the sense while we are labouring to decypher the characters. We would request such Correspondents to get a few lessons of Mr. Carstairs', or, if they must write badly, at least to write *plainly*.

Letters will be left at the Publisher's on the 5th instant, for all private communications which have not been replied to. We have to apologize for not replying earlier, but the European Magazine may be looked upon at the moment as in its infancy, not only from the late change which has taken place, but from the Editor's having been engaged in the completion of two works, which remained unfinished when he took charge of the Magazine. As these works are now completed, and on the eve of publication, he will henceforth be able to pay due attention to his Correspondents and Contributors. He wishes, at the same time, to observe, that the promises of improvement which he made last month, is not to be looked for in the present number, it being the last of the volume; and, according to the plan which has been adopted by the conductors of the European Magazine, from its commencement in 1782, to the present time, the December number.

The "Letters from an Irish Gentleman," are by the Author of the "Hermit in London," and will be continued.

Martin Archer Shee

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

DECEMBER 1823.

MEMOIR

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, ESQ. R.A.

It gives us real pleasure to be able to gratify our readers, this month, with the portrait of a gentleman who has conferred such high honour, not only on his own profession, but upon the sister art. Mr. Shee is the only living artist we are acquainted with, either personally or by report, who has laid down the palette and the pencil, and ventured, with unpractised but daring wing, into the sublimer regions of poetry. Indeed if any thing were necessary to shew that painting is not a mere mechanical art, and that excellence in it can result only from capacities and mental energies of the highest order, Mr. Shee's poetical works, undertaken and completed in the midst of his professional pursuits,—pursuits that would appear to have little, in common with the glowing raptures and instant determinations of the inspired muse,—would be sufficient to prove both. Though the eye of the painter is generally confined to a line or a point, his mind is almost continually wandering through the imaginative world, through the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime of nature; and how easy is the transition to the world of feeling and passion, that world in which the poet chiefly delights to revel, and in which he exercises the most absolute dominion over the human heart.

Of Mr. Shee's poetical merits we shall immediately speak; but it is proper we should first introduce him to our readers, and let them know who he is, for it is difficult to give interest to abstract virtue, or to works of the highest merit, if their author be unknown. We first wish to know the man, and afterwards the poet. This, perhaps, is a delusion in human nature, as it may be thought that we cannot be acquainted with any man through his works, neither the warrior nor the poet appearing to his *valet de chambre* what he appears to the world; but whether it be delusion or not, it is one to which philosophers themselves are obliged to submit. It is idle to quarrel with delusions founded in the original nature of man; nor are they, perhaps, always so delusive as they appear to be. The delusion, no doubt, is frequently to be found in the fine spun theories of the philosopher, not in the common sense and common feeling of mankind.

We find, from a memoir in Messrs. Cadell and Davis's "Collection of Portraits of Eminent Public Characters," that

"Martin Archer Shee, Esq. R.A.

is descended from an old and respectable Irish family, long settled in Connaught, the western province of the sister kingdom.

"His father, the youngest of four brothers, entered into business as a merchant in Dublin, where the subject of this memoir was born, on the 23d of December, 1770.

"He early discovered a strong inclination for the fine arts, and at twelve years of age, obtained the three first medals, for drawings of figure, landscape, and flowers, in the Dublin Society's Academy. In 1787, he had the honour of receiving from the Dublin Society, a silver palette, with an inscription expressive of the approbation of that patriotic body.

"In the pursuit of his studies as an artist, he came to England in 1788, and was introduced to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by the late Right Honourable Edmund Burke.

"Mr. Shee first exhibited with the Royal Academy in the year 1790. He was elected an associate of that institution, in 1798, and in the year 1800 was honoured by the diploma of Royal Academician.

"With his attachment to the arts, Mr. Shee has combined a love of literature; and conceiving the period favourable for an appeal to the public on the subject of the pursuits of taste, he, in 1805, published the first part of a poem, the composition of which had been for some time the amusement of his leisure hours, under the title of "Rhymes on Art, or the Remonstrance of a Painter."

"In 1809, he published the three remaining parts, under the title of "Elements of Art." In 1810, at the request of one of the Directors of the British Institution, who wished him to communicate his ideas on the subject, he published "a Letter to the President and Directors of the British Institution," including a plan for the encouragement of historical painting.

"On the occasion of the magnificent exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the British Gallery, he, in 1813, published the Commemoration of Reynolds, and other poems, with notes, and a dedication, by permission, to his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent."

To this brief view of Mr. Shee's professional and poetical career, we add the following, particulars which we can vouch as authentic.

Mr. Shee acquired the first rudiments of design under the late Mr. Francis Robert West, a very eminent draughtsman, and distinguished teacher in the Metropolis of the sister country. He afterwards became a student in the academy of the Dublin Society, where he obtained the medals already spoken of. He was honoured with these early pledges of his unfolding genius, at the same age in which Pope wrote his "Ode on Solitude," but it must be confessed that there is nothing in this ode that renders the age at which it was written, worth remembering. It is a mere string of moral reflections without a single image, sentiment, or association of a poetic character. Indeed it is sufficient to prove, that though Pope

> "Lisped in numbers for the numbers came,"

he was far from lisping in poetry; and it appears to us no small proof, that if Pope had directed his mind, at an early period, to philosophical pursuits, he would not have less excelled in them than in poetry; or, if we were to express ourselves aright, perhaps what appears to us is, that neither he nor any other person was born a poet, and that the celebrated expression *poeta nascitur non fit*, is more popular than true, although Pope himself seemed to think differently. Without natural abilities, it is true, no application of mind can lead to eminence in any art or pursuit, but where these natural abilities exist, they are not exclusively formed to excel in one particular art. Indeed, the subject of the present memoir appears to us one of the strongest proofs of this assertion, for though he first distinguished himself in painting, and that too at so early an age, that we could hardly think him capable of estranging his affections for a moment to a different art; and though it must also be admitted, that his poetry is not finished with that delicate hand and exquisite touch that characterize his paintings, there are still thickly scattered through his "Elements of Art,"

sufficient evidence that he was not less capable of excelling in the higher walks of poetry; not less delighted in being permitted to linger around the sequestered shades and flowery haunts of Parnassus, than in stealing from nature her finest aspects, and giving palpable existence to those less obvious, more delicate, and more retiring features of nature, which withdraw themselves from the gaze of vulgar perception, and disclose their charms to the gifted eye of genius alone. But of this more hereafter.

Having availed himself of all the means of improvement which the state of the Arts in Ireland, and the facilities afforded him by the Academy, would allow, and they were as extensive as their materials could afford; Mr Shee determined to proceed to London to complete his studies, but the approbation bestowed on some small portraits in Crayons, which he had executed previous to his intended departure, and the opportunities of occupation which consequently opened to him in this line, induced him to remain two years longer in Dublin, where, at the age of sixteen, he became a professional artist, and obtained the most distinguished practice in that city. His desire for improvement, however, and his wish to become an oil painter, soon induced him to relinquish all the pecuniary advantages which a further residence in Ireland held out,—and accordingly declining all farther commissions there, he quitted his native country, and arrived in London in June, 1778. Some time after his arrival, he was personally introduced to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke, and was by that great artist, introduced as a student of the Royal Academy, where he studied with unwearied diligence for some years. Mr. S. first exhibited with the Royal Academy in the year 1790, and immediately obtained not only notice but employment. He has ever since been a regular contributor to our annual display of art, and whatever he has done in his profession, has resulted from the public exhibition of his works. On the retirement of the late Mr. Romney, the Artist, in the year 1799, Mr. Shee succeeded to his establishment in Cavendish-square, where he continues to reside. In the year 1802, he visited Paris, to see the collection of Art then exhibited in the Louvre, and while in that city, had an opportunity, through the politeness of some members of the French Institution, of being introduced to the then Chief Consul, Buonaparte, on a very interesting, public occasion; when the Committee of that celebrated Society made their public report to the Chief Consul of the state of the Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Republic. Mr. Shee has likewise received honorary diplomas from the American Academies of Philadelphia and New York.

Mr. Shee is one of those few who owe no part of their fame to individual patronage: he trusted to his own unaided merits, and he found that however bright were the prospects of success which he anticipated in the ardour and temerity of youth, those which he realized were still brighter and happier. This must be a peculiarly pleasing reflection to a man who breathes that spirit of independance which glows through every page of his "Elements of Art;" and who burns with such indignant ardour, while he advocates the rights of neglected genius. He is indebted to himself alone for the eminence which he has obtained, and the independence which he has realized in his profession. While his country then has to boast of having produced a Shee,—a man who united all the combined charms of poetry and painting, he himself, has nothing to boast of, that reflects credit on his countrymen. If it depended upon them, he would be unknown in the world of science and art, and in saying so, we say it with regret. Of all nations, Irishmen are the most fearful of conferring honour on each other, individually. However much they are looked down upon by other nations, they look down upon each other still more. An Irish lording thinks it want of taste to acknowledge, or even to perceive any merit in his own countrymen. When we say his own countrymen, we use the word in the ordinary sense, or as it would be used in any country; but

we are well aware that an Irish nobleman either forgets that he is Irish, or at least imposes so far upon his own understanding, as to believe that the natives of the country are no countrymen of his. To him who is swayed by the dictates of common sense, this species of delusion would appear impossible; but to him who is acquainted with the people of whom we speak, it is well known to be a fact. Alexander the Great believed himself to be a God, and every Irish nobleman believes himself to be a prince at least, if he be no better; and has the additional satisfaction of believing himself no Irishman. In fact, an Irish nobleman thinks he possesses

"——— The front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:"

but he can never imagine for a moment, that this highly favoured man is a mere Irishman. Hence Ireland never produced a man of talent that was not obliged to transport it to some other country, and to extend that intelligence to others, which would have multiplied the rays, and increased the radiance of science and mental illumination in his native land. Had this illumination taken place, these self-created Gods would not blush to avow the country to which they belong.

As an artist, Mr. Shee's merits are already well known to all who delight in the productions of taste, and are connoisseurs in painting. As a poet, perhaps, he is not so well known, because the subject of which he treats is interesting only to the lovers of the arts; to the rest of mankind, its principles are not only void of interest, but absolutely unintelligible. Indeed it would seem from its didactic and preceptive nature, incapable of the higher beauties of poetry, and this opinion seems to be strengthened by the motto which Mr. Shee prefixes to his "Elements of Art."

"Ornari præcepta negant, contenta, doceri."

But it is still certain that Mr. Shee himself proves the contrary to be the fact, for he frequently clothes his precepts in the richest robes of poetic imagery. It is, however, an imagery that is always just because never idly introduced. It never forms any part of his subject, so that it always appears the mere dress of a body, which it merely ornaments, but never conceals from view. Mr. Shee belongs not therefore to our modern schools of poetry, which are conversant with the imaginative world alone: with them imagery is not only ornament, but the thing ornamented;—it is both substance and shadow. Hence it may properly be called "Much ado about nothing," and accordingly has neither strength, nerve, or energy. Poetic imagery soon palls upon the sense when unaccompanied by any thing of a more substantial nature; but whenever it is used to embellish our views of "the naked nature, and the living grace," and permits this naked nature to be seen through it, it gratifies at once both the senses and imagination, and imparts the highest charms and graces of which poetry is capable. Without this "naked nature," however, this ground work of poetry, all imagery is not only uninteresting, but childish and impertinent, and hence we have, in general, from our modern schools, only sing-songs, about nothing. No traces are to be found in them of

"The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine,"

that characterized the school of Pope and Dryden. To the former of these, we would compare Mr. Campbell, so far as we can form our views of his poetic character from his "Pleasures of Hope,"—to the latter we would compare Mr. Shee. He wants the exquisite finish of Pope, but possesses all the strength, energy, and variety of Dryden. Like him he is irregular, bold, impetuous, yielding instinctively and unconsciously to all the influences and impulses of passion, and this too, in a subject which [illegible] only to the more delicate perceptions and finer feelings of our nature. The works of art require taste, judgment

and experience, to perceive their beauties; and what depends on the exercise of these faculties, seldom prompts to enthusiasm, or gives impulse to the energies of inspired genius. Indeed it would be idle to expect such enthusiasm in such a subject, from any other than Mr. Shee himself. It was a subject or an art, to which he had devoted himself, and consequently a subject that associated with the recollections of his earliest years. These recollections are the purest and brightest—the most inspiring, captivating, and seductive, that float in light visions round the poet's head. No wonder then that Mr. Shee has divested his "Elements of Art," of all appearance of being a didactic poem. He instructs without seeming to do so: we are imbibing precepts that are soon to form our taste, and to regulate our judgment, while we imagine that we are revelling in the brightest worlds of fiction, reposing amid the wildest retreats of imagination, or twining the wreaths of fancy round the siren bowers of the seductive muse. This, indeed, is more than any reader of judgment could promise himself from such a subject as the "Elements of Art;" but the most stubborn elements clothe themselves in light, softness, and beauty, when touched by the fairy finger of the bright eyed muse. It must, however, be confessed, that those poets who have had the art of rendering didactic subjects poetical, and impregnating them at the same time with all the fire and enthusiasm of genius, are few—very few in number. So far as regards poetical expression in subjects of this nature, Virgil has, undoubtedly excelled all men in his Georgics: Pope, perhaps, comes next to him; but Shee certainly leaves both far behind him in fire and energy. His description of the celebrated statues of the Pagan divinities; of the Olympic Jupiter of Phidias, at Elis; his Minerva, at Athens; the Venus de Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, the Hercules Farnese, and others, are sketched with such a pencil of light and fire, that we have some difficulty in conceiving how a person who laughs at the Pagan creed and its imaginary deities, could feel such enthusiasm in such a theme. An extract, however, from the second canto of the "Elements of Art," in which this description occurs, will speak more than volumes of criticism.

"Now throned at Elis first, the Olympic sire
Appear'd sublime, amidst the immortal quire;
Pride of the Pagan host! the form divine
Betray'd Omnipotence in every line:
With such an awful brow he bore command,
And grasp'd the golden sceptre in his hand,
That e'en celestials might his frown have fear'd,
Confess'd their sovereign ruler, and revered.

"Now Pallas too, received her second birth,
And Phidias' offspring rivall'd Jove's on earth;
Presiding Wisdom on her brow express'd
The flame divine that glow'd within her breast;
While grace and majesty in every part,
Proclaim'd the bright divinity of Art.
But now those ancient glories shine no more,
And Fame records them only to deplore:
Yet rich in what remains, our humbler days,
Condemn'd to copy, and content to praise;
Behold the wealth by wondering ages shared,
And grateful triumph in what Time has spared.

"Lo! first, where dazzling fair, as poets sings
The Sea-born Goddess blushing from the main,
When ravish'd Ocean saw the vision rise,
Stole his last kiss, and gave her to the skies,
Love's Queen appears; all hearts her sway confess,
And powerful monarchs plunder, to possess:

The vulgar trophies of the sword despise,
And claim a triumph for their Parian prize.
Unrivall'd Form! beyond Circassia's boast!
Or yet the brighter Fair of Albion's coast!
To thee the Bard, as erst on Ida's hill
Like Paris, would present the apple still;
His partial eye tho' Painting's glories warm,
And jealous Nature take Olynthia's form.

" With modest mien the sov'reign Beauty stands,
And seeks to shun the homage she commands,
Averts her face with such a timid air,
The marble seems to burn in blushes there;
While grace and ease in every limb unfold,
The Paphian fair that fired the world of old.

" Each charm divine that Nature's stores supply,
To fire the Poet's thought or Painter's eye;
Whate'er of Love's elysium Fancy views,
Or Heaven unfolds in vision to the Muse,
The curious Artist caught, with care combined,
Fix'd as he found, and as he wrought refined,
Till rapt, the wave's proud offspring he outvies,
And bids a rival from the rock arise.
When Nature, watchful of the process, view'd
A form so lovely, from a mass so rude;
When, in the wond'rous work, she saw her own,
By Art outdone, and e'en excell'd in stone,
Amazed, she paused—confess'd the conquering fair,
Set her bright seal, and stamp'd perfection there.
Yet, while we view those beauties which might move
Immortal breasts, and warm a world to love,
No coarse emotions rise, no vulgar fires,
Profane the sacred passion she inspires;
Each sense refined to rapture as we gaze,
Like heav'ns pure angels, finds its bliss in praise.

" But see! where Taste extends her brightest crown,
Unclaim'd amid the contests of renown!
Lost, in the darkest night of time, his name!
By envious fate, defrauded of his fame,
The hand divine! to whose high pow'rs we owe
The noblest image of a God below!
Bright as on Pindus, crown'd by all the Nine,
Behold Apollo! Pythian victor shine!
With holy zeal, in Delphic splendour placed,
And still revered—an oracle of Taste!
He owns full tribute to his godhead given,
And finds on earth the homage feign'd in heav'n.
Not with more awful grace, as sung of yore,
That God himself his golden quiver bore;
When, o'er the Grecian host, in shafts of fire,
He pour'd swift vengeance at his priest's desire;
Erect his mien, with ease, the silver bow
Has just let fly its terrors on the foe;
While, with triumphant step, and eager eye,
He forward moves to see the monster die.
Majestic rising from its ample base,
The polish'd neck uniting strength and grace,
Bears the bright head aloft, and seems to shine,
The column of a capital divine!
n each light limb elastic vigour proves,
\ power immortal, and in marble moves;

A form divine, to heav'n's proportions just!
In grandeur graceful, as in grace august!
By Taste restored, on some celestial plan,
Drawn from the great original of man:
A cast recover'd of that mould divine,
That stamp'd heaven's image strong in every line,
When first as earth received him and revered,
The "paragon of animals" appear'd!

"Great shade of Genius! still decreed to raise
Our pride and wonder, yet elude our praise!
Say, from the skies, where'er by Phidias placed,
Thou takest high station 'mongst the sons of Taste,
While seraphs round, celestial wreaths bestow,
And hymn above thy name, unknown below;
Say, dost thou, pleased, from heaven's immortal bowers,
Behold on earth the triumph of thy powers?
Thy toil enshrined in Glory's temple view,
Through every age the idol of Virtú?
How oft! as o'er the waste of ages cast,
The light of learning seem'd to shew the past!
Has pious zeal exploring sought to raise
Thy reverend image to our mental gaze;
To rescue from oblivion's tide thy name,
And stamp it radiant on the rolls of Fame;
But vain the search, thou like a God dost shine,
On earth unknown, but in thy work divine.

"Nor less in characters of mortal mould,
The powers of Greece transcendent we behold;
The sage's, patriot's forms, attest her skill,
And all her godlike heroes triumph still.
See! on his club reclined, Alcides stand!
Holding the Hesperian plunder in his hand;
While slow relaxing, each charged muscle shews
A strength divine subsiding to repose.
Whate'er of wond'rous might in mortal frame,
Remotest legends have transferr'd to Fame,
The god-like shape surpasses, and appears,
With Atlas, worthy to sustain the spheres:
Or, cope with him, in holy writ renown'd,
Who shook the towers of Gaza to the ground.

"What wonders still the stores of Greece display!
What crowding deities demand the lay!
What forms of mythologic glory rise,
To justify the pride of Pagan skies!
In every attribute of Beauty glow,
And grace the elysium of Virtú below!
But vain the task! beyond the Muse's boast!
To trace Art's triumphs through the heathen host,
Or, mark what varied traits, in every line,
Discriminate their qualities divine.
As when disaster'd on Norwegia's strand
The wreck of some proud galley floats to land,
The rude inhabitants with rapture save
Each shatter'd fragment wafted on the wave,
And think, while grateful for the wealth supplied,
What better stores lie buried in the tide.
Thus, from the wreck of years, a sacred prize!
The rich remains of ancient Art arise;

And while in wonder rapt, our ruder age,
The trophies of the Grecian world engage,
We judge what splendours must her prime have graced,
When these are but the fragments of her Taste."

"Touch gently as thou fliest, O Time! with care
Approach those precious relics—prize and spare.
Long as thy course hath been, since first began
The reign of Nature, and the race of man;
Say, through the world's wide circuit, say, if aught
E'er charm'd thine eye, to such perfection wrought!
And thou, blind Chance! eventful power! whose sway,
Disordering life, sublunar things obey;
Thee too, the Muse, could aught of pray'r revoke
Thy random rage, or stay thy sudden stroke,
Would pray forbear, nor with rude hand deface
What ages can't supply, nor Art replace."

"Hail, awful shade! that o'er the mouldering urn
Of thy departed greatness lovest to mourn;
Deploring deep the waste where, once unfurl'd,
Thy ensigns glitter'd o'er a wond'ring world.
Spirit of ancient Greece! whose form sublime,
Gigantic striding, walks the waves of Time;
Whose voice from out the tomb of ages came,
And fired mankind to freedom and to fame;
Beneath thy sway how life's pure frame aspired!
How Genius kindled, and how Glory fired!
How Taste, refining sense—exalting soul,
Enfranchised mind from passion's course control!
Aroused to deeds, by heav'n and earth revered,
While all the majesty of man appear'd.
How vast our debt to thee, immortal Pow'r!
Our widow'd world subsists but on thy dower;
Like Caria's queen, our relict ages raise
But monumental trophies to thy praise!
Lo! from the ashes of thy arts arise,
Those phœnix fires that glitter in our skies;
Thy sun, long set, still lends a twilight ray,
That cheers our colder clime, and darker day;
Exhales high feelings from our glowing hearts,
Inflames our Genius and refines our Arts:
Still at thy shrine, the hero's vows aspire,
The patriot kindles there the purest fire;
Thy virtues still applauding ages crown
And rest on thy foundations their renown!
Beneath the mighty ruins of thy name,
We build our humbler edifice of Fame,
Collect each shatter'd part, each shining stone
Of thy magnificence, by Time o'erthrown,
Arrange the rich materials, rapt, amazed,
And wonder at the palace we have raised!"

But if Mr. Shee be carried away by the enthusiasm of his feelings when the ancient works of art become the subject of his pen, he is still more so when he calls our attention to the ancient authors themselves. We cannot forbear quoting from his description of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Rubens, whom he denominates the "Triumvirate of art."

"Though purest forms from ancient Greece we trace,
And in her Sculpture find the school of grace,

No trophies of her Pencil's power remain,
To prove in picture her coequal reign;
Else might the Muse her graphic triumphs own,
And vanquish'd Raphael abdicate the throne;
But now no more Compaspe's graces prove
Apelles' skill, and justify his love;
No more display'd in Helen's form divine,
By Zeuxis hand assembled beauties shine;
Nor longer his protective genius glows,
Who turn'd the fury of his country's foes,
When Rhodes, rejoicing in her rescued towers,
Beheld her best palladium in his powers.
Old Time, still partial to Ausonia's claim,
Suppress'd those ancient rivals of her Fame,
Fame on her brows the wreath of painting placed,
And what she lost in empire gave in Taste.

" Behold, sublimed to those high spheres of Art,
Where Fancy sways, and Passion strikes the heart;
Where Taste and Truth according functions fill,
And moral dignifies mimetic skill,
Rome's graphic sons superior palms demand,
And climes consenting crown the immortal band.

" Swift as the comet cleaves th' etherial way,
As bright his lustre, and as brief his day,
Urbino rising to the raptured eye,
Appear'd, and blaz'd, and vanish'd from the sky.
Monarch of Art! in whose august domains,
Colleagued with Genius, soundest Judgment reigns;
Simplicity prevails without pretence,
And Fancy sports within the bounds of Sense.
By Nature's hand with liberal bounty graced,
And proudly fashion'd for the throne of Taste,
Before his age he sprang to painting's prime,
And forced his tardy fruits from ripening Time.
'Twas his to choose the nobler end of Art,
And charm the eye subservient to the heart;
To strike the chords of sentiment—to trace
The form of dignity—the flow of grace;
The Passions protean empire to control,
And wield expression's sceptre o'er the soul.
Whate'er of life he touch'd, of youth or age,
The pious Saint, or philosophic Sage,
Whether, impressive in the bold design,
The rapt Apostle pour the word divine;
Or bright, on Tabor's summit, to the skies,
The God, in full transfigured glory, rise;
Whate'er the cast of character, his hand
Has all the moulds of Genius at command,
To Nature true, can each strong trait impart,
And stamp with Taste the sterling ore of Art.

" Next Buonaroti, rich in rival fame,
To crown whose brows, three Arts contending claim
Majestic Genius! from whose daring hand
Springs all that's great in thought, or action grand,
Whate'er can awe the soul on sacred plan,
Or strike stupendous in the powers of man:
In forms emaciate cramp'd, before his day,
The meagre muscle scarce appear'd to play,
The story's strength, the enervate action marr'd,
Man seem'd a sapless statue, stiff, and hard,

But torpid while the plastic lumber lay,
Prometheus like, he fired the lifeless clay,
Bade every limb enlarge—each breast expand,
And pour'd a race of giants from his hand.
Behold him, still as Genius prompts, impart
A bolder grace to each subservient Art,
While now the powers of Phidias he displays,
Now leaves Palladio but the second praise,
Whether he rears the Prophet's form on high,
Or hangs the dome enormous in the sky,
On painting's proudest pinion soars sublime,
Scales heav'n itself, and scorns the bounds of Time;
Through all his toils, triumphant vigour swells,
And grandeur in impressive glory dwells.
His fiery soul beyond this sphere of things,
To man's more awful scene hereafter springs;
With fearless hand unfolds the final state,
That closes the catastrophe of Fate;
Displays the pangs of guilt to vengeance hurl'd,
While heav'n's just sentence shakes the shudd'ring world.

But lo! from climes less genial, where the Muse,
With pride her Belgic trophies still reviews;
Rubens with spoils enrich'd—with honours graced,
Completes the great triumvirate of Taste;
High waves the proud Competition's flag unfurl'd,
And claims to share the homage of the world.
The powers of painting in his praise combine,
And wreaths unfading round his temples twine;
For him, Invention opens all her springs,
And Fancy wafts him on her wildest wings;
Her magic hand light Execution lends,
And Colouring her rich, tissued robe extends.
Whether, to heav'n devote, his skill divine.
Adorns, with sacred themes, the hallow'd shrine;
Or learn'd in Allegory's mystic maze,
The acts of Kings and Heroes he displays;
Whether, with nymphs and satyrs lured to rove,
He frolics, wild, in Pan's laugh-echoing grove;
The landscape spreads with light, luxuriant grace,
Or hunts in sylvan scenes, the savage race;
Whatever shape the graphic Proteus wears,
The full magnificence of Art appears;
All that the head can plan, or hand perform,
Delight in theory, or in practice charm.
Yet Genius, oft unequal found, by turns,
Now blazes fierce, and now as feebly burns;
In Rubens' course we trace each wide extreme,
Its dazzling lustre, and its doubtful gleam:
But though, like Avon's bard, his orb displays
Some darker parts amid the general blaze,
Struck by his splendours, each rapt eye admires,
For while we see his spots, we feel his fires.

"As petty chiefs fall prostrate, and obey,
While monarchs move their strength in proud array;
But when the pomp is past, the peril o'er,
Rebel against the rod they kiss'd before:
So, cavilling tribes who roam the graphic waste,
Scarce rescued from the savage state of Taste.
Assail the rights of Rubens, grudge his praise,
And talk high treason 'gainst the state he sways;

But, when triumphant crown'd in every part,
He moves in some vast enterprize of Art,
His lawful claims, licentious critics own;
And wondering painters bend before his throne."

It is said that all extremes meet, and if we mistake not, there is no writer who evinces the truth of the assertion more clearly than Mr. Shee. He is continually warning the artist against extremes, continually calling his attention to that happy medium in which excellence consists, and yet he is continually carried away by an enthusiasm, over which he seems to have no controul. The critic will naturally ask, what is to excite this enthusiasm? What is there in the profession of an artist to raise those energies, and awaken that fire without which we can never feel?

" Ce feu, cette devine flamme,
" L'esprit de notre esprit, et l'ame de notre ame,"

which is the soul of genius, and the genius of enthusiasm. We reply that, so far as we can form an opinion of Mr. Shee's mind from his poetical works, his enthusiasm seems to arise principally from an ardent attachment to truth and nature. Of both, he seems to be a zealous worshipper, wherever he meets them; and sacrifices to his devotion all his natural and acquired prejudices. He may be attached to a party, but the moment they depart from nature, he departs from them. He loves liberty and independence, but he despises the man who, under the mask of freedom, dares whatever virtue dares not do; or, in other words, who dares do more than may become a man. Hence it is, that though he has communicated a warmth and vigour to his diction, which nothing but the glow of enthusiasm can alone inspire, his attachment to truth and nature, not only prevents him from running into any vicious extreme, but prompts him to hold up to deserved infamy even those who belong to his favourite party, when they advance one step beyond the bounds within which virtue and rational liberty circumscribe their career. Of this we have a beautiful instance in the following passage:—

" Poured from your hand, let ancient story flow,
And Brutus breathing on your canvass glow;
Not he who stained, with Cæsar's blood his fame,
And in the assassin sunk the patriot's name;
But chaste Lucretia's bold avenger he,
Who fired by friendship—burning to be free,
High rais'd the reeking point—to heav'n address'd,
Warm from the wound in outrag'd beauty's breast;
In bursting rage his smoother'd soul betray'd,
And damn'd proud Tarquin to the infernal shade."

Had we something of this sterling stamp from the pen of Lord Byron, with how much greater interest should we peruse it, than the sickly and effeminate witticisms that characterize his Don Juan, and vainly seek to excite our risible faculties. Perhaps we cannot be always sufficiently grave to avoid smiling, but then we smile not at the poignancy of the wit, for the wit of Don Juan compared to Hudibras or Gil Blas, is like grin, or grimace compared to heart rending laughter; but we smile at the low condition to which the noble bard has reduced himself in acting the clown, or at least attempting to act it, when he could apply his genius to higher purposes, by addressing the nobler faculties of our nature, and present us with scenes fitted to call forth those emotions and passions which exalt our nature;—which we glory to avow, and which instead of degrading and ranking us with the monkey race, awaken all the dormant principles of greatness and of virtue which lurk within us, which in some men are more dormant than in others, but which in the generality of mankind require only the proper impulse to awaken them into flame. We cannot read a page of Mr. Shee's

"Elements of Art," without feeling this ennobling impulse: we cannot read a line in Lord Byron, without feeling ourselves degraded. Mr. Shee addresses himself to minds who feel they have worth and virtue, who feel there is something great and noble in human nature, and who will not suffer themselves to be identified with the monkey tribe: Lord Byron addresses himself to the upper gallery—to that noisy, bustling mob, who are as much acquainted with exalted feeling, as a cow is with a holiday. But let him enjoy the low triumph of which alone he seems ambitious: let him believe that unsophisticated nature and unsophisticated taste are to be found among butchers and the rabble alone; we envy him not the highest height, or, perhaps we should rather say, the lowest depths which he can reach in his reptile ambition; we have introduced him merely to shew the strong contrast, or rather the direct opposition that exists between exalted feeling (which necessarily implies not only the love of truth and nature, but the love of virtue), and that wreck of genius and of principle which, descending from the throne on which nature had placed it, feels no higher ambition than that of scraping and strutting before the lowest and basest of the base and low.

Perhaps it may be thought that Lord Byron is carried away by an impetuous impulse over which he can exercise no controul, while Mr. Shee is guided by the dictates of reason; but whoever thinks so attributes qualities to human nature of which it is incapable. No man ever was swayed by mental or sentimental passion, or precipitately urged forward by the impulse of refined feeling who was not virtuous to the core, and whoever is governed by mere physical or animal impulses, appears to us to be neither virtuous nor vicious: he approaches too near the brute to be held accountable for his actions. Through the entire of Mr. Shee's poetical works, we cannot discover a line that is capable of creating or exciting an uneasy sensation in the purest and chastest mind: in Lord Byron, whenever he is not palpably obscene or immoral, the seeds of obscenity and immorality, those lurking principles which he dare not avow, but which he cannot extinguish, are every where visible to the discriminating eye of taste and virtuous sensibility. As to poetic enthusiasm, it is idle to suppose that Lord Byron feels it for a moment: such an enthusiasm can reside only in the virtuous breast. If, therefore, he be actuated by any strong or powerful impulse, it is that of a savage, who must yield whether he will or not, to the ungovernable impetuosity of his own nature. The pugilist frequently feels impulses of a similar character, but such impulses are of too gross and animal a character to possess a single particle of enthusiasm. They arise from some immediate influence and last for a moment, while enthusiasm is a fixed and permanent habit of mind, arising from nature, virtue, sensibility, generosity, and greatness of mind. Lord Byron is always jealous of his contemporaries—always seeking to degrade them in order to exalt himself on the ruins of their fame: Mr. Shee, on the contrary, forgets himself altogether, and seems only to be inspired when he dwells on the praises, or points out the merits of those who have distinguished themselves in his own art. Lord Byron is jealous of poets alone, because they alone stand in competition with him: all authors may write stark nonsense without fearing the lash of his satire, or the poignancy of his ridicule; but Mr. Shee, so far from feeling this low envy, seems to acquire new vigour whenever the artist, not the art, the painter, not painting, becomes the subject of his muse. Petrarch is said to have been inaccessible to envy; instead of being jealous of his contemporaries, he sought to remove their animosities, and conciliate them in the bonds of mutual amity; but Foscolo attributes this happy disposition of mind to his acknowledged and undisputed superiority to all the writers of his age; and asserts that if he had a rival or superior, he would descend into the ranks of the envious tribe. With this opinion, we certainly cannot agree; and if we had no other proof that Foscolo himself was not a writer of the first

order, this assertion alone would be sufficient to convince us of it. He wrote as he felt, but he mistook the feelings of superior minds. Dr. Johnson is accused of being jealous of the reputation of many of the British poets, but surely no opinion can be more erroneous than to suppose, that he who detects the faults and inaccuracies of another must be jealous of his fame. No two virtues can stand opposed to each other, and the exercise of every duty is a virtue: if, then, it be the duty of the critic to discover blemishes as well as beauties, it is a virtue to do so, and the existence of this virtue cannot consequently imply either the absence of any other virtue, or the existence of any vice. Jealousy cannot, therefore, be attributed to him who seeks to improve the public taste by guarding it against the adoption of errors and mistaking them for real beauties, unless his manner of doing so proves its existence. Mr. Shee, however, must be allowed by all men to be free from this low and debasing passion. All men of merit are equally dear to him, whether they be of his own profession or not. It were good for authors, in general, if they adopted the advice which he gives them in the following lines:—

"Scorn the low passions which the Muse disgrace,
And stamp her sons an irritable race;
Nor e'er to self-stung jealousy submit,
That mental fiend, that pest of love and wit!
Which still with rancour of a rival hears,
Marks him a foe, and slanders while she fears.
In open, honest emulation claim
The palm of excellence, the prize of fame;
Unblamed the glorious contest, though you try,
A friend, or e'en a father to outvie;
But banish envy as a baleful guest,
The meanest, basest passion of the breast;
Which like the serpent brood in Sin's foul womb,
Still knaws the wretch's heart, who gives it room;
To its own shame each tortured sense employs,
Corrodes his peace, and poisons all his joys."

"Where envy sways, no virtue long survives,
Beneath that deadly night-shade nothing thrives:
No generous feeling can put forth a flower,
For Taste withstand its sterilizing power.

"The sons of Genius, like the Jews, we trace,
In every clime a kind of outcast race;
That prudence fears and flies, and fortune spurns,
And pride and folly persecute by turns:
For Mammon's sordid ministry unfit,
And hated for the heresy of wit;
Their pious zeal, the sects of dulness shew,
And all combine against the common foe.
Thus by an host assail'd, the tribes of mind,
Apollo's chosen people of mankind!
Should stand united in their own defence,
The steady guards of Virtue, Taste, and Sense;
One common cause, their heads, their hearts should own,
Nor madly point the shafts by malice thrown;
To pride and dulness, worth's strong hold betray,
And 'gainst themselves their frantic passions play;
Like ships in gales, that running foul, perform
The winds worst rage, and aggravate the storm."

It is a singular feature in Mr. Shee's poetical character, that while he tells the young artist *medio tutissimus ibis*, and warns him against

all extremes, he is the most zealous advocate for independence of mind and the rejection of authority. He wishes the artist and the poet to think for themselves, and not view their objects through the speculum of others; and yet he is continually pointing out the advantages of precept and example. On this subject we are satisfied that Mr. Shee's feelings are perfectly just, but we think he has not pointed out exactly how far we ought to consult authority, and how far we should be governed by our own feelings. Hence, he appears in some passages, if taken abstractedly, to think that

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
"As those move easiest who have learned to dance;"

and in others to reject art and authority altogether. It is clear, however, from the general tenour and bearing of his arguments, that his object is not only to shew the necessity, or rather the advantage of consulting authority and precedent, to form our taste and regulate our judgment, but the danger of being guided by either in actual practice. With this theory we perfectly agree, for though we are aware, that taste is no intuitive or instinctive quality, that we must consult the taste of those who have gone before us, and that

"Those move easiest who have learned to dance,"

yet we are equally aware, or at least it appears to us, that neither the artist nor the poet can hope for success, if he has precept and example always in view. There is no production of the mind but requires to be governed by laws peculiar to itself, and therefore he who would apply the laws of any other production to his own, or be governed by them, will always find himself mistaken. Mr. Shee's theory is, in a word, that the artist and the poet should consult authority, and be acquainted with the best models, but that in their own productions they should think and judge for themselves. When we say that this is his theory, we do not say that he has explained it so briefly and explicitly; but whoever peruses his "Elements of Art," can easily perceive that these are the principles he wishes to inclucate. When Mr. M'Dermot, therefore, in his "Dissertation on Taste," objects to Mr. Shee's rejection of authority, he very evidently mistakes his theory. As our limits will not permit us to extend our observations farther on Mr. Shee's poetical works, we shall conclude with the following tribute, which has been paid to him by Lord Byron in his "British Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It must be particularly gratifying to Mr. Shee, that he should happen to be one of the chosen few whose merits have been acknowledged by the noble bard.

"And here let Shee and genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
And trace the poet's or the painter's line;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
Or form the easy rhymes, harmonious flow,
While honours doubly merited attend
The poet's rival, but the painter's friend."

LETTERS FROM AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

No. II.

I PROMISED my reader to meet him at the foot of the statue of my gallant countryman, the Duke of Wellington. I viewed this collossal figure for a considerable time with the eye of a connoisseur, for "I am nothing if not critical," but I must not stop to make my readers acquainted with the result of my observations. I was surprised, I must confess, at one thing, namely, to find the Grecian hero not begirt with that armour, which has been immortalised by the pens, both of the Greek and Roman bards, and which was so stoutly contended for by Hector and Ulysses.* My astonishment did not arise from the intention of the artist in displaying a faithful copy of Achilles in all his fair proportions, but from the subscribing ladies having thus denuded their favourite of his martial trappings. The attitude of the figure has an inclination, which gallantry would interpret into one for the fair sex, and as "None but the brave deserve the fair," this is *fair* enough. Two admiring *belles* passed by at the instant, which diverted my attention, and I rode towards Kensington-gate. I overtook on my way Lord Derby Dangleton, whom I had formerly seen in Paris; I observed to him that there was a very fine show of his lovely countrywomen, both in carriages and in the long walk towards the gardens. "Stupid things!" exclaimed he, "they have neither witchery nor fascination, vivacity nor small talk." Here he hung half off his saddle, looked conceitedly and disdainfully around him, dropped the rein for a few seconds on his horse's neck, cocked his beaver on one side *à-la-parisienne*, and after going through the manual exercise of combing a huge display of hair on the opposite side to his hat, and plucking a fly off his cassacks, he began to hum

"Fleuve du Tage
Je quitte tes bords heureux;
A ton rivage
J'adresse mes adieux?"

I was just going to make my *adieux* to him, when, recovering from his *reverie*, he burst out into "dear Continent, thou art my delight: England is not the place for a man of taste; here is a fine park for you, but how *monotonne;* women, but how insipid; a public walk, but how *triste*. No it won't do; I must *order my wings* and be off for France and Italy; but, above all, dear, delightful Paris: that's the place." He now looked saucily through his glass at a girl of exquisite beauty, and of most modest appearance; "barn door!" said he, contemptuously, "No, d—— me, it won't do, Sir." A heel-motion now brought his horse into a canter: my Shamrock (so I named my horse) evinced symptoms of rebellion, and endeavoured to leave my Lord behind, but good breeding forbade such a thing; I reined him in, and he trotted and fumed with me until we got to the guard-house, where he again capered and pranced, threw pebbles over Lord Derby's *castor*, and we turned up the ride again. "A frisky fellow, your Irishman," said he; "if I had him I would soon take the shine out of him: he is quite above his work."—"That," replied I, "you might also, perchance, do to your Irish tenants (he having an estate in Pat's-land) but he is not a bit too much for me. I never discourage the national spirit, when, as you see, it is only playful instead of being dangerous; but if you were to overwork him, and underfeed him, no doubt he would be a different animal."—"*Comme vous le vouliez*," answered my Lord, requiring a foreign ally to come into his aid. I endeavoured on our return up the ride to convince him

* Nor could I possibly forget the line which struck me so forcibly when a boy—*Arma viri fortis medios mittuntur in hostes, &c.*

that there was every foreign amusement, nay, every foreign vice in London, which his Lordship possibly could wish for at Paris, Florence, Naples, or Vienna. "D—— Vienna!" said he, "the three first *à la bonne heure*, but none of your cold places for me; it makes a man look blue, do you see."—"And the others make him black sometimes," retorted I. "*N'importe*," he resumed, "I wish I was at either of them; but pray where will you find the circles, the saloons, the *soirees* and reunions, the mysterious meetings, and the foreign gay theatricals in London?"—"At a hundred noblemens' and gentlemens' houses; at dowagers and demireps; at the *Rouge et noire* tables, which disgrace the metropolis," quoth I; "at the *boulotte* table in Bury-street; the increasing French houses continually establishing in London: at the Opera-House and the Argyll; and at the parties of *incurables* who are afflicted with gallamania, the languid habits of Italy, and who consume their properties in the desirable societies of foreign singers, dancers, actors, actresses, gamesters, and *intriguantes*."—"Bah, bah!" articulated Lord Derby, imitatively. "Yes, we have two or three foreign theatres, a few gaming tables ill attended, and here and there a house where fashions are imported from Paris; but they want spirit, freedom, *gaieté*. They are so much *a l'Anglaise*, that they only serve to whet the appetite for migration; so *bon jour mon ami*, we cannot agree upon these points. I hope we shall meet to night at Lady Katherine's *soireé*; and so man and horse farewel." Shamrock began to kick, but I again tamed him, and "smiling as in scorn," turned my back upon my giddy acquaintance.

I had now to make an evening call before dinner (for Hesperus had arisen upon my airing) on a cousin of mine, Lady O'Trump. She had not yet quitted her downy couch, but on sending up my name she insisted on my waiting, assuring me, per lady's woman, that she would throw on a wrapper in five minutes, and come down stairs directly. Five quarters chimed upon her timepiece before my *gentle* coz made her appearance in a wrapper of cambric, trimmed with the lace of Valenciennes, a pair of satin shoes, tied round her ancles with ribbond, and a handkerchief of embroidered muslin twisted round her head, and tied in a bow over one eye. This was her *negligé*—her morning dress—her five minutes *toilette*—not to forget the profusion of glossy curls in the front of her head, whilst the other tresses were confined in papers. What must have been her dress for dinner? and, most probably, a third arrangement of captivation for the ball or *soireé*. She told me that she had a thousand things to say to me, and, unfortunately she kept her word. She wished to make me *au fait* as to the town, to direct my taste and appetite at the same time, to point out to me a couple of houses where a meeting of genuine *gastronames* took place weekly, to inform me of those of her acquaintance who had the best cooks, to let me into the secrets of a Nabob's cellar, who had a trick of keeping back his best wine for the heel of the evening, to warn me against the *ecartè* of a certain square, to advise me to pay great attention to a certain rich heiress, whom I thought detestable, to beg that I would not believe one word which Mrs. Mendax might say to me about herself, to treat me with all the scandal of the town, and, in conclusion, to engage me to give her my arm at an "*at home*" in Portland-place. Her last words were, "To how many parties are you engaged to-night?"—"Two," said I, "a dinner and a private concert."—"Oh! that's all, (bridling) that's nothing; you can easily then devote an hour to me, one in the morning will do, for I am only going for form's sake." I promised to obey; and now found other five quarters of an hour mispent. My groom had led Shamrock up and down so often that he exhibited none of that fire and sprightliness which he had displayed in the park. The animal was, like myself, a novice in town, the fatigues of which suited neither of us. "Poor fellow!" said I, "who or what would not be worn out and dispirited by waiting at the doors of the great, at being thus kept in fatiguing attendance for no purpose, without the object of sport,

exercise, or recreation in view?" I cantered home, but Shamrock shook his head frequently on the way, and was as tame as Lord Dangleton seemed to have wished him some hours before. I found my servants at their supper at my dressing time; for, although I kept bad hours, the establishment was orderly as to meal time, save only the exceptions of the upper servants, who got *gentlemanly* drunk over a collation at a later hour, and played at cards until I came in in the morning. I arrived too late for dinner, blushing and apologizing, but as I soon found that this was *du bon ton*, this was my maiden and last apology.

At the morning shew of *belles* in Hyde Park I had observed a profusion of French hats and bonnets, but at the dinner and concert all was French dresses, head ornaments, gloves, shoes; the manner of wearing the shawl, the borrowed affectation of the fair: this brought to my mind the advice of appearing any thing but what I was. The same counsel had been unnecessary to these *elegantes*. When half past twelve arrived, I escaped from the gay scene, well aware that I was not missed, for I was not a virtuoso, a man so powerfully rich that mothers might cast a hawk's eye at me for their daughters. I bore not a title, which affluent low birth or insignificance might incline to pension for life, or to purchase for self and heirs in succession. I bore no badge on my breast of embroidery to dazzle ambition, and I was not known to above one-tenth of the company. It was my effort to please and to seem pleased in return, for which I overheard some old stagers of fashion, and some declining beauties say (I thought a little too loudly), "Who is he? Do you know his name? He is a well dressed man: who did he come with?" A whisper next intervened, and a depreciating remark of, "I believe he is an Irish gentleman." All this I bore patiently, praised every thing, was gratified by the music, and made a decent retreat. On my way to my stylish cousin, Lady O'Trump's, I could not help feeling a certain void of comfort and amusement, from which a small circle of sincere friends, domestic harmony, rational and instructive conversation, or genuine mirth and festivity would have relieved me: but I was a stranger, although in a neighbouring land, and under the same king and laws as when at home, and I made up my mind to gain experience, and to be content when I could, and patient where I must. Her Ladyship kept me waiting for half an hour; she was giving the last *blush* of youth to a cheek which it had long flown from, the last twist to a favourite lock of hair, and an increased spark to an eye, which late hours and dissipation had dimmed. She was splendidly attired, and was completely what the French term *une femme superbe*. I was commanded to dismiss my carriage, and to accompany her in her *vis a vis*, behind which two footmen mounted, averaging about thirteen feet between them, the lofty laced hat included, and bearing weapons offensive and defensive, which might have caused them to be mistaken for Pole—ish gentry. They played their part admirably, for *Jupiter intonans* was nothing to the thunder which they raised at the door of the lady "at-home," peals of which were kept up with infinite spirit for whole hours, amid the press of carriages, the emulation of coachmen, the dread of pickpockets, the vigilance of police men, and the crowd and coxcomicality of a batallion of fellows in livery. Is this pleasure, thought I, are *we* at home, or is *any* lady *at home* here? The staircase was masqueraded into a grove, one room was a conservatory, another seemed like the Temple of Flora: here the flowering myrtle reminded me of Italy; there the orange trees were like scenes in Portugal or the South of France; one alley conducted you to the Cape of Good Hope, another avenue led you to a bower of roses; painted windows marked the sacred aisle, and transparences cut us off from the prospect of a town. I lost a little money at cards, and a little time in chit chat with Lord Derby Dangleton; but I must say, that the features of one card-table contradicted his assertion as to his country-women's wanting spirit, and the flippancy of other females far ex-

ceeded *small* talk, the want of which he had complained of. My cousin now joined me on a sofa, and informed me that she had heard a great deal in my favour, which she had endeavoured to improve by doubling my rent-roll, a piece of duplicity which I requested her not to practice again. It was asserted that I was easy and good natured, and evidently had travelled, but I yet wanted a little brushing up; (did they mean to get rid of the dust of the Emerald Isle?) "A little touch of affectation," she observed, "would be of service, and a becoming pride."—"Your humble servant," replied I. "Yes," continued she, "a degree of pride is as *necessary* as a drawing-room suit." She now bade me order her carriage, and she set me down at my door; one can bear a *set down* from a lady. Well, thought I, on retiring to rest, pride is not in fashion at *my* home, but it may be useful in travelling, for I see many a one get on most astonishingly by it, doubtless because

"Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

I must try what I can do with it, and with this I fell asleep. Good night, Mr. Editor, Ladies and Gentlemen all.

I remain,
Yours most sincerely,

THE SIGH AND TEAR.

PATIENCE to Sorrow cried, one day,
"Tell me, my mournful sister, pray,
Thy twin-born offspring, which most dear,
Etherial Sigh, or glittering Tear?
Which doth most feelingly express,
Grief, pity, pain, and tenderness?
If forced to part with one, pray who
Should still await, soft nymph, on you?"
"Alas!" the pensive parent cried,
"That were an evil choice to bide,
My fairy ministers, sweet pair!
So subtly formed, so sadly fair.
Delicious gem-like, crystal Tear,
Transparent, silvery, lustrous, clear.
Sparkling on childhood's cheek of bloom,
Or shed by woe at friendship's tomb;
Or aiding beauty's witching wile,
In company with sunny smile;
The smarting flow from passion's eye,
The balmy dew of sympathy.
Sigh hath a tone more hush'd and holy,
More plaintive, meek, and melancholy;
Unostentatious, deep, profound,
Cadence of heart, thought-shapen sound!
A bosom-pang that bursts controul,
A gliding, soft, escape of soul;
Constant, sincere, serene, intense,
It speaks with thrilling eloquence;
Eludes the world's deriding eye,
All truth, and all timidity.
Heart searching power of aspect mild,
THOU,—Thou art sorrow's favourite child.

ARIA.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"Hark! peals the thunder of the signal gun."——BYRON.

THE day had been particularly fine, and I stood admiring the departure of the sun as he was rapidly retiring from the surface of the ocean, whose watery ridges were beautifully crimsoned with his parting beams; when my attention was attracted by a group of peasants, who were silently watching the appearance of something on the boundless deep, though its distance rendered it as yet scarcely discernible. I turned my eyes towards the object which had so firmly fixed their attention, and in a short time beheld a vessel sailing in gallant trim before the breeze, which filled her canvass. After observing it for a considerable time, I saw it stop suddenly in its course, and the sails, which but a minute before were swelled out by the wind, hang motionless, while the streaming pennon curled itself round the mast. From the conversation of some old men who stood by me, I found her situation was by no means enviable. One, who by his silver hairs and hoary look seemed to be the senior of the party, was remarking to his neighbour—"Say what you will, Davy, but I like not the look of yon sky; those little clouds bode no good to the dweller on the salt seas; and for my part, I'd rather pass a week of nights in St. Edmund's Turret, where the ghost of Esterling is for ever crying out, 'Beware! Edmund, beware!' than I would be now upon those sleepy waves." The person who stood next him, and whom I had concluded to be a fisherman, from the old and tattered jacket which he wore, added to the foreboding remarks of the first speaker—"Aye, aye, I ween ye speak the truth, and may I never draw net again if some harm comes not to yon brig before midnight. I well remember, when forty years ago last March, the 'Bonny Gilderoy,' stuck in the same place. She little knew her danger, nor thought that rocks were there, because she did not see them, but the first squall pitched her bows under, and in half an hour she was shivered plank from plank. I shall never forget that day, nor the song which mad Wilson, as he was called, made the same day. Hold now, you shall hear it, unless my memory be buried with him who made it."

The old fisherman proceeded to sing in a voice by no means musical, yet suited well to the song itself, and to the scenery around.

THE BONNY GILDEROY.

The winter's snow was on the ground,—
  The winds of March blew cold,—
The gallant sun refused to shine,
  To waste his beams of gold.
The sea look'd wild, the sky look'd dark,
  Loud was the sea-gulls joy;
When from the west, on the billows breast,
  Came the Bonny Gilderoy.

Anon the slumb'ring winds arose
  And swept the briny sea,
The waves that long lay still and dead,
  Now danced right merrily;
They beat against the rugged rocks,
  Aye threat'ning to destroy,
But careless still, of good or ill,
  Sailed the Bonny Gilderoy.

The thunders shook the murky sky,
The forked lightnings flash'd,
While loud the sparkling billows roar'd
That o'er the [illegible] dash'd.
Then danger [illegible] aloft,
And [illegible] in full employ,
For the lightning past, and struck the mast,
Of the Bonny Gilderoy.

And then the piercing shriek was heard,
Mix'd with the oceans roar,—
For all was lost, and the gallant ship
Shall plough the waves no more.
Full many a corse was cast on shore,
The ravens to decoy,
Which hovering flew round the lifeless crew
Of the Bonny Gilderoy.

The song was scarcely ended when a rough looking sailor, who had been all along gazing from the heavens to the sea, and then to the ship, exclaimed aloud, "Hold your noise, Tom, we shall have enough of noise presently, for there goes the cormorant and the gull; and if the black clouds deceive me not, we shall soon hear the cries of man mixed with their cursed croaking, and the roar of the dashing breakers; so bear a hand, let's down and make safe the skiffs—there's no time to lose with so wild a sky above, and so still a sea below us." With that he bounded off, followed by his companion, and they were soon lost amidst the windings of the rocks.

This seemed to be the signal for the whole to depart, and in a short time I was the only one left, except indeed a young man, who till now had escaped my observation, and who was leaning against an old wall a short way off, with his arms folded and apparently regardless of every thing, save the vessel, upon which he had fixed his eyes immovably. But the darkness of the night, which now came on apace, concealed him from me, and I fancied he had, following the example of the rest, retired to his home. The moon now rose, but the scud which swept wildly over the horizon only permitted it to be seen at intervals, while the largeness and paleness of the halo with which it was surrounded evidently indicated the approach of a storm; which was confirmed by the awful stillness which reigned on earth. The few withered leaves which still clung to the branches rustled with a fearful motion; while the waves came slowly to the shore, and sent forth a low and hollow sound as they beat against the cliffs, or flowed over the shells and pebbles of the coast.

Darkness now asserted her power uncontrouled. No object could be discerned save here and there a faint glimmer which shone through the window of the cottager, and even that was hardly distinguishable; for the inmates had well nigh excluded all light, by crouding round its source, where they sat either silently gazing at each other, or else relating some doleful narrative, of itself sufficient to terrify the superstitious peasants without the assistance of the portending elements. Many a tale of most terrifying description had already been told, and many more but half related was deprived of its conclusion, and cut short on the verge of its melancholy catastrophe by a loud blast of wind, which threatened destruction to half the village, and the flying open of the doors announced to those within the arrival of the storm they had been fearfully expecting. The rain, at the same time, began to descend; at first in a few large drops which pattered mournfully against the windows, and increased in a minute to the tempest shower: — the lightning flashed faintly along, and the rumbling of the thunder was heard at a distance. Though every flash grew more vivid than that which had pre-

* The name of a chain of hidden rocks, where the scene of the present narrative is laid.

ceded it, and every peal became louder and louder; while the intervals between each was filled up with the whistling of the wind, and the roar of the breakers, which had now risen to considerable violence.

Nothing could be well greater than the contrast which, at this time, existed between the tumult without, and the silence within doors. For each sat silent and motionless as a statue; or if any one ventured to speak it was done in so subdued a tone, that it sounded but as a whisper, and even then the speaker seemed afraid of infringing upon the rights of the maddened elements. But this lethargy was not doomed to last long, for we were soon roused from it by the thrilling report of the signal gun, which broke upon the ear with an awful echo, and seemed possessed of electric power — again, once—twice—thrice the signals were heard in rapid succession; and now the idea of fellow-beings being in danger roused all from the stupor which the first report cast them into. Each forgot for a while the tempest which a few minutes before had filled them with fear, and rushed toward the shore. By the time I had reached it, the beach was covered with those who being better acquainted with the ways, had got there before me. But no one could do more than express his feelings in sudden ejaculations, as the lightning or the flashes from the guns, which now kept up an incessant firing, revealed the vessel to his view, where she might be seen struggling between two sharp rocks, which rose upon each side of her, and against which the angry breakers beating caused the surf to cover the ship every minute. The people on the shore, either stood motionless with fear, or ran madly from place to place along the rocks, to catch a glimpse if possible of the stranger vessel, for to render her any assistance in her present situation was altogether impossible. However, to do all that might be done, two small boats were brought forward, and a liberal reward offered to any who would be hardy enough to risk their lives for the preservation of others. Instantly one of them was occupied by a young man whom, by the glare of a torch, I recognised to be the same that I had seen at night-fall gazing so attentively on the vessel. The boat darted o'er a wave and was lost from sight in a moment. By the flash of the guns we could still distinguish the brig whenever the surf, which now rose to a tremendous height, presented a clear passage; but the little skiff seemed to have disappeared for ever, and it was given up for lost by most persons. However, after waiting in painful suspence for several minutes, it was again observed wearing to its object, and a shout from the vessel announced that the crew had recognised the intrepid hero who had come to their assistance. But fate seemed determined to thwart all human efforts, for a heavy swell, accompanied with a resistless squall of wind, forced the ill-fated vessel against one of the rocks she had so long avoided; and, from the confused noise which ensued, we understood, alas! too well that she was wrecked—that all was passed. Darkness now completely veiled every object from our sight, and the next flash of lightning shewed us the ship, though still together, yet laid completely on her beam-ends, and washed by every wave.

About an hour after the storm began to abate, and the moon peeped through the clouds at intervals. We still continued on the beach in hopes of being able, every minute, to gain some information concerning the wreck; but we waited in vain; the vessel still remained immovable, and the fragments which floated ashore had nothing on them from which we might learn her name or place of destination. Midnight arrived, and we were well repaid for all our anxiety by the appearance of our little skiff, emerging from the waves with its gallant charge, and two other persons. We hailed it with all our might, but our joy was considerably damped on receiving no answer. A minute brought it to where we stood, but its cargo was stiff; one had ceased to breath—the generous youth, indeed, was still alive, but the power of utterance was gone, and ere morning he also was a corpse. While the third, the maid he loved, and whom he had rescued from a watery grave, at the expence of his own life, survived but a week, and now rests beside him in the church-yard of St. D——.

Delta.

DICK SPOUTER; OR, HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR.

"Make way there, ho! a group of players come,
Hark! to their drums and trumpets—give them room;
We'll have right royal sport my merry masters;
Here's one that swears he'll play us any thing."——*Old Play.*

"What can be pleasanter than the profession of a player? Sir, there is nothing like it; an actor's life presents a constant succession of variety; he lives in a scene of delusion, dispensing delight to thousands, and inhaling in return the grateful incence of their praise; he is

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form;
The observed of all observing."

"Wherever he goes the public eye is on him, and the utmost importance is attached to his most trivial actions. Your poets are but secondary beings; 'tis true, they have the merit of invention, but what are their conceptions if not embodied by the actor? The genius of the one is confined within the limits of imagination; like the figures of a phantasmagoria, his hero's are only reflected on the curtain of our fancies, till the other enters on the scene, and turning the airy nothing's into flesh and blood, gives to the entire representation a startling reality." Such was the eulogium on an actor's life, pronounced some years since, by my stage-struck friend, Dick Spouter, as I in vain endeavoured to persuade him to abandon the idea of following the profession of a player, for which, notwithstanding his wit, and other most companionable qualities, I could not but consider him to be totally unfitted. "All that you have said, my dear Dick," said I, "is no doubt very fine, and perhaps very true. The life of a favourite actor, I grant you, glides on pleasantly enough, once he has passed the grand ordeal of public opinion. Indeed, I believe there is no description of talent so much courted, or so well paid in these times, as that of a successful actor; but turn the picture for a moment, and fancy the reverse. Do but imagine a man full of immortal longings after histrionic fame, but without the slightest particle of talent to imitate human nature, and your good sense can scarcely present to you a more ridiculous figure. Behold him in the act of 'tearing a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,' groaned at by the boxes, hissed by the galleries, pelted by the pit (here Dick gave an involuntary shudder), made the laughing stock, in short, of all his friends and acquaintances. A poet," I continued, "may pass muster, although his verses are as poor as chicken broth; a briefless lawyer has generally something to commend him on the score of wit or waggery, even if his legal knowledge were insufficient to supply him with powder for his wig; a bad painter, or a crazy musician, carry something about them to redeem their absurdity, but a player, without talent, is of all hounds the dullest. He is a black sheep among men; 'a tainted wether of the flock.' No, no, my dear Dick, if you regard your own interest, and the advice of one who sincerely wishes you well, you would try any thing on sooner than the sock or buskin: for, be assured that, excepting in the instance of a few gifted persons, who have risen into sudden eminence by the mere effort of their natural abilities, the profession of an actor is, of all others, the most hazardous to attempt, and the most laborious to pursue; and, as I once heard from an eminent performer, who is still in the enjoyment of a merited reputation, 'it is not till the mental and bodily faculties of a player are on the decline, that he begins to understand his profession.' In short, my dear Dick," I added, "there are so many difficulties to be encountered, and such various crosses and vexations to be endured, ere a man can arrive at any thing like a respectable rank in the profession, that unless you had talent the most decided

to start with, and even then, such is the capricious and uncertain nature of public taste, that you could not be certain of success. I, for one, should give my decided vote against your pursuing this line of life." Dick, who had heard me to the end with tolerable patience, finding it in vain to alter my opinion, or to gain my approval to his favourite scheme, gave up the task of combatting my arguments, and merely added, "I regret that I am obliged to disagree with you, my good Sir, but my resolution being fixed, your advice unfortunately comes too late, as I have made up my mind to leave London to night, for the purpose of making a provincial tour previous to the opening of Old Drury, where I have no doubt of obtaining a first-rate engagement. Indeed, my own anticipations of success," he added, with the most self-satisfied look, "are considerably strengthened by the opinion of several amateur friends, who have witnessed my performance of some of Shakspeare's top characters. Among others I may mention the names of Lord Frederick Fustian, Sir Richard Rant, and Major Monthit, with whom I had the honour to play at Cheltenham and elsewhere; and, between us both, I cut them all out. None of them were fit to tie my shoe strings. Had you but seen me as Hamlet, in my cut velvet dress and black bugles, you would have said—

'How well he looks the prince; his lofty air
Gives full assurance of his high degree:
Nobility to others lends a grace,
But he, methinks, reflects a lustre on it.'

Sir, they were all mad, down-right mad with envy at the thought of my plucking their laurels; and, would you believe it! the Hon. Augustus Featherbrain, who played Horatio to me, finding that I threw his talents so completely into the shade, had the meanness to try to put me out several times, by pretending to forget his cue; and, when he found that I was too perfect in my part to be disconcerted by his blunders, he actually trod on my corn, as if by accident, at a most particular passage, of which he knew I meant to have given a new reading. The pain I felt brought the tears into my eyes; but I never flinched, and thus instead of enjoying my mortification, he was obliged to stand by, the unwilling witness of my glory." —"After this flourish, my dear Dick," said I, "I shall add no more than merely to wish you every success; but where, may I ask you, do you propose to make your public *debût?*" — "I did intend," said Dick, "to have started at once in London; but, as Henry VI. says, 'I did not wish to be the cause of civil broils.' After my first appearance, I am fully aware that the two rival establishments would go to loggerheads about me, to try which should claim me as its own; and then I should be the talk of the town, and every one would be pointing at 'the great Mr. Spouter.' Besides, I have no particle of envy in my composition, and I did not think it altogether a fair business to eclipse established merit. Kean, Young, and Macready, are deserving actors in their way; but comparisons might be drawn to their prejudice, and I wish to avoid every thing that tends that way—for these reasons I have fixed upon Bath as my starting-post, and thither I shall proceed to night: and if you look in the papers towards the close of next week, you will see the account of my *debût*. I appear in my favourite character, Hamlet, and I anticipate the most complete success. How I shall astonish the natives: the town shall teem with my praise, and the critics shall laud me to the skies. Nothing like it since the time of Garrick's first appearance in Goodman's-fields. I shall be the stare, the talk, the go!

'I will astonish even Garrick's shade,
On Kemble's brows the laurel'd wreath shall fade,
Young, Kean, Macready, shall no longer blaze;
Ye lesser stars hide your diminished rays!'"

"Bravo! Dick," cried I, "you are certainly inspired." — "Inspired," my dear Sir," he answered, "how can I be otherwise. I'd positively give fifty pounds that you should be present, how would your unworthy

doubts and scruples vanish into air, 'thin air.'"—"I have no longer any doubts," answered I, "as to the sensation you will produce; but tell me, my dear Dick, is your mind absolutely made up to try your chance in tragedy? Perhaps a previous attempt in genteel comedy would be an advisable step prior to your grand essay."—"Genteel comedy!" reiterated Dick, with the most contemptuous smile, "my good Sir, how very grovelling are your ideas on these subjects. No, no; tragedy, immortal tragedy for me;

'I love the sad and sentimental queen
Of sighs and tears, and her will I invoke.'

Besides, my wardrobe, on which, by the way, I have expended a good round sum, is purely tragic: every thing splendid and *unique*. Such robes, such feathers, such stars and spangles! had I met you sooner I would have regaled your eyes with the sight, but my luggage is already in Bath, and I am all impatience to be after it. I shall be so busy during my stay; however, and so bored with complimentary visits, that I cannot give you the promise of a letter: the newspapers must satisfy you as to my success, for soon

'Through all the island will the tidings fly,
And ev'ry tongue will echo—have you seen him?
When shall he be here? which of the city gates
Shall open to receive him?'"

"Hallo! waiter, bring the bill; time presses and I must be off." The bill was brought, and Dick and I, after a mutual interchange of good wishes, took our several ways, he to gather imperishable laurels in Bath, and I to the silence of my chamber, to indulge my musings on the all-confident and vivacious spirit from which I had just parted.

Poor Dick! thou wert then in the hey-day of thy spirits; a fine, gay, lively fellow, with a purse as light as thy heart, admired and courted by all who knew thee; but

"Where be thy flashes of merriment now,
That were wont to set the table in a roar?
Quite chop-fallen!"

Chance first threw me into the way of Dick, and I know not how it was, he had the knack above all the men I ever knew of taking you, as it were, by surprise; you should, like him do your best against it. There was something so easy, and withal so pleasant, in his manner, that you must have acknowledged he was the most captivating fellow in the world. I remember the first day I met him was at Tom Bate's. Tom was a pleasant soul in his way; he had a certain dry method of his own that gave an admirable effect to his comical stories. But Dick! Dick was a Chameleon, and displayed as many different degrees of humour in the course of an hour, as that fanciful animal is said to exhibit colours in the day. I was never fond of making acquaintances; indeed, I believe, I am remarked for a certain formality of manner, which I most likely inherit from my mother, whose ancestors came originally from Spain, but the deuce was in the fellow, there was no getting over him. The glance of his eye was sufficient to melt the very starch in the frill of a Spanish grandee. It was useless to look cold upon him, for the mercury in his constitution rose higher in frosty weather. Some called him a rattle, and others a mad cap, but none could deny him the palm of pleasantry. For my own part, I was not twenty minutes in his company, till I found that I loved him; and from that day I felt an interest in his future fortunes for which I could not easily account. I saw him the child of genius, ardent, aspiring, and full of hopes; if this young man's talents, I have said, take but a right direction, he will probably shine in the world. But I too well knew that a spirit like his was just as likely to pursue a wrong course; and I sighed as I thought on the fate which too commonly attends unguided genius.

I had for some time suspected his predeliction for the stage, and I augured no good from his connection with some young men of rank and fashion, who were distinguished in the higher circles as amateur actors. My suspicions were further strengthened, by observing among his books, a new edition of "Mrs.

Inchbald's acting plays;"—"Shakspeare's tragedies;"—"Siddons on gesture and action," and "The Thespian Preceptor." His chambers too, exhibited every mark of a theatrical propensity. In one corner lay the robes of Richard, in another the dress of Macbeth, while the inky cloke of Hamlet occupied a more conspicuous situation. The walls exhibited numerous portraits of celebrated performers, in their favourite characters; under each of which was written, by the pencil of Dick, a brief panegyric on their respective merits. In short, every thing I saw in his apartments convinced me of the new excitement which his spirit had received. His manner and appearance, I also observed, had undergone a considerable change; his pace was exactly squared to the gait of a tragedian, at the moment of his deepest musings. His air was lofty and reserved; and he spoke in blank verse, occasionally embellished by some apt quotation from some of the many plays he was continually studying. His slightest remarks on the commonest topics were delivered with pompous precision; and his most trivial actions displayed theatrical dignity. In fine, his whole manner and air gave an admirable picture of the mock heroic. It seemed that he was suddenly seized with a desire to take on the grand and melancholy, and disdaining the buskin of the laughter-loving Muse, he assumed the sock, and wrapped himself in the robes of her graver sister. To his intimates, however, and that he was kind enough to consider me one, was sufficiently proved by his asking my opinion on his favourite scheme (although, by the way, he had previously determined to adopt his own), he laid aside, in some measure, his newly acquired reserve, and on the occasion of his flight to Bath, he seemed so far elated with his subject, as to throw into his discourse a dash of his former pleasantry.

I remember calling at his lodgings one day, when I surprised him rehearsing, with stentorian lungs, the part of Richard, which he had undertaken to play at one of the minor theatres, "for the benefit of the widow, and five children of a deceased professional gentleman." He motioned to a chair as I entered, and I sat me down, in sad civility, to listen to his ravings: unfortunately, however, "I am nothing if not critical," and I therefore begged leave to object to his using certain contortions of face and body, which I conceived completely outstepped that golden rule which Hamlet endeavours to impress upon the players, but which he was pleased to assure me were admirable points. Poor fellow! it was a pity after all to damp his ardour; but, had I not interposed, I verily believe that the vehemence of his action in depicting his supposed encounter with Richmond, would heve been fatal to his landlady's china, for the poker, which he flourished in lieu of a sword, was taking a fine sweeping direction towards the brittle ware, when, by a fortunate movement of my cane, I luckily averted the threatened blow. It was then that, seeing his total incapacity to raise any other sensation in an audience than absolute derision, I ventured, with due timidity, to assure him that, however bountiful nature had been to him in other respects, she had not, in my poor judgment, bestowed on him the slightest particle of theatrical talent. "Let not the opinion, or the advice of others, my dear Dick," said I, "encourage you in this pursuit, for which, be assured, you are by no means fitted. I ought to know something of these matters, for I have lived long enough, not only to have witnessed the dawning of Kemble's genius, but to have beheld the great Garrick ere his was on the wane: his voice is still in my ears, and his figure is now before me. That picture there bears him some faint resemblance; but no painter can give you an adequate idea of Garrick as Zanga, in which character he is there represented. I remember having heard it said, that Young made considerable alterations in this tragedy, in compliance with the suggestions of that great man. The first scene, in particular, was nearly re-written, as the entrance of Zanga, in the original, was delayed to the second act, which did not agree with the taste of Garrick, who loved to produce an early, as well as a strong impression. Kean, who completely fails in sus-

taining the dignity of Zanga, reminds me, notwithstanding, much more forcibly of Garrick, than Kemble did, even in his best days. His hurried entrance, in particular, during the raging of the storm, accords more, not only with the acting of the "mighty master" in that particular part, but in my opinion, with the spirit of the character itself, than the stately and measured step of Kemble previous to his delivery of the opening speech. But these remarks, which have been suggested by the view of that picture, are beside our present question."—"Well then," said Dick, "although I perceive you are tinctured by the prejudices of the old school, I should wish you to tell me candidly what you think of my talents as an actor.

'Nothing extenuate nor set down aught
In malice.'"

"I thank you for the hint," said I, "but as I have already offered you my opinion, I have only to repeat it now. You have not, in my poor judgment, the slightest notion of describing a passion, or delivering a sentiment; your utterance and action 'out Herod, Herod!' in fact. they outrage all propriety. You seem to mistake fury for force, and bombast for dignity; your acting has not even the merit of being a laughable burlesque on tragedy: for it partakes more of the ravings of insanity, than the rantings of a buffoon: it is a strange infatuation, this turn for the theatricals." I added, "I have known in my time, many excellent young men who were filled with the same delusion, which generally ended in their joining some strolling company. I would not have you, my dear Dick, be equally misled, as your friend Hamlet says to his mother,

'Lay not the flattering unction to your soul.'

That you are in the possession of talents which you do not own. You perceive I speak home to you, my young friend; but you should not reject a wholesome medicine, because it happens not to please your palate. The feeling of charity is always to be commended; and therefore, I give you full credit for the motive which has, no doubt, influenced you in espousing the cause of the widow and her five children; but the world is inclined to be censorious, and your vanity will be charged with an act which is due to a more commendable feeling."—"I despise the world," said Dick, "and am equally regardless of its praise or censure. With regard to your opinion of my talents, I thank you for the pains you have taken to discover my possible defects, but

'By the faith of man I know my price.'

I feel that in acting I am destined to excel, and that in time the unanimous voice of an admiring people will hail me as a brilliant star. But my hour is almost come," he added, looking at his watch, "Sir Robert Ranter, and my friend the Major promised to meet me this evening at the theatre; we are to have a dressed rehearsal, and Lady Betty Bunt assured me, by her fair hand, that she would not fail to be present.

'Limbs do your office and support me well,
Lead me but to her—then fail me if you can!'"

But I turn from this digression, and resume my narrative. Five years had elapsed from the time of Dick Spouter's departure from town, during which time I was in total ignorance of his fate, when I chanced to stroll, one fine morning in the last spring, into St. James's Park, and there, taking a place on one of the rustic seats, I was insensibly led into a train of thoughts, which rendered me almost unconscious of being seated next a stranger, who kept eying me between the snatches of time which he whistled, apparently to while away the time. Perceiving after a while that my musings were so narrowly observed, I prepared to shift my quarters, when the stranger started up, and placing himself full before me, he exclaimed, "Oh! world, thy slippery turns—what! and will you too cut an old friend, because he happens to be without a sixpence to buy his breakfast?" the

voice, was a voice of other years, but the appearance of the outward man was so far reduced, both in the flesh, and its exterior appendages, that it was not without some difficulty I discovered the features of Dick Spouter. But how unlike the Dick Spouter of former days, was the wasted and woe-begone figure that stood before me!

——"meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone."

His coat, hat, and pantaloons were all of a dingy brown: yet, notwithstanding his broken down and dilapidated appearance, and in spite of the gay crowds that were passing at the time, old recollections came so thick upon me, that I could not resist the impulse which I felt to shake him cordially by the hand. "Poor Dick," said I, "the world, I perceive, has dealt hardly with thee, and thou hast been buffetted about on its rude stage. Thy morning dreams of glory are quite dissolved."—"Aye," said Dick, with a rueful smile,

'And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind.'

I have been sadly treated by Dame Fortune since I saw you: you perceive I am quite cut up. A curst infatuation for acting came over me, and led me from every thing sober and sensible. I have lost all my little fortune in following a vain chimera, and my health is ruined into the bargain: no one will know me now in this contemptible attire. I have neither money nor friends; in short, you behold before you the miserable remnant of a strolling player."—"I have little doubt of your sufferings, my poor Dick," said I; "but come along, and we will talk further on the subject. You have not breakfasted I suppose?"—"Why, no;" replied Dick, "to tell you the truth, I have not experienced the comfort of a regular meal for many months, nor have I slept upon a softer bed than this;" he added, pointing to the bench on which we had been seated. "Good God!" said I, "you have not surely passed the night here?" He shook his head, and repeated with a ghastly look the lines which follow, a melancholy song, which he said he composed to beguile a dark and bitter hour.

"The birds of the air though at random they fly,
And the bees though they heedlessly roam,
Can shelter them soon from the pityless sky,
When the rain it decends, and the tempest is high;
How happy are they, and how wretched am I,
Bereft of the comforts of home!

The sky is my curtain, the earth is my bed,
My friends I have liv'd to deplore;
An outcast I wander, by misery led,
No dwelling is open to shelter my head,
I fain would lie down and repose with the dead,
Where fate should oppress me no more!"

I took him by the arm, and hurried him away, for his gestures and appearance, I perceived, began to attract observation; and after walking in silence for a few moments, for I found my heart too full to speak, and his I fancy was not much lighter, we found ourselves seated in a neighbouring coffee-room before a cheering fire, and a plentiful breakfast of tea, coffee, toast, and eggs, at sight of which goodly fare poor Dick seemed to regain something of his former self. But it was quite evident from his hollow eye and broken voice, that he was falling a victim to some inward malady. His language too was at times incoherent, and more than ever made up of quotations from various dramatic authors. He gave me a brief outline of his unfortunate career in pursuit of histrionic fame, but I forbear to repeat it here; for, with the exception of the manner in which his adventures were detailed, and to which I should despair of doing adequate justice, there was little in them beyond the usual quantum of crosses and disappointments to which all strollers are subject, but it was really surprising, after all he had endured, that his passion for theatricals was still unabated. He spoke with his usual

ardour of the profession, and attributed his ill success to every other cause but his want of talent. It is true that, when stung by the memory of some particular suffering, he curst in the bitterness of his soul, the fatal infatuation by which he was first influenced. But the poison was too deeply rooted for even misfortune to eradicate; and, "hugging his dear destruction," the moment of his bitterest railings, was often followed by a burst of his former enthusiasm. He seemed still to fancy that he possessed no common talents for the stage, and that one day or other the world would acknowledge his merits. The depraved taste of unenlightened audiences, the want of discernment in the managers with whom he was at times engaged, and the intrigues of more fortunate rivals, were always the rocks on which he foundered. In short, from his first appearance in Bath, where, as far as I could learn, he was most unequivocally damned, to his last attempt in a miserable barn, when the receipts of the house amounted to *three and sixpence*, he had undergone a series of misfortunes and privations, that might well have broken down a more elastic spirit. His wardrobe, on which he had expended nearly all his fortune, in the full anticipation of ultimate success, became a prey to the depraved companions with whom necessity had cast him; and he was even destined to witness the entire ruin of his cherished hope, his Hamlet's dress "of cut velvet and black bugles," which, as he said, he valued as he did the apple of his eye. "There, even there," cried Dick, "where I had garnered up my heart, the hand of spiteful envy left its mark." But the incident, touching his favourite dress, affords so good a specimen of the crosses by which he was surrounded, and is at once so characteristic of the strolling fraternity, that I shall endeavour to relate it, as far as my memory serves me, in his own language. "We halted the next day," said Dick, in continuation of his adventures, "at a town in Staffordshire, of which I forget the name. Our manager was resolved to make an impression, and we were all considerably elated by hearing that the place was fashionably filled, and that the races were about to commence. Our operations immediately began. A large out-house was hired, over which we hung our battered standard, and caused to be painted in large characters, "Theatre-Royal." The sanction of the mayor was procured, and we sent forth flaming bills, announcing the arrival of our company, which, "for acting, dresses, scenery, and decorations, was decidedly the first in England." The next point of consideration was our opening play, and here it was that our grand deliberations commenced. Our company was chiefly made up of raw recruits, and each of them proposed a piece in which they could display their individual talent in some favourite part, and our manager, as was his custom, heard every one's opinion, and always followed his own. I had long sighed for an occasion of showing off," continued Dick, "in one of Shakspeare's characters, and I thought the present a golden opportunity too precious to be lost. My Hamlet's dress I had carefully reserved, and I knew that the general wardrobe had nothing like it. In fact, it was a very costly affair, and it had attracted general admiration when I first displayed it at a theatrical party given by the Empress of all that was tasteful, Lady Betty Bunt," here Dick sighed, hung his head, and then continued. "It came to my turn to speak, and I immediately proposed Hamlet, reserving to myself the principal character. The general voice was against me, and the manager shook his head. However, I produced my dress, and my wishes were ultimately carried. How my heart panted when I saw the play announced the day following: 'the part of Hamlet by a celebrated performer, who has been engaged for a limited number of nights.'

'The morning dawn'd and heavily in clouds
Brought on the day, big with my fate.'

I was determined to put forth my strength, for now or never, I thought. Our rehearsal went off

well, and I augured a glorious night.

'But, Oh! vain thought, who can command his fate!'

I had deposited my precious garments in a place of safety, as I thought, in the general dressing-room, and thither I repaired, 'filled with mounting hopes' to array myself as the melancholy Prince. With palpitating heart I heard the buz of the audience, and on looking through a slit in our great curtain, I saw that the benches were literally crammed. The tinkling of the prompter's bell called for the first music. The King, Queen, and Courtiers, were all dressed, and Hamlet was hotly called for. I ran to the spot where I had concealed my dress, when, Oh! horrible sight! I beheld my beautiful velvet cut into a thousand shreds. My robe, tunic, and trunks, fell to pieces in my hands, and my brilliant jet ornaments, and black bugles, lay scattered on the ground in beautiful disorder. All behind the scenes was bustle and confusion; the play had commenced and no Hamlet could be found, for I absolutely refused to play in any dress but my own. In vain did the manager intreat, threaten, and cajole: I was fixed in my purpose, and nothing could shake me. In short, the *finale* was this, the manager came forward to throw himself, as he said, on the indulgence of the audience. The gentleman who was to have played Hamlet unfortunately broke his leg on his way to the theatre, and he, therefore, appeared before them for the purpose of craving their permission to read the part. The thing was past enduring; groans, hisses, and orange peels, assailed him from every quarter. 'The part of Hamlet read! was there ever such a humbug?' The storm raged, the benches were torn, up, the lights were put out, the ladies screamed, and the gentlemen swore. It was then, that availing myself," said Dick, "of the general confusion, I hastily collected the remnant of my wardrobe, and aware of the penalty which I had incurred by my refusal to play, for I was under articles at the time, I slipped out unperceived, and leaving my worthless companions to witness the result of such stormy doings, I speedily decamped from the town, to try my fortune in another quarter."

The evening was far advanced before I parted from Dick, but recollecting a pressing engagement, I was obliged reluctantly to separate from him. His unhappy situation, however, had made a deep impression on me; and, as I pressed his hand, I requested him to tell me in what way I could best serve him. He assumed a theatrical attitude, and answered me from Othello.

"'——I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And on the instant will I put thee to it.'

Lend me a crown," he added, in a stage whisper. "And thou shalt have it, Dick," said I, "but a crown will do thee little service;" and glancing significantly at his threadbare coat, I handed him a sum which accorded more with his necessities, and my own feelings. "I am still at my old chambers, Dick," I added, "let me see thee there betimes in the morning, and we will talk further on thy affairs. He wrung my hand in silence and we parted.

But, proceed we now to the last act of poor Dick's eventful drama. A fortnight had elapsed from the day of our accidental meeting, when I received a note, in an almost unintelligible hand, requiring my attendance at the sick bed of a friend, who was most anxious to see me. My fears but too well assured me, that I was about to witness the final exit of poor Dick; and taking a bottle of old Madeira in my pocket, I followed the messenger of death, a miserable old woman, 'through lanes and courts, and alleys blind,' until we reached a wretched house, in the attic of which, on the bare boards, and wrapped in a scanty blanket, I discovered all that was left of the once gay and captivating Dick Spouter. Though evidently in a dying state, and unable to articulate, he seemed quite sensible of my approach, for he welcomed me with a tight pressure of his moist

hand. A cup of cold tea lay at one side of him, and an open book at the other. Curiosity prompted me to glance at the latter; it was an old odd volume of Shakspeare. Perceiving the poor fellow's exhausted state, I speedily uncorked my never-failing medicine, and emptying the cup of its washy contents, I applied the cordial to his parched lips. The current of his life, which was ebbing fast away, returned to its former channel, and his eyes regained a little of their wonted lustre. He raised his head, smiled, and smacked his lips, and then, to my surprise and pleasure, he repeated, though in a faint and broken voice, Falstaff's encomium on his favourite sack. I was really delighted to find the almost magical effect which the wine had on him. "Cheer up, Dick," said I, "and hope for better times. We must move you from this miserable room in the first place, and when thou art thyself again, we will see what further can be done. There is an old friend, and brother collegian of mine, who has the power, and, I believe, lacks not the will, to do thee a service for my sake. In fact we have been putting our heads together since I last saw you, and I hope soon to see you quite restored, and in a comfortable birth." He pressed my hand in token of his gratitude, but seemed to think by an incredulous shake of his head, and a faint smile, that friendship could do but little for him. "I am grateful, my dear Sir," he added, after a pause, in which he endeavoured to collect his remaining strength, "for the kind solicitude which you have always felt for me; but, I rather think, indeed I have an evidence within, which tells me that, as Hamlet says, I am about 'to shuffle off this mortal coil,' and to give my enemies the slip for ever. The truth is, I have been rather unhandsomely dealt with, although I begin to suspect, that acting was not altogether my province, but let that rest. I have played my little part on the great stage, and the universal manager is about to call me to account,"—"Phoo, phoo," said I, "you must give up such gloomy thoughts: you have youth at your side, and you only want a little nourishment to make you as sprightly as ever. You shall be removed immediately to a comfortable lodging, where all that friendship can do for you shall be done."—"'Tis all to no purpose, my kind Sir," he said, "but I thank you nevertheless. I feel that the hand of death is on me: its touch shoots coldly through my veins, and, should you chance to look in on me to-morrow, as poor Mercutio says, 'you will find me a very grave man.' By the by, what an admirable character," he added, "is that of Mercutio. Is it true, I wonder, that Shakspeare said of him, 'if I had not killed him so soon, he would have killed me.' I think it is Malone who records the anecdote. I know I have read it somewhere. I played Mercutio once I remember, and very narrowly escaped from being killed, in consequence of the roof of the house falling in on us, just as Romeo was smashing the tomb; but I think I have told you the circumstance already."—"You have, my dear Dick," said I, "and you must not fatigue yourself by repeating it now."—"Feel here," he resumed, placing my hand upon his heart, "how very faint it beats—in a few moments more it will cease for ever. How singular that a man's life should be no more, when this little oracle stops its ticking.

'Out, out, brief candle, life's but a walking shadow,
A poor player, who struts and frets his hours upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.'"——

At this moment an evident alteration became visible in his features; and alarmed, lest any thing sudden should occur, I desired the old woman, who was busied in preparing to light the fire, to procure a doctor with all speed. Alas! it was too late; for a few moments before the physician appeared, poor Dick breathed his last sigh in the arms of his friend.

G. L. A.

HIGHLAND REVELRY.

Mr. Editor,

I usually spend a few weeks each autumn at the farm steading of a friend, on the north shore of the River Forth, not far from Queen's Ferry. I am particularly attached to the scenery in the neighbourhood, which I consider little inferior to any I have seen on the south side of the Tweed. The narrowing of the river at the ferries, with the picturesque Isle of Garvie, midway over, and the high land on the north side, terminated towards the sea, with the perpendicular promontory, *Carlin's nose*, from the top of which you can almost touch the topmasts of the many vessels that pass to and fro close under its brow. The beautiful expansion of the river above, its sides ennobled with gentlemens seats and baronial residences; and these again surrounded with fields in the highest state of cultivation, and the whole picture, bounded by the far-off blue Ben Lomond, conveys, perhaps, one of the most picturesque ideas which imagination can form of a scene in fairy-land.

On an almost isolated point of rock, in the vicinity of my friend's house, stands Rosyth Castle, once one of the residences of the Stewart family, now a very ruin. Here, where royalty has often held its splendid court, the crows and ravens hold undisputed possession. The hall which has often resounded with mirth and with music, resounds now, alas! with the scream of the seagull, or the screech of the night owl. But a truce with wailing: such is the fate of sublunary things.

On the last evening of my stay, I took my usual ramble along the sea shore. The moon had just risen, and shed her mild lustre upon the waters and surrounding objects. The ponderous walls of the castle had their share in the picture, and cast a thick shadow upon the tide, that was swelling and swelling round its base: it was a lovely night.

As I approached towards the ruins, the sound of a musical instrument burst upon my ear, proceeding evidently from the interior. In such a sequestered place, and at such an hour, the circumstance could not but assume a wild and wizard appearance, and mingle with associations of a romantic character. I hastened to the spot; and on reconnoitering through a window, found the large hall occupied by a party of young men, dressed in the costume of the Highlands, and seated round a table of a very rude construction, on which stood several articles of food. A stout well-made man was pacing the floor with "measured step, and slow," playing one of the most wild and mournful airs I ever heard. It was one of their national piobaircachol; a lament for the death of a chieftain, and one that is still often played at funerals in the Highlands. Notwithstanding the harshness of the instrument and the monotony of the music, the whole scene was well calculated to astonish a spectator; and the glare of a large fire, which blazed in the huge fire-place, with the light which the moon afforded, through the many apertures in the walls, served to shew by the countenances of the party, the effect upon their feelings. 'Twas a scene to which the pen of the author of Waverley, or the pencil of Wilkie could hardly do adequate justice.

When the tune was finished, I was on the point of retreating, but the eye of the musician caught me, and a hint to the rest brought the whole in a moment to the spot I was about to forsake. An invitation to join them was warmly pressed on their side, and accepted on mine without much hesitation.

I found the table pretty well furnished with sundry of the good things of this life, of which we all heartily partook; after this meal, a punch bowl, of no mean dimensions, was produced, and filled to the brim with famous punch. We did it justice, and required it accordingly to be replenished oftener than once. Dancing commenced, and I spent in their society the two happiest hours I have ever enjoyed.

All of these young men appeared, from their manners and conversations, to be above the lower class of society; they were part of a society

which had been instituted, under the patronage of a celebrated Baronet, for the express purpose of improving the ancient highland music, and all of them were more or less pipers. Three of them boasted of having saluted the King, from the point of the pier of Leith, on his late visit to Scotland.

At my request an adjournment to my friend's house took place, where we spent the rest of the night in the most joyous manner; even old aunt Kirsty unaged herself so far as to dance "a reel or twa wi' the lads."

The enclosed is a translation, which I have been favoured with since, of a song which was sung in the course of the evening, in the original Gallic.

The party took to their boat at the "wi' short hour ayont the twal," and the last strain of "Over the water to Charlie," fell on my ear as I sunk into the arms of our good friend *Morpheus.*

SONG OF "THE GATHERING."

Ours the strains renown'd in story,
Of peaceful hall or deadly corrie;
Would you call to field, or foray,
Melt to love, or rouse to glory:
Sound our mountain melody.

Where the gale of love is blowing,
Health, and mirth, and bliss bestowing;
Where the cup of joy is flowing,
Eyes are bright, and hearts are glowing:
Pours the bagpipes thrilling lay.

Who can hear its notes of woe,
For friend deceas'd, or fallen foe;
And see the mourners as they go,
To its wild notes, sad and slow:
And melt not at its melody?

And in the day of doubt and dread,
When bursts the battle o'er their head;
How strong the arm, and firm the tread,
Of Albyn's sons o'er fields of dead:
When cheer'd by its wild warlike cry.

Ours the strains renown'd in story,
Of halls of joy, or deadly corrie;
Would you call to field or foray,
Melt to love, or rouse to glory:
Sound our mountain melody.

M

LINES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

How short, in retrospect, appears
Our journey thro' this vale of tears;
Each New Year's Day in fancy's view,
We schemes of untried bliss pursue;
And think not while in youth's gay bloom,
How swift the passage to the tomb.

S. R.

A DREAM OF THE PYRAMIDS.

Before I commence the following seemingly improbable narrative, it may not be amiss to state in what manner I became possessed of it. It was in the winter of the year 178-, that I was invited to spend the Christmas at a friend's house in Argyleshire, where among other friends of my host, I met the celebrated Mr. —— the Eastern traveller. Our mornings were employed in the sports of the season, each following his own inclination till the evening, when we all assembled round the blazing hearth, our conviviality heightened by our separation. Christmas feitivities and conversation closed a most idly spent day, but such is the desire of man after novelty, that these amusements began to fade on our taste, and the winter night to pass heavily. It was upon one of these occasions our host proposed resorting to the old country practise of each person contributing, in turn, to the amusement of the whole, by relating some "wonderment" or marvellous adventure that had fallen under his observation.

Many were told, of which some assisted the amusement, and others contributed to the astonishment of the company. At length Mr. —— spoke in the following words—but I must premise that his manner of telling the tale materially assisted its effect. His singularly swarthy countenance, discoloured by burning suns, agreed well with the foreign air of the American robe, which he had brought from Aleppo, and worn as a morning gown; and at each striking part of his narrative, his jet black eyes shone with a brilliancy that was remarked by the whole company, and, indeed, his whole appearance was that of a man who firmly believed what he was relating.

"It was whilst waiting for letters from England prior to my departure into the interior of —— that I determined to inspect the Pyramids, those celebrated monuments of gigantic tyranny and kingly oppression, whose origin, and whose use seem equally unfathomable. I departed, accompanied by my English domestic and several Arabs, whom I had hired to assist me in my undertaking. The morning being the most pleasant for travelling, I set out before the sun had poured its meridian heat on the thirsty earth, and arrived at my destination in the evening, having rested during the heat of the day. The moon had already risen, and I took a dim view of those enormous masses whose effect is surprisingly magnificent in the paly beam. I wandered solitarily round their bases, while thoughts crossed my mind that renewed the ghosts or embodied forms of ideal being, which my imagination had so frequently created in my youthful days. The visions of infancy hovered darkly around me, the spirits of the mighty dead, though now forgotten, seemed to ride on the night breeze, whose feeble memories whispered to my soul, 'all is vanity.' The stillness of the scene was only interrupted by the snarling bark of the hyenas, who lurked in the neighbouring cemetery. Sometimes their hateful forms would be seen to glance from behind the dark shadow of a ruined tomb, and as suddenly lost in obscurity. The antiquity of the piles around me, the novelty of the scene, all combined to throw a sadly pleasing gloom over my mind, and I retired to my tent with feelings which I attempted to analyse in vain.

"The brightness of the morning sun dissipated the visions of the night, and I rose with renewed spirit to perform my undertaking. How different was the picture! the 'things of night' had faded away, and in their place all around seemed to rejoice.

"The trampling of steeds, the mingled voices of the many in various languages, announced the departure of the caravan. The camels were receiving their final burthen of water, and they drank deep and long, as if indued with a sense of the distance they were to proceed ere they should taste again. At another watering place, a party of female Arabs, like the shepherdesses of old, were watering

their flocks, while the neighbouring city was pouring forth its thousands to their daily tasks.

"Having provided ourselves with lights and the usual accompaniments of explores, we entered the largest pyramid at the usual place, and I proceeded on my search. The appearance of the first chamber was solitary and desolate, being filled chiefly with rubbish and remains of mummies, to which the barbarism of the natives and the curiosity of travellers had been equally destructive. Several small avenues lead out of this apartment, one of which opens into another, which had been opened and the usual ravages had taken place. I discovered nothing but the remains of an alabaster sarcophagus and some bones, which I afterwards found to be those of an ox or a cow. The day was nearly spent in such researches, and the Arabs, who had never liked the undertaking, began to grow unruly. The fear of the 'Ghout,' who watched over the treasures they supposed I searched for, at length grew to such a height that they would stay no longer, and they left my servant and myself to prosecute our discoveries by ourselves. In truth, they could not have left me at a more inconvenient period, for I had observed some signs, which justified me in supposing, that I was near a large and unopened chamber. It was at the end of a dark passage, near the mouth of one of those wells with which the place abounds, which diffused a most noxious vapour, and it was only my ardent desire for discovery, that could have induced me to continue the operations I had commenced. My torches also were nearly all consumed, and I was obliged to send my servant for a further supply. While he was gone I proceeded to introduce an iron crow in the instertices of the stone, for the purpose of wrenching an entrance, but the strength of the building opposed my efforts, and I sat down dispirited on a block of stone near the before-mentioned well. Here, in a short time, I began to feel the influence of its pestilential air, my head grew giddy, and I should have fallen from my seat, had I not by a great exertion, roused myself, and proceeded in my attempt to force a passage. Whilst in the act of giving a tremendous blow on the stone, the agitation of the air extinguished my light, but the blow was not lost, for it fell and executed its object by making a breach in the barrier that had opposed my progress. As I was provided with phospherous, I did not feel any alarm for the loss of my light, but proceeded to feel what effect had been produced on the wall. I found a large aperture, sufficient to admit me through, and on introducing my head, I saw, or thought I saw a light shining through a crevice at the further end of the apartment. Astonished at what I thought must be an illusion of the sense, I hesitated to kindle my own light, and cautiously entered the newly opened chamber. I found I trod on a fine surface, and on walking across it, applied my eye to what I plainly saw to be an opening in a loosely built partition, which, as I leaned against, suddenly gave way, and I found myself the spectator of a singular scene. In an ancient and large chamber, on a couch of stone I saw reclining the figure of a man, seemingly aged though still vigorous, his long beard 'a sable silvered,' fell in large and ample curls upon his breast and arms, and added to the effect of his countenance, which was strongly indented with deep furrows, that appeared to be produced more by sorrow than by age. From the ceiling was suspended an iron lamp of an ancient form, by the light of which I was enabled to remark the above particulars, and as its wavering flame flashed on the face of the singular being before me, it added to its deathly hue; indeed, I should not have thought him to be alive, had not the deep respiration of his chest convinced me of the contrary. The appearance of the apartment assimilated well with its inmate; around the walls were several rows of mummies, some in a standing position with their faces uncovered, and the lip being fallen, gave them the appearance of grinning horribly at each other. I advanced a step from the place where, fixed with astonishment, I had marked the above in far less time than it has taken to recite them; on a nearer

view I found that he was clad in the common dress of the East, and what particularly took my attention was, that on his uncovered and livid brow, was fastened a rudely partitioned cross of diamonds, seemingly of great price. Hardly aware of my intention, I stretched forth my hand to touch it, when with a long, a deep drawn sigh the sleeper awoke; he threw his dark eyes, which sparkled with a brilliancy that surpassed his jewelled front, wildly around him, and when they rested on me, he cried, 'what art thou come! destroyer, thou art welcome, then at last shall I be relieved from my burthen, be free as the winds of heaven. But if destruction be not thy purpose; if thou hast a nature that clings to the softer feelings of humanity, why disturb my repose.' I must here state that he spoke in Hebrew, or rather in the modern Syriac, which I understand perfectly, having before I left England acquired the reputation of being profoundly acquainted with it. Seeing me about to reply, he continued, 'nay, speak not to gratify an idle curiosity, you penetrate the sanctuary of the dead, disturb the last mansions of the mighty, of the illustrious, of the great and good. Here at least I hoped to escape from the idle crowd whose thoughts are folly, and whose lives but vanity. Thou seemest to stand astonished, but thy fears are the effects of thy ignorance. I am no being of immaterial mould; yes, thank heaven, I am but mortal like thyself, death must come at last and close a scene of lengthened misery; centuries are past since I have been an inhabitant of these vast piles, already ancient at my birth. Here from the glaring day I sought repose, but the undying worm was in my heart; sleep could not lull it; amid the crowd it was felt embittering every taste of bliss. Oh! the thought of R—— followed me every where. Mortal! these eyes have seen what man can never see, and like so meek, so forgiving, pardon; oh, pardon! But yon black fiend laughs at my misery, mocks my prayers, derides my hopes,—oh! 'tis bitterer than death to feel what I feel. Death said I, fool, 'tis bliss to die; when shall I feel its sting, rejoicing in its agony, then, and then alone can I join those who long have left me a lonely wanderer on the earth. Oh! Mighty One, let me not live thus; thou hast said it is not good for man to be alone, and now no kindred can I claim, no living heart shoots in unison with mine; no joys of home can warm my soul, confined within a fleshy prison, panting for freedom and for death. Mortal! I sport on him, reviled the Saviour of the world; then came the unchanging fiat, live and be a wretch, I vainly thought it was a blessing, not a curse; I will revel in delight I said, all that earth can yield shall be mine, ages shall be born and follow each other to the tomb, but I in never-ending manhood shall laugh at what strikes horror to every other heart. How futile, to think life or length of days can give happiness! the partner of my heart died, I felt the pang—child after child fell in worldly strife, and I was left alone; then first I felt the curse indeed, to be alone amid a crowd, to feel no interest in all that wakes the heart of man; then I sought death and found it not: fire fled from me, water abhorred me, the depths of the great deep were known to me, the nameless myriads of its dens crawled around me, storms arose scattering navies to destruction and hurling me to land; earth quaked, I leapt into its yawning bosom, even then I breathed in agony to bursting—but the time was not come, the bursting volcano buried towns in ruins—I was cast forth unharmed, the breath of the desert knew me—the Zemoun blasted the caravan and left me alone; I touched the plague spot, but it was innoxious—swords of men shivered over my naked head, nought could harm the devoted; then I would pass my time in pleasure, but while woman smiled, when the wine-cup sparkled in my hand, I felt the curse; I sought wealth and despised it, I turned conqueror—slew my thousands, and was wretched; I loved woman and she died, I could not follow. Light grew hateful to my eyes, I detested man and his paltry wishes, I sought solitude amid these ruins, but here has he penetrated; I foresaw it, and determined he should perish. I touch that stone, and these masses crush

us both; thou wilt die, but I must writhe in agony 'till he come.'

"He moved, but I could not; every feeling was benumbed; I gasped for breath, every thing faded from my sight, a confused noise of falling ruins was in mine ear: I fell and knew no more. When I awoke I was in my tent supported by my servant, who said, after a long search he discovered me near the spot he had left me. The next day I could discover no traces of the breach in the wall; I knocked but could make no impression; and on relating to my servant what I had seen, he said, I had been in a trance, but I can never consider it such."

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Oh! what are banks and bloom to me,
  Or sweets of honey dew?
Their verdure and tranquillity
  Are now a pain to woo.

Is it a dream! or wild caprice,
  Of nature in her plan?
When near maturety to blast
  The highest hopes of man?

No—'tis a sad reality;
  And every murmuring breeze,
But wispers a discordant note,
  Destructive to our ease.

There was a youth of gentle heart,
  Whose suavity of man,
Drew silvery note from Friendship's lyre,
  And sighs from maid of sheen.

His was a look intelligent,
  Illumed with tuneful word,
An eye that beamed, a mind that soared
  Above the vulgar herd.

The flower but oped its petal bed,
  The richer tent concealed,
The red wing of the storm empowered
  The sweets not half revealed.

Now cold beneath the marbled slab,
  A narrow cell contains,
Wrapped darkley in eternal night,
  The little that remains.

A friend stands near, who knew the heart,
  The deep recess of soul
And mind, who ne'er betrayed, but loved
  The warmth beyond controul.

The peasant stops on Sabbath eve,
  Lost in the rudest thought;
Starts at the sad reverse, but feels
  The reverence he ought.

Time with unerring hand will soon
  The book of fate display,
And mingle with kindred dust,
  The thoughtless and the gay.

The damask cheek, the maiden tint,
  That sweetly blushing flower,
That gives to life its essence dear,
  Is faded in an hour.

The pride of wealth, ambition's sway,
  Await alike the doom,
That brings the despot's power within
  The precincts of the tomb.

THE NEW YEAR.

"We take no note of time but by its loss."

Is the New-Year an era of promise, or season for regrets? Shall fancy weave for us the votive wreath, or shall pensive memory crown the tomb of departed days with the mournful cypress? That must greatly depend upon those on whom the first day of a commencing circle of months shall dawn. To youth an added year points at the pinnacle (however uncertain its attainment) of maturity, and to the plenitude of enjoyment, however pleasures visions may fade away from the feverish touch of fruition,—to old age, the departed year sinks like the fallen grain of sand in the hour-glass, and leaves a void behind it,—to the children of freedom, the roll of time offers improvement and happiness,—to the captive or the slave, another year seems like one link of his chains knocked off, but his ignorance as to the precise duration of that bondage, offers little but melancholy; his courage has no given bound of exertion to keep in view, his heart and hope have no sure *land*-mark to steer for; the saint and sage can, and they alone can, fix that resting place, where the sun scorches not the bondsman, and where the tear of sorrow was never known.

But we will suppose, and hope at the same time, that all our readers have no severe regrets to look back to in the last, and that they have many hopes in bright promise for the ensuing year, and that they may be realised, is our most ardent wish. Let us now enter into, and compare the national and local customs of the season with those of other times, as well as the usages and discussions of the olden times, with the remaining observances and merry-makings of our more refined and modern age; and (since the taste for travelling is daily increasing), we will take our first stand with our neighbours on the other side of the water. *Le jour de l'an*, in France and in more southern countries, is a day of great bustle and jubilation, of much gladness and festivity, closely interwoven with moral habits and religious duties. The enemies of these nations may deem this statement too flattering, but truth, like justice, is blind to prejudice alone, and teaches us to treat

"Tros Tyrinsue nullo discrimine."

The press of *business-like* pleasure and hospitality consists in the hasty exchange of complimentary visits, (performed by proxy by the great sending their cards and empty carriages about) and the not empty congratulations paid personally to age, to consanguinity, to patrons, and to friends; in the toys and new-year's gifts flying through the streets; and in the devices of affection, gallantry, wit, and flattery, in metre and in prose, which puzzle many a brain and greet many a bright eye, accompanied by *bouquets* which are welcome even from the humblest hands. The moral and religious duties consist (and they are everywhere worthy of imitation) in the forgiveness of injuries, the cementing of breaches by embracing friends and former foes, and by reconciling and inviting alienated love and sentiment, by the long absent name on the card, or the warmly expressed wish for "many happy years!" Frigid must be that bosom, and forbidding that eye, which can treat and contemplate such customs with indifference; and in the hastening to the temples of the Most High as early as possible, thus to make the first action of the day and year a religious one, and to pour forth the fervid orison for self and those held dear, with a grateful sense for the favour of added days. These dues and duties cost pride some exertion, and self-love a manly struggle, and they are, on this account, the more valuable. The feast, the ball, and the theatre finish the scene; it is not impossible that in all this pressing of bosom friends and congratulations, a Judas's kiss may now and then occur, but let us look at the brightest side of the picture and leave it there.

Hail, Britannia! land of liberty,

how fares it with thee in these piping times, or rather, how fared it with thee in the days of yore? If sincerity seek for the merry Christmas and happy New Year, she must not tarry in drawing-room circles, and in mercantile capitals,—she must throw off pomp and parade, and travel modestly to the country, there to mix with the people in the rural gambols, quaint usages, and broad mirth of *Christmas-tide.* She must, if she be a true British spirit, forego the foreign gastronomic attractions of the kitchen, and feast upon plain, wholesome, old English fare; barter the juice of the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Moselle, for the flowing bowl, nor disdain to pledge Ralph and Molly in nut-brown ale; she must draw nearer to her brothers and sisters, and let the clothing, feeding, and comforting of the poor, make them feel that they form a component part in the family of man.

In our forefathers' times, Christmas was kept up with more extensive hospitality than in our more modish days; the Knight and the Squire would then (in full-bottomed wigs, roomy coats, and gold laced hats) invite all the neighbourhood to their board, groaning under substantial fare; turkies and sides of bacon would face each other on tables of huge magnitude; boars' heads with oranges in the mouths thereof, and barons of beef would stand in proud array. The hungry were invited to the lodge, castle, or hall; whilst hogsheads and barrels were tapped for rich and poor, neighbour and friend, for visitor, and for the stranger journeying through the land of plenty. The Lord of the Manor would sally out in his coach and six to visit his tenantry, and the Lady Bountiful of the domain would condescend to lead down the dance, composed of humble followers and poor relations. How vulgar is this picture in the eyes of new-fangled gentry, and the imitating scholars of the *new* school.

In Scotland antique practices are still adhered to, people sit up jovially to drink out the old, and drink in the New Year; and the toast is so often pledged that it sometimes begins gravely, by "here's a *guid* new year t' you,"—"or many happy years to you;" it next comes to, (more briefly and familiarly) "happy new years to you," through loud clamour and mirth, then is heard "years to you," the first words being drowned in joy, and the articulation being so thick as to resemble *ears* to you, a nod and a shake of the hand now announces in *spiritedly* accents, "*here's to you,*" and if, "*to you,*" or "*you*" be heard at last, it is a wonder. Whilst this is going on within doors, *lads* are running about in the streets with *hot pint*, and applying it and a coarse hearty salute to the first adventurous female who trusts her person at the midnight, on the *brigs* (bridges) and other parts of the town, the men shaking hands together and mutually wishing "a guid new year" to each other; but the dandies of British *extraction*, (we do not like to call aught of spurious *growth* by the name of fair,) and your *would-bes'* something very great and imposing, quit town for fashion's sake, but keep no holidays at all; the season is a bore to them, and the only plan which they can hit on to seem somebody, is to be *gazetted* out of London, and to be supposed to be at *something* abbey or lordly house, on their own estates, which either never existed, or which folly and extravagance has already mortgaged and let, or first annuitised into decay, and lastly sold out and out.

This *being out of town* has greatly damped the Christmas and New Year's jovialities in the metropolis, without removing the scene to the market-town and hamlet, to the family mansion and cottage; and has in general produced a diminished feeling about the sacred season, either taken in a religious, a national, or a hospitable point of view. Some of the aristocracy of the country, the patricians of ancient date, make a point or a favour of being at one of their principle estates; where their parks and their preserves yield the produce of the old English larder, but the coaches and six, the *genuine* wigs, the broad mirth and open houses have been placed for the most part upon the *reduced* or *retired* list, whilst modest relations and the poor of the parish have to complain, either of

being put upon half-allowance, or of being reduced altogether; of this we complain, in unison with the poor. We like to see old English countenances and customs; we love all orders of good people, and we wish to draw them nearer together; we pray for that equality of taxation, which may leave to the landholder and agriculturist the means of entertaining his neighbours cordially and generously, without being out done or run down by the man of funded property, who has none of the ties of [illegible] and neighbourhood, and to whom the land can only be dear in proportion to the price of his acres, and the profit which he can draw from them. Remove from us those who are strangers in their estates, and smile not on the merry faces of their tenantry.

We yet enjoy the sight of the red berry ornamenting the surloin, and the misletoe suspended from the oaken beam. The *heart* of *oak* is still dear to us; nor is Betty, running away from an innocent kiss beneath the druidical branch, a person beneath our friendly notice; and we mourn when we contemplate the "deserted village," the Lord or Squire's home shut up at this season, the non-resident's mansion barricaded against the traveller or visiter, and the glebe edifice untenanted by him who reaps all its advantages; and, above all, when we cast a glance at the Green Isle, whose numerous, athletic progeny, pine from hunger at such a time, whilst others revel in plenty, and whose nobles and landlords abandon the half-ruined pile erected by their more patriotic ancestors. It must be matter of grief and affliction to all good hearts to count the lengthy list of absentees spending their fortunes on the Continent in such times as these, and yearly estranging, more and more, their posterity from those feelings, amities, and relations, which Providence and nature wisely produced, and would promote were the duties to be paid to each, not neglected and lost sight of.

"Christmas comes but once a year," is the vulgar adage of old England: happy they who feel the truth of the remark, and the *one* time so marked by benevolence and felicity, by charity and good cheer. But can the poor children of Erin join in this assertion? Will it come once in a *lustrum*, or in a session of parliament? Will a birthday or a coming of age of the Lord of the Manor or County produce a substitute for it? We know not;—we doubt, and we regret; but whilst we still have ringing in our ears

> "Gunpowder treason and plot,
> Which never can be forgot,"

> "Yet let us hope again to hear,
> Christmas comes *still* once a year."

The poetry of the two last lines is not a bit worse than that of the former; the sentiment is *not* to foster resentments, but to awaken the slumbering social principle. Let us then not give up the hope, that the weak and weary heart may feel the revivifying touch of kindness and of comfort; and that the New Year and its antecedent feastings and ceremonials, may never become so much out of vogue, as to leave but a tear or a sigh to commemorate them; or that they may be merely recorded by a sentiment, or phrase, a song, or a quotation; and that the last may not be a truism at the same time, going off together

> "With a hie ho! to the green holly,
> *All* feigning is friendship, *most* love's a mere folly."

LEFT OFF BUSINESS.

"—— In spite of nature's stubborn plan,
He treads (lifes) stage by way of gentleman."

The Rosciad.

Sir Caleb Caxon was an opulent ironmonger. He succeeded his honest father in the business, and carried it on for half a century. His stock in trade was valuable, and his customers numerous and substantial; yet the large capital of which he found himself possessed arose more from his father's perseverance and temperate habits than from any enormous profits, extensive commerce, or lucky hits in the way of business. He never speculated, not even in the funds, but saved and put by, and put by and saved again. He rejected many offers of putting out his money at high interest, and was contented with the receipts from the shop, and the legal interest of his country. He held monopolists and usurers in abhorrence; and often observed, that it was a toss up with such men, whether they were to make a fortune or a bankruptcy. The same principles he taught his son, and the same success attended his exertions.

Old Roger Caxon was florid and corpulent, good-natured and plain dealing, sober and industrious; so that his neighbour, Mr. Cheshire, a rich cheesemonger and vender of pork, thought him worthy of his only daughter, to whom he gave fifteen hundred pounds in marriage, which the ironmonger then considered a handsome portion. At Mr. Cheshire's demise Mr. Caxon found a new increase to his capital, arising from the stock sold off, money for the good will from the successor in the cheese, butter and bacon line, houses in Newgate-street, and cellars and counting-houses; advantageously let, in Elbow-lane, Bride-lane, Petticoat-lane, yea, and in Amen-corner, the whole forming a valuable property. Instead of living up to his income, leaving off trade, or changing his habits, he never changed a guinea idly, and kept to his stingo as his only treat, or a bowl of punch on high days and holidays. When he paid the debt of nature he left no other debt unpaid, but was "removed from over the way" amidst the regrets and good words of all his neighbours.

Caleb, his only child, was no chicken when the honest citizen took his leave of the shop and of the world together; he had drudged for twenty-four years with the old man, and felt inclined to go on twenty more, being at this time turned of forty. He was single, but not without his sympathies. Dolly Do-allthings, who was housekeeper, cook, butler, and slut, had cast a wicked hazle eye upon him, and he felt that he was under the wand of the enchantress. At the same time she despised the shop—and there was only one little dirty boy, called boots, *a scruitures des scruitures* of male appearance in the dark premises. Caleb, now the head of the house, soon found that it was a pity to work Dolly so hard, and two assistants were forthwith procured. Dolly began to look more and more captivating, but was so highly puffed that Master Caxon's widow could not help thinking that the girl was getting above herself. The old lady, however, not long surviving, Dolly became governess of domestic concerns, and was on a friendly and familiar footing with Master, from which a little accident arose, natural enough in such cases; but the bells of *St. Brides* silenced all slanderous reports, and the neighbours could not *misdoubt* (the lady's own words) that *all's right*. Master Caxon now first kept an open *shay*, and had a lodging at Hackney, where his spouse presented him (at a very early period) with Miss *Mariar* Caxon. The next year she wished to have fresh *hair*, so she removed to Islington, where a house was taken; and upon her producing a male *heir* she prevailed upon "my spouse" to set up a snuff-coloured coach, with red wheels, and to have an iron-grey livery, turned up with orange of a

rusty appearance, but not sparingly laced with gold, and with an iron-bound hat, which put the beadle of St. Martin's-le-Strand to the blush.

Notwithstanding all this greatness Master Caxon laboured on in his counting-house, and kept a *severe eye* upon the ledger; so that, as money makes money, the age of iron became the age of gold. Ten years of fagging, quill-driving, and attending to the shop, now raised Caleb Caxon, Esq., citizen and ironmonger, to all the civic honours in succession. The Mayoralty was a heavy burden (honours were so thrust upon his plain and homely habits); and but for the senior Sheriff, who was an intelligent man, and used to good company, the worthy high magistrate would never have got through his operate duties, which, however, were very flattering to the Lady *Maress* (so she used to subscribe her name). At this lucky juncture an address was to be presented; and our late venerable Monarch, who was nothing slack at knight-making, put the sword on the brawny shoulders of the ironmonger, and he with difficulty arose, Sir Caleb, as large as life. He now felt his weighty duties more than ever; and but for his colleague, the Sheriff, *an active* magistrate and a gentlemanly man, Sir Caleb might have been upon his marrow bones until now. His was, indeed, a friendly *lift*. On his return home he found Lady Caxon intoxicated with greatness and arrack punch; and, in the delirium of her felicity, she persuaded the Mirror of Knighthood to pack up his wardrobe (the robe or gown not the least essential), and to occupy a house in Bloomsbury; but that being, as she said, "*too nigh Obürn*," she moved him again to Harley-street, and, lastly, to St. James's-square. The fatigues of office brought ill health on the Lord Mayor; and, as soon as a new one was elected, he, for the first time, visited a watering place, Ramsgate, where *Mariar Dorothear*, (who added Ma's name without an act of Parliament) first made her *debût*. Master Caxon was sent to Eton, and thence to college; and they both of them now began to be ashamed of Pa' and of the iron-trade. Lady Caxon was determined to strike a stroke; and priming the Ex-Lord Mayor with wine, to which he was not much accustomed, she carried her point, and made him promise to give up business. Never did Phœbus more heartily repent the promise, extorted from him by his thoughtless son Phaeton, than Sir Caleb did the *moment de tendresse*, which wrung from him his iron treasure. She might be compared to *Le Chanteur*, who *tira de Lucifer des soupirs des sanglots et des larmes de fer*. But the reproach of, "You, a Gentleman and a Knight, and not keep your word!" carried the day. A valuable consideration was given for the business by his foreman, with an annuity for my Lady's life; and she triumphantly exclaimed, "Sink the shop."

Sir Caleb now hoped to enjoy retirement and quiet, but my Lady prevented his projects. A *vis a vis* was first set up; the livery changed to crimson; four huge wasteful footmen hired; two of whom, with long canes, like *Cane* and *Able*, always followed my Lady. Cares increased with Sir Caleb's notoriety, and peace fled from Eglantine Villa, the Knight's country seat. Every thing perplexed the worthy citizen,—dislocated from the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey, and transplanted into the region of fashion. To furnish his Villa Madam stopped at no expense; yet neither herself nor her partner could compass the matter. In order to keep up the ball she first named a billiard table; it was got;—and young Caleb's collegian acquaintances eat up the Alderman, picked the son's pockets, and disturbed the repose of the whole family by gambling at it all night. But my Lady insisted on their games going on because there was an honourable Edmund of the party, and it was right that her son should form high connections, and she had Miss *Mariar* to get off her hands. The *libary*, or library, was the next object: Sir Caleb bought books as he would have purchased iron, by the hundred weight; and he had them highly gilt on the back, and bound in morocco (calf would have been more of a piece with the man); but then there were *niches* for eight busts, and he was sadly put to it to

fill them up with great men, ancient and modern. He got as far as Shakspeare, Milton, Rousseau, and Voltaire. My Lady named William Tel. "*Tell!*—the devil!" answered Sir Caleb; "why, I tell you, he was a republican."—"He was no publican at all," sharply retorted Lady C—. "*He* was," replied the Ex-Lord Mayor; "a republican, a publican, and a sinner." The idea of malt suggested another *idear* to her Ladyship: "Mr. Whitbread!"—"He's not high enough," quoth the Knight, "you might as well have *Muster* Whitbread, the baker."—"Cæsar!" exclaimed my Lady. Sir Caleb shook his head. "Cicero!"—"That will do (he wiped his face). Well, there's five of them. "Locke!" said Miss *Mariar*. "No, no, my dear; that smells of the shop."—"Lord Bacon!" said my Lady. "No—that would be a personal reflection on your grand-mother," replied the Knight, with a sigh. "Some king," guessingly articulated *Mariar*; "for instance, *Charle Magne*, or *Henri Quatre*."—"No," observed Pa, "we must not put kings among the commons; we'll have William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; there's six of 'em, and I will write to the Ex-Sheriff, who is a man of letters, for the other two names." Lady Caxon submitted to his consideration that this would be betraying his ignorance, so she thought a little, and then proposed Admiral Lord Hawke and Sir Christopher Wren, who were approved of *nem. con.* Touching this same *nem. con.*, Miss *Mariar* asked M'a one day the difference between nem. con. and crim. con. Her Ladyship, who knew neither, told her that it was time enough for her to learn that, and that they did not suit the like of her. The next *embarras de richesses* was the pictures. *Mariar Dorothear* was for the Italian and Flemish schools, but her Lady-mother broke out with, "E feekin, a pretty taste indeed! We should soon have a *Flemish* account of Pa's money if it went that way. How many bars, and bolts, and hoops, and"——"Hinges," introduced the Knight with a groan, for he saw upon what the argument hinged. "No," recommenced my Lady, "we will buy bargains. I'll have nothing but full-lengths. Generals, Admirals, Bishops, and Nobles with stars on. My stars and garters! Lord, our *visitors* will be *dumfounded* when I introduces them as our old *hancestors*—the heads of the family—and they will be *ourn*, for we shall have bought and paid for them; a nice distinction at the *vest* end o' the town!" The idea delighted the whole family; and this would have been the first tranquil night that Sir Caleb had enjoyed since he left off business, if his son had not arrived unexpectedly from Trinity College, in a tandem, with a drunken companion, and had not broken the parlour windows by way of raising the family. My Lady, however, was soon put out of pain by seeing a dasher of fashion, as she called him, with young Caleb; and she said, "Never mind the *vinder*, that can be mended; but let us put up the *picters* as soon as possible."

Broker's shops were searched by Sir Caleb for old moth-eaten portraits, and he bought them a great and rare bargain: amongst which were Sir Cloudsley Shovel, Admiral O'Hara, the Duke of Cumberland of the year 45, and the Duc de Biron taken in execution, Cardinal Mazarine and an obliterated Mareshall, Duc de Nivomois, a mildewed Louis XIV., and a Duke of Richmond without a head. A vamper and varnisher was sent for, who soon turned the Duke of Cumberland, who had formerly hung up on a sign-post, into Sir Caleb's great grand-father in a black wig and a suit of rich brocade. Sir Cloudsley was made an Alderman of. The Admiral's nose was rubbed over, and an exact resemblace to Sir Caleb was effected, so as to pass him off for a grand uncle. The Duke of Biron was introduced as a noble friend of the family, and the Cardinal was transformed into a Common Councilman, and presented to strangers as my Lady's relation. The Mareshall, Duc de Nivomois, was passed over as a foreign connection. Louis XIV. was now dressed in the uniform of the Royal Artillery Company, and shewn as a city cousin; whilst the Duke of Richmond was converted into a Lady, and pointed to as the Lady of Sir Walter de Caxon, Knight, who came over with William the Conqueror; but at last the

vamping and varnishing, and the geneaological touches cost so much, that the great bargains became heavy concerns; and, ere they were finished, Paddy O'Brush, the performer, a handsome County Cork private gentleman, brushed off with Miss *Mariar*, and extorted five thousand pounds from Sir Caleb to restore her, with the addition of himself, Larry O'Brush, and the pictures. A cottage was now to be taken for my son-in-law.

The want of occupation soon brought on a variety of complaints upon Sir Caleb Caxon, as he was neither an agriculturist or sportsman; and he got so corpulent that the *vis a vis* could no longer admit of his being thrust in opposite his dear spouse. He bought a low pony, which threw him upon a dunghill. Young Caleb got deeply in debt, and resolved upon travelling: his creditors were paid, and he started for the Continent: arrived at Venice, and falling out of a gondola when *half seas over* was drowned. Sir Caleb had no shop to amuse him: the game was up at his billiard-table: his books only set him a sleep, for he could not read any thing with attention, save only a waste book or a newspaper. Lady Caxon proved unfaithful for want of something better to do, and the Knight died of a broken heart——

"Qui fit Mæcenus ut nemo quam sibi sortem?
Seu ratio dederit, seu sors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat."

Let the reader make out the rest. Let the moralist give what lesson he please, and the philosopher discant on the source of that vanity and vexation of spirit to which worthy Caxon was a victim. I, for my part, shall merely advise the tradesman to beware of ambition;—the end of which must be,—misery and disgrace.

IMPLACABLE HATE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Away with frowns—no more let hate
Our hands and hearts dissever;
Or death will close his gloomy gate,
And shut out love for ever.

For life's long tottering bridge resembles
A plank across a grave;
And in a moment, as it trembles,
We sink where none can save!

With these words Counsellor Lambert concluded a very afflicting letter to President von Dornfeld, who was formerly his bosom friend, but who now persecuted him as a foe. They had been playfellows at school, and friends at college. It seemed that they could not exist apart from each other. Dornfeld's sterner and more selfish character separated them for a single hour only; Lambert's amiable temper and forgiving disposition immediately restored the brotherly compact. Friendship accompanied them from the university into busy life, and in this path, also, continued their faithful attendant for ten years. Dornfeld, though far his inferior in merit, quickly raised himself above his friend by the lever of riches. Thousands saw the injustice of this; Lambert, however, rejoiced at the good fortune of his friend, whom he loved better than himself.

They had already attained the age of five and thirty, when love threw the apple of discord between them. In the selfsame hour they both saw the beautiful and sprightly Amelia; and left, with captive hearts, the house where they had become acquainted with her. Sleep fled them both alike the succeeding night; and left them plenty of leisure for the resolution to pay

their addresses to the admirable girl. This resolution was the first secret which they ever kept from each other.

Dornfeld, whose pride induced him about this time to purchase a title, looked upon rank and riches as the most powerful magnets for a female heart. He imagined that his doubly weighty and attractive person was the aim of every unmarried lady, and the object of her most fervent wishes. Full of this conceit he shewed, in his intercourse with Amelia, a bold and boundless confidence in himself, that offended her delicacy, and drew upon him, as he offered himself with an air of condescension, a flat refusal. He left her with insults, and hatred and revenge supplanted love in his bosom.

Amelia had already shewn herself favourably disposed towards his less assuming friend. It is true that he had little or nothing to offer her of what the world calls the good things of this life; but he unfolded, in words and actions, a noble mind, which she justly held to be the purest and most certain source of domestic happiness. So love met love; the league was concluded, and her parents confirmed it.

Intoxicated with joy, Lambert flew to his friend, and presented himself to him as a bridegroom. Astonished, and reddening with rage, the President started from his seat, reviled Amelia in the bitterest terms, disclosed, in his anger, the secret of his rejected offer, which had not yet transpired, and demanded of Lambert, as the sacrifice of friendship, that he would give up Amelia, resolve never to marry her, and avoid all intercourse with her.

"Friend, you ask too much!" answered Lambert; "grant me the enjoyment of a bliss that fate has not allotted to you."—"Oh, that will not cause me much uneasiness," exclaimed the President, with a contemptuous smile; "but she must be punished, the fool! Punished through you, my dearest friend! Revenge me on her! retract your offer, and let her pine away in celibacy!" Lambert suppressed the indignation which he felt at this cruel proposal; he gently begged him to spare him the suspicion of so shameful a breach of promise: but von Dornfeld wanted to pursue his revenge in a dictatorial style: he commanded as peremptorily as if he had a slave before him.

Irritated, at length, by this treatment, the Counsellor declared that he was not accountable for his conduct, and should act as he thought proper.

"At your peril!" thundered the President, while rage and malice flashed from his rolling eyes. Lambert made him no reply, so they parted.

Shortly afterwards the latter celebrated his nuptials with Amelia. Mr. Dornfeld refused to accept the card, which was sent him on the occasion.

This senseless piece of insolence was intended as a declaration of war. He desisted from all association with his old friend, and denied himself to him as often as he came to call upon him. So much the more, however, did he continue to have to do with him in the way of official business. He played the part of a proud and supercilious superior towards him, and conducted himself exactly as a mean, malicious spirit does when he would embitter the life of a hated inferior. The most difficult and vexatious employments were heaped upon Lambert in such excess that he could scarcely ever enjoy an hour's leisure, and he was frequently compelled to spend whole nights in his study. He endured this oppression without a murmur; but it hurt him when his most praiseworthy efforts were bitterly censured, and sometimes rejected as utterly useless. Nor was the President contented with this injustice. He spoke ill of Lambert in all companies; and when it came to his turn to be promoted to a higher office, a secret detractory communication, made to the Prince, blasted his just hopes.

Hitherto he had borne all with invincible patience; but having now become the father of several children, and finding his small income inadequate to the increased expences of his family, he resolved to make an attempt at a reconciliation with the hostile [illegible] had both the power and the in

to throw difficulties in the way of every project that he might devise for improving his circumstances.

With this motive Lambert wrote the letter to Dornfeld, which is alluded to at the commencement of this relation, but he returned no answer to it, and continued to act in the same unkind and perverse way in affairs of office.—Some further approaches that the Counsellor ventured upon afterwards produced no better effect. Yet the President triumphed in the circle of his acquaintance, and boasted aloud that Lambert cringed to him; that he would, however, as he expressed himself in very low terms, let him crawl till the day of judgment.

About this time Lambert was sitting one evening at his desk, employed on some pressing business, when one of his young colleagues, Counsellor von Bûhren, entered his apartment with hasty steps, and disordered looks. "My dear friend," he exclaimed, quite out of breath, "I throw myself in your arms in the greatest perplexity—I want 500 dollars this instant. My honour and my life are endangered,—save me!" Lambert was confounded. Bûhren was not among the number of his friends; on the contrary, this ambiguous man, who was known to be a confidential favourite of the President, had played him many a trick, and had always hitherto looked down upon him with contempt. Yet Lambert's tender heart could not reproach him for it now, in the hour of distress; he assured him, on the contrary, that he would serve him with true pleasure if it were possible, but that he had not the tenth part of the sum by him.

Such was the fact; but he had a public coffer in his hands, and it was in his house. Von Bûhren, who was, of course aware of that, made the unexpected proposal to Lambert to open this source of help to him. "Spare me the thought!" said Lambert; "I would rather perish with hunger than touch the money committed to my trust." Notwithstanding, the former repeated his request incessantly, in the most heart-rending terms: he swore, with dreadful oaths, that he would infallibly return the money within a week, and threatened suicide if not assisted.

The good Lambert wavered between duty and compassion; at length the latter prevailed—for, with it, the thought combined itself that Von Bûhren, the powerful favourite of the President, was the most proper person to make peace between them, and would be led by gratitude to undertake the task. Full of this hope Lambert opened the chest with a trembling hand, and delivered to him a bag containing the sum required. "You see," said he, "that I do more for you than I should have done for myself in the greatest emergency. Be but silent and keep your promise, or you will make me unhappy." Bûhren embraced him, swore that he would be punctual, promised eternal gratitude, and hurried away with the money.

Oppressed with business Lambert had not time then to reflect upon the occurrence and its possible consequences. He sat down again to his papers, and wrote till near midnight. Retired to his pillow, at that hour, fearful apprehensions crowded upon him, which represented his arbitrary disposal of the public money as a dangerous temerity. He could not sleep, so entirely had fear taken possession of his mind; and when he did close his eyes for a few moments, heavy dreams oppressed him, and transported him into the most horrid dungeons. He sprung up, as soon as it was day, from this bed of thorns: anxiety and dread drove him out to a friend, to whom he confided his secret. "Ah, ah!" said his friend, with a significant nod; "the heart has been entering into the department of reason! All that we can do is to be prepared for the worst, and to fill up the vacancy in the public chest as speedily as possible."

"Alas!" said Lambert, "I know of no means!"—"Then I will undertake it," replied his friend, "I confess that I am not master of 500 dollars at this moment, but, be assured, that within three hours that sum shall be in your hands. In the mean time go home, and think no more of it."

Lambert went. It was scarcely

eight o'clock when he reached his residence: there he found two of the principal public officers waiting his return; the sight of them alarmed him. They requested to speak to him in private. He led them into another apartment. Here they produced an order from the chief authorities to inspect the state of the public money committed to his management. What a thunderbolt was this! He was nearly fainting; yet the thought that his offence was of no disgraceful nature supported him. He instantly acknowledged to the officers the deficiency in his cash, explained to them, with strict truth, the whole circumstances of the case, (omitting only Von Bûhren's name) and entreated them not to hurl him to destruction, for that he would, in a few hours, replace the money in their presence. They shrugged their shoulders, said neither yes or no to his request, and after examining the remaining contents of the chest, sealed it and departed without vouchsafing a single word of promise or consolation to him.

Two hours afterwards Lambert's friend sent the promised 500 dollars. But with his messenger arrived, at the same moment, a magisterial officer, who arrested him in the name of the Prince, and placed a sentinal at his door.

It was now evident that Dornfeld stood behind the curtain and governed the machine. Transported with anger Lambert wrote to him as follows: — "Mr. President, I have no hesitation in calling you the author of my misfortunes! You have laid a snare for me, through the medium of Counsellor Bûhern, into which, alas! I the more readily walked, because I thought to gain your approbation by doing your favourite a service. But ignominy and imprisonment are my reward. How much farther yet will you carry your revenge? For God's sake, be human! Free me from the net in which you have entangled me! It will be easy for you to destroy in the birth the destruction which threatens me, as I have already, through the assistance of a friend, made good the deficiency in the public money."

No answer. However, the centinel was removed that very day, probably in consequence of the last-mentioned circumstance; but he received intimation, at the same time, that he was suspended from his functions, and forbidden to appear in court.

The trial now proceeded with numerous examinations. He was accused of groundless imaginary offences, such as so upright a man as he could not dream of committing.

After having been ill used in this way for about a month a sympathising friend wrote to him as follows:—"I just now learn that your fate is decided; your suit is quashed, but you are to be deprived of your office and dignities. President von Dornfeld, as I hear from good authority, has it in his power to arrest this heavy blow; but you must apply to him to-day for his intercession: to-morrow it will be too late."

Lambert was as much thunderstruck as if sentence of death had been announced to him. He felt that he could not survive this unmerited disgrace. From the stone-hearted President he could expect no commiseration. However, not to leave any means untried, he wrote to him, and ordered his servant who carried the billet, to request him, personally, to read it without delay.

It happened that it was Dornfeld's birth-day, and he had a large party of friends to celebrate it. It was evening when he received the billet at the card-table. He put it into his pocket, though Lambert's request, that he would instantly peruse it, was repeated to him. "There is time enough," said he, and thought no more of it.

An hour before midnight the company sat down to a sumptuous repast. Amidst the splendid profusion of plate and glass on the table a large crystal goblet particularly distinguished itself, which Lambert had given the President on his birthday several years before. The names of the donor and acceptor glittered in golden characters near each other: it was therefore surprising that Von Dornfeld should continue to make use of this goblet, or that he could even look at it without a pang of remorse.

As the clock was striking twelve he composedly filled it with wine,

in order to send it round to his guests, in the old German style.

But at the moment he was about to drink to his friends, and had applied the rim of the goblet to his lips, he was arrested by a sharp shrill sound that proceeded from the glass, which was also heard, with amazement, by all the company. They examined the goblet by the light, and discovered a recent crack passing through Lambert's name. With a shudder the President called to mind the neglected letter, which he had carried in his pocket for six hours. He hurried from the table into an anti-room, broke the seal, and read:—"I am on the cross-way between life and death. The intelligence that I am to-morrow to be deprived of my office, and thrust, covered with ignominy into the class of beggars, has brought me to the limits of my existence, and I am resolved to take a bold step across them. Dornfeld, this is your work! But there is yet time to save me, and you will, you *must* do it, if there flows a single drop of human blood in your veins. Send me but a scrap of paper with the word *yes*, and your initials upon it, in token of your good intention; for this, or some other mark of consolation from your hand, I will wait till midnight. Haste to send it, for if you will not, the same day shall mark your entrance into the world, and my exit out of it: the sun shall never shine upon me a condemned criminal."

Dornfeld's conscience received a severe shock from this letter. He looked at his watch; the midnight hour was past;—dreading the worst, he rushed out to prevent a deed that threatened to brand him with the curse of public execration. But, alas! the deed was done. He found a number of persons collected round Lambert's dwelling, who had been roused from their slumbers by the report of a pistol. Covering his face, he pushed through the inquisitive crowd into the house. Loud cries of distress led him to the chamber. With anguish and trembling he tore open the door. Lambert's bloody corpse stiffened before him!—Amelia, overwhelmed with apprehension, knelt before the couch on which he lay. She looked round, and shuddered as at an apparition when she beheld at the threshold the deadly foe of her husband. He drew nearer; she motioned him back with outstretched arms.—"Go! I conjure you," she exclaimed; "the blood of my husband cries to heaven against you!" He retired panic struck, and fled home; but he had not courage to appear before his guests. He excused himself to them, affecting sudden indisposition, and concealed himself like a fugitive criminal.

Lambert was universally regretted. The cause of his suicide did not remain a secret. Every honest person execrated the President. His rank protected him from the public resentment, but a severe court of justice established its seat in his breast, and sentenced him never to enjoy an hour of peace on earth. He sunk into a melancholy which quickly grew to madness. Every where he fancied himself pursued by Lambert's spirit. With this apparition he often talked aloud, offered it his hand, with floods of tears, and then in despair, as it seemed to refuse the proffered reconciliation, thrust his head against the wall. He became, at last, ungovernably mad; it was necessary to confine him in irons, from which, after years of suffering, death released him.

Away with frowns—no more let hate
Our hands and hearts dissever;
Or death will close his gloomy gate,
And shut out love for ever.

For life's long tottering bridge resembles
A plank across a grave;
And in a moment, as it trembles,
We sink where none can save!

A DREAM.

Sleep fell on me; and my soul floated forth;
Over a tide of past and coming years,
Wherein the present is but as a wave,
Or the light bubble born and dying on it.
There was a child on whom I look'd with more
Than love, though less than passion, for her days
Were yet too few for the all-marring wing
Of Time to raze from out her sinless soul,
The impress of divinity, and such
As is the fuel, so will be the flame,
And mine was harmless—for it fed on snow.
I gazed upon the dawning of her charms,
Nor dreamt their noontide blaze would be too bright
For me to look upon: it was enough
To see her blue eyes beam on me,—to seal
Her sweet lips with an innocent kiss, more warm,
Perchance, but not less pure, than *that she* gave;
The future was as nought; the hour that *now*
Gave me to clasp her infant purity,—
While my heart (which the breath of loving had,
Like the soft air that curls the summer brook,
Though ruffled, yet not sullied) strove beneath
A weight of bliss that still the more oppress'd
In growing sweeter, as the ripening fruit
Lower and lower bends the fertile bough,—
That hour was all eternity,—for Time
Is measured but by change, and no new joy
Was wanting in our Eden,—not a flower,
Of all that bloom'd, could fade, for they were grafted
On the undying soul; they drew no nurture
But from it; not a leaf of earthly growth.
I join'd her childish sports, though on the verge
Of daring manhood, as the parting sun
Lingers full long on ocean's rosy rim,
To rest his kindling eye on some fair dame,
Rather than on the brightening world before him.
I had no pleasures but from *her*; the best
Of others were to me but gilded sorrows;
While the delights that from her, *through* her came,
Shone like the western ray which, pouring through
The motley crystal of a pictured casement,
Though rich itself, is thousand times more lovely,
Tinged with the dyes of rainbow light it caught
From such a barrier to its luminous way.
My heart adored her as its god; for she,
To me at least, *seem'd* faultless, and the highest
Can *be* no more;—or if at times a tint
Of human weakness mingled with the dyes
Of her soul's beauty, it was like the light,
The golden clouds of eve, which more resemble
The glowing portals of some unknown heaven,
Than earth-born vapours hiding *that* we see.
I bask'd beneath the summer of her brow
Till my own drank its lustre, and the sparkle
Of other eyes fell unperceived upon it,—
A taper-gleam upon the sun-lit wave.
She was so young and beauteous I ne'er deem'd
That she could change,—that she could be more fair
And bright, or less;—was I to see her *both?*

Years vanished, and the stream of worldly things
Roll'd its dark flood between us, and we met
Less oft; still at each meeting I beheld
Some charm unform'd, or undiscern'd till now,—
As every morn discloses a new burst
Of blossom in the spring-flow'r that we cherish,—
Till my fond eyes, less wont than erst to gaze
Upon her flashing looks, had lost their strength,
Their eagle-daring, and fell bashfully
To earth before her;—she had given my breast
All it e'er felt of sunshine, but she now
Threw the first cloud o'er it. 'The power that works
The spell, must break it; and the orb that lends
Its radiance to the sparklers of the night
Alone can dim them with his orient lustre.
And so it was in this: a gloom grew over me,
And my brow saddened; for, though Hope still drew
A world of magic circles which had *one*,
The *same* bright centre, yet each rainbow line
She traced, was farther, fainter than the first.
Still the loved face ne'er frown'd on me; ev'n then
The same benignant smile for me was beaming;
Alas! I wish'd it warmer, and the twilight
Is lost on him who longs for break of morn.
I look'd into the deep blue of her eye
For love; as sages seek their tutelar star
In the azure cope of heaven, but *mine* was dark,—
That which to view but once, I would have gladly
Closed my blest eyes on all—ev'n *that*—for ever.
Unnumber'd lights of milder beam shot forth,
And *one* I might have claim'd as mine; but Friendship
Was not the ascendant in *my* horoscope.
She had a glance for all: 'tis true, for me
Among the rest; yet, Oh! 'twas but a gleam
From one small fragment of a broken mirror
That once had shower'd its full clear flood of light
On me, and me *alone*. The bloom of boyhood
Soon faded from my cheek; the innocent frankness
That once endeared our converse, heart with heart,
Was fled when mine had nurs'd a wish untold.
My mien grew darker, till she seem'd to fear it,
And shun me, child-like, dreading ev'n the shadow
Herself had cast. The chain that link'd our hearts
Was broken; but she reft it close from hers,
And left the long, cold weight for mine to bear.
Here the first vision ended! for the scene
Before me press'd so closely on my sight,
That all was dim and shapeless. Then I turn'd
To the far current of futurity,
And mark'd it e'en where life's last waves expiring,
Fall spent and powerless on the shadowy shore
Of that eternity midst which time springs
But to be buried in its breast again.

B.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

La Suisse; ou, Tableau Historique, Pittoresque, et Moral des Cantons Helvetiques, &c.

Switzerland; or, an Historical, Picturesque, and Moral Picture of the Helvetic Cantons; the Manners, Usages, Costumes, Natural Curiosities, &c. By M. Depping, Member of several Literary Societies. With sixteen engravings of costume, landscapes, &c.

After a rapid exposition of the many beauties which must surprise the traveller in Switzerland, and make a strong and lasting impression on him, the author gives an account of the motives which induced him to publish a new work upon this country, and the end he proposed to himself.

"If I undertake a new work upon Switzerland after the many excellent descriptions we possess already, I think myself justified in so doing by the nature of the subject. Independently of what I have myself observed, I wished to give a sketch of the most recent and authentic accounts the Swiss themselves have collected, and depict Switzerland such as it is at present. Divesting myself of the enthusiasm which animates the natives, and sometimes even strangers, and free from the spirit of detraction which guides the pen of prejudiced travellers, I wished to speak the truth, and frankly express my sentiments; I think flattery towards nations is as dangerous as to individuals, and as criminal as injustice to their praiseworthy actions. I have related the historical anecdotes according to the principles of general justice, and the happiness of society, as they appear to be at present."

Such is the aim of M. Depping in his new work, which greatly interested us, though it treats of a country of which we have many descriptions. Among the writers on this fruitful subject, we could name sixty Germans, thirty-one Swiss, eighteen French, eight English, one Italian, one Spanish, two Polish, two Dutch, and four Danish; without counting those who have only published short accounts of different parts of Switzerland, or upon questions relative to this country.

Helvetia appears to have been originally occupied by the Celts, and successively by tribes from the North of Europe; the language is in many respects like the ancient Teutonic; the mountains served as a fortress to those people who occupied the countries conquered by the Romans. The Cimbrians and the Teutons, intending to ravage Italy, took with them the Aubrons, who were renowned for their bravery, and whose territory extended from Switzerland to the shores of the Durance. When Cæsar fought against the Helvetians, he had also to war with the inhabitants of the mountains, which now form part of Savoy and Upper Dauphiny: they had one common union, or at least a strict alliance subsisted between them. We must here observe, with the author of *L'histoire des Hautes Alpes*, that a singular analogy exists between the names of places in Switzerland and Dauphiny. But let us take a rapid view of the events which took place in Switzerland. In the time of Cæsar it was sixty leagues long and fifty-five wide. Its limits were nearly the same as they are now. It was then divided into four cantons, one of which

was the Pagus Tegurimus, that made the soldiers of Cassius submit to the yoke: this Pagus is Zurich, to which, in the middle ages, public gratitude assigned the first rank among the thirteen cantons.

The Helvetic population being too confined, the youth went and established themselves near Toulouse and Saintes. The inhabitants of Autun, allies of the Romans, solicited Cæsar's aid; he subdued the Helvetians and established colonies in the conquered country, which, some centuries after, formed a part of the kingdom of Burgundy, then of France, under the Carlovingians. Subsequently they passed under the Austrian sceptre, and the heroic manner in which they broke their chains, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, is well known. The bow of William Tell is still preserved at Schweitz, upon the mo- of which many have been made. A handle is necessary in order to use it, which proves that the ancient Swiss were not superior in strength to the modern. By degrees thirteen cantons were formed, and sold themselves to foreign princes, like the ancient Gœsates, who were in the pay of Carthage, and of several kings, who were the enemies of Rome. A civil war tore them in pieces, then Luther's reform; they were not "as reasonable as the pastor Tchudy, who, performing mass in the morning to the Catholics, and preaching in the evening to the Protestants, replied to those who reproached him for exercising this double religion, that, "*he was a Christian the whole day.*"

Charles the Bold bore arms against the Swiss: he was beaten by them at Granson, at Morat, and under the walls of Nancy, where they formed the principal force of the Duke René. At the end of the eighteenth century Switzerland was invaded by the French, and became the theatre of the signal victories gained by the French armies over the Russians. In 1802 this country enjoyed some repose by the act of mediation of the first consul, Bonaparte, and was divided into sixteen cantons. In 1813, the Swiss suffered their territory to be seized by the allies, who were marching to Paris, where they had sent their *Landamann* to declare their neutrality. Switzerland is now divided into twenty-two cantons. Aristocracy has recovered much of what it had lost in the revolutions, and Switzerland, obliged to renounce the liberal principles which formed the basis of its anterior constitutions, has not been able to acquire either moral or political force by these last events. In spite of this afflicting change in the situation of Switzerland, it is still one of those countries where the friends of nature and humanity will always love to travel, or to sojourn. M. Depping conducts his readers through all the cantons, and skilfully mixes picturesque descriptions with the principles of political economy, opinions upon manners, usages, customs, dialects, &c. His style is simple, easy, and correct; qualities still more remarkable as he was not born in France.

The author makes a singular observation upon Locarno, a town or village of the canton of Tesin. "The nobles have formed a corporation by themselves; the burgesses have formed another, and the peasants a third. Their religious separation is ludicrous, each of those classes pray to God in a church by themselves. I have only observed this separation in the village of Locarno."

M. Depping gives some interesting details of the mineral waters at Pfeffers, little known to the generality of travellers.

The description of *Les Delices*, as well as *Coppet et Ferney*, is full of charming details, which such subjects naturally inspire. "In the second of these places, I was entertained by M. Recker, whose every thought was directed towards government, and particularly towards the finances of France. At *Delices* M. and Mad. Trochin showed me a curious gallery of pictures, Voltaire's room, furnished as it was when he inhabited it, and the saloon, where *Merope et Zaire* was performed. At Ferney, I traversed every place where this great man had been. The portrait of Mad. du Chatelet is near Voltaire's bed, before which is sculptured a little monument, under which is inscribed—*Son esprit est partout, et son coeur est ici.*"

In the midst of the Alps, M. Depping could not forget the *Ranz-des-vaches*, which has been so often mangled in France and England; he has published it in the most exact manner. This air appears to be of great antiquity, as well as the dance of *Bacchu-ber*, near Briançon, and the music adapted to the words: *il etail une fille*, original music of Bugey, and comprised in the opera of Annette and Lubin.

This new work of M. Depping's must add to the already well-established reputation of its author.

Descrizione Geologica della Provincia di Milano, &c.
Geological Description of the Province of Milan. By Scipion Breislak.

M. Breislak is already known as one of the most distinguished *vulcanistes*, and the greatest adversary of the *neptuniens*, who have hitherto been the more numerous. In the work we now announce, he seems to have been more attentive to facts than to theory. The introduction is a general prospectus of the province of Milan and its configuration. He determines the extent of it, the most remarkable things in it, and the useful and curious objects which distinguish this part of the European continent. The work is divided into eight chapters, and is terminated by an appendix, which treats of the hills of Saint Columbano and Stradella.

Generally speaking, the author's observations are exact; his reflexions are just and ingenious, and often give rise to ideas favourable to the progress of the useful and agreeable arts. M. Breislak's work is a fresh proof of his acquirements, and of his zeal to spread the study of geology amongst the Italians. The map at the end of the book represents that part of Austrian Lombardy, comprised between the Adda and the Tesin, with the whole course of these two rivers, from their source and their confluence with the Po.

Beknopte Geschiedenis der Letteren en Wetenschappen in de Nederlanden, &c.
History of Letters and Sciences in the low countries, from the remotest times to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By N. G. Van Kampen.

"The Literary History of France" is an immense collection of valuable documents, of which our remotest posterity alone will see the end. Its plan forbids that luminous order, by the help of which the genius of an age may be immediately seen and appreciated, as in the "Literary History of Italy," by Tiraboschi. The author's researches are, for the most part, interesting and agreeably written; but it is to be regretted, that he has not always consulted the originals, and seen every object in a philosophical point of view, nor given a physiognomical decision to men and periods. The second part of this literary and scientific history contains, a Continuation of the fourth period;—Happy time of jurisprudence and natural sciences. Fifth period:—Golden age of grammar and medicine; Decline of poetry from 1718 to 1780. Sixth period:—Revival of poetry; Reform in theology, and the eloquence of the pulpit from 1780 to 1820. The volume finishes with the remarks of M. Ackersdik, on the first part, and with supplements to the second.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Edward Neville; or, the Memoirs of an Orphan. Four vols. 12mo. pp. 1814. London, 1823.

This is a very unequal performance; but, taken as a first attempt, exhibits unquestionable proof that the author is now qualified to write a very good novel. It has many imperfections and redundances, especially in the earlier scenes; yet these faults arise from an exuberance, rather than from a sterility of imagination, and they are amply compensated by the good sense displayed in the general conduct of the story, and by the acute discrimination exercised in the development of the characters. From various indications it is apparent that the work

is, to use a very trite epithet, the production of a female pen; and there are equally just grounds for supposing, that the author is a lady, who has seen much of genteel life, both in this country and on the Continent, and who has studied the great world, not through the dim and often deceptive medium of books, but by direct intercourse and very attentive observation. Her characters appear to have been sketched from the life, and, with perhaps a single exception, are strictly consistent with nature: the different scenes in which they are exhibited, though occasionally trifling and common-place, bear a striking resemblance to reality, and their effect is aided by the probability of all the subordinate incidents and circumstances. This general air of truth, in the detail, very happily qualifies the demands made on the reader's credulity in the general structure of the story, which is romantic enough in all conscience, as will appear from the following outline.

Edward Neville is the sole surviving child of a retired military officer, whose widow dies at Warwick in extreme distress, leaving her orphan to the care of Mr. Melburne, a very benevolent old bachelor. This gentleman, faithful to his promise, takes the boy home, and undertakes to educate him as his adopted son, much against the inclination of his handsome, but shrewish young housekeeper, Dorothy, who has contrived to acquire a considerable influence over him. Having fallen into embarrassments, he determines, through the persuasion of an early friend, Sir Charles Grosvenor, to break up his establishment, and retire to the Continent with the view of retrieving his affairs. In pursuance of this intention he proceeds to London with his ward, and is there traced out by Dorothy, who frustrates his hopes of advantage through the powerful influence of Sir Charles, and by a stratagem imposing upon his humane feelings, and his sense of honour, obtains his hand in marriage. Accompanied by Edward, they set out for Paris, and happen to travel in the same diligence with the Marchioness of Montalve and her daughter, who are repairing to the French capital to recover their family estates, which were lost at the commencement of the Revolution. An assault of robbers on the route affords Edward an opportunity of exercising his gallantry in their defence; and he has the further satisfaction of performing a signal service in the prosecution of their claim, which strengthens the attachment already formed between him and the young lady. The obscurity of his birth, however, and his dependent station, are repugnant to the aristocratical pride of the Marchioness; and there occurs a complication of untoward events, which, through her management, threatens for ever to alienate the lovers, notwithstanding the prudent and kindly agency of Mrs. Henderson, Lady Emily's *gouvernante*. Edward is incessantly annoyed by the domestic squabbles of Mr. Melburne and his untractable spouse; but he has the good fortune to merit the gratitude, and obtain the lasting friendship of a Dr. Mackintosh, under whose auspices he prosecutes his studies with great success. His guardian, having been reduced to penury by the perverse extravagance of Mrs. Melburne, determines to return home with her to his dilapidated farm at Warwick, and thither Edward accompanies them. Finding it impossible to remain, and feeling a strong predilection for a military life, he enters as a volunteer in a regiment destined for foreign service, and during a campaign in the Peninsula, obtains rank and distinction in the army. Being ordered to join the second battalion of his regiment at Inverness, he returns to England; and discovering that the Lady Emily is residing with her mother, the Marchioness, in London, he seeks an explanation which leads to a revival of their former attachment. After a passing visit to his guardian in Warwickshire, he proceeds to Edinburgh, where he is introduced by the daughters of Sir Charles Grosvenor, to their grandmother, the venerable Countess of Harlington, who honours him with many especial marks of her regard. An accident of a very trivial nature excites her curiosity concerning his

origin, and she institutes an enquiry which leads to indubitable evidence, that he is the son of her eldest daughter who had married clandestinely, and that he is heir to the earldom. Every obstacle to the union being now removed, the gallant youth has the happiness to receive the hand of Emily; and poetical justice is done to all the other parties concerned.

It is by a succession of very strange accidents that this happy result is brought about; and there are several other improbabilities gratuitously introduced, which would be absolutely unpleasing, were it not for the admirable manner in which, as we have before intimated, the author has interwoven them with the more natural passages of the story. Perhaps, by a very common error among novelists, she deemed them necessary to heighten the general effect; but this notion she should instantly relinquish; for the interest produced in works of this kind exists not in consequence of those expedients, but in spite of them. By tasking her invention less severely, she would have commanded ampler scope for the exhibition of living manners, and for the delineation of character. For these highly important purposes of fiction her talents seem peculiarly fitted. The impression produced by the work before us is such, that the reader almost fancies himself to have been an eye witness of the scenes described; and the persons presented live in his recollection like individuals with whom he is familiarly acquainted. Eward, in particular, with the virtues that usually accompany a frank and open disposition, has an impetuosity of temper which occasionally vents itself in playful mischief, and sometimes hurries him into acts of indiscretion, which excite towards him a feeling of anxious, yet friendly concern. The goodnatured, the sanguine, the credulous, the irritable, the placable, the cajolable Mr. Melburne, has all the *bon homme* of Parson Adams, with a high confidence in his own knowledge of the world, which, contrasted with his practical blunders through life, is irresistibly comical. Sir Charles Grosvenor and Lord Inverleith are mere sketches, but they are admirable in their way; the one as a fine gentleman, the other as a brave, gay, and thoughtless soldier, somewhat too familiar with the bottle. The amiable Dr. Mackintosh, and the kindhearted Mrs. Henderson, though in a subordinate station, form a capital pair of portraits. Emily de Montalve is endowed with every grace that becomes a lady of romance, and she has moreover, a wit that would be perilous if its sallies were not controuled and tempered by the benignant suavity of her disposition. With all these attractions, however, she has not an exclusive claim to attention; and it is doubtful whether the sprightly Sophia Grosvenor would not have proved the greater favourite, if a more conspicuous station had been assigned to her.

One leading character remains to be mentioned; and of that we are very unwilling to speak. From time immemorial, the agency of a villain in a tragedy or a romance, has been considered quite as indispensable as that of a clown in a pantomime. In this novel there is no villain of any mark or likelihood; but his place is supplied by a figure quite as odious, that of an obtrusive, impertinent, and intolerable bore. If we could find in our hearts to rail at the engaging writer of these volumes, it should be for assigning so inordinately large a space to the vile, invidious, and vituperative harangues of Mistress Dorothy. Certainly there never was exhibited a more awful personification of intense and obdurate selfishness, ignorance, impudence, insolence, and in one word, vulgarity, in all its diversified shades of abomination, than that which forms the portraiture of this unfeminine and untameable shrew. A hateful intruder on all occasions, she is an object of dread, whether absent or present, and like the *atra cura* of the poet, she exercises her malign influence at sea or on shore, at home or abroad, at eve or at sunrise, in society or in solitude. The portraiture is complete, but it occupies an unreasonable proportion of canvas. To the infinite relief of her husband she dies of brandy in

the fourth volume; it would have been for the advantage of the novel if she had been dismissed into her native obscurity before the close of the first.

The account of the campaign in the Peninsula is very spirited, and evinces a knowledge of local circumstances, which could not have been acquired without personal observation. The concluding volume is by far the best, and makes ample amends for the occasional prolixity of the other three. The author has taken laudable pains to avoid a fault incident to some writers, who, feeling secure of the public favour, are apt to doze and grow negligent as they approach the completion of their task. She, on the contrary, has exerted herself to heighten the interest of her closing scenes; and their decided superiority over the others, which enhances the merit of the present production, affords a fair augury for the success of her future efforts.

Ferdinand VII.; or, a Dramatic Sketch of the recent Revolution in Spain, translated from the Spanish of Don Manuel Saratea. 8vo. London. 1823. Sherwood and Co.

If the writer whose sole object is to win us to a love of liberty, and whose genius has enabled him to attain this object, be entitled to high praise, we have no hesitation, after a critical perusal of Ferdinand VII., to bestow upon its author all that praise which one who could shine in the above-mentioned class can merit. Whoever can read Ferdinand without being won to a love of what its author seeks to inculcate, never shall, we safely affirm, be won to a love of liberty through the charms of composition. The recent Revolution in Spain is the subject.—What better fitted to inspire us with sentiments of freedom and independence? Were we to hear of a brave people oppressed, deprived of their rights for six long years by some cruel tyrant, would we not naturally shew the strongest symptoms of feeling for their sufferings; would we not, join in arms with them against their cruel oppresser, or wish at least to do so—encourage them in the heroic strife, and pray for their redemption from slavery? If then we should do all this on such an occasion, what ought we not do on the occasion which here really presents itself? The Spaniards are shewn to us not only oppressed, deprived of their rights, but of their property; nay, more, of their very lives, all at the will of a haughty tyrant, and blood-thirsty inquisition. But who is the tyrant through whose power they suffer? Is he from some far, some uncivilised country; a barbarian lost to every noble thought, to every sense of human rights? No, he is a Spaniard; nay, more, the very King of the Spaniards; that very King, who through the valour of his people has so long held his tottering seat upon the throne.

More than once during the perusal have we wished ourselves in Madrid, raising with her brave citizens the standard of freedom; and often too have we cried against the deadly inquisition, the haughty Ferdinand, and his insatiable ministers.—Nor could we help lamenting the fate of the amiable Josephine, the Queen of Ferdinand, and tremble at the detail of miseries heaped upon the now venerable, but once admired Lenora Alcantara; nor have the brave Demenquez and his fair Maraquita been absent: their loves, throughout the whole, form an agreeable variety; and from beginning to end we have felt strongly interested in their fate.—Though we know nothing more of the original of this work than what the translator has been pleased to inform us in the Preface, yet we have strong reasons to believe from its general execution, that he has done it every justice. We will give with our remarks two or three extracts, by which our readers will be both able to form an opinion of the style of the translation, and of the spirit of the work in general. The following short, but capitous and impressive address of Ferdinand to his ministers in the council chamber, where he is aware that there are a few for the Constitution, gives us a clear idea of his hostility to

the rights of the people, and of the subserviency of his prostrate vassals.

King—"Brothers, lords, and counsellors of state! ye,
To whom the weal of Spain's entrusted; ye,
Through whose advice our actions and decrees
Have been promulg'd; that kept in view, the peace,
The welfare, and the favour of our vassals;
I meet ye here in solemn council, to
Digest and sift to the bottom th' entire
Ramifications of this daring plot;
Which hath for object, things ye've oft advis'd,
Incompatible with our sov'reign rule—
Our rights divine—the well-being—and the
Security of our vassals.
Don Carlos.——"'Tis well;
Your majesty's most gracious will, desire,
And pleasure, do require on th' emergence
A considerate and profound attention.
We, your grace's constitute advisers,
Are emboldon'd to enjoin cautious, grave,
And prudent counsel; wholesome and discreet,
For the nation's benefit, and for the
Dignity of Spain's proud monarchy; still
Worthy of its illustrious descent,
The ancestry of Bourbon's noble race!
Now, when dark treason stalks abroad, and dares,
With horrid front, to unmask itself, and
Threatens to destroy (spreading its baneful
Influence around) each social tie, and
Every sacred bond of union, 'mongst
Thy faithful vassals!"

The second speech of Don Francis, who is for the Constitution and the rights of the people, is at once open energetic, and suitable to that proud and patriotic character which the poet every where confers upon him—in his first speech he was opposed by Don Carlos.

Don Francis.——"Your majesty,
In kindness, doth embolden me to speak;
As one who dreads not to advise measures
Salutary, yet unwelcome to those ears,
Hitherto open only to honey'd
Language of deceit—of flattery, and
Dissimulation. Nor care I for thee,
Don Carlos: I proclaim aloud with strong
And vigorous energy, that the king
Must yield to the nation's prayer, and that
With speed he accept the Constitution!
Ere yet, in the popular frenzy, he
Be mulcted of a diadem. I view
The people up in arms—storms gathering—
Dangers approaching—a breath of liberty
Borne upon every breeze! o'er snow-clad
Mountains, and to each verdant vale luxuriant,
As that of Alicant, e'en to remotest
Corners of the land. Be wise in time, lest,
While your majesty is lull'd into a
Fatal security, the thunder of
A nation's wrongs burst in tenfold vengeance
On thy royal head."

The three following lines spoken by Don Carlos, are wonderfully characteristic of him: he tells in what manner Egmo ought to have treated the people.

Don Carlos.——"Better
Had he driven the rebellious dogs, howling,
To perish in the sea; as herds of swine,
Of devils foul, incarnate, once possessed!"

But the happiest lines in the whole are perhaps the following; they are spoken by Ferdinand—at this time he is informed that Abisbal, one on whom he very strongly relied, has joined the people.

King, (much agitated.)—"O monstrous ingratitude! Impostor!
Villain! blackest agent of the regions
Infernal! Call up all the terrors
Of the inquisition, to blast the traitors!
[*With frenzy.*
What is to be done, Don Carlos? Spaniards!!
Counsellors! what safety for your monarch but in

None!—No refuge from his enemies, nor
Longer obedience to his sov'reign will?
Ha! ha! traitors are ye all!"

These, besides giving us a true picture of Ferdinand, have many other real beauties. The four first lines are a fine specimen of that burst of passion, which weak but tyrannic minds ever yield to on finding themselves betrayed by those on whom they place reliance; and the five concluding lines in which Ferdinand calls on those present to know what can be done to save him from yielding the slightest portion of his usurped authority, his own abrupt answer in the negative, and his calling them at the same time traitors, are all happily imagined; as nothing can more clearly depict that phrenetic despair under which we can now suppose Ferdinand to labour, than to hear him call those traitors whom we know he could not even suspect of treachery. We have now so far transgressed our limits, that we have it not in our power to give any extracts from the fifth act, where Ferdinand and Don Carlos, they being now won to a love of liberty, appear as new characters. Before we take leave of our poet we have to observe, that the meeting of Dominquez and Maraquita is not entirely as happily executed as we should expect; and, if we mistake not, the following passage is somewhat allied to the bombast. Shakspeare would not have expressed himself thus, in making one of his characters tell an old woman that she was about six or seven years in confinement.

Vargas.——————"Some six or
Seven annual revolutions of
Our planet, circumnavigating, through
Immensity, yonder glorious orb of
Light and life, now sinking westward, hast thou,
Senora, been excluded from the blest
Ray of heaven's brightest luminary!"

We are much pleased with the appendix and notes at the end, and they in no small degree add to the high esteem which we set upon the work in general.

Italian Tales.—Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance; selected and translated from the Italian, with sixteen illustrative Drawings, by George Cruikshank. London. Baldwin. 1823.

As those works which are the most entertaining are generally those which are the most frequently read, and since many of them can be found which convey a good lesson of morality at the same time they do entertainment, and that too without the brilliancy of the latter being in the least manner diminished by the gravity of the former; as such, we say, is the case, we think all those who undertake to give to the world, either translations or selections of tales or romances, should, as much as lies in their power, endeavour to avail themselves of the opportunity of not only amusing, but instructing us at the same time.

Servantes and Le Sage afford many fine instances of this agreeable mode of preaching morality. We cannot help admiring the many beautiful and yet instructive tales dispersed throughout their works. It is, perhaps, in this particular they leave far behind them our two most admired novelists, Fielding and Smollet.

The translator of the tales before us, however, from the choice he has made of selecting such as are not, in general, accessable, and such as serve to give us a lively idea of the early manners of the Italians, could not completely avail himself of this happy opportunity of being instructive and entertaining at the same moment. The tales are seventeen in number; and are, generally speaking, a pretty good collection of humour, gallantry, and romance.

The translator informs us in his preface, that the works from which he has taken them are by no means common; for that the indelicacy with which almost all collections of Italian tales are polluted, deservedly excludes them from general perusal; but that such care has been employed in this selection, and such liberties taken with the originals when they appeared objectionable, that it is hoped this little book will escape the censure too justly cast upon Italian works of humour in general. Of

this, we say, our translator informs us; and he not only deserves our thanks for the care he has taken to exclude whatever may offend delicacy, but we also join in his hopes regarding the success of his book. We feel it, however, our duty to notice a few imperfections in this work; for it is not enough for a book to be moral in parts, it should be so throughout. Those tales should not have been selected in which the ministers of God are not only represented as the basest of hypocrites, but yielding to the most infamous crimes in nature. Nor should we have been told of a youth falling so desperately in love with his step-mother, that his father is obliged to yield her to his embraces.

Such tales as these are of a most diabolical nature; and though they may, it is true, be characteristic of the early ages, and barbarous times, yet it will never justify their being introduced into this work. As to the translations they are much after the style of the originals, rather simple than elegant; and with the exception, however, of a few verbal inaccuracies, and the objection alluded to; our readers will find the Italian Tales a very agreeable companion.

The Ionian; or Woman of the Nineteenth Century. By Sarah Renou, Author of "Village Conversations; or, the Vicar's Fire-side," and "The Temple of Truth, an Allegorical Poem." 3 vols. Sherwood and Co. London. 1823.

Woman has been always proverbially considered the weaker vessel, but we think the day is not far hence when it will be clear that she is so physically, not intellectually; and that her mind is capable of acquiring all those high endowments, which elevate man so far above his fellow-man. That the homely and domestic duties of women in general, the constant exercise of those superficial acquirements, of all the soft, tender, and amiable virtues of the heart and mind, that the display of those personal accomplishments, by which they know they can make themselves so agreeable to our sex, has for ages retarded the progress of the female intellect and kept it almost stationary in the scale of intelligence, must be evident to any person who has made the female mind an object of his attention, we will not say constantly, but even occasionally. But this would not be the case if personal accomplishments and superficial acquirements were once treated by our sex as they should be; were the acquirements which we seek for in our commerce with woman, instead of being confined to these accomplishments, extended to the higher accomplishments of mind; woman would then become a different, a more exalted being than she is at present, though it is certain that she stands now much higher in the scale of intellect than she ever did before.

Miss Renou's object, in the composition of this work, is to prove that "the female mind is endowed with capacities for the attainment of an elevated rank in the scale of intelligence." It is clear from the earnestness with which she advocates the cause of her own sex, that she did not take up the subject from a belief that it would afford her an opportunity of displaying her own individual powers. She was evidently influenced by a conviction that her ideas of female capacity are founded in truth. We do not mean to say that her conviction is any proof of her theory being true, for he who mistakes the most palpable error for the most self-evident truth may be as strongly convinced as a mathematician may be, that two right lines cannot inclose a space; but if she be in error, it is an error which no person can condemn when he knows it arises not only from a conviction of its being true, but from a conviction arising from the most amiable and praiseworthy feelings. In a word, from an error on the right side, if it be an error, namely, an attachment to her own sex, arising from a consciousness that they possess powers which our sex are unwilling to allow them. From this sweet and delightful enthusiasm, this unalterable devotion to the virtues of her own sex, (and who is barbarian enough to reprove her even if she were wrong) arises that enthusiasm and ardency of diction which glows throughout the entire work, and which reflects

so much credit on the heart and mind of the fair authoress. Miss Renou has already acquired no small share of literary fame from her former works; but the work before us will render her not only a favourite with her own sex, but with all its admirers; while it establishes at the same time, her claim to rank high in the literary world, and to be considered one of the first and most *earnest* moral writers of the day. To advocate the cause of religion and morality in works of fiction, and at the same to render them agreeable, entertaining and interesting,—qualities which are chiefly sought for in such works, and without which they never can command a numerous class of readers—has been always considered an experiment, not only injurious to the general merits of the work, but also to the cause of religion and morality. Miss Renou has, however, most happily accomplished both these objects. She has not only rendered her work truly interesting from beginning to end, and that too very frequently an interest of the deepest and most intense nature, but she has also strongly inculcated throughout the entire work those principles of morality, religion, piety, virtue, noble and exalted sentiments of devotion, without which all works of feeling and imagination are poison to the mind that feels any charm in their influence. She has another great virtue! she can moralize without descending to the cant of the religionist or the bigot. We, therefore, strongly recommend her work to the perusal of all our readers, male and female, to the latter because they will receive a stimulus from its perusal to cultivate those virtues, without which they can never be *sincerely* esteemed, and those mental capacities which will enable them to display their virtues, not only to their own advantage, but to that of mankind. To the former because they will learn from it to esteem woman, as much from her mental endowments as from her personal accomplishments, qualities which when united, raise woman to that high rank in the scale of human existence which she is so well calculated to adorn.

Miss Renou has proved herself in this as well as her former works, to be a writer of no ordinary cast. Her acquired knowledge, it is true, does not appear from this work to be very extensive, but that she has read deeply, and reflected seriously, is evident to any person who peruses it; and though we might be inclined to differ sometimes from her sentiments, we cannot help respecting that good sense, and that love of truth which prompts her on all occasions. Her style is glowing, energetic, and ardent, but its energy does not take away from its chaste and classic elegance. Sometimes, indeed, when she is carried away by the enthusiasm of her feelings, she is more glowing, impassioned, and impetuous than the rigid laws of criticism will sanction. But if there be errors of so high a character that places them "beyond the reach of art," or to speak more plainly, beyond the reach of criticism, Miss Renou's are of this character, as they always carry their own redeeming beauties along with them, beauties arising from that ardour of feeling, and that glow of imagination, which are the true characteristics of genius. If our limits permitted, we could give many passages from this work which would give our readers a better idea of her powers than any thing we can offer in their favour. We must content ourselves, however, with the following, not because it is the most pathetic and powerful appeal to the better feelings of humanity which the work contains, but because, while it possesses a great share of pathos and filial affection, it is, at the same time, the shortest in the work that would answer our purpose. It loses, however, much of its pathetic beauties by being here unconnected with the circumstances which give rise to it. De Mondefort, an illustrious nobleman, but denounced a rebel and an outlaw, by the Emperor of Austria, secreted himself in the Chateau de C—— by permission of the Lady Isabina, the then supposed inheritor of that place, which she had lately taken possession of, and where she became acquainted with a Captain Montville, who had sometime before been placed there, in consequence of information received, that

De Mondefort was either in that castle or in the neighbourhood. Not being able to discover De Mondefort he withdrew his troops, and paid occasional visits to the castle to pay his addresses to Isabina. De Mondefort was reduced to the lowest state of wretchedness, his entire property being confiscated. He lived for some time in one of the Ionian Isles, where he left his daughter and son, a blind boy, in the most abject state of want and poverty. While he and Isabina were one day conversing together, an itinerant musician entered the hall, and commenced a song, whose exquisite pathos pierced Isabina's soul. De Mondefort started from his seat.

"'Heavens! that voice reminds me of my daughter. Hark! that note is surely her's—my child!—my dear child! it is—it is my Isidora!'

"De Mondefort fell back in his chair, overpowered by the violence of his emotions, and Isabina ran to the hall, and beheld a tall slender youth, and a little blind boy. She started at the disappointment, expecting to have seen a female, and returned to inform De Mondefort of his mistake. 'Oh no, it is my own—my dear child!' said he, rushing forward; and the next moment he was in the arms of the Ionian, or his daughter.

"After the first effusions of mutual rapture had a little subsided. 'Behold this angel, this heavenly being,' said De Mondefort, 'behold the preserver, the benefactress of your father.'

"The Ionian bent one knee to the ground, and taking the hand of Isabina, pressed it alternately to her lips and bosom. Filial devotion and rapturous tenderness prevented her from speaking, but the expression of her countenance, and the tears of affection that glistened in her eye, indicated more strongly their language, the gratitude of her soul. Isabina would have embraced her, but the masculine garb, in which she was attired, restrained her from following the impulse of her heart. 'My dear Isadora,' said De Mondefort, after having pressed the blind boy to his bosom, 'my child, my comfort, my only hope and consolation, let me gaze on those features, which this vile garb cannot deface. Oh! my daughter, to what sufferings has not the impetuous zeal of thy infatuated father exposed thee.'"

Isidora now informed her father that it was her intention to apply to the Prince Alphonso, who had great influence with the States and the Emperor, that he might intercede for her father, and have him, if not reinstated in his rights, at least restored to the society of his children.

"De Mondefort reluctantly consented, and Isidora, supplied by Isabina with female attire, appeared the next morning radient in beauty. Her father gazed on her with rapture; like a meteor which exhales from the atmosphere, and dazzles the observer with its splendour, so did Isadora fascinate the eyes of her fond parent. Clasping her to his bosom with indefinable emotions of painful tenderness. 'Oh! my child,' said he, 'born to bless and save thy unhappy father, I behold thee for a moment, perhaps to lose thee for ever. Oh! may heaven preserve protect, and bless my child.' Tears prevented his utterance, and in a paroxism of grief, he embraced his child and sobbed in convulsive agony on her bosom. At that moment the door opened, and Montville entered. 'I am lost, lost for ever!' said De Mondefort as he perceived the military commander. 'My child be happy, make no further efforts to save me, they are useless; but be still a mother to my helpless boy, and live, live for his sake.'

"Montville approached.—'I came not here, De Mondefort,' said he, 'at present in search of you; but here is the order for your arrest, in the name of the Emperor, I command you to surrender yourself to the royal mandate.'

"'I make no resistance,' replied De Mondefort, 'I have long learned, that for the weak to oppose the strong, is as vain as to attempt to place barriers against the waves of the sea; but the time is approaching, when liberty shall break the fetters of restraint, and man reclaim those native rights, that arbitrary power has wrested from him.'

"'Captain Montville,' said Isidora, approaching, 'before you arrest my father, answer me,—have you a father living?'—'I have,' replied Montville.

"'Can you,' said she, 'remember his affection in your infancy, his care of your childhood, his sedulous attention to the formation of your morals in youth, and his pride at your dawning manhood? Can you picture to your recollection the glistening tenderness of his eye, the radience of his smile,

and the exultation of his manner, as with self-gratulation he contemplated his son? Can you possess a bosom capable of feeling, a heart of loving, or a soul susceptible of the finest and most ennobling sensations of our nature, and be insensible to my feelings as a daughter? Behold my parent! my pride, my joy, my treasure, enjoying in the society of all he holds dear on earth, the blessings of liberty. And you enter this hospitable mansion as a friend to the possessor; you come under the appearance of friendship to plunge a dagger into her breast. Before you entered, smiles irradiated the face that you have suffused with tears; before you entered pleasure glowed in the bosoms which you distend with sighs; before you entered I enjoyed in anticipation, the delightful idea of obtaining, through the medium of the Prince Alphonso, the pardon of my father: before you entered we were happy; now look round, contemplate your work, behold already the effects of your power. But what are the tears that now dim our eyes, in comparison to the blood that will spring from our hearts, when the representative of the ancient and illustrious house of De Mondefort, shall perish by the hands of the executioner? And what will be your sensations when the curses of the orphan shall vibrate in your ears, and the retributive justice of heaven, deprive you of your father, and brand your name with the execrations of posterity? Oh! let pity move your heart; I see the tenderness of your nature beaming in your eye; I read the sympathy of your generous bosom in the noble impress of the soul, your manly visage pourtrays. Oh! listen to its dictates, be a man, and not a slave to vindictive vengeance; be the preserver, and not the destroyer of your species; imitate Almighty goodness, and save, oh! save my father!' Isidora dropped on her knees, and pressed the unresisting hand of Montville to her bosom. 'My friend,' said she to Isabina, 'the tutelar angel of my father, thou who hast been to him as a daughter, kneel, kneel with me to supplicate for the life of De Mondefort!' Isabina, with her face bathed in tears, almost unconscious of her action, threw herself beside Isidora, exclaiming, 'Oh! Montville, save, save my friend! save De Mondefort!'—'Oh! save, save my father!' exclaimed the little blind boy, groping his way to Montville, and catching hold of his mantle."

Heartless must have been the bosom that could withstand unmoved and unyielding an appeal so full of pathos and filial affection; the Captain could not, and De Mondefort was for that time freed from the fears of his persecutors. Many passages of equal merit and feeling might be quoted; the work throughout is teeming with incident and scenery of a lively and animating description, neither of which are suffered to pall upon the imagination, but are constantly varying, which renders them pleasing, picturesque, and entertaining. We therefore recommend the work in the most unqualified manner to all our readers, as a one of peculiar merit and interest. Perhaps it may be sometimes open to the lash of cold and phlegmatic criticism; but its faults are faults in the eye of the critic alone, not in the estimation of those who have a sincere regard for the cause of virtue and morality, of great and elevated sentiments of piety and devotion, and the softer affections and sympathy of the heart. Whoever possesses these best and proudest pledges of humanity, cannot read without increasing interest, without feeling a hallowed and ennobling impulse, the pages of the "Ionion, or Woman of the Nineteenth Century."

Horæ Jocosæ.—The Doggorel Decameron, being Ten facetious Tales in Verse; to which are added, some Miscellaneous Pieces. By Joseph Lunn, Esq. Whittaker. London, 1823.

Though poetry branches out into various species, there is still no one kind, no matter how widely different from every other, but will, even among the most refined of society, find admirers. The burlesque has its admirers as well as the heroic strain, so much so, that he who could be delighted by a poem of no extraordinary merit in the one, might not be able to endure a single page of the most highly finished piece of poetic composition in the other. The lover of poetry, then, who would exclude from the world every species that does not accord with his own taste, would be acting not only foolishly, but cruelly—foolishly, since he could never

succeed in making us forget that which we had always admired, and for which, as it were, nature seemed to have formed our taste, and create or awaken in us a new passion,—cruelly since he would be depriving us of that pleasure which we always enjoyed in the perusal of our favourite Muse. Hence we shall never condemn any species of poetry, no matter how opposed to that which we most esteem, if it possess merit and admirers; at least, these considerations had no light influence in determining us to review the poems before us.

Though they are of that species which we are least disposed to peruse; yet, as we feel they have merit in their own way, and as we are certain they have also their own class of admirers, we deem it our duty to introduce them to the notice of our readers. The tales are ten in number, with some miscellaneous pieces; they are, generally speaking, in the last order of the burlesque, as we meet with many lines not composed of more than two feet, and some even of one. The Smuggler, the first in order, and perhaps the first in merit, is indeed a very amusing one; it is well calculated to shew the force of habit—particularly in the characters of Risk the Gamester and the old Smuggler's son.

Risk, the Gamester.

"The gamester, Risk, who thro' life's checker'd scene,
Some hundred times had fall'n and risen:
Whose habitation oft had one day been
A palace, and the next a prison:
Unsated when by Fortune blest,
Unalter'd when her tables were revers'd,
Call'd wealth a bubble, life a jest;
So *crack'd the last and threw away the first.*
Nay, in the crazy dupe's last hour,
(Such was his master-passion's power)
Lamented that his life was ending,
Because some wagers still were pending;
And swore that he could die content,
Might he but know of each th' event:
Each moment death's relentless gripe grew stronger,
The Doctor enter'd—felt his pulse—look'd blue;
And told he could not live one half hour longer:
'I'll bet a hundred pounds,' cried Risk, 'I do!'
Hasten'd to snatch
His faithful watch;
Gaz'd on its face, and strove to pop
His icy finger on the stop;
Yet while he sought t' evade great nature's debt
Expiring, lost his reckoning, breath, and bet."

The last advice of Mat Max, the old Smuggler, to his son.

"His sire pronounc'd, when his last breath he drew,
This trite oration:
'Mathew, my boy, I know your skill,
So take my trusty lugger and pursue
Our old vocation!'
'Thank ye,' quoth Mat,—'good bye!—I will!'
'And let me add,'
(Pursu'd his dad)
'Before I in the earth am laid,
This good advice;
Never be idle! never be afraid!
Never be nice!'
Oh! what a sweet consoling blessing,
To a fond parent, is that one,
The dying knowledge of possessing
A dutiful, obedient son!
And this had he, for Mat, with reverence due,
Repli'd—'No, father, dam'me if I do!'"

These two extracts sufficiently explain the style and general manner of the *Horæ Jocosæ*. There are two, however, which we cannot pass over without censure: namely, Passion and Penance, and The Servant of all Work: they are of the most seductive kind, and very justly merit the flames. There is another also in its subject not over chaste, but from the very ingenious manner in which the author concludes it, he veils its immodesty from the most delicate eyes. It is named "The Blister."—As to the miscellaneous pieces, they are indeed no discredit to the author; and will, we presume, as well as the tales in general, gain him many admirers.

Lectures on the Elements of Botany. Part I. Containing the Descriptive Anatomy of those Organs on which the growth and preservation of the Vegetable depend. By Anthony Todd Thompson, F.L.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 722. 1822. Longman and Co.

It is the peculiar merit of these lectures, that they are free from a fault with which many works of the

same class and character are more or less chargeable,—the fault of excessive pretension. The author does not aim at enhancing the merit of his own labours by depreciating those of others; neither does he endeavour to inspire his readers with the delusive hope of becoming as well versed in botanical science as himself, merely by perusing what he has written on the subject. In the very outset, while tracing the plan of study which he would recommend, he candidly tells them that the knowledge which they are invited to seek cannot be fully attained from the perusal of books; that an appeal must be made to nature, and plants examined in their vegetative state. To do this in a proper manner, as far as the plants of our own country are concerned, he exhorts the botanical student to range the fields, and find the objects of his researches in their most perfect condition, and in those places where the hand of nature has planted them. For exotics, recourse must be had to the Botanic Garden; and though it may not be possible to procure specimens in a state of perfection, yet more information may be obtained from examining them, such as they are, than can be acquired from the perusal of the best descriptions, aided by all the illustrations which the graphic art can contribute. Adverting to the course of instruction which he has laid down on the plan proposed, he observes, that no lectures can convey a complete knowledge of any science; that they are intended merely to assist the student in his inquiries, and to open for him a path, the intricacies of which must afterwards be explored by himself. The duties of a lecturer, therefore, Mr. Thomson assumes to be analogous to those of a pioneer; but this comparison in reference to him, is surely too humiliating, and considering the great ability with which he has acquitted himself, we would rather designate him as an intelligent and accomplished guide. From the great variety of interesting and useful information which his work contains, it may be said to resemble the manuals under that title which are destined for the convenience of the traveller in foreign countries; it will serve as a companion to the botanical student in exploring all the departments of the vegetable kingdom, while from the multitude of engravings with which it is illustrated, it will be no less useful to him in the hours of retirement, by answering most of the purposes of a *hortus siccus*.

As the present volume treats of vegetable anatomy, it is necessarily occupied to a large extent with details in which frequent reference is made to those illustrations; and which, indeed, are inseparable from them. We are therefore restricted, in the selection of our extracts, to those parts of the work, which, being of a less technical character, do not require such accompaniments; and for this reason, we despair of conveying more than a very partial idea of its merits either in regard to design or execution. The following passage is from the introductory lecture:

"Vegetables, like animals, are organized living bodies. To the superficial observer there appears no difficulty in distinguishing them from animals and fossils; but those who have examined the subject more minutely, find many obstacles to prevent them from drawing the exact line of distinction between the three kingdoms of nature. Still, however, vegetables possess peculiarities of structure, habit, and functions, which characterize them; and these are found in every plant. As plants are living beings, so are they also perishable: death, as is the case in animals, may either proceed from innate causes, depending upon their organization, or be produced by external causes. It is obvious to our senses, that vegetables derive nourishment from the soil in which they are fixed, and in which they grow, and perfect seed capable of reproducing the species. The researches of philosophy have further informed us, that they possess irritability, by which the nutriment they imbibe is progressively moved through every part of their bodies, converted into various secretions, and assimilated into the substance itself of the plant; and that, like animals, they produce certain changes on the atmosphere, and can accommodate themselves to the vicissitudes of heat and cold. In the functions of generation, also, plants have many of the peculiarities of the most perfect animals. In stating, however, the close analogy between plants and animals, we must

always bear in memory that they have one important function less than animals—sensibility. The losing sight of these circumstances, particularly the former, led the ingenious Darwin into a labyrinth of error; and has exposed his memory to the sarcasm of malevolent wit and the derision of ignorance. —That part of our subject, therefore, which refers to the economy of the vegetable system, should first engage the attention of the student. It constitutes phytology, and comprehends the anatomy and physiology of plants; and is the most amusing, and certainly not the least instructive, part of the science. The anatomy of plants is more difficult than that of animals, from the minuteness of their parts, the union of them, and the extreme difficulty of separating them without destroying their texture. If, however, it be more difficult, it is less disgusting, and the microscope very much facilitates our inquiries. Without it we can have no idea of the structure of plants, and consequently no correct notions of their functions can be obtained. In studying the anatomy the terminology is acquired, an acquaintance with which is absolutely necessary for securing a knowledge of systematic arrangement. By combining with these the study of the physiology, on which modern chemistry has thrown the most brilliant light, the tediousness of acquiring the terms of art is diminished, and much interest excited in the pursuit."

Following the natural order in which the conservative organs are successsively described, we notice some curious observations respecting *the root.*

"The usual situation of roots is in the ground; but many plants, although their seeds be sown in the earth, yet, will not vegetate in it, their proper soil being the bark of other living plants. Such are named parasitical, owing to their nourishment being obtained from those plants on which they fix, and which they rob of a part of their juices, often injuring them to a very considerable degree. The Misletoe (Viscum *album*); the Broom Rape, Orobanche; the majority of Lichens; the Mosses; some of the Ferns; many of the Orchis tribe; those minute fungi, which produce the diseases of corn and of some grasses, known by the names of rust, blight, and mildew; the Sclerotium *crocorum*, a sort of tuber which attacks the bulb of the Saffron; and the dry rot, to the destructive powers of which the noblest specimens of architecture occasionally fall sacrifices: are parasitic plants. Some of this description of plants, however, originally grow in the earth, and do not lose their attachment to it until they find another plant to lay hold of, and into which they can dip their caulinar roots, or rootlike absorbents, which are protruded from the stem, in order to share its nutriment, and on which they are afterwards supported; as, for example, the Cuscuta, or Dodder, which may be regarded as the natural parasite of our indigenous Heaths and Hops.

"Some plants, after they have arrived at a certain age, do not even require that their roots should be fixed to any spot; but maintain life on what they can procure by absorption from the atmosphere. Such are the Cacti, a curious tropical tribe of succulent plants; on which account one of the species, the Indian Fig, Cactus *opuntia*, was recommended to the notice of seafaring people, by the late Dr. Anderson of Madras, for the purpose of supplying vegetable food on long voyages; and as a preventive of scurvy. But the most curious instance of this kind is the aërial flower, Epidendrum *flos aeris*, an East Indian parasitical plant, which continues to grow, blossoms, and even perfects its seed, when it is torn from the tree on which it originally grew, and is suspended in the ceiling of an apartment. Many aquatic plants, also, have roots which serve no other purpose than to fix them for a short time to the spot where they have germinated, from which they afterwards separate and float upon the surface of the water. Thus the common Duck Weed, Lemna *minor*, which rises to the surface almost as soon as it has germinated, has filiform roots from three to six inches in length, which hang perpendicularly in the water, and having no attachment to any body, allow the plant to float freely in every direction."

In treating of the anatomy of *stems*, after an elaborate investigation concering the direction, the divisions and branching; the covering, colour and figure, the substance and organisation; he proceeds to demonstrate the component parts of the stem and branches, and thus speaks of the formation of wood.

"Wood in its soft state, or that in which it forms the outer circle in every ligneous dicotyledonous stem

and branch, is, as has been already mentioned, named *alburnum*. While it continues so, it is endowed with nearly as much irritability as the liber; and, as shall be afterwards fully described, performs functions of great importance in the vegetable system; but when it becomes hard, these functions cease, and in time it loses even its vitality; not unfrequently decaying in the centre of the trunk of trees; which, nevertheless, still flourish and put forth new shoots as if no such decay existed. To carry on, therefore, the functions of the wood, a new circle of it is annually formed over the old; and thus, also, the diameter of the trunk and branches present, by the number of these annual zones, a pretty correct register of their age, each zone marking one year in the life of the part. There are, however, exceptions to the criterion thus afforded of the age of the plant, for circumstances may occur to prevent the zone from being formed of a thickness which will be perceptible after a few years have passed over, and it is pressed between other zones. If the summer be unusually cold, or if the leaves of the tree or the shrub happen to be much devoured by caterpillars, it gains very little that season in diameter. From the same cause, the zones are also of unequal degrees of hardness: but, independent of the comparative density of each, the hardness of the whole increases with the age of the tree, so that they are hardest in the centre, and less and less hard as they approach the circumference. The outermost layer, being *alburnum*, is always soft, and continues so until another layer is formed over it; but if the tree be barked the alburnum assumes the apparent character of wood in the same year; and hence it has been recommended to bark trees the year before they are intended to be cut down. 'The German foresters,' however, 'have proved that wood, treated in this manner, is less elastic, and is more easily injured by humidity and insects;' which I conceive is owing to the natural change of alburnum into wood not depending on a simple hardening or condensation; but on such a deposition of ligneous and other particles in its texture, as tends to increase the cohesive attraction of all its parts, and consequently to augment both its hardness and elasticity; while the exposure of the alburnum, by stripping off the bark, produces merely a simple condensation of the solid matter, a hurried crystallization of the salts, and a hasty consolidation of the other secretions. Indeed, when wood acquires its firmness by the natural means connected with its growth, it is a well-known fact that the hardest is always of the slowest growth; as exemplified in the comparative hardness of the wood of the Oak, which is of very slow growth, compared with that of the Willow or Horse Chesnut, which are trees of rapid growth; and even in that of the wood of the same tree when growing in a dry and in a moist situation."

The botanical reader will be particularly interested in perusing the ninth lecture, in which the author investigates the structure of leaves. It is greatly to be regretted, that for the reason already assigned, those portions of it which are strictly anatomical cannot here be quoted; but some opinion of its merits may be formed, from the remarks which are offered in reference to a definition of the leaf, deduced from its functions.

"Leaves are organs of essential importance to the vegetable. They are, also, objects of great delight and interest, whether we examine them individually as the clothing of a single plant, or collectively as producing the lively freshness of the verdant vale, and the massive luxuriance of the darkened forest. The most beautiful flower loses half its charms when it is displayed on a naked stem; the miserable hovel becomes picturesque when spread over with the foliage of the Vine; the ruins of former magnificence acquire more reverence, and command a double share of our respect, when seen through the tracery of the Ivy; and the horrors of the frowning rock are softened into beauty when mantled with pendent creepers or Alpine shrubs. Leaves are still more important when we regard them as affording food to man and the rest of the animal creation; and supplying medicinal agents to relieve their sufferings, in disease. Notwithstanding, however, the interest which they thus excite; and our familiarity with leaves, as objects of sight, from our earliest years, it is impossible to form an unexceptionable definition of the leaf. This difficulty arises from the great diversity of figure, substance, surface, and colour which it assumes in different plants. If we cannot, therefore, define it accurately from its external characters, we must have recourse to its functions; and perhaps the following is the least exceptionable definition we

can offer:—*The leaf is a temporary organ of plants, which performs nearly the same function in the economy of vegetable life as the lungs perform in that of animal life:* or, in fewer words, *leaves are the respiratory organs of plants.* It may be objected to this definition, that some plants, as for example the Dodder, Cuscuta *Europea*, the Stapelias, and many of the Cactus tribe, are devoid of leaves; but in these instances, and in all aphyllous plants, the surface of the stem performs the function of the leaves."

Remarks on the North of Spain. By Joseph Bramsen. London. 1823.

From the numerous works we have already had upon travels, by men of considerable repute in the literary world, one would be almost inclined to think, on first consideration, that it is a subject with which an author, who would wish to please through novelty, could not have very high hopes of succeeding. When we come, however, to think more maturely on it, this first consideration vanishes entirely. We must observe, that the laws, customs, &c. of nations are continually changing, and that the result of those changes is not always the same—and hence that every traveller, who visits a country at a time different from other travellers, must always bring us something new respecting these matters. We must also observe, that all travellers do not take the same rout; that they do not all meet with the same incidents; that they are not all equally happy in their observations; and, that they do not all find arts, sciences, public games, buildings, &c. in the same state. Hence we should not feel surprised that a writer should hope to shine with a new lustre in this species of composition.

Mr. Bramson, no doubt, had all this in view when he began to write "Remarks on the North of Spain;" and hence his work possesses that originality and novelty which could only be expected from those who first visited the country. In short, when we come to consider what seems to have been Mr. B.'s only object in writing these remarks, we ought not to expect more than we find; his object then seems to be to give us as much information as he possibly could, in the most concise manner, and this he has done. We get through his book rapidly, and if not with that delight occasioned by poetic description of foreign landscape and scenery, where we must allow there is often more of poetry than truth, at least we it do with a satisfaction almost next to conviction, that we are impartially informed and amused.

Mr. B. says, in his preface, "If the following remarks have no other merit, they certainly are entitled to that of being unbiassed by party feelings; and I assure those who may be inclined to peruse them, that I had firmly resolved on leaving the Lazaretto of Behobia, to keep aloof from politics, and from the contagion of party, which resolution I have in my travels always firmly maintained; and whenever it has been my lot to depict scenery, customs, manners, or party feelings, I have never heightened the picture by false colouring to excite admiration, or given exaggerated statements, with the design of flattering the views of my political readers." We have quoted the above, since it seems not in the slightest manner belied by the work. We give the two following short extracts which, indeed, must seem very curious to every one who has any knowledge of the encouragement that arts and literature in general receive in this country. The author was at this time in Bilboa,—"They give little or no encouragement to the arts: even physicians not being able to obtain support; and I was told that a respectable French physician, who resided here for some time, was forced to return to Bayonne for want of encouragement; and only visits Bilboa when some rich patient sends for him. The consequences are, that many diseases, which at first are not of a very serious nature, are often mistaken by the quacks who practice here, and therefore frequently prove mortal. The same inconvenience is attached to the few apothecaries' shops."

The next is at the end of the same page.—"I visited the few booksellers shops; but looked in vain

for new Spanish works. Don Quixote always stared me in the face; it stood forlorn, yet conspicuous on the shelf; and I was told, that were it not for the newspapers and proclamations, the press would be in a state of profound lethargy. Is it not surprising that the enthusiasm of patriotism, which generally affords such scope for the exercise of the imagination, should not have inspired some one of the natives, like Tyrtæus of old, to kindle, by the poetic effusions, the military ardour of his countrymen; and that the beautiful and romantic scenery with which the country abounds, should not again have roused the descriptive powers of some modern Cervantes, or Lope de Vega."

Journal of a Tour in France, in the Years 1816 *and* 1817. By Frances Jane Carey, 8vo. pp. 502. London.

Although the subject of foreign travel has of late years occupied the pen of a great number of writers, yet much remains unnoticed in so wide a field of observation. The scene of nature is continually changing, and the various lights in which travellers of different opinions and different talents observe and relate what passes before their eyes, give a different hue to every object, and present us with a pleasing and endless variety. In beholding the manners and customs of foreign nations, a thousand original and valuable remarks must continually arise to amuse the casual spectator, and to instruct the more philosophical observer of human nature. In no species of writing, perhaps, are the real characters of nations so strikingly depicted as in the slight sketch, and unassuming outline given of them in a well written tour; and in this particular line, we think the work before us bears a stamp of higher merit than almost any production of the sort that has been written for many years. And one thing, which gives Mrs. Carey's remarks a greater air of novelty is, that most of her observations are directed towards her own sex, but though the rest of the work is remarkably spirited and concise, yet when she is on her favourite hobby of singing the praises of the fair sex, in our opinion (in this, perhaps, our fair readers may differ from us) she is rather inclined to be prolix. Her journal, however, is decidedly calculated to give a correct view of the present state of France, and it exhibits not only strong powers of reflexion, and a habit of accurate observation; but also, except where the cause of the fair sex is introduced, a soundness and impartiality of judgment rarely to be met with.

The Practical Book-keeper; or Merchant's Assistant, being a comprehensive Method of Book-keeping, founded on the real Practice of the Counting-House. By George Wilson, General Accountant, &c. Sherwood, Jones, and Co. London, 1823. 8vo.

The Practical Book-keeper is one of those few works which are of real practical utility. We have works without number on this important subject, not important, indeed, in its own nature, for in many countries it would be a useless art, but important from its connexion with the trade and commerce of the British Empire; but most of these works have been justly consigned to oblivion by those for whom they would appear to have been immediately intended, men in actual business. The reason is obvious: all our systems of book-keeping have been compiled by mere theoretical writers, who knew as much of the practice of the counting-house as a tiger does of charity. This is the production of a man whose principles and system are the result of actual experience, and, therefore, it possesses that clearness and simplicity, that immediate application to the practice of the counting-house which are so frequently but so vainly sought for in our theoretical systems of book-keeping. We, therefore, recommend it to those to whom such a subject possesses any interest, for to us it possesses none. We should look with indifference on the finest system of book-keeping that ever proceeded, or ever shall proceed from the pen of man, and, therefore, we notice the work before us, not because it sorts with our taste, but because it is a duty we owe to its author, and to all those who are connected, however humbly, with the trade and commerce of their country.

THE FINE ARTS.

We are happy to find the art of of Die Engraving taken under the protection of the Royal Academy, a circumstance which is one of the most pleasing features in the progress of the Fine Arts. This art has been suffered to fall into comparative oblivion, and if the Academy were to neglect it a few years longer, no doubt we should know it hereafter only through the medium of the history of the arts. The second annual premium was obtained in this art from the President and Council by Mr. A. J. Stothard. The subject was the head of Venus from the group of Venus and Cupid. It was a three-quarter view of the head, a rare occurrence in the medallion art.

Royal Academy.—At the late distribution of prizes, Sir Thomas Lawrence called the attention of his hearers to the character of his Predecessor in the Chair of the Academy, both as a man and an artist; noticing, with just praise, Mr. West's untired attention to the Students, for whose instruction he was ever ready to unfold his various and extraordinary stock of knowledge. Sir Thomas also remarked, that since his visit to the great works of art in Italy, his admiration of the high attainments of the deceased Artist had been greatly increased.

On Monday evening, Dec. 15, Sir A. Carlisle, the Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, finished an interesting Course of Lectures at Somerset-House to the Members and Students of that establishment. There must be considerable difficulty in arranging Anatomical Lectures, to adapt them to the puposes of the Arts of Painting and Sculpture; to select that which is necessary for the painter and sculptor, from the great mass of materials necessarily connected with the human frame in all its ramifications. It requires not merely the science of a skilful anatomist, but the knowledge and mind of an experienced artist. Sir Anthony appears happily to combine these qualifications, dwelling, in the course of his Lectures, with great perspicuity on those parts, the particular knowledge of which is necessary to the advancement of the student in his professional pursuits, and only touching on those phenomena of nature, which, though not immediately connected with the subject of pictorial anatomy, every young gentlemen of education is expected to be conversant with.

In the course of his lectures, he requested the students to consider anatomy as an auxiliary to the other studies, and as entirely subservient to the arts of drawing and painting; that, when it was made a first principle, it usurped a place to which it was not entitled, and led the student to an affected display of knowledge, to the destruction of beauty of form and expression, the two chief objects of pictorial representation. This he illustrated by a comparison of the muscles stripped of their natural clothing, the fat and skin, by which their appearance was harsh and angular, with the living figure, where the interstices being filled up and the whole compactly bound round, the irregularities disappear, and the lines flow undulating and harmonious. The skeleton he recommended as the first and most essential part with which the student should become acquainted, as being the structure on which the other parts are fixed, and as forming the principal points by which the representation of a figure is given, determining the length, breadth, and depth, and consequently the proportions of its various parts. On the skeleton likewise depends the boundaries of motion, which Sir Anthony particularly called to the notice of his audience: for without such an attention no person can give strength to action, or grace and simplicity to repose. Sir Anthony next pointed out the principal muscles, their origin, insertion, and action, recommending the audience to study well the fine statues of antiquity, to acquire a knowledge of form in its most beautiful and perfect state, and then to confirm their knowledge by a reference to the most perfect living models. Dissection for an artist he did not consider necessary, but an occasional visit to the Schools of Anatomy, to confirm the informa-

tion previously acquired from books, as to the origin and insertion of the muscles, was useful.

The last lecture concluded by a display of the living figure in various actions; and Mr. Bromhead, the fine model of the Academy, went through various gymnastic exercises, well calculated to improve the human form. The Council of the Royal Academy, it appears, ever alive to what will benefit and advance the Students, have, at considerable expense, had him taught these exercises purposely for the improvement of his form, and which has been fully accomplished.

The fourth number of Illustrations of Public Buildings in London just published, contains seven very beautiful engravings; the Diorama in the Regent's Park; Mr. Burton's Villa; Haymarket Theatre; plan and elevation of Westminster Abbey Church; elevation of the north side of the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street; a prospective View of the Interior of the same; and a perspective View of the King's Entrance Staircase to the House of Lords. Among these the Interior View of St. Mary's Woolnoth, is particularly distinguishable for the extreme beauty and delicate richness of its finishing. The view of Westminster Abbey Church, and the King's Entrance Staircase to the House, are inimitable specimens of the skill of the engravers, Messrs. Winkles and Sands, as is the other above-noticed of the skill of Mr. Le Keux.

Society of British Artists.—In one of our previous numbers, page 159, we gave an account of the founding of this Society, and a description of the Gallery erecting in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, for the use of the Society. It is now on the eve of completion. The founders have issued a Notice, in which they state that, in consequence of the *avowed* inefficiency of the rooms at the Royal Academy, for the purposes of a general exhibition, together with the very unseasonable period in which the British Institution is devoted to the interests of *Modern* Art, a Society has been formed, and subscriptions commenced, for erection of an *Extensive Gallery for the Annual Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Living Artists of the United Kingdom*, in the various branches of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, during the months of April, May, June, and July, when the opulent patrons of Art are usually resident in the metropolis,—the first exhibition to open in the ensuing spring. The regulations are upon the most liberal principles. All Artists of merit in the empire will have an opportunity of displaying their works, so as to be fairly seen and appreciated by the public, and they will also be eligible as members of the Society. The profits of the institution will form a general fund for the relief of distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans; also for the purchase of the works of British Artists, &c. &c.

A half-length portrait of Miss Paton, of Covent-garden Theatre, has just been published. It is engraved by R. Newton, from a miniature, painted by W. J. Newton. The resemblance appears remarkably striking. There is considerable spirit and intelligence of expression in the countenance, but the drawing of the arms appears not quite natural. The engraving is in a perfect keeping with the original, and executed with great expression, distinctness and softness.

We learn with much satisfaction, that the Dean and Chapter of Winchester have at length determined to finish the splendid alterations so long in hand in that Cathedral, and that the Bishop of Winchester has promised to contribute handsomely towards the same. These judicious alterations, began under the management of Dr. Nott, will do away all that bad taste which crept into our cathedral buildings at the Restoration; and Winchester Cathedral will, when finished, display perhaps the finest specimen of architecture of the middle age, now extant in this kingdom.

A curious work of art has just been produced by Mr. Clark, under the appellation of *Myriorama*, or Many Thousand Views. It is a moveable picture, consisting of numerous cards, on which are fragments of landscapes, neatly coloured, and so ingeniously contrived, that any two or more placed together

will form a pleasing view, or if the whole are put on a table at once, will admit of the astonishing number of 20,922,789,888,000 variations.

Paris.—*Grand Prize for Paintings.*—The subject given by the academy is Egisthus thinking to discover the dead body of Orestes, recognizes in its stead that of Clytemnestra. The first grand prize, has been obtained by M. Auguste Hyacinte Debay, a native of Nantes, department of La Loire Inférieure a pupil of M. Gros, nineteen years of age. The second of the grand prizes has been obtained by M. François Bouchot of Paris, twenty-three years of age, a pupil of M. Lethière. The grand prize, second class, has been adjudged to Eloi Feron, of Paris, twenty-one years of age, a pupil of M. Gross. The second grand prize, second class, to M. Sebastien Louis Wilhelm Norblin, a native of Warsaw, twenty-seven years of age, pupil of M. Regnault.

Sculpture.—The academy has given for a subject, Evander's grief over the body ot his son Pallas. The first grand prize has been gained by M. Agustine Alexander Dumont of Paris, thirty years of age, pupil of his father and of M. Cartellin. The second grand prize, has been gained by M. Francois Joseph Duret, of Paris, aged nineteen, pupil of M. Bosio. The grand prize, second class, has been gained by M. Jean Baptiste Joseph Debay, native of Nantes, Department de la Loire Inférieure, twenty-one years of age, and pupil of M. Bosio. The next grand prize, second class, has been gained by M. Antoine Laurent Dantan, a native of St. Cloud, twenty-five years of age, and pupil of M. Bosio.

Architecture.—The subject a proposed Custom-house, in the capital, to be erected at the junction of three principal streets, and near the chief wharf of the river, which crosses the city. The first grand prize has been obtained by M. Felix Jean Duban of Paris, under twenty-six years of age, pupil of M. Debret. The second grand prize has been obtained by M. Jean Louis Victor Grisart of Paris, twenty-six years of age, pupil of M. M. Huyot and Guénepin. The next prize, by M. Alphonsi Henri Gisors, of Paris, wenty-seven years old, pupil of M. Percier.

Engravings in Medals and in fine Stone.—The academy has given for a subject, Paris withdrawing an arrow from the heel of Achilles. The academy has decided, that no first grand prize should be given, but has awarded two prizes of second class. The first of which has been gained by M. Joseph Arsenne Théodore Lefévre Dubourg, of Paris, twenty-two years of age, pupil of M. M. Bosio and Galle. The second by M. Louis Brenet, of Paris, twenty-five years of age, pupil of his father and of M. Bosio.

The academy, on the 15th of September, 1821, had come to a resolution, that they would annually proclaim in their public sessions, the names of those gentlemen of the Royal and Special School of Fine Arts, who, during the year, had obtained the medals instituted by the Count de Caylus and M. Latour, and the medals formerly called the provincial or departmental medal. The prize for a head of expression in painting, was awarded to F. Bouchot, a pupil of M. Lethierie, and for the same subject in sculpture, the prize was voted to H. I. N. Brion, a pupil of M. Bosio. The Architectural medal was obtained by P. F. La Bouste, a pupil of M. Vandoyer, and of M. Lebus, the government architect. The prize for Historical Landscape, was obtained by Andrew Giroux, a pupil of his father. The second medal was won by L. J. Leborne, a native of Versailles, and pupil of M. Regnault.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

RUSSIA.

Prize Question.—The University of Moscow conformably to its fifty-seventh statute, has proposed the following question:—The Florentine copy of the Pandects is regarded as the most correct and ancient of all those known in Europe; almost all others being mere copies of it. The question then is to ascertain how it came to Florence. It is generally believed that this original copy was one of those which Justinian sent to some of the provinces, that it was found at the taking of Almatia, given afterwards by the Emperor Lotharius II. to the inhabitants of Pisa, and after the conquest of this city, transported to Florence, where it is now preserved with great care. But since the middle of the last century, it has gained this high repute from the disputations of the learned. Many deny that this original copy was found at Almatia, and given to the natives of Pisa; others hold to the ancient opinion. The question proposed by the University is to ascertain as far as can be ascertained by sound criticism, which of these two opinions is right, giving, at the same time, an exposition of the opinions of both parties. The prize proposed is 250 roubles. The memoirs addressed to the University of Moscow may be written, in either the Russian, Latin, French, or German language. The term is the month of April, 1825.

PRUSSIA.

Engraving.—M. Donati proposes to publish by suscription, an engraved portrait of the celebrated Carnot. The original painted in 1818, by Schœner, a scholar of David, is said to be a perfect resemblance.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.——Establishment of Literary Censure.—The Representative Council of this city, has enacted a law, sanctioned by a majority of two thirds of its suffrages, by which the liberty of the press is suspended for one year. All writings, whatever be the subject, shall be submitted to a previous censorship. It is, indeed, very hard to see a measure so contrary to the progress of the human mind, adopted by a city, where education and philosophy are so greatly cultivated.

ITALY.

Bologna.——Journals.—This city was distinguished by the periodical publication of a collection of scientific and literary works down to the year 1820. It has again resumed this labour, a labour as honourable to its authors as it is useful to the public, under the title of *Nuova collezione, &c*, a new Collection of Scientific and Literary Works. Each volume is to be followed by a bibliographic and critical review, giving an account of all the works published in the states of the Church, or belonging to authors resident in those states. The first distributions of this learned collection were made in July last.

The literary world is indebted to Bologne for another undertaking, at once instructive and agreeable, a universal library of music, entitled *Polinnia Europea.* It is divided into two parts: one historical and didactic, and the other comprising notices and curious anecdotes, relative to theatres, artists, and their works. Its first appearance was in June, and will be published in numbers once a fortnight. The object of this journal is to reconcile music, and those who practice it, with the maxims of morality and the genius of philosophy, as is announced in its learned introduction.

Sardinia.——Antiquities.—The Sardinian government has lately made an acquisition of the great and beautiful collection of Egyptian antiquities, which M. Drouetti has formed, and in which may be reckoned from twelve to fifteen *stone* statues, together with a number of large sarcophaguses, many pieces of money, and a quantity of small pieces. It has cost 500,000 francs.

PORTUGAL.

Public Instruction.—The government has established at Lisbon, in the *Hotel Monnaie*, two public courses; one of physic, and the other of chymistry, under the direction of M. Mosina Albuquerque, who had studied at Paris, and followed the course of the most learned professors, and where he himself made last year a particular course.

FRANCE.

Toulouse.—The Royal Academy of Sciences, Inscriptions, and Belles Lettres, has proposed the following prizes, for 1824, 1825, 1826. The academy had proposed for the subject of a prize to be adjudged in 1823, a physi-comatic theory of pumps, which will shew the

relation between the force employed and the quantity of water actually raised (the height of the elevation being given), having regard to all the obstacles which must be overcome by force. This theory is to be founded upon positive exercises, and set the forms which shall be put in practice. The accounts the academy has received upon this subject, having not entirely fulfilled the conditions it had agreed upon, it gives again this question for the subject of the prize, which is to be distributed in 1826, and it doubles the value of the prize, which shall be a golden medal of one thousand francs. It continues to give the following questions for the subject of the prize it is to give in 1824, which prize shall be a medal of value five hundred francs. First:—To determine by comparative observation the cases in which the use of salts at the bottom of *quinine* is as advantageous as that of Peruvian bark. Second:—To shew the cases where it merits the preference. It proposes for the subject of the prize to be adjudged in 1825, the following question. Can one flatter himself without the study of the ancient languages to obtain a place in the rank of good writers? And in case the negative should be supported, can the study of the Latin language supply the want of every other? The prize shall be, according to custom, five hundred francs. The learned of all countries are invited to labour at the subjects proposed. The authors are requested to write in French or Latin.

GREAT BRITAIN.

An edition of Dante has just been discovered in the library of the late Octavius Gilchrist, Esq., which, with the exception of a copy in the possession of Lord Spenser, is entirely unique in this country. It is rather extraordinary that Lord Spenser's copy appears imperfect, wanting two leaves, and that the same *hiatus* should occur in Mr. Gilchrist's. A very learned bibliographer and critic is said to have ascertained, that both copies are perfect, and that the two leaves which are omitted were suppressed in the whole impression before the publication, in consequence of their containing most severe and satirical strictures on the Pope.

The Twelfth Part of Views on the Southern Coast of England, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., &c., and engraved by W. B. and George Cooke, and other eminent artists, is on the eve of publication; and the four remaining parts, which will complete the work, will speedily follow.

A new edition of Mr. Alaric A. Watts' "Poetical Sketches," with illustrations, is preparing for publication, which will include "Gertrude de Balm," and other additional poems.

Nearly ready for publication, in 2 vols. post 8vo. with fine portraits, by Warren, from an original picture, The Life of Jeremy Taylor, and a critical examination of his writings, by Dr. Heber, Bishop of Calcutta.

Sholto Percy, one of the Benedictine Brothers, to whom the public are indebted for so much amusement in the shape of anecdotes, has in preparation a series of original sketches on men and manners, under the title of "Life's Progress," which will be illustrated by engravings, by Cruikshank.

Mr. Blores work of Monuments is announced for publication in February. Mr. B. has recently returned from a journey in the North, for the purpose of collecting materials for this work, and has succeeded in tracing and restoring some very valuable specimens of ancient monuments, particularly those of the early Douglases.

Dr. Hooker, the Professor of Botany at Glasgow University, is preparing a complete "System of Plants," arranged according to the natural orders, with a Linnean Index, and illustrated with numerous coloured plates. One object of the author is to divest the Study of Botany of the repelling feature of a dead language, in which it has hitherto been clothed, by adopting our own instead of the Latin, and thus to promote the cultivation of the science throughout all classes of the community.

The Pirate of the Adriatic, a romance in 3 vols., by James Griffin, is announced for publication early in January.

T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. has in the press an Epitome of Greek Prosody, being a brief exposition of the quantity, accentuation, and versification of the Greek language.

The Rev. Thomas Smith, editor of the Accented Eton Grammar with Notes, has in the press a new edition of Phædrus, with scanning from the text of Sterling. Also a new edition of Sterling Persius.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Biography and History.

Memoirs of the late Mr. Henry Fordyce, relict of James Fordyce, D.D. 12mo. 6*s*.

An abridgment of the History of England from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Death of George II. by Dr. Goldsmith, with a continuation to the commencement of the reign of George IV. By the Rev. Alex. Stewart, in one thick vol. 12mo. 5*s*. bound.

Fine Arts and Illustrations.

The Provincial Antiquities and Scenery of Scotland, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. No. VIII. 16*s*., on imperial 4to. 30*s*.

The British Preserve, containing thirty-six plates, including forty-seven different Quadrupeds and Birds usually hunted and shot in Great Britain; drawn and engraved by S. Howitt. In nine numbers 2*l*. 5*s*.

European Scenery, complete in 5 vols. 8vo., containing upwards of three hundred highly finished engravings, by the most eminent artists, forming an interesting Series of the most Picturesque Views in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Sicily.

Pompeiana; the Edifices, Antiquities, and Ornaments of Pompeii, by Sir W. Gell and J P. Gandy, Architect, 2 vols. imperial 8vo., containing upwards of one hundred engravings, 6*l*. 6*s*.

Miscellaneous.

In one thick vol. 24mo. embellished with a portrait of Addison, the Spirit of the British Essayists, comprising the best papers on life, manners, and literature, contained in the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, &c.: the whole alphabetically arranged according to the subjects.

Legendre's Elements of Geometry and of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, by David Brewster, LL D., with additional Notes, Improvements, wood cuts, &c. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*., bds.

To be continued monthly, No. I. of Mr. John Curtis's Illustrations of English Insects, with descriptive letter-press to each plate, giving, as far as possible, the habits and economy of the subjects selected.

Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar and Companion to the Almanac, containing illustrations of the Calendar for every day in the year, will make its appearance on the first of January in one very thick vol. 8vo.

The King Œdipus of Sophocles, literally translated from the Greek, by T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. beautifully printed in 8vo. and hot-pressed. In this edition will be found the text of Brunk, correctly edited, the metres or scanning, the Greek order, verbal translation, and notes, historical, critical, and explanatory.

Poetry.

The Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, translated, with Notes, by Mr. Stewart Rose, post 8vo.

The Poems of the Right Hon. Lord Byron. A new edition in 5 vols. foolscap 8vo. with portrait; also in 4 vols. 8vo. 42*s*.

Novels and Tales.

St. Johnston; or, John Earl of Gowne, a new Scotch novel in 3 vols. 21*s*. bds.

The Spaewife; a Tale of the Scottish Chronicles, by the author of "Annals of the Parish." "Ringan Gilhaize," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 21*s*. bds.

Mountalyth; a Tale, by Jane Hervey, author of "Singularity," &c. 3 vols. 16*s*. 6*d*.

Theology.

The third edition, corrected of Four Orations for the Oracles of God; and an Argument for Judgment to Come, in nine parts. By the Rev. Edward Irving, A.M.

The Doctrines of General Redemption, as held by the Church of England and by the early Dutch Arminians, exhibited in their scriptural evidence, and in their connection with the civil and religious liberties of mankind. By James Nichols, in 1 vol. 8vo, 16*s*. bds.

Sermons of the late Rev. James Saurin, Pastor of the French Church at the Hague, translated by the Rev. Robert Robinson, Henry Hunter, D.D. and the Rev. Joseph Sutcliffe, A.M. with additional Sermons, now first translated, the whole corrected and revised by the Rev. Samuel Burder, A.M. author of Oriental Customs, &c. &c. A new edition, beautifully printed in 6 vols. 8vo. with a superior engraved portrait of the author, 3*l*. 3*s*. bds.

The Seventh and Eighth Volumes of a new and uniform edition of the whole works of John Owen, D.D. Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford and Dean of Christ Church, to be completed in 16 vols. 8vo., 12*s*. each.

Voyages and Travels.

A Journey from the Shores of Hudson's Bay, to the Mouth of the Copper Mine River, by Captain Franklyn, 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s*.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Both the winter theatres have this month been honoured by the presence of his Majesty, and overflowing houses, of course, greeted the Royal presence with loud demonstrations of joy; the usual ceremonies were preserved on those occasions, and the nightly receipts were highly beneficial to the respective treasuries. The *Hypocrite* having been played at Drury-lane by order of his Majesty, it has become so fashionable, that whenever it has since been represented, the boxes were sure of being brilliant with an unusual display of rank and fashion.

Mr. Kean, after a severe indisposition, has again resumed his honours at this theatre. On account of his late illness and his extraordinary merits as the first tragic actor on our stage, he was received with the most distinguished applause from an immensely crowded house. He appeared as usual in *Richard the Third*, and played with all his accustomed excellence. He has since performed several of his best characters, which are too well known to require particular notice.

The amateurs of music have been highly gratified by the commencement of Mr. Braham's engagement. The unimpaired powers of this extraordinary vocalist have been called out with more than usual success by the successful rivalship with Sinclair at the other house. The *Cabinet* and *Guy Mannering* have both been performed several times, in order to enable Mr. Braham to exhibit his unrivalled powers.

We are happy to be able to say, that Miss Cubit pleased us very much in the *Cabinet* the other evening; she is much improved. As there have been no new plays at this house since our last notice we must necessarily be very brief. Mr. Macready's engagement at this theatre for the present is finished, and he is gone into the country to acquire at the provincial theatres, an increase of fame and fortune justly due to his professional merits and his private worth. Mr. Macready's departure has not diminished the strength of the company, as his situation has been filled by Mr. Kean. The number and talent of the company is much the same as last season; the only remarkable secessions are Mr. Young and Mr. Cooper, who have joined the other house; the additions are Mr. Macready and Mrs. Bunn, whom we described in our last number.

A new Christmas pantomime was for the first time performed, as usual, on the 26th instant, and, as it is customary to precede it with a tragedy, *Jane Shore* was selected by the manager on this occasion. This play is too well known to need any observation; the principal performers were Wallack as *Lord Hastings;* Terry as *Dumont;* Mrs. West as *Jane Shore;* and Mrs. Bunn as *Alicia*. Wallack's *Hastings* was a very creditable performance; Terry in *Dumont* certainly did not add to his reputation, and we sincerely lament that his acknowledged powers should be exerted in tragedy, to which they are by no means adapted; in certain characters, in comedy, he is excellent, we, therefore, advise him not to diminish his reputation by appearing in tragedy again. Mrs. West played *Jane Shore* in a pleasing and respectable manner, but her delineation of the character possesses not the pathos necessary to touch our feelings. Mrs. Bunn in *Alicia*, exhibited a constant struggle to attain an excellence which nature has denied her; if she were to attempt less, we think she would gain more; at any rate, she would offend less: whenever she strives to express intensity of grief, insanity, or indignation, she degenerates into turgidity or rant; this lady does not improve upon a longer acquaintance, and is another proof of the truth of our opinion, that long experience and practice will never make a good performer without genius. The new pantomine is called *Harlequin and the Flying Chest; or Malek and the Princess Schirine.* It was extremely well received by a crowded house, and will, no doubt, have a great run. Among the performers, we think it necessary to select two only for comment, the others were of the usual degree of excellence necessary for pantomimic representation. Master Weiland in the character of *Querco*, exhibited powers which deserve cultivation. Miss Smith, who made her first appearance as *Columbine*, is of middle stature, delicately formed, and extremely prepossessing in countenance and figure, elegant in form, and graceful in manner; but, we fear, she does not possess sufficient strength and agility, nor knowledge of dancing, to arrive at the first honours of a

Columbine, but, perhaps, we have too vivid a recollection of Mrs. Parker, to be altogether devoid of fastidiousness. The tricks, which are the great attraction of a pantomime, are novel and in general extremely well executed. Among the eighteen new scenes exhibited on this occasion, we cannot help selecting for particular commendation, *The View of the Sultan's Castle*, and *The Paradise of Zephyr and Flora*, by Marinari; *King Edward's Gallery at Fonthill*, by Roberts; *The Northern Regions, by Moonlight*, by Stanfield; *The Grotto of Chrystals*; and, above all, *The Moving Diorama*, by Clarkson Stanfield, which is 272 feet in length, and exhibits the Plymouth Breakwater. The music, except a very common-place overture, we should have thought not to possess the slightest originality, if we had not been informed by the play-bills that it was *entirely new*. Upon the whole, this pantomime possesses an unusual degree of merit, and we are confident that a brilliant success will reward the taste and liberality of the manager.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

A NEW tragedy, from the pen of Mrs. Hemans has been represented at this theatre, but like most of our modern tragedies, has been unsuccessful. It is founded on an historical event that occurred in Sicily during the Reign of Charles IX., and is known in history by the name of the Sicilian Vespers. Previous to its representation, it was thought to be an adaptation of a French tragedy *Les Vespres Siciliennes*, by Mon. Cassimir Delavigne, but it proved to be so widely remote from it that it must be allowed to posses, if not all the merits of an original production, at least all the merits of originality. Although we did not anticipate any very extraordinary merit in this production, we still had hopes from the former poetical effusions of Mrs. Hemans, to believe her capable of producing a tragedy that would occupy the boards of a theatre for a few nights. In this limited hope, however, we have been mistaken; but the want of success, is not always a proof of the want of merit in a new play. Every thing new stands upon tender and delicate ground: the audience are upon their guard; they consider that every act of approbation or disapprobation, is more or less a test of their taste and judgment. Hence it happens, that every individual fears to trust to his own judgment, and if there be any among them who possesses that determined character that prompts him to applaud or condemn, without consulting the feelings or sentiments of the house, those around him take it for granted, that whenever he hisses or applauds, all his claps and hisses are the involuntary ebullitions of a feeling over which he has no controul. They assume the character of natural impulses and natural feelings; and those who will not venture to think and feel for themselves, take it for granted that he is the child of nature, that he acts involuntarily, and that the play must be good or bad according as he applauds or condemns. They accordingly join with him in his approbations or disapprobations, and if he be really governed by the instinctive impulses of his own feelings, they are *generally* right in thinking so. When we say generally, we mean to say, that when a man acts according to the impulse of his own feelings, he generally acts according to human nature, but we should be sorry to have it supposed, that instinctive impulses are always right. There are false feelings as well as false reasoning, and whoever is present at a play which he has never read, (and, we believe, there are numbers of such people where a new play is represented) is likely to condemn those very parts and passages which are entitled to most praise, from mistaking their application, from not perceiving the harmony that exists between them and all the other parts, from judging of them *per se*, than which no judgment can be more fallacious. In a word, from being totally ignorant of the general plot and the unity of design that reigns throughout. Such a man, supposing him to act according to the natural impulses of his own feelings, will frequently applaud where he ought to condemn, and condemn where he ought to applaud. And yet, unfortunately, the house will sympathise with his ebullition of feeling, whether it be right or wrong: they consider that he is governed by an irresistible impulse, and they consider all such impulses natural, without reflecting that they arise from his total ignorance of that harmony which exists between all the incidents, circumstances, situations, peculiarities, and eccentricities of character which are represented on the stage. Another reason may be as-

signed, or rather there is another cause that prompts a great portion of the audience to join in the claps or hisses of such an individual: it is, that the portion of the audience to which we allude are as ignorant of the plot, characters, and propriety of each particular act and scene as he is himself. Numbers go to see a new play without having ever read it; and among these numbers, how many are there whose auricular fibres are too blunt to hear each individual word and sentence uttered on the stage. The consequence is that if they mistake it, the next sentence, or something that occurs in the next act will appear perfectly ridiculous to them; and, accordingly, if they do not hiss it themselves, they will instinctively join in the hisses of any individual, who, from the reasons which we have already assigned, may happen to do so. The merits of a new tragedy, should not, therefore, be determined by its success on the first night of representation, and unhappily there are other reasons why the public should suspend their judgment on such an occasion, independent of the merits and demerits of the work itself

We have never, perhaps, perused a dramatic production that unites as much poetical beauty and sentimental feeling with as great a portion of that high pathos, which is the soul of tragedy, as the *Vespers of Palermo;* but unhappily it has too little of the latter and too much of the former. Indeed it is impossible to unite both, for the more poetical and sentimental a play is, the more it weakens and tends to destroy that passion, which arises from deep and tragic situations. The sympathy which we so naturally and so unhesitatingly indulge for the woes of others become frost-bitten the moment we hear them pour forth their sorrows in highly poetical and elaborate strains, for we well know, that all poetical measures and poetical embellishments are the productions of art, and that the genuine language of sorrow is the language of nature, the spontaneous effusions of a soul, that so far from seeking to express itself in fanciful images or elaborate diction, seizes instinctively the very first words it can lay hold of, or in other terms, the words that the passion or emotion by which it is agitated first suggests. Of this we have a fine instance in that emphatic expression, *me, me, adsum qui feci.* He who is under the influence of some strong and powerful emotion, generally expresses that first which acts most powerfully upon him, and which is the chief cause of the passion by which he is agitated, though in the order of construction, the term which expresses it should come last in the sentence. Passion wears no refined disguise, seeks not to clothe itself in the luxuriant imagery of poetic associations. It says at once what it means, and says neither more nor less. But which of our modern dramatists have paid any attention to these undeniable truths? Which of them have not endeavoured to make the *dramatis personæ* express the commonest sentiment in the most pompous and elaborate diction. In the very opening of the *Vespers of Palermo,* we have peasants talking in so high a poetical strain, that we cannot help considering every expression of theirs as mere cant. We well know, that so far from peasants being able to talk so refined, polished, and courtly a language, neither Mrs. Hemans herself, nor the most highly favoured of our poets could talk it *impromptu*; and no expression should be put into the mouth of a speaker, which is not supposed to result from the circumstances or situation in which he is placed at the moment. We would leave it to Mrs. Hemans herself, if the speeches which she has put into the mouths of these peasants have not cost her as many hours to compose as it took them minutes to deliver them, and if they were too poetical for her to speak or compose off hand, how much more so for simple peasants. All our modern tragedies fail principally from this fault alone. Our dramatists depart altogether from nature, and instead of speaking the spontaneous language of passion, a language without which there can be no dramatic interest, they speak what the merest noodle can distinguish from it. We say the merest noodle, because all men recognize instinctively the language of passion, but it requires taste and science, and critical acumen to perceive and relish the beauties of poetical expression, and even with these advantages, we cannot always perceive them without time to reflect upon them, a time which is never afforded us at the theatre. Mrs. Hemans, therefore, like all our modern dramatists, has failed from not confining herself to the simple language of nature.

The failure, it is true, has been ascribed by many of the daily and weekly papers, to very different and opposite causes, and "who shall decide when doctors disagree." Indeed, we had never a clearer proof of the wretched state to which criticism is reduced at

the present day than the illiberality, inconsistency, and stupidity of the critiques who have commented on this tragedy. They all agree in condemning the tragedy, but the petty tribe of would-be critics to which we allude, think they can never say enough upon any subject, a propensity which no doubt arises from a consciousness that whatever truth they speak, they have it at second hand. They generally follow in the train of more liberal and enlightened minds, and repeat in other words, the substance of what they glean from them; but as "the wicked man flyeth when no man followeth," so do these gentlemen tremble lest their stolen ideas should be stripped of the new garments in which they have clothed them, and traced to their original source. Hence they always mix up something of their own along with them to render the theft more incapable of being detected. In the present instance, they have followed those who justly ascribe the failure of the play to its own radical defects, but fearing they would get no credit for saying what was so well said already, they took care to hunt out for additional causes of their own, lest they should be deemed the mere echo of others. Accordingly, they ascribe the failure, partly to defect of interest in the play, and partly to the manner in which Miss F. H. Kelly performed the part of *Constance*. But how did they happen to discover that Miss Kelly, whom they had themselves so highly lauded on former occasions, was on the present occasion the chief cause of the play being damned? (So says the grave editor, or the grave writer of a critique in the *Literary* Museum.) Why forsooth, because she was hissed;—and think you, gentle reader, why they praised her so much before? Why, truly, because the audience applauded her. This class of critics are the mere echo of whatever they consider to be public opinion. They know they live by the public, and therefore it is right and fit that they should please their employers, no matter whether they do it at the expense of truth and justice or not. If the public is satisfied they are satisfied, and think they have played their card well. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas*, appears to them one of the most senseless lines that ever was written. The discovery of truth is not their object, but the discovery of what the public consider to be such. Tell them once what is the public feeling on any particular subject, and they will instantly tell you, or at least can tell you what view they intend to take of it; but tell them that this public feeling is wrong, that it is only the feeling of the moment, that it will immediately subside, and that the public have been imposed upon, they will tell you that the present moment is every thing to them, that they are determined to swim with the stream, and can only turn back to truth and reason when the public sets them the example. Instead, therefore, of assuming the high office of directing the public taste, an office they have arrogated to themselves (if this be not their office, what are they useful for), they mould their every form and feature to the whim and fashion of the times.

Grœculens esuriens ad Cœlum jusseris ibit. In attributing the principal part of the failure of this play to Miss Kelly, they greedily seized on the happy circumstance of her being hissed. When we say *happy*, we use the term in reference to them, because it relieved them from the labour of finding out the true cause, while it made them acquainted, as they themselves imagined, with the feelings of the house, and this, as we have already observed, is all the knowledge they want at any time; for if the applauses which Miss Kelly received that night were unmixed with hisses, they would have then become the willing trumpeters of her fame. But supposing there were some people in the house who either from jealousy or any other motive felt no friendly feeling towards her, and accordingly thought proper to indulge in a hiss, would it be fair to consider such a hiss as the expression of the general feeling of the audience? For our parts, we neither do nor can think it would, and at the same time we see nothing improbable in the existence of such a party. It is a duty which we owe to the public, and it is a duty to which we shall at all times sacrifice all other considerations, to inform them that the party whose existence we have supposed possible, had a real and a virtual existence in the house. We know there was such a party there, not from mere surmise, not from communications which we have received from others, but from our own individual knowledge; and if at any time it be necessary we are prepared to prove it. We shall not therefore say more on the subject at present, thinking it right that the public should give us credit for what we assert from our own knowledge, particularly as we promise to maintain and

prove the truth of it if called upon; but we cannot help adverting to the glaring inconsistency of those critics who, supposing the hiss came from the house, joined in the cry and hissed at her also through the medium of their humdrum, stupid commentaries. Save us good heaven from this

"—— Lowborn, cell bred, selfish, servile band,"
And place us
"Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest."

We have already alluded to the sweeping sentence passed on Miss Kelly by the Literary Museum. Miss Kelly has no opportunity of retorting upon them; she has no weekly paper at her command, and therefore she must submit, and they may revel with impunity in their career of dullness.—At least so they think, and who can doubt for a moment that whatever they think is not true. We strongly suspect, however, that they will henceforth find themselves mistaken, and that if there be none to keep them within the sober limits of common sense but ourselves, we shall either do so, or at least have the satisfaction of letting the world know what stuff they are made of. At present we shall merely observe, that after labouring through a long article to prove that the *Vespers of Palermo* is not only a wretched composition, but so irredeemably wretched, that all attempts to improve or remodel it is useless; they tell us very gravely, and in a very few words, that the principal cause of its failure was owing to Miss Kelly. Is it necessary to point out to the reader the absurdity of such language? Is it necessary to tell him that Miss Kelly could not give interest to a play which was so irrecoverably wretched, that neither the pruning hand of the critic, nor the glowing mind and delicate touches of original genius could render it successful? We regret that our limits will not permit us to say more on the cant of periodical criticism, but we intend to devote a separate article to it regularly every month, commencing if possible in our ensuing number. We shall give the following extract, however, from the British Press, to shew that the secret of Miss Kelly's having been hissed by a party, and not by the house, is not confined to ourselves. Indeed, the universal clapping that took place whenever these partial hisses commenced, would, of themselves be sufficient to prove the fact. "Miss Kelly having come forward and received the greetings of the audience, had scarcely uttered a sentence, when a most dastardly and unmanly attempt was made in the pit to hiss her. This paltry and ungenerous spirit was at once put down by the indignant feeling of the house. An attempt of this kind would have damped the energies of the most experienced veteran in the profession; but, on a youthful and peculiarly sensitive mind, it had quite a thrilling effect; so much so, indeed, that, during the entire piece, Miss Kelly was so dispirited, that she was perfectly disabled from going through her part. But let her not be dismayed: she possesses talents which only require to be matured by experience, which must raise her beyond the reach of any petty malignant hostility, come it from what quarter it may."

Miss Kelly is accused of being too free and familiar in her manner, of possessing too much *naiveté*, simplicity, and nature. But who are they who accuse her? Those who have neither nature nor simplicity themselves, who can relish only that formal and affected manner which passion never assumed under any of its modifications. Of this humbug pomposity, which is so well calculated to vitiate the public taste, we shall speak more at large hereafter, and endeavour to shew that that the simplicity and *naiveté* of Miss Kelly is not only more natural, but that, it is nature itself.

We regret that the extent of our observations on the *Vespers of Palermo*, will not permit us to notice the other performances of the month at this theatre. We can only say, that the new pantomime, which according to custom is brought forward at this season, was received with great applause; that the scenery was of the most splendid and brilliant description; and that it is likely to have a successful run.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Tuesday, December 25.

COTTON.—The Cotton market has lately been in a depressed state, and the sales very trifling; on Friday, however, in consequence of the brisk state of the Liverpool market on Wednesday, inquiries were revived by speculators, who would have taken largely of Cotton, at or near the late depressed prices, but holders were unwilling to meet the demand, except at an advance of ¼*d.* per lb., which was currently obtained on India, and there were very few sellers on those terms. The sales amount to about 2450 bales. viz. in bond, 1200 Surats, 5⅞*d.* ordinary, to 6⅛*d.* middling, 6¼*d.* *a* 6¾*d.* fair and good fair; 600 Bengals, 5⅞*d.* *a* 6*d.* middling to good fair; 550 Madras 5¾*d.* *a* 6⅛*d.* ordinary to middling fair, 6¼*d.* *a* 6¾*d.* fair and good fair; 30 Orleans, 8½*d.* fair; 30 Manilla, 9⅜*d.* *a* 9½*d.* good fair; and, duty paid, 30 West India, 9*d.* fair.

The demand for Cotton at Glasgow, which for a long time preceding had been very limited, considerably improved towards the close of last week, an advance of ⅛*d.* to a ¼*d.* per lb. was refused for considerable parcels of Boweds. The sales of the week amounted to about 730 bales.

COFFEE.—There was only two public sales of Coffee brought forward last week, consisting of Dominica, a few lots Jamaica and St. Domingo descriptions; the small proportion of Dominica that was sold went at prices about 2*s.* per cwt. lower; the whole of the St. Domingo was taken in, on Thursday at 80*s.* without any offers being made, and on Friday at 75*s.* 6*d.* for fair quality, and 74*s.* 6*d.* for the damaged.

SUGAR.—The sales of Moscovades last week were but limited; one house, however, continued selling freely at the reduction; the decline, however, was only on the grocery descriptions; the Sugars suitable for refining maintained the former currency.

There have been no Sugars on sale this forenoon, and it is probable there will be no buiness done for a week, on account of the holidays; the Sugar market may be stated firm; the extensive sellers we have alluded to, could dispose of their Sugars freely, by giving way to 6*d.* per cwt. which can scarcely be called a general reduction in the market prices.

The Refined market continued exceedingly dull last week, and goods were certainly bought on rather lower terms; yet the refiner's in general were more inclined to wait for a better market, anticipating a revival of trade in the spring.

It is expected there will be little business done in Refined for a week; this morning the market is heavy, and few goods are on sale: there are buyers of Molasses at 27*s.* 6*d.* the holders ask 28*s.*

In Foreign Sugars there is no alteration to notice, either in the demand or in the prices.

CORN.—The arrivals of Wheat during last week were not large, but there was a good show of land-carriage samples yesterday from Essex and Kent. The surrounding country markets having generally advanced, and having a good attendance of distant buyers, we had a brisk sale for good dry Wheats, either old or new, at an improvement of full 3*s.* per quarter. There was more Rye offering, but little parcels of fine heavy Corn obtained as high as 50*s.*—There was a good supply of Barley from Kent; the fine qualities were taken off early at 2*s.* advance, but the trade became duller towards the close.—The Oat trade was not brisk, but good Horse Corn obtained rather more money.—Beans are in good supply, and did not sell so well as on Friday, though full as dear as on the Monday preceding.—Grey Peas are 1*s.* and Boilers 4*s.* per quarter dearer.—Linseed sells slowly at our quotations, and Cakes support prices. There has been some inquiry for Bonded Wheat, and a couple of cargoes or so have changed hands during the week, and a shipment or two is in progress.—Fine Red and White Clovers are in good demand, and obtain 3*s.* per cwt. advance.—Trefoil is also 1*s.* higher.

HEMP, FLAX, and TALLOW.—The improvement in the Tallow market, which we noticed on Tuesday last, attracted much interest, and the prices again advanced from 34*s.* *a* 35*s.* 6*d.*, but the market has since receded; the nearest price to-day is 35*s.*—In Hemp there is little doing.—Flax is without variation.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—There was some considerable purchases of Rum last week, and generally the market may be stated firm at the former currency; the holders are still

sanguine respecting a reduction of duty.—A very ridiculous report was circulated towards the conclusion of last week, that government wanted another supply of Rum; the rumour rested upon so slight authority, that it produced no alteration in the prices; it is almost unnecessary for us to mention there was not the least foundation for the report.—Brandies have improved in France; the letters from Bourdeaux state that orders cannot be executed at former prices; Brandies here are little varied.—In Geneva there is no alteration to notice.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To John Ranking of New Bond-street, Westminster, Middlesex, esq., for his means of securing valuable property in mail and other stage coaches, travelling carriages, waggons, caravans, and other public and private vehicles, from robbery.—Dated 1st of November 1823.—Two months allowed to enroll specification.

To George Hawkes, of Lucas-place, Commercial-road, Stepney Old Town, Middlesex, ship-builder, for his improvement in the construction of ship anchors.—1st November.—Six months.

To George Hawkes, of Lucas-place, Commercial-road, Stepney Old Town, Middlesex, ship-builder, for certain improvements on capstans.—Six months.

To William Burdy, of Fulham, Middlesex, mathematical-instrument maker, for his anti-evaporating cooler to facilitate and regulate the refrigerating of worts or wash, in all seasons of the year, from any degree of heat between boiling and the temperature required for fomenting.—1st November.—Six months.

To Thomas Poster Gimson, of Tiverton, Devonshire, gentleman, who, in consequence of communications made to him by a certain person residing abroad, and of discoveries made by himself, is in possession of an invention for various improvements in addition to machinery now in use for doubling and twisting cotton, silk, and other fibrous substances.—6th November.—Six months.

To Thomas Gowan, Fleet-street, London, truss-manufacturer, for certain improvements on trusses.—11th November.—Two months.

To John Day, of Barnstaple, Devonshire, esq., for certain improvements in percussion gun-locks applicable to various descriptions of fire-arms.—13th November.—Two months.

To John Ward, of Grove-road, Mile-End-road, Middlesex, iron-founder, for certain improvements in the construction of lock and other fastenings.—13th November.—Two months.

To Samuel Sewill, of Brown's Hill, Bisley, Gloucestershire, clothier, for his new mode or improvement for dressing of woollen and other cloths.—13th November.—Two months.

To Richard Green, of Lisle-street, in the parish of St. Anne, Middlesex, saddlers' ironmonger, for certain improvements in constructing gambadoes or mud-boots, and attaching spurs thereto, and part of which said improvements are also applicable to other boots.—13th November.—Two months.

To Robert Stein, of the Tower Brewery, Tower-Hill, London, brewer, for his improved construction of a blast-furnace, and certain apparatus to be connected therewith, which is adapted to burn or consume fuel in a more œconomical and useful manner than has been hitherto practised.—13th November.—Six months.

To Joseph Gillman, of Newgate-street, London, silk warehouseman; and John Hewston Wilson, of Manchester, Lancashire, silk and cotton manufacturers; for certain improvements in the manufacture of hats and bonnets.—18th November.—Six months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devonshire, lace-manufacturer, for a machine for the manufacture of a platted substance, composed either of silk, cotton, or other thread or yarn.—20th November.—Six months.

To Thomas Hopper, of Reading, Berkshire, esq., for certain improvements in the manufacture of silk hats.—2d November.—Six months.

To Charles Anthony Deane, of Charles-street, Deptford, Kent, ship-caulker, for his apparatus or machine to be worn by persons entering rooms or other places filled with smoke, or other vapour, for the purpose of extinguishing fire, or extricating persons or property therein.—20th November.—Six months.

To Jacob Perkins, of Hill-street, London, and John Martineau the younger, of the city road, Middlesex, engineers, for their improvement in the construction of the furnace of steam-boilers and other vessels, by which fuel is œconomised and smoke is consumed.—20th November.—Six months.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

A VERY numerous meeting of the Members of the Profession of the Law, was held in Lincoln's Inn Hall, on Monday the 13th of December, for the purpose of determining on the erection of a statue to the memory of the late Lord Erskine; at the meeting J. Scarlett, Esq. M P. presided. It was resolved to open a subscription for the purpose, and a numerous committee were appointed, consisting of professional gentlemen, to whose discretion it was left to determine where the statue should be erected. The subscriptions entered into at the meeting amounted to a considerable sum.

Sunday the 21st of December, being St. Thomas's Day, wardmotes were held on the following day throughout the city, for the election of fit and proper persons to represent the different wards in the City Council. The opposition to the members for last year were but few, and only one ward, Farrington Without, presented the appearance of a severe contest. The following wards remain the same as last year: Aldersgate within, Aldersgate without, Aldgate, Bassishaw, Billingsgate, Bishopsgate within, Bishopsgate without, Bridge, Broad-street, Candlewick, Castle-Baynard, Coleman-street, Cornhill, Dowgate, Farringdon within, Lime-street, Portsoken, Queenhithe, Tower, Vintry, Walbrook. In Cordwainers ward, and in that of Cheap, there is one new member arising from resignation.

We understand notice has been given to the army surgeons and assistant-surgeons on half-pay, that their services are likely to be soon required. The new levy is to be raised by beat of drum; and orders have been issued, with a view to the more expeditious raising of the men, for the officers employed to repair to those parts of the kingdom in which they may be supposed to possess the most influence.

The building in the late King's Palace, known as the office of the Board of Green Cloth, is to be pulled down forthwith to complete the new arrangements for His Majesty holding his Courts there. The books of the office, several hundred years old, and other official property, have been removing during the week to some rooms in the Palace, till the new office at the east end is ready for their reception.

The Griper brig, Captain Clavering, arrived on Friday, December 19th, at Woolwich with Captain Sabine, from Greenland and the coast of Norway, where the latter officer has been some months continuing his astronomical observations, similar to those he made on the African coast and in the West Indies During the voyages, they had some intercourse with a tribe of Esquimaux on the coast of Greenland, who were at first extremely shy, but afterwards became familiar.

The gentlemen appointed to be Consuls in South America transacted business at the Foreign Office, and received their final instructions from Mr. Planta, the Under Secretary of State, in the absence of Mr. Secretary Canning, on Friday, December 19. The gentlemen were to leave town for Portsmouth the following night, and to sail on board His Majesty's ship the Cambridge, with all possible speed.

The Synod of Glasgow have set an example of clerical independance, in sustaining by 40 to 35 votes, the refusal of the Presbytery to admit the Rev. Dr. M'Farlane, principal of the University, to the Parish of St. Mungo, to which he had been presented by the King. The refusal was grounded on the impropriety of one clergyman holding a plurality of offices.

Double Sovereigns have been issued from the Mint, but the number is so very limited (only 5000, it is said) that there is no chance of their getting into general circulation. As a model, the double sovereign is finely executed. The coin nearly resembles the single sovereigns, only upon a larger scale, and with the addition on the rim of *Anno Regni IV. Decus et Tutamen:* on the exergue is the year of coinage, 1823.

A plan for a new and praisworthy institution is now putting forth its claim to patronage in Bath; the object is to afford an immediate asylum, or temporary lodging-house for Female Servants, until they can establish themselves in places after being dismissed or leaving their respective services. The mischief, and in too many cases irreparable ruin, brought upon this useful and numerous portion of society, for want of proper household protection on quitting their employers, render the undertaking worthy the cherishing efforts of the benevolent, and also of imitation in the metropolis.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

The Lady of Capel Cure, esq. of Blake-hall, in the county of Essex, at Beverley
The Lady of T. F. Ellis, jun. Bedford-place.
The Lady of John Forster, esq. at Lambeth
The Lady of the Rev. H. Lindsay, at Wimbleton
The Lady of C. Lawrence, esq. jun., of Burton-
The Lady of Joseph Tasker, esq., of Fitzwalters, Essex
The Lady of William Walton, esq., of Girdlers'-hall
The Lady of William Whitaker Maitland, esq., at his father's house, Woodford-hall, Essex.

DAUGHTERS.

The Lady of Captain P. H. Bridges, R. N., at Blackheath
The Lady of Isaac L. Goldsmid, esq. of Wimpole-street
The Lay of G. Fincham, esq. Spring-gardens
The Lady of J. C. Forsyth, esq. at Leyton
The Lady of Robert Harvey, esq. at Ashcott, in the county of Somerset
The Lady of Edward Lawford, esq. Bloomsbury-square
The Lady of Colonel Reeve, at Ladenham.

MARRIAGES.

Joseph Arden, esq., of Red Lion-square, to Miss Munro, of Palmer-terrace, Islington.

At Amwell, Herts, James Barry, esq., of Mincing-lane, to Miss Ann Cundell, of Hoddesdon, daughter of the late Henry Cundell, esq., of the Minories, London.

Mr. Charles Burrows, of the Clapham road, to Sarah Maria, eldest daughter of the late James Brewer, esq. of Clapham-common.

At Madras, Joseph Cox, esq., surgeon to the Hon. the Governor's Body Guard, to Catharine Grace, eldest daughter of Major Waugh, of the Madras army.

At St. Mary's, Islington, Mr. W. Dickinson, of Finsbury-square, to Lydia Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. N. Jourdain, of York-place, City-road.

At St. Thomas's church, Dublin, Alexander Carroll, esq., of Mountjoy-square, to Mary Anne, relict of the late William Taylor, of Tor, Devon.

At Chichester, by the Rev. Dr. Challen, Captain Gillum, of the East India Company's service, to Augusta, youngest daughter of the late John Challen, esq., of Shermanbury-place, Sussex.

Mr. Hauxwell, of London, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Mr. Wm. Barber, of York.

At Lewisham, Kent, Mr. James Heath, of Blackheath, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. James Pidding, of Cornhill.

At St. Giles's Camberwell, Mr. Richard Heath, of Bristol, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Byers, of Bow-street, Covent-garden.

At Allhallows church, Lombard-street, Mr. James Henderson, of Gracechurch-street, to Mary, second daughter of James Cooper, esq. of St. John-street.

At Mortlake, the Rev. John Thomas James, to Marianne Jane, daughter of Frederick Reeves, esq of East Sheen.

Henry Bellenden Ker, of Lincoln's-inn, esq. to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of E. Clarke, of Cheshunt, Herts., esq.

At St. Pancras new church, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ross, John, only son of Mr. John Matthews, to Louisa Sarah, only daughter of W. Squance, esq., and niece to Lady Bond.

At St. John's, Hackney, Mr. S. H. Shepheard, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late J. Miles, esq., of Southampton-row, Russell-square.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Jackson Muspratt Williams, second son of John Williams, of Elm-grove, Southsea, Hants, esq., to Ann Belmunde, daughter of the late —— Houghton, esq., of the Cape of Good Hope.

At Stoke church, Plymouth, by the Rev. Dr. Jacob, John Wordingham, esq., M.D., of Kensington, to Hannah, eldest daughter of Thomas Alldridge, esq., R.N. The bride was given away by Admiral Sir Manley Dixon, K.C.B., her father being absent in His Majesty's ship Superb.

At Walcott church, Bath, Frederick Henry Yates, esq., of Charlotte-street, to Miss Brunton, daughter of John Brunton, esq

DEATHS.

At his house in Spring-gardens, after a long and painful illness, Christopher Allett, esq. army agent.—At Newton, near Portsmouth, T. Auldjo, esq., of East Cowes, Isle of Wight, 67.

In the Minories, after a long and painful illness, Robert Brockholes, esq., of Chigwell-row, Essex.—At Charmouth, Lieutenant Gabriel Bray, R.N. many years Captain in the Custom-house service, 74.—At Sidmouth, the Rev. James Barnard, rector of Combeflory, in the county of Somerset, and of Stoodleigh, in the county of Devon, 70.—Hannah, the wife of James Birt, esq., Loughton, Essex.—At her house, 13, Upper Wimpole-street, Mrs. P. H. Bridges, relict of the late Lieut.-General Bridges, much regretted by her friends, 75.

At his residence in Brook-street, Sir Eyre Coote, of West Park, Hants, who served his king and country in various climates for upwards of forty years, and with distinguished merit as an officer. He has left an amiable widow and son to lament his loss, whose attentions to him have been unremitting, 63.—At Sutton, Thomas Creser, esq.—At her house, Wavington, Surrey, Mrs. Frances Crubin, in 84th year of her age.

At his house in the New Kent-road, Henry Hieronymus Deacon, esq., one of the eldest members of the Stock Exchange, 80.—At his house, Pratt-place, Camden-town, Christian Dietrichsen, esq., 81.

At Abbots, Bromley, sincerely and deservedly lamented by her family and friends, Mrs. Flesher, wife of W. Flesher, esq., 64.

Joseph Gundry, of Bridport, esq., banker, 73.—In Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Catherine Spencer, the beloved wife of Mr. Octavius Greene, and daughter of Benjamin Norton, esq., of Bawburgh-hall, in the county of Norfolk.

At Lieutenant-Colonel Cavendish's, at Chiswick, Villiers Frederick Francis, youngest son of the late Hon. Frederick Howard, 8.—At her house, Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex, Elizabeth, relict of the late Sir Charles Higden, esq., 81.

At his house at Deptford, John Mason, esq., a Justice of the Peace for the counties of Kent and Surrey, 58.—In Ludgate-street, while on a visit to Charles Candy and Mrs. W. Candy, Eliza, widow of General Keith Macalister, late of Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, and Toreidale Castle, Argyleshire, N. B., 32.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, NOV. 18, TO TUESDAY, DEC. 16, 1823 INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street,* unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED

W. Horrocks, Liverpool, corn-dealer.
J. Matthews, jun. Brixham, Devonshire, coal-merchant.
T. Maydew, Corbridge, Staffordshire, blue-manufacturer.
Frederick and Godfrey Molling Jerusalem-court, Gracechurch-street, merchants.
R. Nunn and T. Fisher, Grub-street, Fore-street, timber-merchants.
J. Tarbuck, Sutton, Lancashire, brewer.
Llewellyn Watkins Williams, now or late of the Old Bailey, eating-house-keeper.

BANKRUPTS.

Abraham, I. Castle-street, Houndsditch, jeweller. (Aspinall, Jackson, and Robins, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.
Allum, T. W. Great Marlow, Bucks, bricklayer and builder. (Ellison and Bloxam, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Appleton, J. Tottenham-court-road, cooper. (Watson and Son, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.
Appleyard, J. Catharine-street, Strand, bookseller. (Eyles, Worship-street-road.
Atkinson, T. Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner. (Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court.
Bailey, J. Liverpool, merchant. (James and Henry Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; and Orred, Lowe, and Hurrey, Exchange-alley, Liverpool.
Baylis, E. Painswick, Gloucestershire, manufacturer of cloth. (Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.
Baines, B. Canterbury, bookseller. (Smith and Weir, Austinfriars.
Bromige, W. Hartlebury, Worcestershire, tailor. (Cardale, Buxton, and Parlby, Gray's-inn.
Bruggenkate, G. A. T. and T. H. Payne, Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street, merchants. (Gatty, Haddon, and Gatty, Angel-court.
Bosher, J. St. Stephen's, Hertfordshire, dealer in cattle. (Tanner, Fore-street, Finsbury-square.
Bathurst Symes, G. New-terrace, Camberwell-green, dealer. (Jones, Brunswick-square.
Bidder, T. Ilfracombe, Devonshire, tallow-chandler. (Clowes, Ormie, and Wadlake, King's Bench Walk, Temple.
Cutmore, J. Birchin-lane, jeweller. (Pownall, Old Jewry.
Cronshey, S. King-street, Westminster, cheesemonger. (Watson and Son, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.
Chambers, J. Gracechurch-street, tobacconist. (Jones, Threadneedle-street.
Cook, J. Rochdale, Lancashire, ironmonger. (Blakelock, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.
Cordingly, W. Russell-place, Lower Russel-street, Bermondsey, brewer. (Townshend, Crooked-lane.
Candlin, Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Tilson, and Preston, Coleman-street.
Cox, J. Wells, Somersetshire, miller. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
Cross, R. Manchester, leather-factor. (Edgerley, Shrewsbury.
Champtaloup, J. Counter-street, Southwark, orange-merchant. (Blunt and Roy, Old Broad-street.
Davidson, J. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, stone-mason. (Ellis, Sons, Walmsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.
Davies, J. Hereford, victualler. (Atherton, Clerk's Office, Castle-street, Leicester-fields.
Dowling, W. King-street, Tower-hill. (Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields.
Dixon, G. Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, ironmonger. (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.
Damms, G. Chesterfield, Derbyshire, draper. (Taylor, Clement's inn.
Ella, J. Lower Thames-street, wine-merchant. (Pain, Lyon's-inn.
Ellaby, T. Emberton, Buckinghamshire, lace-merchant. (Taylor, John-st. Bedford-row.
Farrer, W. Friday-street, Cheapside, victualler and wine merchant. (Spence and Desborough, Size-lane.
Fasana, D. Bath, fancy-stationer. (Courteen, Size-lane.
Grace, R. Fenchurch street, hat-manufacturer (Willis, Finsbury-place.
Grant, M. Clifton, Gloucestershire, lodging-house-keeper. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.
Gough, J. Little Tower-street, vintner. (Wilkinson, New North-street, Red Lion-square.
Holbrook, J. Derbyshire, grocer, dealer and chapman. (T. Ley Greaves, Derby; and T. Wragg, Ave Maria-lane, St. Paul's.
Hooper, J. Mitre-court, Fleet-street, stationer. (Dickens, Bow-lane.
Hodgson, T. Newgate-street, linen draper. (Butler, Watling-street.
Heavy, J. Worship-street, cabinet-maker. (Webb, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.
Holland, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Briggs, Taylor, and Mould, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Harris, J. Adle-hill, Doctor'scommons, livery-stable-keeper. (Clayton, New-inn, Strand.
Hill, T. West Smithfield, grocer. (Whitton, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
Hutchinson, J. Little St. Thomas Apostle, wholesale ham-factor. (Steel, Queen-street, Cheapside.
Hodge, H. Duval's-lane, Islington, brick-maker. (Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook.
Hodges, J. Aldgate, blanket-warehouseman. (Tilson and Preston, Coleman-street.
Hamilton, R. Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthenware. (Wolston, Furnival's-inn.
Jones, W. Dog-row, Mile-end, wheelwright. (M'Duff, Castle-street, Holborn.
Isaacs, J. Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, draper. (Pearson, Pump-court, Temple.
Jones, E. A. and Jones, W. H., Hackney-fields, brewers. (Huxley, Pump-court, Temple
Joyce, L. Keyford, Somersetshire, inn-holder. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

King, T. Frederick - place, Kennington - lane, merchant. (Grimaldi and Staples, Copthall-court.
Lincoln, J. Norwich, miller. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's inn-square.
Minchin, T. Verulam buildings, Gray's - inn, dealer. (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.
Moody, W. Leeds, joiner. (Smithson, Old Jewry.
Morris, C. Fore-street, Cripplegate, victualler. (Boxer, Furnival's-inn.
Marsden, T. King-street, Portman-sq., dealer in horses. (Griffith, High-street, Mary-le-bone.
Moses, S. Portsea, slopseller. (Bogue, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
Moon, J. Bristol, currier. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.
Northover, H. Somersetshire, farmer. (Popkin, Dean-street, Soho.
Olivant, A. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, miller. (Capes, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.
Powell, J. G. Egham, Surrey, dealer. (Thwaites, Vittoria-place, South Lambeth.
Penny, J. and T. Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, grocers. (Bourdillon & Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.
Price, J. Lower-street, Islington, coach-master. (Pullen, Barber's-hall, Monkwell-street.
Preddey, R. Bristol, baker. (Edmonds, Exchequer-office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn.
Roberts, E. Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Parton, Bow Church-yard.
Reeves, R. Stockport, Cheshire, shopkeeper. (Lowe, and Son, Southampton - buildings, Chancery-lane; and Newton and Winterbottom, Stockport.
Rowe, G. Great Smith-street, Chelsea, surgeon. (Harvey and Wilson, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Robinson, J. Burslem, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthenware. (Wolston, Furnival's-inn.
Ransom, J. Stoke Newington, coach-master. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.
Redfern, W., Stevenson, T. and Blatherwick, W. Nottingham, hosiers. (Knowles, New-inn.
Simes, W. Canonbury-tower, Islington, dealer. (Combe, Staple-inn.
Smith, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. (Grace and Stedman, Birchin lane, Lombard-street.
Spencer, J. Norwich, bombazine and crape manufacturer. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple; and Parkinson and Staff, Norwich.
Sargeant, J. Wentworth-street, Whitechapel, manufacturing chymist. (Richardson, Walbrook.
Seeley, B. and Nash, E. Red Lion-yard, Aldersgate-street, and Old-street-road, horse dealers. (Stevens and Wood, St. Thomas Apostle.
Smith, W. Worcester, brewer. (Cardale, Buxton, and Parley, Gray's-inn.
Spearing, J. and Rogers, J. Portsmouth, coach-makers. (Collett, Wimburn, and Collett, Chancery-lane.
Tomes, C. Lincoln's-inn-fields, scrivener. (Howartk, Warwick-street, Golden-square.
Upton, J. Tadcaster, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. (Lys, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Vincent, C. Tarrant - Rushton, Dorsetshire, dealer. (Fitch, Union-street, Southwark.
Wagstaff, J. Worcester, saddler, collar-maker, and coach proprietor. (Cardale, Buxton, and Parlby, Gray's-inn.
Weedon, G. Bath, brass-founder (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
Wilson, R. Birmingham, tea-dealer. (Hindmarsh, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate.
Weller, T. Croydon, watch - maker. (Blafie, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar.
Whalley, T. Chorley, Lancashire, manufacturer. (Hurd and Johnson, King's-bench-walk, Temple.
Whalley, C. Rivington, Lancashire, manufacturer. (Hurd and Johnson, King's bench-walk, Temple.
Wood, S. Poswick, Herefordshire, dealer. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, Old-square.

DIVIDENDS.

Atkins, W. Chipping Norton, Dec. 16.
Adams, W. Narrow-wall, Lambeth, Dec. 20.
Atkins, S. Great Portland-street, chymist, Dec. 20.
Austin, T., J. Gregory, and J. Husson, Bath, Jan. 10.
Apedaile, G. North Shields, Jan. 2.
Andrew, P. P. Brighton, grocer, Dec. 30.
Armstrong, G. I. Prince's square, Ratcliff-highway, Jan. 3.
Avison, J. Eastborn, Kildwick, Yorkshire, Jan. 10.
Bury, T. Exeter, factor, Dec. 12.
Butler, E. Alcester, fellmonger, Dec. 11.
Banbury, C. H. Wood-street, Cheapside, Nov. 29.
Birch, R. Y. Hammersmith, Dec. 19.
Brown, G. New Bond-street, oil-man, Dec. 20.
Barrett, W. Old Broad-street, merchant, Dec. 9.
Brewer, S. Alderton, Suffolk, Jan. 7.
Burn, J. Lothbury, merchant, Dec. 20.
Banbury, C. H. Wood-street, Cheapside, Dec. 16.
Bates, T. Cushion-court, Old Broad-street, Jan. 10.
Cutbush, H. and W. Maidstone, carpenters, Dec. 13.
Chalk, J. Blackfriars-road, Dec. 13.
Clark, H. and F. Grundy, Liverpool, Dec. 19.
Chubb, W. P. Aldgate, Chymist, Dec. 16.
Cooper, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, victualler, Dec. 22.
Cuff, J. Regent-street, jeweller, Dec. 27.
Chambers, C. Steel-yard, Upper Thames-street, ironmonger, Jan. 10.
Canning, H. Broad-street, merchant, Jan. 10.
Cooke, J. Farcham, Hants, tanner, Jan. 5.
Collier, J. Rainow, Cheshire, cotton-spinner, Dec. 31.
Coldman, J. Brighton-place, New Kent-road, Jan. 3.
Courthope, F. W. Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-street, Jan. 13.
Douthart, S. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 20.
Dixon, W. Portsmouth, tailor, Dec. 16.
Day, R. H. Tovil, Kent, Dec. 6.
Denne, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, Dec. 20.
Forster, C. F. Margate, coal-merchant, Jan. 15.
Fisher, S. Winchcomb, Gloucestershire, Jan. 7.
Fraser, J. New-court, St. Swithen's-lane, Jan. 10.
Greaves, J. jun. Liverpool, broker, Dec. 10.
Gliddon, A. King-street, Covent-garden, Dec. 9.
Gars, W. Grassington, Yorkshire, Dec. 17.
Gooden, J. Chiswell-street, victualler, Dec. 23.
Goodair, J. Chorley, Lancashire, Jan. 5.
Gelsthorp, J. Molineaux-street, Mary-le-bone, Jan. 17.
Hedges, T. Bristol, grocer, Dec. 10 and 30.
Hyde, W. Howford-buildings, Fenchurch-street, Dec. 16.
Haffner, M. Canon-street, St. George, Dec. 13.
Higgs, D. Chipping Sodbury, Dec 18.
Hughes, R. Althrey Woodhouse, Flintshire, Dec. 20.
Holinden, W. Milton, Kent, Dec. 20.
Howarth, E. Leeds, Woolstapler, Dec. 17.
Hunter, J. Hawkshurst, Kent, Jan. 10.
Hellicar, J. Andover, Hants. Jan. 20.
Hague, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, Jan. 3.
Hellyer, J. Lloyd's Coffee-House, insurance-broker, Jan. 3.
Harrison, R. Coleshill, Warwickshire, tanner, Jan. 6.
Hudson, J. Birchen-lane and Walworth, Surrey, Jan. 6.

Humphreys, S. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, merchant, Jan. 6.
Judd, G. Faringdon, Bucks, Dec. 20.
Johnstone, J. and P. M'Pherson, Liverpool, Dec. 29.
Isherwood, J. Manchester, manufacturer, Dec. 31.
Kitchen, R. and J. Amery, Liverpool, Dec. 10.
Kelly, J. A., S. A., and T. H. Strand, saddlers, Dec. 20.
Kinning, T. Oxford-street, linen-draper, Dec. 13.
Ketcher, N. Bradwell, Essex, Dec. 20.
Larbalestier, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, Dec. 16.
Lambeth, R. Manchester, manufacturer, Dec. 23.
Lowe, S. Newman-street, painter on glass, Dec. 9.
Lowe, J. Warrington, currier, Dec. 12.
Molyneux, T. Holborn, boot-maker, Dec. 9.
Marshall, P. Scarborough, grocer, Dec. 10.
Milnes, J. Halifax, grocer, Dec. 9.
May, W. King's Head Tavern, Newgate-street, Dec. 13.
Mather, E. Oxford, grocer, Dec. 20.
Minchin, T. A. Portsmouth, baker, Dec. 16.
Marks, M. Romford, slopseller, Dec. 16.
Meliss, G. Fenchurch-street, Feb. 7.
Moorhouse, J. Stockport, broker, Dec. 31.
Moorhouse, J. Sloane-street, Chelsea, Jan. 17.
Mackie, J. Watling-street, merchant, Jan. 3.
Middlehurst, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, Jan. 9.
Potts, W. Sheerness, linen-draper, Dec. 16.
Purdie, J., T. D. Mildred, and A. Dent, Size-lane, Dec. 13.
Plumb, S. Gosport, innkeeper, Dec. 18.
Pothonier, F. Corporation-row, Clerkenwell, Dec. 6.
Porter, B. and R. R. Baines, Myton, Yorkshire, Dec. 23.
Palmer, T. Gutter-lane, Cheapside, Jan. 10.
Piercy, J. and R. Saunders, Birmingham, Dec. 31.
Pratt, J. Brook's-place, Kennington, surgeon, Jan. 3.
Powis, J. Midford-place, Tottenham-court-road, Jan. 20.
Roxby, R. B. Arbour-square, Commercial-read, Dec. 9 and 16.
Russell, J. Rochester, wine-merchant, Nov. 22.
Rigg, R. and R. Whitehaven, brewers, Dec. 12.
Reddell, J. H. Balsall-heath, Worcestershire, Dec. 17.
Richards, W. Shoreditch, soap-maker, Dec. 16.
Raincock, G. Harlow, Essex, Dec. 16.
Ryde, J. and J. Stewardson, 'Change-alley, Dec. 16.
Rivers, W. and J. Clowes, Shelton, Staffordshire, Dec. 24.
Ritchie, J. and J. Watling-street, Dec. 20.
Ryhot, F. Cheapside, silk-mercer, Jan. 10.
Rowley, J. and J. B. B. Clarke, Stourport, Worcestershire, Dec. 30.
Roper, J. Norwich, woollen-draper, Jan. 9.
Roylance, S. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 9.
Simons, W. Birmingham, Dec. 9.
Salmon, S. Regent-street, stationer, Dec. 13.
Searth, J. and W. Morley, Yorkshire, Dec. 15.
South, J. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, Dec. 16.
Sparks, W. and J. Frome, Selwood, Dec. 20.
Staff, H. A. Norwich, Dec. 29.
Sharp, G. W. and G. Threadneedle-st., Jan. 10.
Sharpley, A. Binbrook, Lincolnshire, Jan. 1.
Steel, S. Rotherham, Yorkshire, Dec. 31.
Scott, J. Alley-field, Cumberland, Jan. 2.
Silver, J. and J. and A. Boyson, Size-lane, Jan. 20.
Taylor, H. and E. Manchester and Blackley, Dec. 18.
Turner, J. Fleet-street, silk-mercer, Dec. 20.
Thompson, J. South Shields, ship-owner, Dec. 29.
Trickle, E. Nuneaton, Warwickshire, Dec. 23.
Turner, W. Llangollen, Denbighshire, and A. Comber, Manchester, cotton-spinners, Dec. 30.
Thomas, R. S. Hanbury, Worcestershire, Jan. 3.
Thomas, H. W. Wolverhampton, Jan. 2.
Tyler, P. Haddenham, Bucks, Jan. 5.
Tippetts, E. and E. Gethen, Basinghall-street, Jan. 10.
Underwood, C. Cheltenham, builder, Dec. 30.
Viney, J. Bristol, cabinet-maker, Dec. 15
Vos, H. and J. C. Essey, New-court, Crutched-friars, Jan. 13.
Wood, W. Monythusloyne, Monmouthshire, Dec. 18.
Willington, J. and E. Birmingham, Dec. 16.
Ward, J. Birmingham, Dec. 29.
Wood, J. Bishopsgate-street, Without, Dec. 27.
Woolcock, J. Truro, draper, Dec. 20.
Walker, J. jun. Axbridge, Somersetshire, Dec. 27.
Willis, R. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, tobacconist, Jan. 17.
Wilkinson, J. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, Dec. 30.
Whyte, D. Lewes, linen-draper, Jan. 3.
Wagstaff, S. and T. Baylis, Kidderminster, Dec. 20.
Wood, T. Tunbridge, Wilts, clothier, Dec. 31.
Wilson, R. Birmingham, merchant, Dec. 31.
Willis, T. Portsmouth, grocer, &c. Jan. 8.

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—SEASON, 1823, 1824.

Ver.	Ship Names	Consignments	Tons	Managing Owner	Commanders	First Officer	Second Officers	Third Officers	Fourth Officers	Surgeons	Purgers	To be afloat	To be in the Downs	When sailed.
2	Macqueen	Beng & China	1332	John Campbell	James Wal e	Henry Agar	A Red	A Pit rn	F Macqueen	A Macrae	J S Anderson			
2	Berwickshire		1332	S Marjoribanks	J Shepherd	H L Thomas	F Mad n	T M S rr	R Chant	T Davidson	J W Rose			
2	Duchess of Athell		133	W E Ferrers	E M Dar el	R Dudman	J Luyken	T J Dyer	H Rivaz	R H Cox	C S Compton			
4	Duke of York	Bomb & China	13	S Marjoribank	A H Campbell	W Pitman	John D Orr	T Shepherd	F Mac Neil	D Allan	W Dallas	1823 18 Nov	1824 8 Jan	
6	Ca e Huntl		12	J H C ta s	H A Drum or	T Dunkin	S V W od	G C Kennedy	H Wise	J Campbell	H Wright			
4	Th a Cou ts		1334	S Marjoribanks	A Chrystie	W Drayner	A Vincent	Henry Burn	C Elphinst ne	J Beveridge	W Maltman			
6	General Harris	St Hele Bon co len & China	120	James Sims	G Welstead	J C hiteman	S Newdick	J M Williams	J C Milward	T Colledge	W Dickenson			
4	Ca ing	Beng & China	1326	Company s ship	James Hea	P Ba n	A R vers	A Br adhurst	G Creighton	R Simmons	W Ainslie			
5	Ea l of Balcarra		141	(Company s ship)	P C ner n	T Smith	W Pulham	J P Griffith	O Richardson	Henry Arnot	J L Wardell			
2	Sir David Scott		134	Joseph Hare	J A Tveen		T Blair	R S tt	D J Ward	N Grant	J Hodson	17 Dec	5 Feb	
4	Lo lon	St Hel Bomb and China	1332	Company s ship	J B Sotheby	B Troughton	T B Pentc d	W K Packman	W Pigott	D Mackenzie	J Herbert			
4	Dunna	Bomb & China	132	George Palmer	M Hamilton	John Shute	N le St Cr ix	J Wilson	J. Ricketts	A Kedsie	S H Ayres			
6	Marquis Camden		1200	H M rse Samson	Thos Larkins	W Morga	C l n R Fox	E Markham	A Forbes	A Thomson	T Collingwood	31 Dec	20 Feb	
6	Lady Melville	Madr & China	1200	Sir R Wigram	R C rd	R Cl ford	H C Smith	W Lewis	T Littlejohn	J Eccles	W Clifford			
2	William Fairlie		1348	Joseph Hare	K Smith									
4	Dowell	China	133	Matthew Isaake	W E Ferrer	G A Bond	J C l ing		J R Pidding	W Bremner	W P Burt	1824 28 Feb	15 Apr	
7	Ma Huntly		1279	J Mac Fagart	J S H Fraser		T L a h	W Marquis	T Hutchinson	J Simpson	W M Harper			
9	P e s Amelia		1275	Robert Williams	Thos Williams					Barron Milne	T Hacket			
8	Asel		871	S Marjoribank	John Levy	R H Round	Henry Cole	L R Pearce	Henry Say	W Hamilton	W M deCharm			
7	A ia	Madras and Bengal	9	Henry Bonham	T F Balderston	D Marshall		T J Wright	W P Bonham	F Burlin	J Gardner			
7	R e		955	Thomas Milroy	T Marju	J C M Laggart	John Spratt		W Clark	A Sterling	J Milroy			
7	Marchioness El		952	Octavius Wigram	C E Mar les	P Herbert	H M Sterndale	W F Hopkins		W Scott	W Mulett			
7	Prince Regent		9	Henry Bonham	Henry Hosmer	James S Bile	G K Bathie	J M o e		I L Matthews	A Crowe			
5	General Hewitt		894	Company s ship)	T W Barrow	Robert Low	R Thomas	F G Moore	B J Bell	E Turner	J W Graham			

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.

From NOVEMBER 28, to DECEMBER 27, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.		Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.
28	29·79	45	S.E.	Fair	9	30·09	51	E.	Fair	20	30·14	46	N.	Ditto
29	29·61	44	S.E.	Ditto	10	30·25	52	E.	Shwy	21	29·97	48	E.	Ditto
30	29·24	52	S.W.	Ditto	11	30·44	45	N.E.	Ditto	22	30·12	49	S.E.	Ditto
1	28·98	43	S.W.	Ditto	12	30·54	44	E.	Fair	23	29·92	48	S.W	Ditto
2	29·64	44	E.	Rain	13	30·39	43	E.	Ditto	24	29·96	49	S.W.	Rain
3	29·87	42	N.E.	Shwy	14	30·35	39	S.W.	Ditto	25	29·98	48	S.W.	Ditto
4	29·95	40	N.	Fair	15	30·25	32	S.W.	Ditto	26	30·15	49	S.W.	Ditto
5	29.81	36	S.W.	Ditto	16	30·19	35	S.W.	Ditto					
6	29.59	35	S.W.	Ditto	17	30·34	35	S.W.	Ditto					
7	29·85	44	S.	Ditto	18	30·20	48	N.	Ditto					
8	29·88	50	E.	Shwy	19	30·34	46	N.	Ditto					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

DECEMBER 19, 1823.

Canals.	*Per Share.* £. s.	*Div. per Ann.* £. s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	150	5
Barnesley	215	12
Birmingham (divided)	315	12 10
Bolton and Bury	112	5
Brecknock and Abergav.	100	5
Carlisle	—	—
Chesterfield	120	8
Coventry	1100	44
Cromford	270	14
Croydon	4 5	—
Derby	140	6
Dudley	63	3
Ellesmere and Chester	67	3
Erewash	1000	58
Forth and Clyde	480	20
Grand Junction	270	10
Grand Surrey	49	—
Grand Union	20	—
Grand Western	6	—
Grantham	160	8
Hereford and Gloucester	60	—
Lancaster	28	1
Leeds and Liverpool	380	12
Leicester	330	14
Leicester & Northampton	82	4
Loughborough	4000	170
Melton Mowbray	240	11
Monmouthshire	195	10
Montgomeryshire	71	2 10
Neath	333	13
Nottingham	240	12
Oxford	780	32
Portsmouth and Arundel	25	—
Regent's	47	—
Rochdale	94	3
Shrewsbury	180	9 10
Shropshire	125	7
Somerset Coal	135	9
Ditto, Lock Fund	12 10	5 15
Staffords.& Worcestershire	800	40
Stourbridge	212	10 10
Stratford-on-Avon	20	—
Stroudwater	550	30
Swansea	195	10
Tavistock	150	—
Thames and Medway	22 10	—
Thames and Severn, New	31	—
Trent & Mersey	2150	75 5 ben.
Warwick and Birmingh.	240	11
Warwick and Napton	215	10 10
Worcester & Birmingham	36 10	1
Docks.		
London	shut	4 10
West India	shut	10
East India	150	8
Commercial	shut	3 10
East Country	27	—

Bridges.	*Per Share.* £. s.	*Div. per Ann.* £. s. d.
Southwark	17	—
Ditto, New	60	1 10
Ditto, Loan	100	5
Vauxhall	30	1
Waterloo	5	—
Water-works.		
Chelsea	—	—
East London	132	5
Grand Junction	68	2 10
Kent	40	1 10
London Bridge	58 10	2 10
South London	45	—
West Middlesex	70	2 10
York Buildings	30	1 10
Insurances.		
Albion	52	2 10
Atlas	6	6
Bath	575	40
Birmingham Fire	350	25
British	50	3
County	43	2 10
Eagle	3 6	5
European	20	1
Globe	shut	7
Guardian	18	—
Hope	5 5	6
Imperial Fire	126	5
Ditto, Life	12	8
Kent Fire	71	2 10
London Fire	—	1 5
London Ship	24	1
Provident	20	1
Rock	2 19	2
Royal Exchange	shut	10
Sun Fire	212	8 10
Sun Life	23 10	10
Union	42	1 8
Gas Lights.		
Gas Light and Coke (Chart Company	78	4
City Gas Light Company	131	6 16
Ditto, New	74	3 12
South London	152	7 10
Imperial	55 10	—
Literary Institutions.		
London	31	—
Russel	9	—
Metropolitan	par	—
Miscellaneous.		
Auction Mart	25	1 5
British Copper Company	29	—
Golden Lane Brewery	8	—
Ditto	5	—
London Com. Sale Rooms	16 5	1
Carnatic Stock 1st class	shut	4
Ditto, 2d ditto	shut	3

Messrs. EDMONDS and WOLFE, No. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th Nov. to 24th December, 1823.

Days. 1823.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	3½ P.C. I. bds.	2 P. day E. bills	Consols. for acct.
Nov.											
25	224	83 5/8 3/4	84 1/8 1/4	97 3/8 1/4	100 1/8 3/8	104 1/4 1/2	21 3-16 1/8	268 1/2 3/4	77 80p	49 50p	84 1/4 1/4
26	224 1/4	83 3/8 3/8	81 1/8 1/8	97 1/4	100 1/4 100	104 1/8 1/4	21 1/8 3-16	268 1/2	80 78p	50 48p	84 1/8 1/8
27	224 1/4	83 3/8 1/4	84 1/8 1/4	96 7/8 7 1/8	100 1/8	104 1/8 3/8	21 1/8	—	79 77p	48 49p	84 1/4 1/2
28	223 3/4 4	83 1/2 3/8	84 1/8 1/8	97 1/8	100 1/4 100	104 1/4 1/4	21 1-16 3-16	268 1/4 3/8	79p	48 50p	84 3/8 3/4
29	—	83 1/2 1/4	84 1/8 1/2	97	100 3/8	104 1/4 1/2	21 1/8 3-16	268	—	49 48p	84 3/8 3/4
Dec.											
1	225 4 3/4	83 7/8 3/8	84 3/8 1/8	—	100 3/4 1/8	104 3/8 1/8	21 1/8 1/4	269	78p	48 50p	84 3/8 1/8
2	224 1/4 1/4	83 5/8 3/8	84 3/8 1/8	97 1/8	100 1/8	104 3/8 1/8	21 3-16	269	79 78p	48 50p	84 1/8 1/8
3	224 1/4	83 5/8 3/8	—	97 1/4 1/8	100 3/8	104 1/4 1/2	21 1/8 3-16	—	78 77p	47 50p	84 1/4 1/4
4	224 1/2 3/4	84 3 7/8	—	97 1/2	100 1/2 1/2	—	21 3-16 1/4	—	78 80p	48 50p	84 1/4 1/8
5	225	83 7/8 4 1/8	—	97 1/2	100 1/4 1/2	—	21 3-16 1/4	—	78 79p	49 50p	84 3/8 5
6	225	84 1/4 1/2	—	—	100 1/2 3/8	—	21 1/4 1/4	—	78p	49 51p	84 7/8 5 3/8
8	225 1/2	84 1/2 1/4	—	—	100 1/2 1/2	—	21 7-16 1/8	—	79 80p	49 50p	85 1/8 1/8
9	226 5 1/2	84 5/8 3/8	—	98	100 1/2 3/8	—	21 7-16 1/8	—	80 79p	50 52p	85 1/8 1/2
10	226 3/4 7	84 5/8 5	—	98 1/8	100 3/8 1/8	—	21 7-16 9-16	—	81 84p	50 56p	85 3/8 1/8
11	227 1/4 6 1/8	84 7/8 3/8	—	98 1/2 1/8	100 1/2 1/2	—	21 9-16	—	84 82p	54 57p	85 7/8 1/2
12	226 3/4 7 1/4	84 7/8 1/8	—	98 1/4 1/8	100 1/2 3/8	—	21 9-16 1/2	—	83p	56 58p	85 7/8 1/2
13	227 1/4	84 7/8	—	—	100 1/8 1/2	—	21 1/8 9-16	—	83 84p	58 56p	85 7/8 1/4
15	227 1/4 8	84 1/2 5 3/8	—	—	100 3/8	—	21 1/8	—	82p	57 53p	85 7/8 6 1/8
16	228 3/4 9	85 1/8 6	—	99 1/4	100 1/8 101 1/8	—	21 11-16 3/4	—	82 84p	54 57p	86 1/4 1/2
17	229	85 6	—	99 1/4	101 100	—	21 3/4 13-16	—	84 82p	56 51p	86 1/8 1/2
18		85 1/2 1/4	—	99 1/8 8 7/8	101 100 1/8	—	21 3/4 11-16	—	83p	53 55p	86 1/2 6
19	228 1/4 8	85 1/4 1/2	—	98 7/8 9	100 3/8 1/2	—	21 1/8 11-16	—	80p	51 54p	86 1/4
20	228 3/4 1/2	85 1/8 3/8	—	98 7/8	100 3/8 1/8	—	21 11-16 3/4	—	82 80p	53 54p	86 1/4 1/8
22	228 3/4	85 1/4 1/8	—	—	100 1/2 1/2	—	—	—	82 80p	51 54p	86 1/8
23	228 3/4	85 1/8 3/8	—	99	100 3/8 1/2	—	21 11-16	—	82 79p	51 53p	86 1/4 1/8
24	228 3/4	85 1/8 3/8	—	98 7/8 3/4	100 1/8 1/2	—	21 3/4	—	81p	51 53p	86 1/4 1/8

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to October, 1822, have been advertised to be paid off.

JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE, FOREIGN FUNDS, &c.—DEC. 24th, 1823.

				In London Exc.
Amsterdam, c. f.	12	4	Austrian Bonds	87
Ditto ... at sight	12	0	Chilian Bonds	69 1/4
Rotterdam	12	5	Ditto, for the Acct.	
Antwerp	12	5	Columbian Bonds	59
Hamburgh	37	7	Ditto, for the Acct.	
Altona	37	8	Danish Bonds	
Paris ... 3 days sight	25	70	Do. Marks Banco	
Ditto ... 3 months	25	90	Neapolitan Bonds	80 1/2
Bourdeaux	25	90	Do. for the Acct.	
Frankfort on the main	156 1/2		Peruvian Scrip.	
Petersburgh, 3 Us per rble.	9		Poyas Bonds	
Berlin cur. dolls.	7	10	Prussian Bonds	90 1/8
Vienna, effective 2 m. Flor.	10	12	Do... 1822.	
Trieste ... ditto	10	13	Do. for the Acct.	
Madrid	36 1/2		Russian Bonds	82
Cadiz	35 1/2		Do. for the Acct.	
Bilboa	35 3/4		Spanish 5 per Ct. Consols.	
Barcelona	35 1/4		Do. for the Acct.	
Seville	35 3/4		Do. 170 and 255 Bonds	
Malaga			Do. 85.. Do.	
Gibralter	30 1/2		Spanish 5 per Cent. Consols, 1823.	
Leghorn	46 3/4		Do. for the Acct.	
Genoa	43 1/2		French Rents	92 [illegible]
Venice, Italian Liv.	27 30		French Scrip.	31 p
Malta	45		Do. Bank Shares	
Naples	38 3/4		Russian Inscription	82
Palermo ... per oz.	117		Do. Metallic	84
Lisbon	52		Spanish Bonds, 1820.	
Oporto	52		Do. for the Account	
Rio Janeiro	49		Spanish National 5 1/2 per Cent.	
Bahia	50			
Dublin	9 1/2			
Cork	9 1/2			

BULLION AT PER OUNCE.

in Coin	£2	0	0	0	New Dollars	£0	4	9 1/4
in Bars	3	17	6		Silver in Bars, Standard	0	4	11 1/2
ins	0	0	0					

INDEX

TO VOLUME LXXXIV.

PAGE

ACHILLES, Description of the Shield of 249
Adelaide de Montmorency 421
Æolian Harp, the 432
Africa 172, 269, 460
Ali Pacha, life of 165
America 73, 171, 460
———, North 73, 171
———, South 172
Asia 73, 172, 460
Australasia 270

Bathurst, Dr. Henry, Bishop of Norwich, Memoir of..... 387
Bankrupts, List of ..93, 189, 284, 380, 474, 565
Blighted Rose, the 392
Blind Widow's Son 405
Births 91, 185, 281, 378, 477, 564
British Antiquities 6
——— Institution, Exhibition of 49, 433
——— Artists', Society of 150

Campaign in the South of France, Account of..... 258
Canal Shares, Prices of ..96, 192, 287, 383, 479, 569
Chateau, a visit to, a tale by the Countess d'Hautpoul 157
China 270
Cænobium Atticum, or Sketches of Character 410
Courses of Exchange 288, 384, 480, 570
Commercial Report..92, 188, 374, 473, 561
Covent Garden Theatre ..87, 276, 372, 469, 556

De Beranger, Songs of 148, 208

PAGE

Deaths 91, 185, 281, 378, 477, 564
Death of a Miser, the 138
——— Friend; on the..... 518
Despair, Complaint of 396
Denmark 75, 172, 271, 462
Diorama, the 337
Dick Spouter; or, he would be an Actor 504
Dividends, List of 94, 199, 285, 381, 566
Dramatic Fragment 7
Drama, the 85, 180, 276, 371, 555
Dream, A 417
———, A 530
——— of the Pyramids 515
Drury Lane Theatre 86, 276, 371, 466, 555

East India Shipping List 191, 286, 382, 478, 568
English Opera House 89, 180, 278, 374
Exhibition of the British Institution 49, 433
——— of the Society of Painters in Water Colours 57, 148
——— of the British Gallery.. 147
——— of the Northern Society, at Leeds..... 252
——— of the Productions of Art in the Louvre 239

False or True, an original Tale, by Mrs. Opie 20
Felix and Mariaquita 313
Fine Arts 49, 147, 337, 433, 55
Flaxman, Shield of Achilles, executed by him..... 249
France 77, 175, 272, 367, 46
Foreign Funds....288, 384, 480, 57

Germany 75, 173, 271, 36

PAGE

Greece 75, 462

Half Hangit, the 397
Hamlet of Shakspeare, Observations on 305
Harness, Rev. William, A. M., Sketch of 45
Haymarket Theatre..80, 188, 277, 373
High Life 316
Highland Revelry..... 513

Implacable Hate 525
Intelligence relative to the Fine Arts 54, 152, 254, 343, 437, 550
Invocation to Fancy 223
Ionian Isles 270
Irving, Rev. Edward, Memoir of, &c.....47, 245, 291
Italian Opera..... 85
Italy 76, 174, 270

Jackson, John, Esq., R.A., Memoir of 99

Kosciusko, Memoir of 119

Left off Business 522
Leicester, Sir John Fleming, Bart. Memoir of 3, 100, 201
Lesson, The, from Philander Von Sittlewald 235
Letters from an Irish Gentleman 393 497
Lines to her who will understand them 111
—— written in an Album 225
—— to a Kitten 408
—— for the New Year 514
Literary Intelligence 78, 176, 273, 368 463, 553
London, Letters on, by an Irish Gentleman 393, 497
Love and Reason 4

Mariaquita and Felix 313
Marriages..91, 185, 281, 378, 477, 564
Mary Gray. 324
——, Queen of Scots, Epistles of. 9 110, 303
Memoir of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich 387
——— Rev. Edward Irving .. 291
——— John Jackson, Esq. R.A. 99
——— Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart.....3, 100, 201
——— Kosciusko, the Polish Patriot 119
——— late Pope Pius VII.....195
——— M. A. Shee, Esq. R.A... 483
Minvane, from Ossian's Berrathon 409
Monthly Memoranda 91, 184, 409, 563

Naples 462
Netherlands 76, 174
New Year, The..... 519

PAGE

Northern Society at Leeds, Exhibition of..... 252

Observations on Shakspear's Hamlet 305
Opera-House, English...89, 278, 374
——— Italian 85
Orphan, the 129

Palaces, Observations on..... 336
Patents, List of 99, 188, 282, 377 473, 562
Poet and the Miser 427
Portugal 76, 174
Poland.....173, 271, 461
Political Digest 81, 182, 279, 374, 471
Polynesia 269
Pope Pius VII., Memoir of 195
Popular Preachers, Sketches of.. 45 142, 245, 333
Prize in the Lottery..... 310
Prussia 74

Raeburn, Henry, Character of.... 435
Reviewers Reviewed.....266, 329
Russia 74, 172, 460

Saunders, Rev. Isaac, M.A. Sketch of..... 333
Sarnen, Valley of 337
Science and Literature, Foreign.. 73 171, 269, 366, 460
——— English.. 78 176, 273, 368, 463, 553
Shee, M. A. Esq. R.A. Memoir of 483
Shield of Achilles..... 249
Shipwreck 501
Sigh and the Tear..... 500
Sisters, the Three, a Tale....105, 213
Sketches of Society in London and Paris 13, 114
Sketches of Popular Preachers .. 45 142, 245, 333
Song to ——..... 212
Spain 367, 462
Stocks, Prices of..288, 384, 480, 570
St. Kevin's Bed, a Tale 130
Symptoms of Winter..... 294
Sweden.....75, 172, 271, 461
Switzerland.....77, 175, 273, 462

Terrestial Globe, on mounting the 334
To Miss on her Birth-day 233
To departed Mary..... 293
The Rose Queen 297
Trinity Chapel, Canterbury, View of 337
Twa Words to the Scotch Folk in London 34

Water Colours, Gallery of the Society of Painters in.....51, 148
What an Escape..... 36
Works in the Press..78, 176, 273, 368 463, 553

LONDON REVIEW.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

PAGE

Annals of the Mussulmans, by Rampaldi 61

Bucolics of Virgil Translated into French Verse..... 442

Critical Examinations of Mad. de Stael's Considerations of the French Revolution, by J. C. Ballieul 154

Essay on the Music in Italy..... 345

Fauvel, James, Memoirs of, by Droz and Picard 60

France, celebrated Men and State of Literature in the Eighteenth Century, by J. M. Goethe 258

French Revolution, Considerations on 442

Geological Description of the Province of Milan, by Scipion Brieslak 534

Grandmother, Tales of, by Countess de Hautpoul 157

Hayti, Considerations on, by Chanlatte 58

Haytian Propagator, a political and literary Journal..... 411

History of Letters and Sciences in the Low Countries, by N. G. Van Kampen 534

Ionian Isles, History of, by Col. Bory d'St. Vincent 255

Life of Frederick Schiller 349

Persia, History, Manners, and Customs of the Inhabitants.... 345

Plato, Works of, translated into French 60

Portraits of the most celebrated Personages of the French Revolution 442

Raymond's Selections from the Original Poetry of the Troubadours 439

Satirical Drama of the Greeks, by G. Pinzger..... 62

Thoughts and Maxims, by Count Segur 61

Shakspeare translated into Italian, by Michael Leoni..... 62

Switzerland; or, an Historical Picturesque, and Moral Picture of the Helvetic Cantons, by M. Depping..... 532

Treatise on the Common Language of Italy 442

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Ancient Mysteries Described, especially English Miracle Plays, among the MSS. in the British Museum, by W. Hone..... 161

Baron de Kolli, Memoir of..... 443

Campaign of the Left Wing of the Allied Army in the Western Pyrenees and South of France in 1813 and 1814, by Capt. Batty 258

Durazzo, a Tragedy, in five acts 157

Easy Introduction to Short-Hand 169

Edward Neville; or the Memoir of an Orphan..... 534

Ferdinand VII. a Dramatic Sketch of the Revolution in Spain 537

Footman's Directory and Butler's Remembrancer 455

Italian Tales..... 539

Journal of a Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, by Marianne Colston 69

Journal of a Tour in France in the Years of 1816-17, by Francis Jane Cary 549

Life of Ali Pacha, of Jannina Vizier, of Epirus 165

Lectures on the Elements of Botany, by A. T. Thompson..... 544

Letter to Mistresses of Families on the Cruelty of employing Children in Sweeping Chimnies, by J. C. Hudson 163

Memoirs of the History of France, dictated by Napoleon to Count De Montholon 63

Memoirs of the History of France during the Reign of Napoleon, dictated to General Gourgaud 350

Parent's Latin Grammar, also an

PAGE

Essay on Latin Verbs by Dr. Gilchrist 167
Poetical Memoirs, and the Exile, a Tale, by James Bird 456
Points of Humour, illustrated by Plates from Designs, by George Cruikshank 167

Remarks on the North of Spain, by Joseph Bramsen 518

Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson 446
Temple of Truth, an Allegorical Poem 168
The Doggeral Decameron 543

PAGE

The Ionian; or Woman of the Nineteenth Century, by Sarah Renou 540
Transactions of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh 367

View of the Past and Present State of Jamaica, by J. Stewart 358
Visit to Spain in the latter part of 1822, and beginning of 1823, by Michael Quin 451

Way to preserve Health, and a Treatise on Domestic Medicine, by Dr. Thomas 266

LIST OF PLATES IN VOL. 84.

Portrait of Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart. 3
Portrait of John Jackson, Esq., R.A. 99
Portrait of the late Pope Pius VII. 195
Portrait of the Rev. Edward Irving 291
Portrait of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich 387
Portrait of Martin Archer Shee, Esq., R.A. 483